THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

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

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

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

BURR McINTOSH - - - - J. Rufus Wallingford LOLITA ROBERTSON - - - -

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DETECTIVE BLACKIE

TRUNK-CHECKS, demanded a muscular-laced boy, as he deposited the hand-luggare of the two travelers in the fade of the two travelers in the fade of the first of the two travelers in the fade of the first of the two travelers in the fade of the first of the first

"They must be the leading industry," surmised Wallingford.
"They a right pert lot," assented the original delays as a right pert lot," assented the original delays as a right pert lot, assented the ori

solancis, "Any information is adding to the apprehension of the proper party will be suftably reversion." Any information is adding to the apprehension of the proper party will be suftably reversion. The proper party will be suftably reversion of the proper party will be suftably reversion. The proper party will be suftably reversion of the proper party will be suftably reversion. The proper party is the proper party of the proper party in the proper party posterior in the proper party posterior. There is a man in this town where the goes or why."

"Henry Closhy!" affirmed the driver, with the goes or why."

"Henry Closhy!" affirmed the driver, with a grant that is a man in that town who goes away every little while, and no no known where he goes or why."

"Henry Closhy!" affirmed the driver, with a grant that the proper party will be the proper party with the proper party in the goes or why."

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"Henry Closhy!" affirmed the driver carefully and accurately and any accurately and accurately and accurately and accurately and any accurately and accurately and accurately and accurately and a

New York—and you go to Chicago!" rattled Blackie.

"Well, I'll be——" Closby began with a sudden burst of anger, which he as quickly checked.

"Twe done the worst possible to the town, I guess," he declared. "I've made money in spite of them, and without their knowledge," and his eyes rested on a padlocked tin box standing on his safe. "I've just sold my store, and I'm going away." Presently he overcame a certain diffident hesitation, unlocked the box, and drew from it a grotesque terra-cotia cast. "Maybe you've seen these things." he remarked.

"The Lost Dog!" exclaimed both Blackie and Wallingford with delight.

It was a weird little caricature, which at first It was a weird little caricature, which at first Mayor.

"Henry Closby, I bet you!" guessed the Mayor.

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"Wait gentlemen," counselled the solemn de-

Wallingford with delight.

It was a weird little carloature, which at first made one want to laugh, but gradually it emanated, in some subtle way, all the pathetic wistfulness of a misiald, half-frightened, altogether hopeless, soft-syed friend of the family, and adopt a stray cur. It had swept the country in its various forms of clay, plaster, and bronze, and it was for sale in every shopwindow, from confectionery stores to cigar stands. Women and children demanded one at sight, and men of all degrees, cab-drivers, lawyers, and shoe-clerks, kept one close to their smoking materials.

"Are you interested in the marketing of it" asked the sutionsly inquigitive Wallingford.

"I made it," stated Choby, quite modestly enough, and smiling affectionately on his own handlwork. "I seem to have a knack for this kind of thing. I've modeled a lot of things "Gosh!" breathed the proprietor.

secret process of art manufacture. This letter shows just how valuable."

The new letter was from a New York bank, and the mayor opened it with fingers which trembled from indignation.

"My dear Mr Closby," he read, "As per your request, we enclose herewith an itemized statement of the amounts deposited with us to your credit by your agent, Mr. Tuttle. We trust that, by comparing this with your duplicate deposit alips, you will be able to locate the slight discrepancy between your estimated balance and ours."

discrepancy between your estimated balance and ours.

Within, on a long folded slip, and compiled the standing machine, was a statement of steadily growing monthly deposits, extending back over three years, and totalling to over forty thousand dollars, mostly invested in bonds. To say that Mr. Sawberry was horrified is putting it midly.

"And we trusted that man!" he declared in sorrowful anger. "What does he manufacture?" Impressively, Wallingford produced from behind the bureau, the illuminated checker-board, and placed it before the mayor. By its side he set an ebony box, its lid and sides apparently inlaid with glass, in elaborate Louis Quinze decorations.

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NEWSPAPER in

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FAMOUS PATHE PLAYERS

type. Needless to say, that face was Blackle Daw's!

"Very well," responded Mr. Closby, his game also roving to the face in the window, each eye of which at that moment, successively winked shut.

"It has come to the ears of the city council that you have found the city water of use, necessity, and profit in an art manufacture known as Glazed Inlay. Is this alligation true?

"It has also come to the ears of this body." went on the mayor, "that you have made over forty thousand dollars from this patent, in less than three years, and that you're taking in, from it, over twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Is this allegation true?"

"Tou don't need to!" retorted the mayor warmly. "The city council has absolute proof!" It was almost impossible not to look again at that show-window, but Mayor Sawberry accomplished it, and gazed stonity out through the back door at the high board fence. "Now, the city council, which only wants its rights, Mr. Closby, has decided on this: It will take over the manufacture of your Glazed Inlay, make it a municipal enterprise, charge you nothing for the use of our valuable resource, and pay you a fair and reasonable royalty on the output. The question before us, for dispassionate and friendly argument, is: "What is the least royalty that will satisfy you?"

A fond light kindled in Henry Closby's eyes. "I have been waiting for this happy moment." he gaily informed them.

"You may have it. It will cost you exactly sixty thousand dollars; no more, no least Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I bid you a pleasant good morning." He bowed with extreme formality, and strode back to the dark little nervous man, who was now inspecting the contents of each shelf with a profersional eye.

"The mayor and the committee were speechless with rage, surprise, and many other emotions too complicated to assort. Some vigorous denunciation might, nevertheless, have come from some of them if there had not appeared at that momenc above the board fence, a face wearing yellow Dundreary's a foot l

stalked rapidly out of the store, followed by the entire committee!

They were not to escape so easily, however for, just at the corner of the alley, the tireless detective, now wearing a flawless Vandyke, met them with three separate hists.

"We are on his trail!" he declared. "He has cold his store, and collected the money! He leaves town tonight, on the seven-thirty train, never to return! He will take the Glazed Inlay patent with him!"

They had intended to "dicker" with Mr. Closby for as many weeks as might be necessary, but Blackie's latest news rather upset them. If Closby had sold his store, and was going away that very night, never to return, they were quite likely to lose forever a municipal enterprise, based on Spangierville's only valuable natural resource, which already paid a profit of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a year; to which must be added the immense revenues to be derived from applying the wonderful Glazed iniay to furniture!

As the result of their deliberations the city clerk was sent to Mr. Closby with an offer of ten thousand dollars and a royalty for his patent.

The city clerk came back with a counter-offer

The city council offered twenty thousand, and royalty.

The answer was the same.
They offered thirty thousand, and no royalty. Same answer!
Blackle Daw, wearing a Francis Josef make-up, dashed in upon the worried city council with another stolen telegram. It was from Chicago, and said:

dashed in upon the worried city council with another stolen telegram. It was from Chicago, and said:

"Shall you please come to one hundred and twenty-five South Clark Street.

Antonio Beerlatti."

That telegram settled the business; the mystery of it was what did the work! Just thirty minutes before the bank closed, the city council accepted Henry Closby's offer offer of sixty thousand dollars cash, for his patent on the process of making Glazed Inlay, and for his written agreement never to engage in that or a similar enterprise as long as he lived, nor to sanction such an enterprise. Also, at their dictation, he wrote a letter to Mr. Tuttle, acvising that art agent of the sale, and that the Glazed Inlay, henceforth and forever, was the property of the Spangierville city council.

Before the seven-thirty pulled out that night, wallingford, Blackie and Henry Closby sat in the drawing-room of the Warden ladies, counting money!

"Sixty thousand dollars," announced Wallingford, beaming at the pile of bills, and turning a triumphant glance at Fanny. "Here's Mr. Closby's five thousand, and here's fifteen thousand to the expense fund, and here's fifteen thousand to the expense fund, and here's fifteen thousand to the expense fund, and here's fifteen thousand to the was gaining serenely into the blue eyes of Violet Warden; and she was gaing into the black eyes of Blackie.

"The committee!" suddenly cried Fanny.

There they came, pounding down from the official bus, the Mayor and his three closest councilmen.

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The committee "suddenly cried Fanny. There they came, pounding down from the official bus, the Mayor and his three closest councilmen.

"We want Henry Closby to sign this telegram "puffed the Mayor breathlessly. "The city council' pay for it!"

"Gentlemen, you have made a hideous mistake," he told them, as he handed the Mayor the telegram. "Mr. Closby has never made a penny from the Glazed Inlay, and he just refused to sell the patent to a furniture factory, because the best offer he could get was five hundred dollars. I have my information from the sleuthograph."

"It's a lie!" sulped the mayor. "You can't fool us! We seen this bank statement!"

"Those receipts consisted entirely of royalties from the sale of plaster dogs," Wallingford the survey explained.

"From what!" gasped the mayor.

"Plaster dogs," repeated Wallingford caimly, and from his peckst he produced a copy of the canine whose forlormness had started Henry Closby on the road to a comfortable fortune.

The consternation on the faces of the four members of the committee was as the balm of Gliead to the soul of Henry Closby, and Blackte, sitting opposite him, and studying in friendly admiration the whiskered face of the artist, made a sudden discovery.

"Tou're about a week late in your trip to Chicago, aren't you?" he inquired.

"How do you know?" sharply asked Closby, turning on him a scared countenance.

"By the streaks of rust in your chinchillas." and he lumped up from the table, while Viclet giggled, and Fanny laughed, and Aunt Patty blushed.

"Where are you going?" demanded Closby, jumping up also, his usually ruddy face now turning scarlet as he glanced at the ladies.

"To explain the fatal mystery" replied Blackle.

"To explain the fatal mystery replied Blackle." It'll sting them worse than anything!"

"No, you don't?" cried Closby, starting after him; but Blackle had already passed Walling-ford at the door, and was leaning out over the platform while the conductor was swinging his lantern.

"Antonio Scarlatti!" he called in clarion tones.

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"Robber!" yelled the committee, as Henry Closby laid hold of Blackie's coat-tails.

"Hist!" shouted Blackie. "I know Henry Closby's secret!"

Closby reached farther and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Antonio Scerlatti!" shricked Blackie, as the train moved away.

"Yes?" encouraged the mayor, quivering with eagerness.

"Yes?" encouraged the mayor, quivering with eagernass.

"He is an Italian!" Felled Blackie, and laughing himself limp, allowed Henry Closby to pull him inside.

"What's the fuss!" asked Wallingford, as he followed them back to the table.

Closby grinned sheepishly.

"B. Holmes had me scared stiff," he confessed, blushing, and he revealed the dark secret of his life. He made me think that he was going to tell the official soesips of Spanglerville that I've been going to Chicago every two weeks, for the past three years, to have Antonio Secriatti dye my whickers!"

(Another Adventure Next Week.)

The Official Committee takes a peek into the Sleuthophene.

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