

THE MAIL SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

JIMMY COLLIER

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Presented by This
FAMOUS
With The
FAMOUS
PLAYERS

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 - - - - - J. Rufus Wallingford
MAX FIGMAN - - - - - Blackie Daw
LOLITA ROBERTSON - - - - - Violet

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A STONEY DEAL

THE chintzy lout with the goggles and the topknot strutted in the doorway and recovered from his astonishment as he gazed at the man who had just stepped out of the car. "Whom?" inquired the spotted gray mule upon which he sat. "I have been standing stock-still for a solid two minutes, it naturally resented this inquisitive order and turned squarely around when upon its rider promptly dismounted and tucked it in the ribs. Both the man and the animal seemed much refreshed by this operation and restored to normalcy, for the mule contentedly cropped a bunch of sweet-wild grass, and the man sidled up beside the tall gentleman who was eating a leg of chicken and gazing interestedly down at a half of stout legs which protruded from beneath a motor-car so large and so elaborately furnished as to be better termed a motor-buggy.

long and lank, and clad in his linen duster, automobile goggles, and cap, hurried up ahead of "Toad" Jessup, where he twirled his "baton" most extravagantly, to the great joy of the Warden ladies now concealed in the dimness of the big car.

rock and scraped it with his pocket-knife. It was surprisingly soft, and it cut as back to the car to find "Toad" Jessup, a bright new tin flute in his hand, waiting patiently for Blackie Daw. Wallingford immediately drew a quarter from his pocket and gave it to the boy.

"Son, can you find me a spade?" he inquired, and found himself looking at the spot where "Toad" had stood.

Before noon Squibbleville was the busiest town on the map. The blacksmith, the cooper, and even the proprietor of the Auditorium hotel, to say nothing of pair-eyed and bald-headed and red-faced Ben Jessup and all the other idlers in the village, quit their respective occupations in a hurry, even to secure that unprecedented two dollars a day. Even Hen Hant appeared with his crowbar and pick and spade, but it transpired that Jonas Squibble was merely letting him and making six dollars a week profit from his labor, a fact which completed the dire work of making a thorough anarchist. Hen Hant would have spent most of his time in expounding his reaction-ary views to the activity of the foreman.

"Toad" Jessup was on the job from the first stroke of the pick in the morning until the echo of the last clank of the crowbar had died away at night, and he was continuously on the side of every individual man of the mine under some pretense, his slow-moving and listless "Faw" the same attention whatsoever in imparting information. He knew exactly how everyting should be done, and he had no hesitancy in drawing two and a half a day, and he was worth every cent of the money. It was the keenest delight Blackie Daw knew to watch him.

In such cases made an' provided fur" declared the gaunt one in a bass voice so surprisingly deep that it seemed to make the ground tremble. "That there's an injunction here, blazes, or remove any more of this from here field until the case of Squibble against Wallingford, now pending in the Squawamus County Court, is settled. You missed, and the costs paid; an' this here other paper's a notice of the aforesaid suit."

"I never said it was lithograph stone, and I'm not saying so now," declared Wallingford, for whom the law had no nets of fineness.

an artist to make this old penny-sneaser watch me work him to pulp, you other hand. Be careful, Jimmy," cautioned Blackie, "don't sweat yourself all the till you get your fingers on the jail cold. You had better over the county line with it."

"I'd rather be a piker at a loss, a comforted Blackie.

"Breaks down" asked the mule-rider, after listening appreciatively to the vigorous mechanical and vocal sounds from beneath the full lips of the tall gentleman, thoughtfully wiping his wet-black goggles, and merely gazed at the mule, and crooked a few pink butternut fingers from beneath the mule's back, and asked, "What is the name of your mule, please, and is he a family pet?"

"Twenty dollars, haulin' Hen Hant's time, two fence-rails, wear and tear an' lastin' damage to the mule, an' the rent of my field that your contraption's a standin' on now."

"What are you diggin'?" he demanded. "A hole," returned Wallingford calmly.

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"Gold brick factories are entirely supported by tightwads."



"Squibble's mule!" The blue-eyed young lady seemed suddenly arrested in that fact. "Squibble's mule, Fanny?"

"Why, it is none other than our deliverer, the friend and driver of Mule, Blackie exclaimed when he opened his eyes to the knock. "Friend Hen, put your hat on the roof and come in. Now, out with the startle news."

"I see you're a tightwad. How much should you say you've delivered? About seven cents' worth?"

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