The New Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford.

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WRITTEN BY
George Randolph Chester
Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

DRAMATIZED BY
Charles W. Goddard
Presented in Collaboration With The
Famous Pathe Players

INTRODUCING
BURR McINTOSH ..... J. Rufus Wallingford
MAX FIGMAN ..... Blackie Daw
LOLITA ROBERTSON ..... Violet

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Detective Blackie

"TRUNK-CHECKS," demanded a muscular-faced boy, as he deposited the hand-luggage of the two travelers in the faded blue bus.

"Be careful of that black wardrobe," warned J. Rufus Wallingford. "I think there's a hinge loose."

"All right," answered the boy, deeply grieved. "I'll write that on my report."

He was embellished with a green band on his faded blue cap; a yellow-banded man, with a ladder under his arm, crossed the station platform and fixed an electric light bulb.

"I know; it's a comic opera," guessed Wallingford. "Who wants to read about my trunk hinge?"

"The Spanglerville city council. I'm the official baggage-carrier," and he clamped away.

"Don't you get it?" laughed Blackie Daw. "'Tis a political job. The other one is the official bulb-fixer, and here comes the official bus-driver. I've seen municipal ownership towns, Jim, but this one must be the limit."

"That means there isn't a live dollar in the burg," regretted Wallingford, and, with some disfavor, he viewed the approach of the official bus-driver, who wore a blue band on his cap, and carried a grin full of holes. "I'm afraid the girls are against a dead one this time."

"Good evening, gents," hailed the tooth-shy officer. "I got two good seats left in the grandstand," and he produced a pair of faded blue pasteboards from which the printing had long since worn away. "I reckon most of the councilmen have sold their regular seats by this time, but these is good; front row, right next to the official box."

"We're in luck, Jim," declared Blackie, inspecting the pencilled numbers on the tickets, and slipping them into his pocket. "I was afraid we wouldn't get seats at all. By the way, sergeant, what are they for?"

"Hy, don't you know?" inquired the driver in surprise. "It's the regular Saturday night festival. Why, people come from miles around, from all these summer resorts and health-cures, to see the fireworks. The city council makes a heap of money off of 'em. The whole courthouse steps is covered with a grandstand, that's left there winter and summer."

"Don't people ever have business in the courthouse?" asked Wallingford.

The driver paused to help the luggage carrier lift a trunk on top of the bus.

"They go in by the back door?" he briefly explained.

"Do we get ice cream cones?" demanded Blackie.

"Anything you want," asserted the officer largely. "The city council ain't overlookin' any chances."

"They must be the leading industry," surmised Wallingford.

"They're a right pert lot," assented the official driver, as the muscular boy approached with the last trunk. "Some of 'em's been in the council fifteen years. I've held office twelve years myself."

"Must be a lot of money in the treasury," and both Blackie and Wallingford waited eagerly for the answer to Blackie's question.

"Nigh onto a hundred thousand dollars!" proudly stated the cititzen.

The silk-hatted strangers exchanged pleased grins.

The last trunk was slammed on the bus, the official driver mounted his seat and cracked his whip, and the official horses, so bony that Blackie wondered how their skins stood the strain, rattled away.

"And what might your business be?" asked the office holder, looking back with cordial interest.

"Hush!" warned Blackie in a hoarse whisper, and leaning forward, he confided: "We are detectives!"

"You don't say so!" responded the shocked driver, in the same breathless fashion. "Who are you after?"

"Maybe you can help us," went on Blackie solemnly. "Any information leading to the apprehension of the proper party will be suitably rewarded."

"Do anything I can for you," offered the driver, so hastily that he forgot to whisper. "I don't reckon there's anybody in town better posted than me."

"Being an official suspector, I suspected as much," returned Blackie, keenly interested. "There is a man in this town who goes away every little while, and no one knows where he goes or why."

"Henry Closby!" affirmed the driver, with a promptness which shocked Blackie; for he had only talked at whimsical random, forgetting that in every town there is at least one man whose unexplained goings and comings are an aggravation and an insult. Neighbors have a right to know! if not, why not?

"Describe that man!" demanded Blackie with professional peremptoriness.

"Well," obeyed the driver carefully and accurately, "Henry Closby is a bachelor, about five foot nine, fair to middlin' heavy set, dresses like a dude, has a pink face, wears fancy eyeglasses with a little dingus like a spring tape measure to wind up the string, has blue eyes, and shiny black hair, and beard and mustache. He keeps the general store."

"Not the party," declared Blackie dejectedly, and with an honest impulse to clear the unknown Closby from unfust suspicion. Then his whimsical nature came uppermost again, and in spite of himself, he added, "Unless he disguises."

"It isn't the man," hastily insisted Blackie, angry with himself for having persisted in harming a total stranger; "is it, Jim?"

"No," snapped Wallingford, struggling between amusement and annoyance. "The man we're after is small and skinny!"

The driver was silently thoughtful for three full blocks. "Well, Henry Closby might be padded up," he sagely concluded.

* * * *

As Blackie registered at the official hotel under the flat eye of the official innkeeper, he glanced across at the opposite page, which carried the names of the arrivals of four days past. There they were, three names in a neat firm hand: Mistress Patty Warden, Miss Violet Warden, Miss Fanny Warden. Rooms twenty-seven, twenty-eight and twenty-nine.

As soon as the men were straightened to their own apartments they tip-toed along the hall to the door of twenty-seven, and knocked.

"Hist!" said Blackie, as the door opened, and the blue eyes of Violet, the brown eyes of Fanny, and the gray eyes of Aunt Patty, widened with astonishment as they saw before them a lean and lank gentleman with white hair, black mustache, yellow side-burns and a red goatee.

"Blackie!" gasped Violet, recalling her breath, and shaking hands delightedly with him, while Mr. Wallingford turned to Fanny Warden with the warm friendliness which had been growing between them since the man had volunteered to recover the lost fortune of the beautiful Warden orphans.

"Before we leave this town, little Vi, we'll collect the $40,000 dollars which the city of Spanglerville stole from your estate," and Violet's blue eyes softened as he looked in at them.

"We were out and looked at the property which Spanglerville confiscated for Mr. Falls and his clique, right after the death of Mr. Warden," observed Aunt Patty indignantly. "It must be worth $100,000 to the railroad.

"If we get the original valuation of forty thousand and our expenses, we'll call it square," returned Wallingford. "Hand us some information," and as he looked at the blank and discouraged faces of the three ladies, he chuckled. "Don't seem to be any."

"How could there be?" demanded Violet. "Why, there's only one regular person in the place."

"Hist!" loudly whispered Blackie, and jerked the red goatee from the doorknob. "I know that man!" He stuck the goatee on his chin. "Henry Closby!"

"Henry Closby!" repeated the three ladies in amazement.

"Detective stuff," grinned Blackie. "Get on your shawls girls and we'll have a municipal dinner and a municipal show."

"Come on, Jim, let's join the festivities," urged Blackie, beginning to fret from inactivity before his cigar was well under way.

"Let's finish our dinner," implored Wallingford, who was heavy after meals.

"I'm through," protested Blackie, rising. "There's doings out there, and your Uncle Horace isn't in the middle. There go the girls. Come on!"

Wallingford was about to enter a further protest when a voice at his ear observed, in a naif whisper.

"I've got a little information for you!" Wallingford turned, and found, stooping—to sit beside him, a fat-faced, thin old man, with a big silk bow at his collar. He put his hairy forefinger on Wallingford's knee for impressiveness. "Henry Closby goes to Chicago, but he gets his letters from New York. I reckon that's queer!"

"I don't know Mr. Closby," returned Wallingford uncomfortably.

"Certainly not!" agreed the native. "Now, I'm William Boyler, the postmaster and a member of the city council, and I reckon I know more about folks than any man in this town.

"I handle all the mail, and I can get facts that nobody else can. If there's any reward——"

"I didn't get all that conversation, Jim," complained Blackie. "Now, as one detective to another, what did he say?"

"He gave me some damaging testimony against Henry Closby," grinned Wallingford. "Henry, it seems, goes to Chicago!"

"Can you blame him?" inquired Blackie. Henry must be a live member. Come on; let's join the mad, merry throng."

"Wait till I get some cigars," pleaded Wallingford, and went up to his room.

When he returned, he found Blackie in earnest converse with a lean and sallow gentleman who cracked the joints of his knuckles ceaselessly when he talked.

Mr. Wallingford shook hands with the gentleman, whose elbow creaked, and he listened.

"Now, see what you make of this," whispered Blackie, impressively. "Mr. Kerr, the druggist, says that Henry Closby frequently buys powdered orris root!"

"More than all the rest of my customers put together!" supplemented Mr. Kerr, in a whisper which cracked into a shrill falsetto at all the emphatic words. "Buys more than a pound a week and always a fresh pound when he goes to Chicago!"

"See!" eagerly triumphed Blackie. "Isn't that about in line with what we suspected, Yard?"

Wallingford suddenly aware that Blackie was addressing him, grunted.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wallingford," corrected Blackie, covered with confusion. "The secret slipped. Mr. Kerr, this is Mr. Scotland Yard, the great English detective; but, of course, he doesn't like his name used here. Hist! leave us!"

"I hope you didn't have the nerve to tell that piker your name was Sherlock Holmes," chuckled Wallingford, as Kerr creaked away.

"Certainly not," grinned Blackie. "I only gave him my initial S!"

The mayor, a pompous old patriarch with a beard to his third vest button, a beard wide and long enough to make a collar and cravat unnecessary, and clean shirts a matter of whim, made a speech, glowing with praise of communism, equal rights, neighborly love and public ownership; after which some disgruntled native threw a dead cat into the arena, and the fireworks began, under the supervision of a gorgeous official in a red cap-band and red artillery stripes.

A councilman with a three-haired mole on his chin, who crept down next to Blackie in the grandstand, nudged his arm.

"There goes your man," he whispered, pointing to Henry Closby.

"My name is Scorpine. I'm the proprietor of the Spanglerville Adviser," he confided. "I probably know more about our citizens than any man in town. Henry Closby goes to Chicago on the first and third Sunday of every month, and he stays till Tuesday morning every time. He carries a hand bag and a big suit-case."

"Yellow?" asked Blackie excitedly.

"The suit-case is."

"Do you hear that?" demanded Blackie of Wallingford; but J. Rufus had turned his back. "The hand bag is black."

"No; brown," asserted the best posted man in town.

"Brown!" repeated Blackie in distress. "That throws me off my calculations. What does he carry in them?"

The best posted man shook his head sadly. "Nobody knows," he confessed. "I can tell you something else about him, though. Once every month or six weeks he expresses a heavy box to New York!"

Blackie caught his breath loudly. "Not a wooden box?"

"A wooden box!" repeated the other triumphantly. "It is always addressed to R. F. Tuttle, at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, prepaid!"

"Points," mused Blackie, as if to himself. "I never dreamed that he would be in this!"

"If this we'll investigate this suspicious character," decided Wallingford.

* * * *

Henry Closby was alone in his store on Sunday morning, taking an invoice of his goods, when they called on him, and he came forward to meet them with the engaging air of a man who is quite sure of himself.

"We don't want a thing in the world," said Blackie, genuinely regretful. "I owe you an apology for starting some gossip about you."

"It can't hurt me," he said, very much to both Blackie's and Wallingford's relief. "The town wasn't so bad, though, till a long-haired fellow converted the place to public ownership."

"A little soft music, and I'll tell you the story," offered Wallingford with a chuckle. "First, they confiscated the electric light plant, the Warden property, the gooseberry industry, and the ax handle factory; then they bought the mortgage on your father's hotel and foreclosed."

"You must be detectives, after all," wondered Closby.

"Of course, they've been offering you all sorts of information."

"You go to Chicago every two weeks!" whispered Blackie hoarsely.

Closby threw back his head and laughed heartily, though he looked much concerned, nevertheless.

"Naturally, they'd tell you that the first thing," but he did not explain it. "What else?"

"You buy a pound of orris root at a time," Blackie accused; "and you take a fresh pound to Chicago with you! Listen! I know your secret! The water is hard in Spanglerville!"

"Good sleuthing!" approved Closby. "The city council would probably call me a sissy if they knew I took a bath every morning. While I'm at it, I don't mind answering to the rest of my crimes. What are they?"

"You burn lights in your window till after midnight! Your suitcase is yellow, and your handbag is brown! You ship wooden boxes to 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.

"I've 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-cotta 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 made one want to laugh, but gradually it emanated, in some subtle way, all the pathetic wistfulness of a mislaid, half-frightened, altogether hopeless, soft-eyed 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 shop window, 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 studiously inquisitive Wallingford.

"I made it," stated Closby, quite modestly enough, and smiling affectionately on his own handiwork. "I seem to have a knack for this kind of thing. I've modeled a lot of things out of the clay from my back yard, but this dog is the only one which has been largely successful."

Before they went out to dinner, Wallingford picked up a gorgeously inlaid checker-board, and "hefted" it in surprise.

"I thought that was glass mosaic, but it's as light as wood!" he exclaimed.

"Another little side issue of mine," said Closby, carelessly. "It's a transparent mixture; something like celluloid, but is water-proof, fire-proof, and almost scratch-proof. It's not inlay, though; the design is an ordinary printed affair, underneath, but the material has a curious quality of refraction, which apparently brings the lines to the surface; I have a patent on the process."

"Have you done much with it?" inquired Wallingford, quickly, and he examined the checker-board again with keen interest.

"Not a thing," returned Closby.

"How much will you take for the patents on this thing?"

"Make me an offer."

"Will you give the Warden estate everything we get you over $5,000?"

"I'll give it to anybody you say," returned Closby, puzzled.

"It's a bargain. Closby, you wouldn't mind helping saw off something on the City of Spanglerville, would you?"

Henry Closby grinned.

"If I could play a mean, contemptible, low-down trick on this town before I go, I'd die happy!"

* * * * * * *

The flat-eyed proprietor himself brought the ice water to Blackie Daw's room. There it was, sure enough, the thing the chambermaid and the bellboy had reported; a big, black box and a camera tripod, with a twin lens in front, and a mass of wheels and levers and pulley belts on the side. The proprietor, ice water in hand, looked at it until his eyes bulged.

"What is that dingus?" he asked, of the tall, solemn gentleman with the pale blue whiskers, who stood at the window with a telescope in his hand, looking out through the small end.

"It's a sleuthograph," reported Detective Daw. "Look in."

Ice water still in hand, the proprietor looked into the sleuthograph, and before his widening gaze a silver dollar slid out from a hole in a black velvet background, and slid up out of sight in the top of the box!

"Gosh!" muttered the proprietor, and jerked back as he found Blackie Daw looking solemnly in at the lenses over his shoulders. "What does that mean?"

Detective S. Holmes placed a long, lean finger to his right temple, and thought. He added a long, lean finger to his left temple, and thought.

"It means that some one in this town is making money in secret."

"Gosh!" gasped the proprietor. "Who do you suppose?"

"The sleuthograph is working on that right now," replied Detective S. Holmes. "It reads the sun, the moon, the stars, and possesses all the secrets of the Seventh Book of Moses, and all the wisdom of the seventh son of a seventh son. Hist! Look!"

Down across the velvet background of the slepthograph slipped a white letter and rested at the bottom of the box; and that letter was the letter "H!"

"Gosh! Where's the rest of it?"

"Coming," replied the blue-whiskered detective excitedly. "The next letter should be here in ten or twenty minutes. Maybe all of the name."

For only an instant the proprietor's flat eyes stared, then suddenly he slammed down the pitcher of ice water, and dashed out of the room.

Blackie Daw hurried to the conecting door and threw it open.

"For the love of Mike, Jim, it works!" he exclaimed, choking with laughter. "These hicks will swallow anything. Send the girls over, quick, to post Closby!"

"I can't believe it," chuckled Wallingford. "I guess the girls had better come back and corroborate, so there won't be any hitch."

"Fine," agreed Blackie. "I shall wear purple."

Blackie had hardly more than adjusted the curling purple whiskers than there was a knock on his door. The proprietor was back again, and with him were the mayor and three city councilmen—Mr. Boyler, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Scorpine.

"Any more letters down?" excitedly demanded the mayor.

"Hist!" returned the purple detective. "I haven't looked."

"There's an 'E' and an 'N' after the 'H'!" huskily reported City Councilman Kerr. "Henry, I bet you!"

A mad scramble ensued in front of the lens, and mad excitement ensued as an "B" dropped down.

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

"Wait, gentlemen," counseled the solemn detective. "It may not be true," and he held the "Y" of "HENRY" for fully five minutes, while he listened intently at the hall door.

At last there was a rustle and a suppressed giggle, and Blackie touched the push button on the back of a chair, and the letter "Y" fell down. Then a "C" and an "L!"

Wallingford tip-toed into the room during the tension of that great moment, and slipped a little white note into Blackie's hand, and elbowed his way in front of the lens for a peep at the sleuthograph.

"It is as we suspected," he announced, and just then there clattered down the letters "O" "S" "B" "Y"!

"Gosh!" breathed the proprietor.

"Henry Closby! I said so!" indignantly stated the mayor.

"Ah!" Detective S. Holmes turned from the window, crumpling the little white note in his hands. "If we know the guilty man, the rest is easy. Now let us see what Henry Closby is doing at this moment," and he gave the crank of the sleuthograph a vigorous turning, in which cog-wheels clanked and ratchets rattled.

Gazing into that marvelous machine in pushing, crowding turns, the mayor and the councilmen saw a kaleidoscopic maze of twirling colors, and as they stepped back, stupified, the great detective S. Holmes bent down and looked in, and whirled in vast excitement.

"Henry Closby," he declared, "is at this moment digging a hole in his back yard! Gentlemen, will someone piease ease if he is?"

The room was vacated in an instant, except for S. Holmes and Scotland Yard, and the three Warden ladies; and they laughed until the tears streamed down their cheeks.

In the meantime, the mayor and the official innkeeper and the three councilmen were tearing across the street and down the alley, and through the brick yard to Henry Closby's back fence. Five whiskered faces peered over the fence, and five pair of eyes widened with astonishment. Henry Closby was digging a hole!

In the evening, as soon as it was properly dark, Blackie made him a mask out of the blue cambric, went back through the brickyard, climbed up on Closby's high board fence, and sat there smoking through a hole in his mask, absolutely motionless otherwise, for a solid hour, while the populace quiveringly watched.

Blackie's actions were so openly mysterious that Mayor Sawberry himself came to Wallingford in protest on Wednesday morning.

"Your man Holmes is mighty careless about his disguises," he complained, after having duly introduced himself. "Henry Closby's bound to know who he is, and what he's handing around for."

"Exactly," declared Wallingford. "My assistant's actions may seem strange to you and to Spanglerville, no doubt."

"Well, to tell you the truth," admitted the mayor, "they do. Why, not above twenty minutes ago, he stopped out in the middle of the square, and give something wrapped in red tissue paper to all the children in town and whispered to them to run home and hide it! I suppose you know what it was."

Concealing his concern and chagrin as much as possible, Wallingford said pompously: "I do not, Mr. Mayor. I leave those details entirely to my assistant."

"It was a square of limburger cheese, about the size of a marble!" exploded the mayor, whose chest had been uncomfortably expanded by the weight of this information. "Now just maybe there is some sense behind that, but to us it looks crazy!"

"It is," assented Wallingford. "There is no one on our force who can play crazy so well as my assistant. That's why they sent him with me to Spanglerville."

"But what good does it do?" persisted the mayor.

"Look at this letter," insisted Wallingford, calmly.

He handed Mayor Sawberry a letter bearing the business card of R. F. Tuttle, and addressed to Henry Closby. The mayor opened that letter, with no more compunction than if it had been an advertisement addressed to himself. He read as follows.

"My dear Mr. Closby: I take pleasure in calling your attention to the fact that your royalties are steadily increasing, being $2,223.40 for this month, an increase of nearly $150 over last month, and of over $250 above the month previous. By the way, I think you had better send me a sample of the Spanglerville city water for analysis."

The mayor laid down that letter on the table before him, and viewed it with bulging eyes. "He's been using the city water!" he puffed.

"Exactly," agreed Wallingford, inspecting the absorbed mayor with scant liking. "Your water possesses some delicate property which makes it highly valuable to Mr. Closby, in a 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 inclose 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 slips, you will be able to locate the slight discrepancy between your estimated balance and ours."

Within, on a long folded slip, and compiled by an adding machine, was a statement of steadily growing monthly deposits, extending back over three years, and totaling to over forty thousand dollars, mostly invested in bonds.

To say that Mr. Sawberry was horrified is putting it mildly.

"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.

The mayor's sorrowful indignation increased. "And he never showed these things to Spanglerville!" he complained bitterly.

"Never once," agreed Wallingford. "Why, these things could have been made the city industry, and a great attraction at your Saturday festivals. All your unemployed people could have become artists, and the city council grown rich from their well-paid labor on this beautiful Glazed Inlay."

"Glazed Inlay?" repeated the mayor. "Is that what he called it?" and he once more inspected curiously the box and the checkerboard. "That man has held back the progress of his town," he concluded, with woeful grief that such things could be. "I reckon the city council will fix him! They're in session now. I'll take these things right over to them! By the way, you're not going to charge anything for the loan of them, are you?"

"Certainly not," Wallingford assured him.

"You see, Mr. Mayor," he resignedly explained, "if you attempt to tax Mr. Closby he can move away from Spanglerville. The only thing the city can do is to force Mr. Closby to sell his patent, secret processes and good will, at a fair figure," and he looked at his watch.

If there are seven men in a room, and one of them looks at his watch, six others immediately do likewise. Mr. Sawberry extracted his own timepiece from somewhere beneath his whiskers, glanced at it hastily, and was startled.

"I must hurry right over to the council meeting," he observed.

"A receipt for my New York client, please," insisted Wallingford, and pushed it toward him.

The mayor receipted for the objects of art, and the documentary evidence and hurried away.

* * * *

A nervous little dark-skinned man was in the store with Henry Closby, and concentrated, with penny-pursuing intensity, on books, invoices, bill and receipts, when a committee of four members of the city council, including the mayor, entered with much pomp and ceremony.

In deference to his official capacity, Mr. Boyler and Mr. Kerr and Mr. Scorpine allowed Mayor Sawberry to take up a position about two feet in front of them, and, in solemn array, they stood formally across their left wrists, they awaited the attention of the proprietor.

Mr. Closby came forward with scant graciousness.

"Well?" he demanded peremptorily.

The mayor cleared his throat. "We represent Spanglerville, the people, and the city council," he began nonorously, and looked back at his followers to see if they were properly supporting him. His eye was attracted immediately to one of the show windows, however, against the pane of which was flatly pressed the nose of a face otherwise entirely concealed by a radiating pink beard of the most inflammatory anarchistic type. "Needless to say, that face was Blackie Daw's!

"Very well," responded Mr. Closby, his gaze 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 manufactured known as Glazed Inlay. Is this allegation 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?"

"I refuse to answer."

"You 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 stonily 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, chaarge 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 gally informed them.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

"The Diamond From the Sky"

The $10,000 Prize Photoplay by Roy L. McCardell. Produced by the American Film Manufacturing Co.

CAST.

Lottie Pickford ..... Esther
Irving Cummings ... Arthur Stanley II Alias John Powell
William Russell ..... Blair Stanley
Charlotte Burton ..... Vivian Marston
George Periolat ..... Luke Lovell
Eugenie Forde ..... Hagar
W. J. Tedmarsh ..... Quabba-the-hunchback
Orral Humphreys .. Marmaduke Smythe

AS De Vaux, crouching and slinking along, like a supple cat, made his way out of the London palace which housed the fortune hunters, Blair and Vivian, he came bump up against another visitor, as noiseless as himself. Marmaduke Smythe was not above playing spy in the interests of the rightful heirs of the Stanleys in England. No other cause in the world had the eccentric but faithful lawyer so much at heart, and he had kept a close watch upon the two pretenders to the earldom ever since they had presented themselves in the British capital.

The evening of their coronation had appealed to him as the psychological moment to strike—though Marmaduke was entirely vague in his mind as to how he should deliver the crushing blow. Now, perhaps fortunately, De Vaux had accomplished this for him—so literally, indeed, that there seemed little left for Marmaduke to do.

The meeting in the vestibule was so sudden, that, without waiting to gag or bind this unexpected witness, De Vaux flung himself violently past him and out of doors. Not until he was well down the street did the crook discover that the diamond was gone.

Marmaduke, meanwhile, had discerned in his upturned tall hat, which he was carrying, the glitter of the baleful gem. Determined that this time it never again should leave his hands until he should clasp it about the neck of the Stanley to whom it rightfully belonged, he gingerly drew it forth and concealed it in his pocket.

Vivian, meanwhile, had rallied the servants to the aid of their prostrate master. A doctor was summoned, and the ugly scalp wound which Blair had received was bandaged. When he came fully to his senses he gave himself up to violent expression of sheer rage. He had stood on the threshold of the greatest moment of his life. Five minutes more, and he would have been in his limousine on his way to Buckingham Palace. And then, this hand out of the dark had struck him down!

Vivian, strangely frightened and subdued, hovered about him, saying little. Blair felt her silence as an evil omen—for through everything, till now, the woman had kept her steely courage. What amazed him most, she did not once give vent to bitterness at the loss of the Diamond from the Sky.

A battle of words between Blair and Smythe ended in the dismissal of the lawyer. Marmaduke was not sorry, for he had been tendering his services to Blair and living beneath his roof under false pretenses. As he was packing his belongings, to leave the house, he accidentally discharged his rifle, the bullet from which struck his sacred deer head, knocking the trophy of the American wilds to the floor. A secret compartment sprang open in the back of the head and a bit of yellow paper dropped out.

It proved to be a memorandum, dated 1650, with an old marriage license, showing that the first Sir Arthur Stanley had wedded a gypsy girl, who, after leaving him and resuming her own name of Harding, had borne the early Virginian a son.

Blair was present overseeing these proceedings. He demanded the paper. Marmaduke put up a valiant struggle to prevent the evidence from falling into the clutches of the half-maddened young charlatan. But he doubtless would have lost against the phenomenal strength of his adversary, had it not been for the arrival of detectives from Scotland Yard, who burst into the room at that moment. As the detectives seized the helpless rogue, Vivian threw her arms about his neck. But presently he was torn from her clasp. She heard the door of the police taxicab slam. What would become of her now?

Smythe, having compared the old memorandum with the gypsy family trees given him by Hagar, was satisfied that Arthur stood in line, through an extremely remote cousinship, for the peerage in England. A few months later found the lawyer again in America, and he sought out Arthur among the gypsies. To Esther a little son had been born. But for the benefit of the child, they resumed their real identities and accepted the Stanley earldom. There was a great celebration at Stanley Hall, at which Smythe clasped about the neck of the infant the Diamond from the Sky.

Here ends the great picturized romantic novel, for the present. What may the sequel portend? What becomes of Esther's baby? Who next gets "the Diamond from the Sky?" Ten thousand dollars has been offered for the best suggestion. Incidentally, it should be known that Blair has escaped from the English authorities, and that somewhere he and Vivian are hidden, waiting to strike—at whom?

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Evening Services in the Churches

New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York avenue, H and Thirteenth streets, Rev. Wallace Radcliffe. Choir sings Foster's cantata, "Seed Time and Harvest." 8 p. m.

Foundry M. E. Church, Sixteenth and Church streets, Rev. W. R. Wedderspoon. "The Young Woman," in the series on "The American Home." 8 p. m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Columbia road and Euclid street. "Ancient and Modern Necromancy, Alias Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced." 8 p. m.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Fifteenth and R streets. "Ancient and Modern Necromancy, Alias Mesmersim and Hypnotism, Denounced." 8 p. m.

First Congregational Church, Tenth and G streets, Rev. Robert W. Coe. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Lewis T. Reed, of Brooklyn, on "In the Days When God Was Near." 8 p. m.

First Spiritualist Church, Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth street northwest. Lecture on "Spirit Birth," by Mrs. Z. E. Kates. 7:30 p. m.

All Souls' Unitarian Church, Fourteenth and L streets, Rev. U. G. B. Pierce. Address by Mary Sibley Evans, on "Robert Louis Stevenson." 8 p. m.

Centennial Baptist Church, Seventh and I streets northeast, Rev. E. Hez Swem. "Tempted Christians." 8 p. m.

Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church, Rev. James Shera Montgomery. "As the Crow Flies." 8 p. m.

Church of the Ascension, Massachusetts avenue and Twelfth street, Rev. J. Henning Nelms. Preaching Mission, by Rev. W. E. Patterson, of New Hampshire. 8 p. m.

Church of the Covenant, Connecticut avenue, Eighteenth and N streets, Rev. Charles Wood. "Prophets of the New Era—Statesmen, Reformers, Teachers and Preachers." 8 p. m.

Memorial Seventh Day Adventist Church, Twelfth, near M street northwest, Rev. S. B. Horton. "The Crisis Before Congress." Song service at 7.30 p. m.

East Washington Seventh Day Adventist Church, 7 Fourth street northeast, Rev. R. T. Dowsett. Song Service at 7:30 p. m.

West Washington Baptist Church, Thirty-first and N streets northwest, Rev. B. D. Gaw. "What Do Baptists Believe About the Church?" 7:45 p. m.

Union M. E. Church, Twentieth street, near Pennsylvania avenue northwest, Rev. John MacMurray. "Saved—For What?" 8 p. m.

Douglas Memorial M. E. Church, Eleventh and H streets northeast, Rev. C. C. McLean. Special sermon to Jr. O. U. A. M., on "American Citizenship." 7:30 p. m.

Ninth Street Christian Church, Ninth and D streets northeast, Rev. George A. Miller. "From Earth to Heaven." 8 p. m.

Second Baptist Church, Fourth street and Virginia avenue southeast, Rev. Howard I. Stewart. "The Black Sheep." 8 p. m.

Fourth Presbyterian Church, Thirteenth and Fairmont streets, Rev. Joseph T. Kelly. Howard A. Banks, address on "God's Prepared Things." 8 p. m.

Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, South, Ninth street and Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Edward K. Hardin. "Women of the Bible—No. 1." 8 p. m.

Waugh M. E. Church, Third and A streets northeast, Rev. F. M. McCoy. "The Great Physician and the Weak Will." 7:30 p. m.

Central Presbyterian Church, Southern Assembly, Sixteenth and Irving streets northwest, Rev. James H. Taylor. Evangelistic services, preaching by Dr. Ernest Thompson, of Charleston, W. Va. 8 p. m.

Church of the New Jerusalem, Sixteenth and Corcoran streets, Rev. Frank Sewall. Lecture by Rev. George H. Dole, of Wilmington, Del., on "What Is the Second Advent of the Lord?" 7:30 p. m.

Salvation Army, 930 Pennsylvania avenue northwest. Service led by Ensign Louis Coleman. 8 p. m.

Calvary M. E. Church, Columbia road, near Fourteenth street, Rev. John T. Ensor. "Jesus Patiently Knocking." 8 p. m.

Hamline M. E. Church, Ninth and P streets, Rev. Lucius C. Clark. Sermon by Rev. Joseph M. M. Gray. 8 p. m.

McKendree M. E. Church, Massachusetts avenue, near Ninth street, Rev. L. Morgan Chambers. "The Man Without a Church." 8 p. m.

Trinity M. E. Church, Pennsylvania avenue and Fifth street southeast, Rev. J. Phelps Hand. Musical service at 7:30 p. m.

St. Paul's M. E. Church, South, Second and S street northwest, Rev. D. L. Blakemore. "From Principles to Pinnacles." 8 p. m.

Ingram Memorial Congregational Church, Tenth street and Massachusetts avenue northeast, Rev. L. E. Purdum. "Life and Worship in the Early Christian Roman Empire." 8 p. m.

Luther Place Memorial Church, Rev. Henry Anstadt. "The Man Among Men." 8 p. m.

Eckington Presbyterian Church, North Capitol, Florida avenue and Q street, Rev. H. E. Brundage. "Fine People—But That Fly." 7:45 p. m.

Westminster Memorial Presbyterian Church, Seventh street southwest, Rev. T. E. Davis. "Women of the Orient." 7:45 p. m.

Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, Columbia and Kalorama roads, Rev. John C. Palmer. "The Light of the World." 7:45 p. m.

Metropolitan Presbyterian Church, Fourth and B streets southeast, Rev. Paul R. Hickok. "Some Results of Preaching." 7:45 p. m.

Northminster Presbyterian Church, Eleventh street and Rhode Island avenue, Rev. S. A. Bower. "Women of the Orient." 7:45 p. m.

Metropolitan Baptist Church, Sixth and A streets northeast, Rev. John Compton Ball. "Better Than the Super-Man." 7:45 p. m.

Immanuel Baptist Church, Sixteenth street and Columbia road, Rev. Gove Griffith Johnson. "Seven Other Devils—Or the Danger of Half-way Reform." 7:45 p. m.

Maryland Avenue Baptist Church, Fourteenth street and Maryland avenue, Rev. Harry J. Goodwin. "A Funeral." 7:30 p. m.

Kendall Baptist Church, Ninth street southwest, Rev. S. Dunlop. "The Meaning of Baptism." 7:30 p.m.

Temple Baptist Church, Tenth and N streets, Rev. J. J. Muir. "The Veil Rent." 7:45 p. m.

Grace Episcopal Church, Wisconsin avenue and South street, Rev. George W. Atkinson, jr. Sermon at 7:30 p. m.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Eleventh and H streets northwest, Rev. John T. Huddle. Evening with the choir. 8 p. m.

United Brethren Memorial Church, North Capitol and R streets, Rev. Charles E. Fultz. Illustrated lecture, "The Flood." 7:30 p. m.

Spiritual Temple Society, 419 Tenth street northwest. Lecture by Alfred H. Terry on "Soul Consciousness." 8 p. m.

Theosophic Hall, 1216 H street northwest, Dr. George H. Wright, lecture on "A Christian Theosophist." 8 p. m.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve, and drink a teacup full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once.

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