

# Wallingford In His Prime

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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## PROLOGUE.

Those who laughed with "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" have a great deal to tell for them in "Wallingford in His Prime." Many adventures befall Wallingford and his friend Blackie Daw in this new tale, and they are all decidedly diverting and entertaining, for the precious pair have become very expert in the difficult art of separating people from their money. From the episode of the Speckled Bass Hotel to the Walled Banglow company, in which Wallingford evens up an old score and punishes a business foe, to the adventure of the Besmer malleable iron foundry at Oak Center there are smiles galore.

## CHAPTER I.

### There's Money in It.

N O. 21, rounding the curve at Buzzard Bluff, came to such an attention as the sole occupant of the parlor car was jerked to his knees, a position so novel and so out of range of his experience that he chuckled at himself as soon as he realized it. Being a calloused traveler, he merely brushed his hat from the floor, brushed the lint of the carpet from his carefully creased trousers, rang the bell for the porter, who he knew would not come, and went outside to see what was the matter.

In the private car of President Falls, just behind the parlor car, there was a trifle more of consternation, for certain hissing glasses upon the whist table were overturned, completely destroying two decks of cards and one lavender tinted waistcoat, the latter belonging to young Bessy Falls, a tall youth so handsome as to be pretty, who, like the well cultivated gentleman that he was, pushed back his chair, rang for the butler to clear away the mess and excused himself for long enough to change his waistcoat to another of the same hue, this being his lavender day. Perfect as were his manners, he nevertheless did allow an expression of impatience to escape him.

"How very annoying!" he observed, but his dimples showed immediately that he had regained his usual agreeable spirit. "Not wishing to criticize your governor, Bessy, but it's rotten carelessness of somebody, I should say," drawled Ricky Saunders, a pink young person with a mustache that had been blighted in infancy, with an incurable with a father who had been considered enough to die before he lost his third fortune.

"Father wouldn't be offended if he heard you, I'm quite sure," responded Bessy. "He knows this road to be perfectly inexcusable, but he won't spend any money on improvements just now, because he expects to sell his stock immediately after the next dividends are declared."

The three other whist players were silent for a moment after this complicated statement and then the shrill little falsetto beneath the sparsely bristling Kaiser Wilhelm mustache of Ringold Cash, the black freckled young gentleman with the iron wire hair, who, dropping behind with Ricky Saunders as they proceeded to the car, confided to his friend his fears that Bessy was leading them into a rather questionable set of companions.

"Good sportin' blood, I call it," insisted Ricky. "And why not mix in with a few outsiders? Take this competent party, for instance; he may be a business man, but he looks like a man in trade, you know, but he can't hurt us any."

ected in the voice of authority, "to repair the driving rod, clear the track and proceed immediately."

"Yes, sir," said the Jap, in a tone almost of solemn gratitude, but when he reached the platform he grinned. The heavy gentleman from the parlor car, who was already excellent friends with the crew, was discussing ways and means with the conductor when Shamasuka came out with the message. The conductor was listening with great respect.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Shamasuka to the conductor, "but Mr. Falls directs me to tell you to repair your driving rod, clear the track and proceed immediately."

The conductor, whose name was O'Connell, turned red in the face. "You tell Mr. Falls that I directed him to go to the devil!" he roared.

"Yes, sir," said the Jap with pleasure, and when he regained the platform he permitted himself another grin. The heavy gentleman turned to the conductor in perplexity. "You must be tired of your job," he suggested.

"Me? I love it," responded O'Connell, smiling. "But you don't think I'm sending that answer to President Falls, do you? It's his nephew son back there, and he's been giving me a fool or two ever since we picked up his souce car at the junction. If the Jap only carries him my little speech and the cub only reports it to the old man I'm in line for promotion."

"I guess you're right," laughed the big fellow. "I know Falls. I wish he were in that car. That's the only diner on this train, and we're likely to be stuck here for three hours."

"Maybe longer," admitted O'Connell, with a frown. "It's eight miles back to the nearest telegraph station and ten forward."

A savage dissertation on the road in general was presently interrupted by the arrival of Bessy Falls, attended by his quartet of friends. The son of the president wasted no time in parley, but stalked straight up to the conductor.

"I demand an apology," he said, his dimples interfering sadly with his severity. "You get back on your car," ordered O'Connell. "You can do what you please there, but I'm running the rest of the train."

"Certainly not," replied Bessy courteously. "Use your own judgment, Ring."

"Jus' sportin', that's all," declared Ricky in further polite consent. "You're on, Ring. Anybody else?"

Reggie Haugh immediately offered Von Humperdinck a bet upon Bessy, but the very thoughtful gentleman, finding room somehow in his brow for a third crease, immediately declined.

"Referee can't bet," he explained regretfully. "A hundred to you, Ring," offered Reggie, but Mr. Cash, notoriously cautious, with the congenial avarice of his junk dealing ancestor, shook his head.

"That's sportin' blood," approved Ricky Saunders, and not only himself, but all his companions, surveyed Wallingford with new interest.

He was a big man and a cheerful man and his round face bore the color which could only come from years of fastidiously selected food and drink. Moreover, his haberdashery, though striking, was correct and up to the minute and there was no disputing the fact that he employed a tailor who was an artist.

"Thanks, old chap," said Reggie gratefully. "Ready?" again asked Von Humperdinck.

"Ready," replied Wallingford and Saunders in a breath. "Slinke hands," directed Von Humperdinck, the creases in his forehead tightening until his bristly pompadour seemed to slide over and halfway down his forehead. He felt a not unparadiseable pride in having taken charge of the affair.

The principals performed the evolution to which they had been bidden, young Falls quite gracefully and O'Connell quite clumsily. "Time!" called Von Humperdinck, snapping his stop watch.

Of course, after all this elaborate preparation, Bessy Falls, in his undergarment, Bessy with his dimples, called in and "licked" O'Connell and completely, in three fast rounds, in which O'Connell, the victim of a hundred rough and tumble fights, slammed and banged and delivered tremendous blows upon thin atmosphere, while Bessy Falls, who once had donned ladies' clothes, rance powder and wig, presided at a fancy work booth and won the majority of votes in the beauty contest, danced around him and punched him at will, with good swinging right and left blows which had real steam behind them!

you know, Reggie figured out how to turn the table and benches into cots with real spring mattresses in them. Reggie's long on eating and sleeping. Humperdy, who is no end of a clever mechanic, devised the simplest sort of a collapsible cook stove with a telescoping pipe. Cash discovered the method of making the roof ridge watertight, and I worked out a fancy clamp to bind the corners together. But, after all, the real rippin' brains of the thing is Bessy's. The hollow wall idea was his—came to him just in a flash. Never wasted a moment of thought on it."

Bessy colored slightly. "Very ordinary idea, I'm sure," he said with becoming modesty, the dimples appearing for just an instant, then corv' vanishing. "Any one could have thought of it."

"Clever scheme," declared Wallingford, admiring the really good model with the practised eye of a born mechanic, as Bessy deftly took it apart and demonstrated how it was to be packed and shipped and reassembled. "Quite clever, indeed." The opening

for which he had been groping came in a flash, as inspired as that which had brought to Bessy Falls the stunning device of the hollow walls. "This is more than clever, gentlemen," he went on, his tone changing to one of grave earnestness that commanded instant attention. "It is worthy of serious commercial consideration. It would be a pity to allow so perfect an article of manufacture to go to waste."

"Well, of course, you know, none of us is in trade, and we wouldn't care for that sort of thing," announced Reggie Haugh loftily, with a shrinking thought of the original thick lipped Haw.

"I don't know, old chap," mused Bessy. "Why wouldn't it be a ripping good novelty for us all to go into trade? We've tried everything else."

"That's what I call sportin'," stated Ricky Saunders enthusiastically. "I'm for anything Bessy starts."

(To Be Continued.)

Still the Bugle Blows. Mrs. U. G. Potts, the merchant of West Main street, is the author of a patriotic poem, dedicated to the na-

tions, as follows: The night, tho' it's morn; Tho' it's calm, tho' it storms— The bugle calls, Still the sun shines on, Day by day.

Men may rise, men may fall, And nations may rise and nations may fall— The bugle calls, Still the sun shines on, Day by day.

Tho' it's land, tho' it's seas; Tho' it's war, tho' it's peace— The bugle calls, Still the sun shines on, Day by day.

Martinburg Journal.

AUTO TIRE FINDS LOST PIN. Meteorist, Going Over Old Reuts, Makes Remarkable Pick-Up. A week ago School Commissioner James P. Kelly, while trying out his new automobile on the hills of the Orange Mountains, lost a diamond stick pin, presented to him by business associates several years ago and valued at \$150. As he had traveled sixty

miles during the afternoon the pin was lost he did not know just where to look for it. Today Mr. Kelly, with his family, set out again for a drive over the mountains, taking the same course he followed last Sunday. Near the Swiss-land bridge, on the Peasack river, he heard a report and found he had a flat tire.

Tip to Parsons. Could one not find their confessions, one is pretty certain that many of our old parsons had little aptitude for the making of sermons, and the Book of Homilies was found very useful. On entering his pulpit one Sunday one parson fumbled considerably at the edge of a crack in the woodwork, then straightened himself as if as though making the best of a bad job. "Friends, the sermons is gone down the 'girts," but I'll read a chapter of Job worth the pair of them."—From "Old Yarns of English Lakedale."

South Dakota to exchange. Write me, J. C. Hollingsworth, 203 North Second Avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—A good paying country hotel, two-story brick, twenty-four rooms, electric lighted, city water, furnished completely in every way and in best of condition. Has cleared present owners from \$2,000 to \$2,500 per year for past ten years. The hotel is not for lease or rent and must be sold to settle up an estate. This hotel is located in a thriving Iowa town of 1,200, has a well established trade, \$2 per day only, and no competition. A sure money maker. Address "A-23," care this paper.

IOWA LAND. For Sale—Marshall county farms, 80 acres, three miles Marshalltown, \$4,000 cash, ten years on balance, 5 per cent, 120-acre near town, \$6,000 cash, balance ten years 5 per cent, 240 acres three miles Marshalltown, \$130 per acre, 200 acres, one of the finest farms in Marshall county, well improved. Come and see us and we will please you. C. E. Pearson Land Company, "Phones—Office, 1303; residence, 1113 white, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Fifty six acre farm in corn farms in Iowa and Minnesota; also modern city residence. Large stock ranch in Wyoming, 27,000 acres, \$2 per acre. McNichols Land Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Improved farm, northern Iowa \$130 for quick sale. Having moved to Oregon must sell. Back here for short time only. Good terms. Hurry. George Howard, Marshalltown.

For Sale—Fifty-six acre farm, well improved, at Lamotte, Iowa; also two town lots in Lamotte. Railroad siding on land. Residence three blocks from depot and postoffice. Address J. I. Stevens, box 583, Boone, Iowa.

For Sale—Quarter well improved, lays level to wavy, good soil, all tillable, good grove, some fruit, one-half mile to school, three miles from town. The best laying farm in Howard county, Iowa. Call on J. I. Stevens, Boone, Iowa. Two farms, well considered some trade. J. E. McDermott, room 14, Woodbury building, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Three improved eighty-acre farms in Mitchell county, Iowa, price \$90 to \$125 per acre. Terms on the one is \$500 cash at time of sale and \$1,000 March first, balance in three or four years. W. O. T. Olson, agent, Balfour, Iowa.

For Sale—160 acres two miles north of Green Mountain, good land, good improvements, good terms, \$125 per acre; 100 acres two and one-half miles north of Green Mountain, well improved; 197 acres north of Marshalltown, good improvements, some terms, \$180; eighty acres three miles of Marshalltown, good land, good improvements; 160 acres, good improvements, ninety acres total, balance on roll, \$125, 120 acres four and one-half miles of Marshalltown, a bargain at \$140, good terms; 244 acres, all kinds of improvements, fine land, terms; eighty acres joining Marshalltown, good improvements with silo, easy terms, 5 per cent. Many other farms not mentioned here. Northern Iowa and southern Minnesota farms for sale. See me before buying. J. E. McDermott, room 14, Woodbury Building; office phone 650, residence 1511 white.

For Sale—Farms. Because of the ill health of my son, and my increasing age, I have decided to offer for sale any two of my three following farms, which if not sold by Aug. 1, will be for rent: No. 1—Bear Creek stock and grain farm of 482 acres, situated six miles northeast of Grinnell. No. 2—The 377-acre stock farm formerly owned by Rapson & Moyle and situated seven and one-half miles northwest of Grinnell. No. 3—The Moninger stock and grain farm of 561 acres, situated eight and one-half miles northwest of Marshalltown; railroad station on farm. H. M. Bray, Grinnell, Iowa.

FINE STOCK AND GRAIN FARM. For Sale—640 acres all good black soil, 245 acres cultivated, 30 acres alfalfa, 45 acres hay. Well improved. Close to town in central Nebraska. Be sure to write for particulars. This is a bargain. John Jensen, St. Paul, Neb.

WISCONSIN LANDS. Official bulletins concerning soils, climate and crops of Wisconsin mailed free to those addressing the Wisconsin State Board of Immigration, Capitol 7-A, Madison, Wis.

MINNESOTA LANDS. For Sale—Fine list of farms, a few trades. What have you? George A. Stotke, Fairmont, Minn.

For Sale—160 acres; good land, in northern Minnesota, at a bargain; will take good auto roadster as part payment. Address H. K. care Central Foundry Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—280 acres in Renville county, Minnesota. Most productive part of state. Good house, barn, etc.; church and school across road; close to several good towns; 24 acres under cultivation; price \$25 per acre. We have over 300 fine farms listed in Minnesota.

CUT RATE SHIPPING. Cut rates on household goods to Pacific coast and other points. Superior service at reduced rates. The Boyd Transfer Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Southwest Iowa is a fertile field for the man with anything to sell that has merit. It is thickly populated and prosperous. Seventy-five thousand people in southwest Iowa read the daily newspaper. It is the great wheat and medium of this section. It is known far and wide as a producer of results. If you have land or anything else to sell or trade, get in touch with southwest Iowa thru the newspaper. Write for price list and terms. Newspaper Company, Sioux Falls, S. D.

CEMENT STOCK. Holders of preferred and common stock in the Northwestern States Portland Cement Company, of Mason City, Iowa, and Northwestern States Portland Cement Company of Dallas, Texas, desiring to sell or buy will get the latest market quotations from us. Inquiries on any other securities promptly answered. Wollenberger & Co., Investment bankers, 109 South La Salle street, Chicago.

TO EXCHANGE—City property and Dakota land for general merchandise grocery. Deal with owner. Address J.-8, Times-Republican.

## FOR SALE— TO RENT— TO EXCHANGE—

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## Classified Advertisements

WANTED. Wanted—Horses to shoe. New shoes 40 cents each. W. B. Hankins, corner Church and Center streets.

Wanted—Upholstering and all kinds of furniture repairing, reupholstering and varnishing and glue work. Hair moss and cotton mattresses made over. Call us up before the rush of housecleaning starts. Lon Roberts, 119 West Main, Phone 525.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Real Estate and Employment Agency, Phone 950.

Wanted—Plain sewing and dressmaking. Over Arkins' store, 118 East Main street.

Wanted—Ashes, rubbish and garbage to haul. Phone 301 Green.

Wanted—Berry pickers; 2 cents per box. Phone 3027.

Wanted—A second hand bicycle. Must be in good condition, and cheap. Address G-25, care T-R.

Wanted—Washing to do at 404 North Fourth avenue.

Wanted—House moving. H. S. Miller, 110 North Fourth street.

Wanted—Well and cistern digging, also cleaning. Albert Buchanan, 910 Iowa street.

Wanted—For electrical work, call J. W. Sanders, 1113 red.

Wanted—To connect with some one who is going to buy an auto. I can save him some money on a new five passenger car or a used car. Address "Auto Bargain," care T-R.

Wanted—List your property with me. I will bring buyers and sellers together. Always have demand for property on installment plan. Let your wants be known. W. E. Crawford, real estate and employment. Phone 993. Over 214 East Main.

Wanted—Every one to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Susan Lampman, 208 West Main street, phone 471.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—An experienced grocery clerk. E-25, Times-Republican.

Wanted—Clothing clerk; must have clothing experience. Friend Clothing Company, Marshalltown.

Wanted—Bell boy. Stoddard Hotel.

Wanted—Railroad firemen, brakemen, \$120; Experience unnecessary. Send age, postage, Railway, care Times-Republican.

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC. For Sale—Holstein bull calf, six months old, a good one. W. C. Brown, Green Mountain.

For Sale—Standard bred, 3 year old driving mare, with or without outfit, city broke. Call 847 green.

For Sale—A pony; good, gentle and sound. Phone 1391 yellow. Address Louis Walter, 1104 West Church.

For Sale—Good Shorthorn milch cow, giving 4 and 5 gallons per day, 214 East Main. Phone 1217 green.

For Sale—Horses, cattle, hogs and chickens, in fact, everything, at Plumb Bros' market sale, Friday, July 31, at 7:30 in the evening. This will be an evening sale in our electric lighted auction. It will be as light as day in the sale yard. Owing to the hot weather and busy time of year, we are putting this sale on at night. Bring anything you have for sale. Plumb Bros.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—Five room cottage in good condition. Gas, electric lights, city water and toilet. Close in. Phone 205 white.

For Sale—City property and cultivated farm lands in most fertile region of Montana. E-25, Times-Republican.

For Sale—Eight room house, nearly new, good barn, lot 84x200, within two blocks of car line. This place is finely located and is one of the prettiest homes in the city, price reasonable. Address X-25 care Times-Republican.

For Sale—Good house and thirty-five acres, one mile from court house, good dairy and truck farm; \$160 per acre if sold this week; \$1,000 will handle this. I have one of the best eighty and 120-acre farms in Grundy county at \$200 per acre. G. S. Nugent, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Five-room house at 808 North Center street, partly modern, large lot; snap at \$1,500, one-third cash, balance monthly payments. D. A. Moore. Phone evenings 1261 green.

For Sale—Almost new five-room, partly modern cottage. Must be sold at once. In desirable location. Bargain if taken at once. Midland Realty Company. Phone 987 green.

For Sale—Eight-room house, partly modern, in excellent condition; full lot on South Second street; must be sold at once. Phone 987 green.

For Sale or Trade—Good house and lot in Grinnell will sell at a reasonable price or will consider trade for Marshalltown property. George F. Thayer, Marshalltown.

Wanted—I want names of buyers. Write me your address so I can send you my list. Ten modern houses, close in, to pick from, or any kind you wish. If you are going to buy or rent a farm, send me your name so I can let you know if I get something that might suit you. Farms anywhere or sale, \$3,000 to loan on farm. Six quarters in

SITUATIONS WANTED. Wanted—Steady place to work by day or hour, by woman. Phone 510 red.

SALESMEN WANTED. Wanted—Two salesmen to sell out oils, greases and paints in this territory; experience unnecessary; our salesmen are best paid on road. Industrial Refining Company, 1045 West Eleventh street, Cleveland, O.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—New potatoes. Phone 719 green.

For Sale—One International motor truck, in good shape. Address F-10, Times-Republican.

For Sale—Tickets to Salt Lake City. Phone 833 red.

For Sale—Frys, 205 West Grant or Phone 719 yellow.

For Sale—Old newspapers, a large bundle for 5 cents at the Times-Republican.

For Sale—An invention patented with safety features. Will take cash, city or country property, auto included