Amusements

Pauline Frederick in "Sold."

Pauline Frederick, the famous stage favorite, who won a transcendent triumph in her first screen characterization as Donna Roma in the Famous Players Film Company's superb photo-spectacle, "The Eternal City," repeats her initial accomplishment in her second appearance on the screen in the five-part film version of the celebrated emotional drama, "Sold," the latest Famous Player release on the Paramount Program at the Amuse today.

Containing all the elements for vigorous emotional portrayal, "Sold" provides Miss Frederick with a role fully as adapted to her finely developed talents as was that of Donna Roma in her first engagement before the camera. Miss Frederick's characterization is that of the wife of an impoverished artist, who, in order to obtain funds for her husband, consents to pose in the nude for his wealthy rival. This sacrificial act is detected by the husband, who, misunderstanding her motive, spurns her and laughs at her protestations that the act he brands her for was committed for his sake. From this point, the drama develops much drama, and after a series of overpowerfully tense situations, the husband learns of his wife's true nature and absolute fidelity, and a happy reunion is effected.

As the haunted and suffering artist Miss Frederick does not miss the slightest opportunity to score. It seems as if all the ability that she evidenced on the stage in "Joseph and His Brethren," as as Potiphar's wife, and as the central character of "Innocent," as well as all the power and force of her interpretation of Donna Roma, are concentrated in the impersonation of the heart broken wife in "Sold." Yet throughout the entire characterization, the touch is never exaggerated and at all times she increases her as an actress but as a wife in actuality, suffering and by real sorrows and persecutions.

For the settings and mechanical efforts of this powerful production, it is not necessary to repeate that the subject is presented by the Famous Players Film Co. The realistic atmosphere of the artists' studios, as well as the convincing contrast between the homes of the rich and poor painters, has been skillfully suggested. Another point of should interest connected with the production is the fact that it contains one of the most notable all-star casts ever assembled in one screen presentation. It includes Thomas Holding, who also achieved personal distinction in "The Eternal City" as David Rossi, Julian L'Estrange, one of the foremost masculine favorites of the American stage, who will be remembered for his forceful screen portrayal in that film classic, "The Heart of Maryna" Lowell Sherman, Russell Bassett and Lucille Parsman.

Great Gambling House Scene in "The Soul of Broadway."

The famous scene depicting the Gambling House of The Masked Woman in "The Soul of Broadway," which comes to the Amuse Sunday, the latest elaborate and sensational photodrama to be picturized for William Fox, is a Stygian masterpiece of massive stage construction and novel effects in decoration both bizarre and attractive. In this scene Valeska Suratt, the star of the new photodrama which was written and produced by Herbert Brenon, does a sensational fall down a flight of stairs forty-five feet in height.

The decorations of the Gambling House of The Masked Woman are all on a scale befitting the supposed magnificence of the most fashionable resort of its kind in the great city. An area of space is covered by the basalt-lated floor upon which are set the roulette and baccarat tables. Around the entire room the lofty walls are covered with giant playing cards as wall decorations and the banisters leading to the top of the stairs from which Miss Suratt falls are fashioned to represent cues, over the play tables the lamp shades, too, represent "dice." Real croupiers from certain gambling places frequented by fashionable folk in New York are seen raking in the coins and bills and a feverish-eyed crowd watches the play with almost savage attention. The entire scene is a masterpiece of life, color and suspense, and when it is said that it took three solid weeks to construct it on the big William Fox open air stages, it can be seen what a remarkable specimen of the work of the skilled producer the Gambling House of The Masked Woman is.

"Body and Soul."

World Film Corporation offers the Frohman photoplay "Body and Soul," which is based upon a remarkable story by William Hurlbert.

Nowadays when the theory, you might say, the very core and kernel of a motion picture drama is the story, a gripping firm, which is a little out of the common and which can be worked out into a five-reel drama, which will hold your attention in a motion picture theatre for an hour, for that is the acid test of the feature film today.

Consider now! An hour is the twenty-fourth part of a day, practically all that most of us can spare to the serious business of amusement. Some people very properly grudge an hour to any kind of show which does not hold interest and excite for the hour or two which were devoted to it.

It is there that "Body and Soul" will not fall down. It holds. Here is the story in brief.

A beautiful girl loses her memory and wanders far afield. In the condition of what is known as "aphasia" she becomes the mistress of a [illegible] living in a camp, but before she breaks away to branch her returning to civilization and Fifth Avenue circles in New York, he recognizes her, but she does not recognize him, and at that situation, the whole series of remarkably powerful episodes arises.

It would really spoil the reader's enjoyment to go into further details.

The picture has a wonderful cast headed by Florence Rockwell, and was produced by George H. Irving, one of the best producers of the time.

"Body and Soul" is the attraction at the Amuse Friday.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.

Hunters and others are requested to take notice that the Laureles pasture of the King Ranch is posted and that hunting on this property is prohibited and subjects violators to penalties provided by law.

—Adv. R. J. KLEBERG.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER,
Creator of "Wallingford,"
and
CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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Apples and Egg Beaters

"IT is well known that an egg cannot see by daylight," observed Blackie Daw, with the frown of earnest logic on his brow, and Jim Wallingford, smiling cordially, looked from Blackie to the tall young stranger and waited. "Very well, then," went on Blackie, "you approach your egg from the left hand side, walking cautiously. Reaching out suddenly, you clutch your egg just behind the gills and whip it into a light froth with one of Pushman's egg whiffers. This is Pushman."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Pushman," laughed Wallingford, shaking hands heartily. "I never can tell quite what this idiot means, but I judge that you are in the egg beating business."

"Kitchen novelties," agreed the young man, accepting Wallingford's best chair. He was a smooth shaven chap with a clear eye and a pleasant smile, and he wore the clothing of a prosperous young business man, combined with a look of care between the eyebrows. "Mr. Daw is an old old friend of mine. I met him for the

"You approach your egg from the left hand side," said Blackie.

first time in the hotel bar downstairs half an hour ago, and he insisted that you would like to give me some business advice."

J. Rufus Wallingford glanced speculatively at his partner.

"My pal here is up to his neck in financial difficulties, Bill," Blackie explained, giving Wallingford time to study the prospective business associate. "The diversion of egg whifling is not so popular as he had supposed it to be, and it takes money to buy drinks."

"I'll be jiggered if I know how my old friend Daw discovered that I am in a hole," smiled young Mr. Pushman, in perplexity, and he cast a wondering glance at Blackie. "I bought promptly when the bartender introduced us, and I said that business was good."

"Blackie has hunches," smiled Wallingford.

"What's the matter with your egg beater?" then he suddenly inquired.

"They won't buy them," and young Pushman smoothed his pompadour in concern. "I've a thousand dollars' worth of them crated, ready for delivery, but no place to send them."

Wallingford asked gravely.

"Sink all your money?"

"Well, no," smiled the young man. Wallingford noted that his eyes were rather too close together. "I sank G. W. Skookum's. I'm willing to go on with the business, but G. W.'s no sport."

J. Rufus hitched forward.

"Oh, Skookum!" he said, and he smiled approvingly at Blackie. "Skookum has all kinds of money, I believe."

"Six." It was Blackie who answered this, hitching forward and leaning his thin arms on the table. "Gold, silver, nickel, copper, bills and just money."

"Skookum is the village mortgage holder," stated Pushman.

The big, round pink face of J. Rufus Wallingford wrinkled itself in a jovial smile.

"I honestly believe you'd sting Skookum," he guessed.

Young Pushman folded his arms on the table.

"How?"

"You're not incorporated!"

"That's the answer, we'll incorporate."

"Eh, what?" It was Blackie who asked this. J. Rufus frequently incorporated, but his movements from then on were always different.

"I don't know," returned Wallingford carelessly. "The chief value of incorporation is to get some of Skookum's money out of the old blue sock in the chimney; then we can make friends with it."

"And," stated Blackie Daw, "there's no minted money which we so much crave just now as G. W. Skookum's."

"I gathered that," said young Pushman, looking puzzled. "Mr. Daw was immediately interested when he found I had some connection with Skookum. Why?"

"Old G. W. skinned some friends of ours," explained Wallingford briefly.

"Ever hear of President Warden of the Western Consolidated Railroad system?" inquired Blackie, straddling a chair. "Well, when Warden died his brothers rival, E. H. Falls, who never had a chance to beat Warden at any game, robbed his orphans. George Washington Skookum was one of the poker tools who helped to the manipulation by telling a few lies. His share was—"

"Just a minute," chuckled J. Rufus, touching a button. "Mr. Pushman may as well meet the Warden orphans. We'll probably make them his office assistants anyhow. Their part most likely will be to give away office secrets."

In a few minutes, in answer to Wallingford's politely telephoned invitation, two strikingly pretty young ladies came into the parlor and were introduced as Fanny and Violet Warden.

"I understand it perfectly now," said young Pushman, smiling into the blue eyes of the strapping Violet, and Blackie Daw tugged fiercely at his moustache.

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G. W. Skookum sat at the back door of his suburban farmhouse, with the glory of the autumn spread before him, and on his knees was a shotgun, loaded with rock salt. Just in the center of vision of G. W.'s wrinkle squinted eyes was a big walnut tree anxious to drop its frost ripened nuts. In the field, vibrating between the walnut tree and the orchard, were a farm hand and a hair terrier, but G. W. Skookum trusted neither of them, since there is no guardian of property so faithful as the owner thereof.

"There's a couple of strangers to see you, paw." Bert and wrinkled Mrs. Skookum said this, and she said it with her hands folded.

"Paw" Skookum rubbed a gnarled thumb up and down the barrel of his old gun.

"Town folks or country folks?" he inquired, in a voice which grated.

"City folks, paw. They look rich."

"Huh!" grunted Skookum. "Agents, I guess." He leaned his gun carefully in the corner and rose. He smoothed down his black alpaca coat and gave a tug at his little black string tie, then he stepped briskly into the parlor, where he found a large, broad chested, pink faced man, with a diamond in his cravat, and a tall, thin, black haired and black moustached man in a quiet, ministerial Prince Albert.

"This is Mr. Skookum, I believe," greeted the large man suavely. He held his silk hat across his wrist, and bowed with engaging ease. "I am J. Rufus Wallingford, Mr. Skookum, and this is Horace G. Daw."

"I am about to interest Mr. Daw with me in the Pushman Kitchen Novelty company," went on Wallingford. "You have a splendidly promising infant industry there, Mr. Skookum."

"Yes," stifled Mr. Skookum, his mouth squeezing in. "It's been promising a long time."

"It has locked capital," declared Wallingford. "Have you ever looked over Mr. Pushman's books?"

"Yes." He could have made the same answer with a sax flic. The corners of his nose wrinkled up toward his eyes. "I've been down there a dozen times to see what chance there was to get my money back, and I won't look at 'em any more. There's nothing in 'em but expense accounts, and if I don't get my next note when it's due I'll close up young Pushman. He dresses too fine."

"That is a business asset," responded Wallingford. "Look at me. Look at my friend, Mr. Daw. Could we make the money we do without good clothes? Certainly not!" and he swelled his broad chest complacently. "I'm a professional promoter, Mr. Skookum."

"Oh," commented Mr. Skookum, inspecting Wallingford curiously from hair to shoes. "I've heard of promoters. I don't do business with 'em."

"You'll do business with me," confidently predicted Wallingford, and he chuckled.

When, after some further parley, it looked as if Wallingford would induce Skookum to invest, Jimmy Wallingford, J. Rufus' young nephew, and Toad Jessup were caught stealing walnuts, and Skookum indignantly ordered J. Rufus off the premises.

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"My notion about it is that we should cheer up," observed Blackie Daw, with a grin at the unsmiling face of J. Rufus. "What we need is to forget our sorrows and go digging for Biggerbait."

"Will you keep still?" requested Wallingford. "I am trying to think."

"All right, Jim," agreed Blackie with a wink at Pushman. "I couldn't tell it from just looking at you, but I'm this to say. If you were thinking the way you looked, you'd be better off if you were daydreaming. You made a juggerbait by yet, Pushman. It makes a sound like a prune, and—"

There was a giggle from the bay window, a giggle which was instantly suppressed as young Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup lost serious earnest faces on their game of checkers. They were trying to make as little noise as possible on this rainy day of gloom. Brief as that giggle was, however, it brought them immediately into undesired prominence.

"You kids are going home!" J. Rufus promptly informed them.

Toad Jessup, who had been mock as long as he could, turned squeaky away from his checkerboard with a jerk.

"All right; we'll go home," he stated. "We're not having much fun here." Jimmy looked at him with a quiet smile, but he said nothing nor did he

"Look at me; look at my friend Mr. Daw."

alter his position after the checker board. "We didn't do anything out at old Skookum's," went on Toad. He had been interrupted some twenty times at this point of his expostulation but he was capable of going on twenty times more, until he should be able to make Blackie to verify in his own behalf. Twice wildcats were rare and they were right near the road, and it would have hurt old Skookum to lose his gun again. Few of them know that we didn't know they were dangerous."

"You knew they were not poisonous," stabbed Wallingford, and they looked crestfallen to show Toad an absolute problem. He was retaining. This was the first time he had succeeded in silencing the question.

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The golden sun descended behind the fringe of trees and G. W. Skookum, not stepping into his gumshoes, went with his head turned toward the orchard.

"Mr. Pushman, paw." It was Mrs. Skookum, with her hands folded.

"Eh?" Skookum startled when Pushman declared he didn't up his nose. "Business pickin' up?" And he sat down to his old bookkeeping desk.

"Fine!" stated young Pushman, with enthusiasm. "I found a New York jobber to handle my goods, and he's keeping me busy. He takes the ten day discount too. About next week I'll ship to discount that second note."

With a jerk Mr. Skookum stopped writing. "You don't want to do that!" he hastily advised. "You don't want to cramp your producing power. I'll extend this note if you say so."

"No trouble about that." And the young manufacturer lit a big cigar. "There was no hope of my getting money in this town, so I've taken in outside capital—Mr. Wallingford."

Skookum's head came up with a jerk.

"You be careful of that man," he warned. "He's a skinner."

* * * * * * *

Just outside the fence of G. W. Skookum's field waited young Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup with their caps in their hands and the caps were filled with walnuts. No such exhibition of patience and spartan fortitude had ever before been given by this pair. For nearly an hour they stood, and occasionally they giggled, and occasionally they [illegible] at the house, but for the most part they merely held themselves in sober waiting with an intensness which was little short of breathless.

At last G. W. Skookum came around the corner of the house. Though he had been in plain sight of the walnut tree and of the orchard, some uneasy instinct had warned him of the presence of boys. He took off his near glasses and put on his faraway glasses, then shrilled, "Hey, you, Andy!"

He hurried straight down the walk and out along the road. The farm hand came clumping up from the barn, the hard, white bull terrier stretching along ahead of him. The two boys stood their ground.

"Aha; I caught you at it!" yelled Skookum.

"Don't you touch us!" warned Toad. "We're not on your property."

That warning was just in time, for Skookum had been about to lay hands on them. He knew that law of trespassing quite well, however. The white dog knew it too. He leaped and jerked and barked inside the fence and ran up and down in passing impatience, but he made no move to come into the road. Andy arrived on the fence just behind the boys. He was a pickled faced man, with an indescribable wave of yellow moustache.

"Put back those walnuts!" ordered Andy.

"We don't have to pull you back," immediately announced Toad. Jimmy had not a word to say. He stood quietly listening to Toad, with a little half smile. "They're our walnuts."

"You stole 'em!" charged Skookum.

Suddenly the hired hand reached over the fence and grabbed the caps out of the boys' hands. He flung the walnuts inside the field as far as he could and then frisked the caps outside the fence.

"Now go home or I'll spank you!" he threatened.

"We don't have to go home!" Toad's voice rose in shrill triumph. "This is our road! We're part of the public. We can stay right here as long as we want to!"

For the first time Jimmy Wallingford spoke. He was not defiant like Toad. He was quiet and as the corners of his eyes joined a smile which had in it a trace of pathos.

"You must give us back our walnuts," said his clear eyes gazed steadily into the pouch eyes of G. W. Skookum.

"What did you say?" cried Skookum in astonishment.

"You must give us back our walnuts," repeated Jimmy firmly. "We can have you arrested for highway robbery."

"You young thieves!" exploded Skookum. "Of all the impudence!"

"We can prove they were our walnuts," went on Jimmy, entirely unruffled, as only the right of a peculiar authority begins to gleam in his eyes. "We bought them this morning at a grocery store, and there were four people saw us buy them. Here's the check." He produced a pink grocer's slip bearing the single item, "Walnuts, 25."

"Give them back, they belong to us!" repeated Skookum savagely.

That was enough. Toad Jessup put his thumb and his forefinger in his mouth and filled his lungs and emitted a whistle so loud that G. W. Skookum seemed to come upright from the ground. Immediately from among the shrubbery across the side road from the walnut tree, there emerged the full eight [illegible] of red caps from the Hotel Jungle. They came running, and with a whoop. They scrambled over the fence. They scattered of them, but they moved so rapidly that they looked like seventy. The hired white dog waited no time on consideration. He knew from past experience that it was a straight break and the fallen battlers, who were three times his size and a ten fold more active, met him with a [illegible] and the skirmish line parted, leaving an astonished dog rolling on the ground and trying to pick his way out of it as best he could. The skirmish line, with whoops and hoots and much

Wallingford Proceeded to Show Toad an Algebraic Problem.

laughter, charged on the walnuts, true with irresistible enthusiasm. Chips and stones flew up among the branches like a tomahawk from a gatling battery. The tallest battler passed for just a moment to "paste" the hired hand in the eye with a well seasoned fist. It was the same eye which Toad Jessup had greeted with a hard, green walnut.

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G. W. Skookum sat at his back door. The walnuts were gone and the apples were picked, and there was nothing to watch. But he sat there and watched it.

"There's a stranger, paw." It was Mrs. Skookum, but not even her voice was meek. In the past two weeks she had been aggravated to the point of rebellion.

"What is it?" The voice of Mr. Skookum was particularly harsh. In the past two weeks he had strained it.

Mrs. Skookum did not even tell him to go and find out for himself. She had disappeared on the delivery of her first sentence.

Muttering and grumbling, G. W. went into the horsehair room, and the stranger proved to be none other than Horace G. Daw, who, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his black Prince Albert, was stalking disgustedly across the room.

"Sir," said Horace G. Daw, "I am a much abused man!" and he deliberately bent the end of his spiked moustache and inserted it between his teeth.

"Un-huh!" agreed Skookum, and he grinned.

"I am the victim of injustice!" ranted Mr. Daw, tousling his black hair down over his forehead. "I am bent on revenge! Revenge, Mr. Skookum! Revenge on that scoundrel, J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Un-huh!" agreed Skookum. But there was more animation in his tone.

"Have you or have you not two mortgage notes against the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company, each for $1,000 and interest?"

Mr. Skookum studied Blackie Daw slowly.

"What about it?" he asked, rubbing his chubby hands over each other as if he were trying to wring an idea from them.

"Listen!" Blackie Daw stopped and held one hand aloft. "I want to purchase those notes."

Again long and deliberate thought on the part of Mr. Skookum.

"Why?" he asked.

"Will you sell me the notes if I tell you?"

"Well, maybe."

"Then here it is. These notes are in the name of Pushman Kitchen Utensil company. That company has grown out of existence, having been merged into the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company now incorporated. Since the original company does not exist it can not take up those notes, and you can refuse settlement from any other person. The mortgage can still stand as a lien, however, against the absorbing company and can be held much more than as that company might be in temporary difficulties. Then, by thunder, I can make trouble with them!"

"That's doing business," cried Skookum. "You don't know the moment you wouldn't think up a scheme like that. I tried it once."

It was Blackie Daw's time to pause and he did it most effectively.

"That is exclusive information!"

"As sure as guns!"

Then Skookum only, the other two, Blackie and Jim sat down, with his hands on his knees and his neck out-stretched. "I'll bite, by Gad, I'll stick to the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company, to take my share out of it."

Mr. Skookum, who was an excellent listener, cocked his head sideways to ask:

"How much money would this take?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars," came Blackie's reply was instant and sharp. "The company's incorporated for a hundred thousand and Pushman has the sale of the stock. They're starting it up like hot cakes around town today because the company is not sold against them showed a profit even on Pushman's capitalization of over 150 per cent a year."

G. W. Skookum gulped and a spasm of pain twitched at all his wrinkles.

"Yes, I figured that out myself," he complained.

"Well, Pushman doesn't like Wallingford."

"I'll simply get Pushman to sell me 51 per cent of that stock as soon as my money gets here next week. Then I'll call a meeting and vote Wallingford out of office, make myself president and vote myself a big enough salary to eat up all the profits except a few 2 per cent. That's enough for stockholders. I'll show that fellow Wallingford!" And Blackie, jumping from his chair, slapped his hands behind him and stalked agitatedly across and across the room.

Again there was a long pause, in which G. W. Skookum speculated.

"You say you don't get your money until next week?" he presently observed.

"Not until then," said Blackie.

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The office of the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company was a revelation when the cautious G. W. Skookum paid that morning establishment a visit. Express wagons were being loaded high with cases of egg beaters. There was a fresh coat of paint on the front, and at the windows were lace curtains and new shades with tassels. Skookum saw all this from across the street, leaning nonchalantly in the slide of the hallway of a totally unknown [illegible]. He watched it patiently until he saw J. Rufus Wallingford and young Pushman go out for lunch. Then Mr. Skookum hurried over and entered the office. New desks, new chairs, new railings, at a high desk, keeping the books, a handsome blue eyed young lady sat at the typewriter, working industriously from the moment he had started to cross the street, a handsome brown eyed young lady. On the desk of the blue eyed one a tall vase of chrysanthemums and immediately adjoining her another tall desk labeled "Mr. Pushman." Near the typewriter was a large desk labeled "Mr. Wallingford," and on her table was a bowl of sweetheart roses.

"Mr. Pushman in?" asked Mr. Skookum, his eyes narrowing.

Fanny Warden went right on typing, but Violet looked around at him sweetly.

"No, sir," she said. "He has gone to lunch."

"Too bad!" Skookum rubbed his hands together and beamed paternally on the blue eyed one. The brown eyed one turned to him at that moment, and he beamed at her also. "Mr. Pushman wanted me to come around and look at the books. He wants to sell me some stock."

Violet looked at him with wide eyes for a moment, then turned to Fanny with a troubled brow.

"Do you suppose it would be right, Fanny?" she inquired, [illegible] the triumphant sparkle in her eyes.

"I don't know," hesitated Fanny. "I'm afraid Mr. Wallingford mightn't like it."

"Oh, yes, he will!" Mr. Skookum hastily assured them. "Too, too much! Beaming on them archly, he [illegible] received a hand in each one [illegible] and as slowly withdrew them, his right hand he held a bedraggled bunch of geraniums and in his left a soiled bag of peppermints. He presented the geraniums to Violet and the peppermints to Fanny. "Now I want you two purty young ladies to come out and take a little walk and let me take care of the office."

They hesitated. They glanced at each other doubtfully. Then, overpowered by the flattering attentions of Mr. Skookum, they escaped his [illegible] pats on the shoulder and went through the factory door and found themselves half sick, while G. W. Skookum plunged feverishly into the books. Guess he knew how to handle the ladies, by ging!

Young Pushman hurried into the apartments of J. Rufus Wallingford at the Hotel Jungle, slammed his hat on the table, dropped a hat on the floor, plunged himself into the chair, threw back his head and shrieked and laughed and laughed.

"Well, we're clean!" he exulted, opening the box, began to dance

He Presented the Peppermints to Fanny.

[illegible] of money and toss them [illegible]

Wallingford, his big pink face [illegible] with wrinkles, leaned his arms on [illegible]

"No stock left," he murmured.

"Not a share! Old Skookum really got down to the quick enough to buy Blackie Daw in it, and he took the lire fifty-two. I'll send back to Wallingford. I tried two years to [illegible] this business to a point where I [illegible] it on my fellow townsmen. I'm not positive as yet. It [illegible] interest me with Skookum's money [illegible] the books to get those [illegible] beyond question." He patted the [illegible] over to J. Rufus for [illegible] then he laughed reminiscently. "Skookum was the cautious party. Yesterday morning he telegraphed [illegible] man Potter and asked if the egg beater market still looked good."

"Certainly," corroborated Wallingford. "Potter wired me, and I wired Potter to order $5,000 worth."

"They'll have to be new [illegible]" grinned Blackie Daw, fondling the money. "Say, do you know we shipped Pushman's original thousand dollars' worth of egg beaters to Potter and took twenty-four [illegible]"

"And Paul paid cash every time," chuckled Wallingford. "However, the dividend we declared just before we incorporated got us back that money. What's here, Pushman?"

"Seventy-five thousand even."

Wallingford shook his head.

"Rotten we had to sell $25,000 to the treasury," he worried. "But it will have been safe to have set aside more promotion stock. First of all we'll take out that $3,000 for a week's shipment." And he counted the money to one side. "Then we'll take out $12,000 for expenses." He counted that money to one side. "Now we count the trifle we lost when I [illegible] those mortgages over to the bank this morning, nor will we count the [illegible] which we are to pay Paul Potter [illegible] comes out of the expenses. We have $60,000 to divide."

After the settlement had been [illegible] and young Pushman had gone [illegible] J. Rufus Wallingford sat slouched [illegible] the arm of the couch, with a [illegible] deep trouble on his brow. Blackie Daw, tossing things into the [illegible] for a hasty departure, chatted [illegible] fully, as he worked, about the [illegible] of the spoofenyoung, a strange [illegible] fish which roosted on [illegible] and could only be enticed by [illegible] Receiving no answer to his [illegible] to go spoofenyounging, Blackie suddenly paused.

"Now, don't you worry about Jimmy," he advised. "He's a [illegible]"

"Certainly he is?" agreed Wallingford.

"I can lick anybody who thinks he isn't. That kid's only [illegible]"

"That's right," again agreed Wallingford, but he let Blackie finish packing by himself and went [illegible] joined Fannie Warden. He [illegible] peed comforting.

[Another adventure next week.]

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