

WALLINGFORD and BLACKIE DAW

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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CHAPTER V. A Public Benefactor.

WALLINGFORD, Blackie, where are the reporters? asked Wallingford, energetically pulling off his overcoat, for he had much work to do.

"Locked up in a little room down the hall with a tableful of sandwiches, an empty leather topped desk and a pair of dice, and they don't know that the time is passing," replied Blackie. "You will find the place by the smoke rolling through the keyhole."

Wallingford looked at his watch. "There is no rush about them, then. This is the quiet hour, when the morning paper men have plenty of time and the evening papers are off the press, and I can take a little rest. Toad's got us into a desperate gamble, Blackie. I'm in our expenses, and forty-five thousand on this place and five thousand for an option on another piece of land, and I'm not sure that I see daylight yet. All I want is to come out whole."

Toad Jessop came bounding in with a piece of note paper folded into a triangle, on which was scribbled the name of Principal Daw. "This dropped out of the history classroom just now," he said.

Blackie opened and read the note. "It's all off, Jim," he announced. "You'll have to make up your mind right away what to tell these boys."

"Send them some money," suggested Wallingford. "I have to smoke about an inch more of this cigar and think."

Fifteen minutes later he went back to the door of the history classroom and knocked, listening intently to the educational address within while he waited. The monologue in the voice of that eminent pedagogic, Her-ase G. Daw, was as follows:

"Oh, you lousy dice! Huh! Come on, nice little fessy! Huh! A three and a two, for your friend Her-ase! Huh! A three and a two or a four and a one. I'm easy to please! Huh! There she rolls, boys! Out a piece of paper and add 'em up! Huh! It's gentlemanly, it's all there for the covering, and all velvet! Who takes this six six, that's left over? You're the grand little sport, Fatty, and I hope I beat you. All right now, and watch 'em closely. Huh! A natural! The gentleman who are broke again will kindly edge back from the desk and let the live members split up this assessment of currency for my sixth consecutive pass."

"The city editor has just called up," observed Wallingford softly, as he stepped inside the smoke dimmed room.

"What city editor?" demanded six breathlessly interested voices.

"I couldn't catch the name of the paper," chuckled Wallingford and led them back into the principal's office, where the air was clearer and the light better, and gave them a splendid story. His father, Hiram Wallingford, had been a lifelong friend and admirer of that brave and gallant soldier, the late General Smithson. His father had, just previous to his recent demise, learned of the general's desire to have a military academy named in his honor, and, to carry out the wishes



Wallingford Pressed a Handkerchief to His Eye.

of both brave warriors, Wallingford had now purchased the old Skillem military academy, intended to add to it with a \$25,000 dormitory, rename it the General Smithson Memorial Military academy and present it to the city of Boomville as the tribute of one dead soldier to another. This, the fondest wish of his heart, accomplished—

Wallingford pressed a handkerchief to his eyes. The reporters, deterred by professional delicacy, refrained from asking him any more questions about the lately deceased Hiram Wallingford as soon as they were convinced that this big, strong man was too much overcome by his intense emotions answer them. They were still there when, an hour later, Wallingford went

out to his house, but he choked up again the moment he saw them and did not unchoke until he was safely on the train and headed for the offices of the B. G. and T. railroad. He might make a better bargain than he had hoped.

Boomville rang with the philanthropy of J. Rufus Wallingford and his magnificent gift to the city, but the chamber of commerce, which also embraced all the Progressive party members of the city council, held a hasty and a worried meeting. The consensus of opinion therein expressed was that J. Rufus Wallingford, undoubtedly generous and emotional as he was in his philanthropy, had brought into the town with him a huge bundle of festering gull, for he had saddled the city, already groaning with a burden of obligation and taxation by means of one General Smithson Military academy, with another one, which might turn out a costly institution to keep up.

President Jameson of the Boomville bank allowed them to exhaust their storm of just indignation before he arose to pour oil on the troubled waters. "I am in receipt of a letter from our friend Wallingford which will explain itself, I think," he observed, holding in his hands the document in question. "The envelope was addressed to me, but the contents were addressed to the chamber of commerce and to the city council of Boomville, and they run as follows:

"Gentlemen—In urging your acceptance of my gift of the General Smithson Memorial Military academy to the city of Boomville I desire to call your attention to the following facts: First, my only desire in carrying out the wishes of my father, Hiram Wallingford, was that your city should have a Smithson academy at once, and I could not afford to donate the \$225,000 necessary to build and endow such an academy according to the terms and conditions of General Smithson's bequest. However, should the city at any time comply with those conditions and build the new academy on the General Smithson property, I have no objection to your transferring the name to the new school and to your selling the old property for any purpose you see fit.

"Secondly, in case the city does not care to build the new academy, it can permit the General Smithson tract to revert immediately to the heirs, and can invest the Smithson academy fund, which cannot be used for other purposes, in the tract of woods now adjoining the old Skillem academy, thus making that school preserve fully as valuable for the purpose, if not more so, as the Smithson property. How this is possible will be seen by an examination of General Smithson's will, his deed of gift and the pledge of acceptance which the city signed through its mayor and council. These documents in conjunction, by their peculiar wording, only require that the city possess, control and operate an institution to be known as the General Smithson Memorial Military academy, and do not stipulate, specifically, that such an academy must be located on the General Smithson ground, although they do state, specifically, that the city cannot utilize the property for any other purpose.

"Gentlemen, I have looked over the bequest, the deed and the pledge. Mr. Wallingford was shrewder than ourselves."

A thoughtful silence followed the reading of this important communication, and then the pretty light of day began to dawn.

"Why, this man Wallingford is a public benefactor!" stated old Peter Packington, whose specialty was real estate first mortgages. "He has shown us how to let go of the quarter of a million dollar Smithson academy land."

"Better than that," supplemented L. G. Wheeler, whose specialty was suburban subdivisions and who was consequently a factory boomer. "He has shown us how to let the property revert to the heirs so it will be available for the B. G. and T. shops."

"That is a matter for the city council," immediately urged Samuel Hicks, who made bricks and hoped to sell a few millions of them to the new railroad. "There is a meeting tonight, Cushman."

William Cushman, who was the proprietor of branch grocery stores wherever there were workmen's cottages, nodded his head emphatically.

"We'll put it right through," he promised, and the other members of the city council then present, they representing the majority, cheered him for the statement.

"Move us adjourn!" shouted Peter Packington, suddenly remembering an important engagement.

Peter Packington, who had his automobile right outside the door, was the very first member of the chamber of commerce to call on the Misses Smithson.

"I've come to bring you some splendid news," he told the two flushed and happy ladies, who were already beginning to pack for Europe and Paris and gown.

"We're becoming used to such pleasant surprises," returned Miss Harriet, representing a certain trace of iciness. "We could stand more, I am sure, however."

"I think I can arrange tonight to have the property your father left the city revert to you," he beamingly suggested. "In that case I should like the first opportunity to purchase the tract."

"We have so many friends working to that end, it seems," she replied, wishing that she could be sweeter. "Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Cushman have both telephoned a like message. How

much do you offer?" Mr. Packington considered carefully and immediately raised his bid. "Eighty-five thousand," he offered with a wince. He had figured on obtaining the land for possibly fifty, but if both Wheeler and Cushman had been after it an offer of that size would be useless.

"I thank you," said Miss Harriet, rising and smiling sadly at her sister Martha, who had an increasing pink glow in her cheeks.

"Am I to understand that that price is satisfactory?" asked Packington, trying to read Miss Harriet's inscrutable countenance.

"No," replied Miss Harriet, leading the way to the door. "We shall make no announcement concerning the property until we know that it is ours."

Mr. Packington cleared his throat. "I might be able to raise that bid a trifle," he suggested hopefully.

"We do not care to discuss it at the present moment," she coolly informed him.

Last of all came Mr. Jameson, of the Boomville bank, but this was at 9 o'clock that night. Both Miss Harriet and Miss Martha were sorry to see him, for, while they had not counted him at any time as their particular friend, their particular friends of the old regime having mostly died or become very poor, they had always looked upon him as trustworthy.

"I've come to bring you some good news," he began, beaming upon them.

Miss Martha had been biting her lips. "How much do you offer us?" she inquired, altogether too sweetly.

"Offer you? Why, great Scott, girls, I wouldn't buy that property from you at any price, because it would be absurd in me to buy it unless I expected to make a profit, and I don't want it from General Smithson's daughters. I came out expressly to warn you not to sell it to any one. The new railroad company will give you at least \$150,000 for it."

Miss Martha was almost cryingly apologetic, but Miss Harriet helped her to make him understand that he had started the way all of them had.

"I don't blame you a minute," he said, laughing away Martha's poignant distress. "I am very glad to learn, too, that you did not sell to any of them."

"We could not," Miss Harriet explained. "I believe there's no reason for further secrecy now, is there, Martha?"

"I think not," agreed Martha, especially with an old friend like Mr. Jameson; besides, Wallingford said that everything was settled."

"Wallingford!" repeated Jameson. "Did you sell to him?"

Their beaming faces told him that they had. "For how much?"

Miss Harriet and Miss Martha looked at each other smilingly. "For a hundred thousand dollars. We telegraphed him as soon as we heard the news this afternoon and have had an answer from him. He is coming tomorrow to bring us the money and to get a deed for the property."

"A hundred thousand!" protested Jameson. "Why, he will sell it to the railroad company for half as much again! You should never do business with strangers!"

"That admission was too much for the gentle Miss Harriet. 'I am angry,' she said. 'All this day people we have known for years have been trying to buy our property for less than the stranger offered us. Moreover, had it not been for Mr. Wallingford, nothing would have been done about either that property or our father's military academy for twenty-two years to come, by which time both my sister and myself would have been dead, I hope. If Mr. Wallingford, after buying the school property, makes a profit of \$25,000 for himself, as I understand from his telegram that he has, both my sister Martha and I, who have discussed the matter thoroughly, only wish that it was more.' Besides," and she waved her hand in the general direction of the huge bonnet of pink roses, now widely blown and withering in their third day—"besides, Mr. Wallingford's father was a friend of General Smithson!"

(To Be Continued.)

Very True. The Phrenologist—"Yes, sir, by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell you exactly what sort of a man you are." Mr. Dolan—"O! believe it wud give ye more an' an' olden wot sort a whimmen me wolve is."

SOUTACHE BRAID STUNNINGLY TRIMS HANDSOME WAIST



The allover lace waist is again coming into popular favor after having suffered an eclipse for, lo, these many moons. The waist in the illustration is further ornamented by an overblouse of sheerest chiffon elaborately trimmed with soutache. The sleeves are the fashionable bishop style tied about the wrists with ribbon bands and bows and finished with a trim.

GEN. A. L. MILLS, CHIEF OF DIVISION OF MILITIA AFFAIRS



BRIG-GEN. MILLS

Brig-Gen. Albert L. Mills, as chief of division of military affairs of the United States, occupies an important position. In the event of any conflict with a foreign power it would be his duty to bring the militia of the country in touch with the regular army.

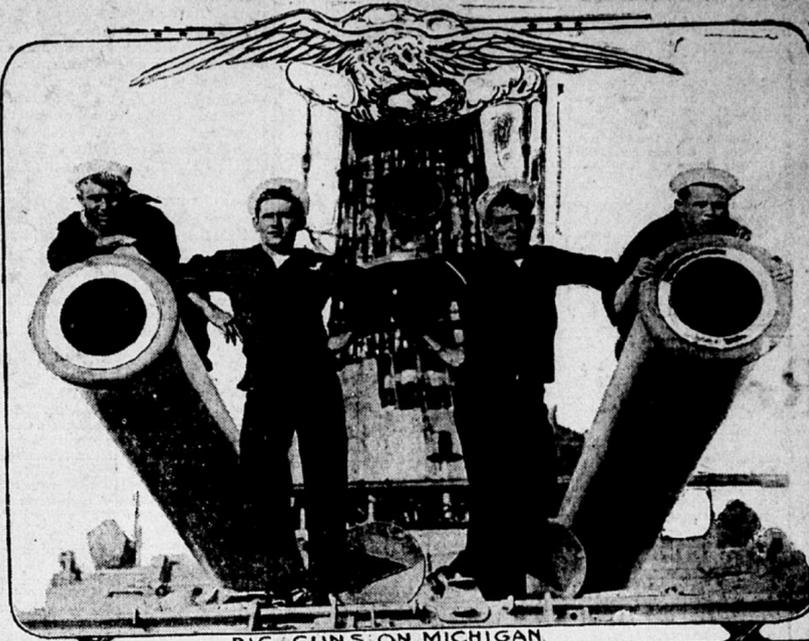
Moving of Flying Bullets. Imagine photographing a moving revolver bullet; then imagine, if you can, making seventy-two photographs of it while it was covering a space of ten inches. This is a feat which has actually been accomplished with the aid of a moving-picture camera. As the pictures were taken at the rate of 100,000 a second, and no camera shutter is made which could attain that speed, the pictures were made by means of a series of electric flashes, each spark or flash giving one exposure. The film used was mounted on a wheel three feet in circumference which was revolved at the rate of 9,000 revolutions a minute, in order that the pictures should not overlap each other.

In photographing a bullet through a stick, it was noticed that the bullet passed completely through the stick and was well on its way before the wood showed any signs of splintering. Then tiny splinters appeared, the stick began to split and finally broke after the bullet was some distance from the stick.—American Boy.

Foiled the General. There is a famous British general who hates to see his soldiers wed. One day a Tommy came to him and asked permission to marry.

The general, hoping to cool the

BATTLESHIP MICHIGAN, WITH ATLANTIC FLEET, A CRACK SHOT OF UNITED STATES NAVY



BIG GUNS ON MICHIGAN

The Dreadnaught Michigan at recent target practice demonstrated that she is one of the crack shots of the navy. In the accompanying illustration members of her crew are shown clustered about her twelve inch guns. The Michigan was one of the Atlantic fleet which was on review in New York harbor.

man's ardor, told him to go away and come back again a year from that day, and if he was then in the same mind permission would be given him to marry. When a year had passed the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really still wish to marry?" asked the general in surprise.

"Yes, sir, very much," answered Tommy.

"Well, you may marry now," said the general. "I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman."

The soldier saluted and prepared to leave the room, but when he got to the door he turned around and said: "Thank you, sir, but it isn't the same woman."

The Power of Toxins. One thousandth of a gram of tetanus (lockjaw) toxin is enough to kill a horse weighing 1,300 pounds or six hundred million times its weight. More remarkable still, one-thousandth of a milligram of tubercular toxin will produce action on a man weighing 132 pounds—sixty trillion times its weight.

Spook-Ridden Babylon. In a lecture in connection with the Egypt Exploration fund, on "Burial Customs in Mesopotamia and Egypt," Dr. L. W. King said the spirit which animated the Egyptians in their varied and changing practices toward the dead was based on affection and reverence, but the Babylonian, in the main, was prompted by fear. The Babylonians were probably more spook-ridden than any other nation of antiquity, and their magical texts made it clear that the most terrible class of spirits were the ghosts of the dead who for some reason had been unable to enter the underworld. Driven to hunger and thirst, such a ghost might roam about and fasten on anyone with whom it had relations in this life, and it would plague him until he performed the rites that could give peace. It was mainly to lay the ghost and prevent it from "haunting" that the Babylonians were scrupulous in performing the due burial rites.—London Times.

The Difference. Mrs. Hilton—"That Mrs. Jinks is all ways very well dressed, while her husband always looks shabby." Hilton—"Well, she dresses according to fashion, and he according to his means.—Judge.

Lawyer's Ability. It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split a hair, chop logic, dovetail an argument, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, empanel a jury, put them in a box, bore a court, chase a client, and other like things.

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