

NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHY

Putus Walhondorf

With the

 *Read it here NOW—Then see it all in Moving pictures*  **FAMOUS PATHE PLAYERS**

WRITTEN BY *W. J. R. ...*

GEORGE "GOT-RICH-QUICKS" CHESER
Author of "Got-Rich-Quicks Wallingford"
DRAMATIZED BY
CHARLES W. GODDARD
Builder of the World's Greatest Serials

INTRODUCING tor, and chief of the medical staff at the Snailley Sanitarium for the Promotion of the

BURR MCINTOSH **J. R. Wallingford**
MAX FIGMAN **Blackie Daw**
LOLITA ROBERTSON **Violet**

TWO long rows of heads floated upon a sea of straw, and the eyes of the men were turned to the speaker with a look of intense interest. "Gentlemen, Doctor Schoppenschmittmeister," and Doctor Schoppenschmittmeister, most of them, "I thank you very much for the glowing of health. It's a long look of it lay over her round, and a bark."

There was a wide plank walk, and nailed to the top of this in front of each bench were slat-high poles bearing a pasteboard tablet, upon which were written the names of the persons who were seated there. The walls were light, stained the blue green, of which the ceiling and seats were white, and the floor was a dull, dark, polished bell ring.

of blue tinted hatred toward a door at the upper end of the plank walk. "Through it came a trouser an inch and a half too short," he testified, "and a pair of leggings that had doffed his customary Prince Alberts and were now hanging down to his ankles. He was the best of the situation. "Well," the nervous Cornelius into the little corner enclosure. "It's the nurse," he whispered.

hempous art German, whose hair and mustache were like a stock, all projects violently forward, that, to support them, he was compelled to walk away-packed and bumpy-legged.

The bald head with the funny-parked nose was bent down near the center of the upper row, turned its watery eyes to the victim, and, with a lengthening gasp, "Twick!" it said in mournful explanation.

And so that's the main assassin," returned the jovial one, whose pink face was only smiling countenance in the assemblage.

Dr. Zimmer repeated the salutation mournfully.

"I can't say," in my mind whether he's a serious assassin or a comic valentine!" chuckled the big one, "but whichever he is, he's the person leader in his class, that's from me."

The subject passed down sternly upon his

thing of grace, and in its stead, wore a long, skintight, greenish-brown, which came down to his hips; over this he had a short waist, and left no room for a complete revelation; upon his head he wore the black silk skullcap, and his eyes, behind his wooden-rimmed spectacles, and slowly an air of lengthening gasp, "Twick!" he said in mournful explanation.

his low chair at the laboratory bench, he removed his four-foot porcelain bowl with mouth with wave, and his feet close together, bowed extravagantly low.

"Chendleness," he said, "I am blessed by meeting mid you."

One of the younger reporters giggled the same ones smiled, but all of them took the Her Doktor most seriously.

Hazard, suddenly growling, and distrustful of each other, dropped apart. Somehow or other, the very extravagance of Blackie's

he stated, "I am here as the representative of Wallingford's face instantly hardened. "I'm answered," he prompted his own case," he declared, "the selection of candidates and sponsors is a very great matter."

"Exactly," agreed that gentleman with a look of intense gravity, "but I should be considered to be a smile. "To my principal Blackie," he said, "I have a few grounds. I handle his philanthropies, and I think I may say without flattery that he is the largest in the world."

"You don't mean Cornelius Rockswell?"

"The same," Mr. Crimper proudly assured him. "Mr. Rockswell is the president of bacteriology of Rockswell College examine into the claims of Dr. Snaily."

"That's a good thing," smoothed his

Looking out from the garden come in, trim and pretty in her stiff white uniform and white gloves, she stepped forward. She towered a white silk cage from the ceiling. She turned a button, and there was the whirring of a motor for about a minute, and then her sight over the whirling mummified Blackie. "Daw," he insisted, "he walked sedately out of the room."

"That's all right," said the white-haired old woman last night," demanded Cornelius, trembling.

"Sit down," said Onioni, "walked with a cane, waxy face, white as chalk. I'm 'goona cut you off my head if you don't."

"And you say she's going out tomorrow noon?"

"I'll begin life over again," repeated Onioni.

"Chendelmens, be bleased to be seaded
yed," he invited with another wave of his
est possible breadth; his brow wrinkled
and he glared loftily down at the wondering
Jones, the next morning, led Cornelius Rocke-
well on tiptoe into the mysterious room, and

[illegible]

"the indignity of method except with his delight-glaring eyes." "Lock!" he cried to Wallingford, holding your native tongue, you may jabber a little tables in one corner of the room, followed by other's heels in the press trod upon like a shower of thin glass ware and a breath of the gentlemen of the brass tread upon like a manner with the tremendous unmistakable." He looked at the enervated The same! With nervous haste he uncovers

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over the sins of the next head, turned upon the banker a pitiless eye.

[illegible]

ROCK
"There's one thing I forgot—a pair of silk
green carpet-slipppers embroidered with pink
flowers and a pair of big, black, leather
shoes with silver buckles and a silver watch
with a gold chain." "Ten minutes," responded
Ono. "Why, I'm young!" she cried. "Young"

[illegible]

and vainly sought to renew youth and vigor. "I wonder if only rich men get rheumatism!" other where their fingers touched. Now and then one, released from its neighbor, made a dash for it. "I signed up this place for Smalley, but he couldn't stand prosperity. So I had to move

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Smiley jumped up, sniffed two pinches of nasirika, and actually sneezed in his excitement.

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"No, nor rich," replied the blue-nosed one
about them until they were drawn into the
vertex, when they suddenly lose their color
and are slotted out entirely.

Now here is me, with the greatest medical discovery of the age, compelled to stop my experiments and give to my last enemy, Dr. Zwirz, because I couldn't use my hands." Wallingford looked at this man now, could not see a trace of the old

"Well, I win," declared Wallingford triumphantly. "I was in a weak and wobbly condition, but here I still in the ring. But say, Professor, it was a grand little trick, and I'll make it worth more money to each of us than you could make in a railroad ferry."

"I'll bet you can do it," asked Wallingford. "I have to take a chance."

"Wallingford," he chimed out. "You looked like a specialist in profits to me."

Wallingford joined the laugh himself, and the laugh was a relief to all of them for Hazard had voiced the heretofore politely

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Why, I wouldn't sell it," protested the professor, shocked. "Snailley's Senility" study, by a human skeleton, dangling in the newspapers "ate it up," to use Daw's expressive way of putting the matter. "I don't know," said the professor, sent by the papers, and Wallingford, with fear, whatever, passing over the other part of the house. "He jerked with his thumb in the direction of the rear hall, chuckled J. Rufus, and taking the little chuckle Fannie handed him, Wallingford

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around the ill-favored quarters of Professor Smalley with a cat-like shudder of repugnance. Illuminated with an extremely gaudy collection of ribbons and seals. Opened cigarettes with eagerness. When he finished, he support Professor Smalley's disapproval cautiously, then motioned Rockwell to follow him. He was dressed like a hospital ward.

His old comrade, who had no such ruthless politeness as those who had so ruthlessly rubbed out pieces. "Take your party."

There was no answer from Bailey. From the moment of his entrance he had spent all his time over the rows upon rows of saley test-tubes which occupied a low bench in the center was an operating table, on young folks, and come into disuse. which was a still form covered with a white
