THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

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WRITTEN BY
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INTRODUCING

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

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THE PROFESSIONAL GOAT.

As big and genial Jim Wallingford and lean and dapper Blackie Daw swung off the train, the two Warden girls rushed up to meet them, eager and excited.

"We thought the train would never come," said Violet, slipping her hand through Blackie's arm, and casting down her lashes after he had gazed quite long enough into her sparkling blue eyes. "You're more than an hour late."

"I had the train stop to gather these violets for thee," grinned Blackie, and with a tremendous flourish presented her with a smooth little white box, tied with a florist's ribbon.

"And I suppose you plucked the boxes from a box hedge," laughed Fannie Warden, the flush of welcome still on her brown cheeks. She was happily untying the ribbon-bow, and big J. Rufus was smiling down at her in pleased content.

"Business before pleasure," he chuckled. He led the way to a waiting bus, and as it started, the rattle of the infernal contraption gave them as much privacy as if they had been locked in a vault. "What do you know about Prine?"

"Not as much as we had hoped to find out," reported Fannie. "He practically owns the town, and we know that he is guilty, for he recognized us when we went into his bank, and dropped his eyes. We've investigated all the directors of the bank and all the employees. The directors we can't get anything out of."

"They're a sporty crowd," interrupted Violet. "They spend a tremendous amount of money. Tell them about Qualey, Fannie."

"I was coming to him," went on Fannie, her brown eyes deeply thoughtful. "He's the head bookkeeper at the bank. He knows us, too."

"He jumps and jerks every time he sees us, so we let him see us as often as possible," added Violet, not noticing, in her excitement, that she was clutching Blackie's little finger for emphasis. He let her do it, and grinned.

"He's screamingly funny," laughed Violet. "He's rabbit-eyed, and his long ears actually twitch when he's startled. His neck sticks out of the middle of his collar like a stalk of asparagus growing through a hoop."

"Thin little fellow, eh?" Wallingford and Blackie looked at each other thoughtfully.

"He seems to me as if he might be on the verge of a nervous breakdown," considered Fannie. "And we've been paying so much attention to him because we think he's your source of information."

"Hey!" yelled a voice outside. "Hey! Hey there!"

Running beside the bus was a boy so freckled that he looked like a Spanish omelet. He held his cap in his hand, and his carrot-colored hair was flying. He grinned ecstatically as he saw Blackie and Wallingford, and jumped on the rear step of the bus with a flying leap. He jerked open the door and thrust in his head.

"Hey!" he said in a hoarse whisper, and reached for the bell strap. "Qualey's leaving the bank!"

"Goodbye!" cried Violet; jumping up as the bus stopped abruptly.

"We'll see you at the hotel," said Fannie, and the girls were out and following Toad Jessup before the men could offer to help them alight.

Blackie Daw blew an ecstatic kiss after them.

While J. Rufus and Blackie Daw were laughingly declining to purchase a vacant lot opposite Prine's bank, and adjoining Prine's Emporium, and fronting Prine's residence, the Warden sisters were following the fast retreating Toad Jessup, who was sleuthing the track of the nerve-racked Qualey. A curious path the bookkeeper had taken, especially curious in view of the fact that this was ten-thirty in the morning. Straight out into the country, and along the willow bank of a little creek, and to a sheltered pond where he stopped abruptly and paced up and down on the sandy bank; while Toad Jessup, hidden behind the willows, watched him with hawk-like keenness, until he was satisfied that the man would stay where he was. Then Toad Jessup, as noiseless as an eel, slipped back along the bank to meet the breathless girls.

"Hush!" whispered Toad, gripping each one tensely by the hand. "Get him treed! Foller me! Hush!"

On tiptoe, and careful to avoid even the snapping of a twig, the three stole along the bank Indian file, until they reached the willows surrounding the pond. Toad Jessup was the first, of course, and as he peered through the leaves he jerked back hastily. "Gee! He's got a gun; and he's scared of it!"

Bookkeeper Qualey was, without doubt, scared of the gun." He stood at the edge of the pond, revolver in hand, trembling from head to foot. He had just raised it to his head as the horror-stricken girls peered through the leaves, but before they could utter an outcry, he had thrown the revolver on the sand, edging away from it as if it were a snake.

Again he walked agitatedly up and down the sand, then suddenly he threw off his coat, and it was plain now that he had reached a determination, for his pale face was set and grim as he ran toward the spring-board which hung over the water.

"Stop!" Fannie Warden had burst through the leaves, and the startled man on the spring-board halted almost in the act of leaping.

"You can serve a useful purpose by living, Mr. Qualey," said Fannie, when the man was able to listen to her with calm attention. "I know someone who can help you. Won't you come with us to the hotel, and have a talk with Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw?"

"Twenty-one thousand three sixty-five, twenty-seven," repeated Qualey, with a strange new excitement upon him. He sought the faces of the five directors, one by one, prepared to twitch at the first word.

"Very well, Qualey," said President Prine, in dismissal, and his eyes caught those of Secretary Morris for just an instant.

"Fortunately it isn't much," the fat director consoled himself. He wore a plaid bow tie and an upturned nose, and the only distress of his life was that he might be distressed about something.

"The amount makes no difference," snapped the little director with the fierce whiskers. "The trouble is that the stockholders are likely to bother around with impertinent questions about our other loans."

The bookkeeper's eyes rounded until his high-arched brows stopped their spread.

"There is likely to be an investigation," he guessed, holding his wrist.

"No," growled President Prine, his dimple deepening as he realized that the bookkeeper was still there. "Get back to your work, Qualey."

"Wouldn't it be a kindness for us raise a private fund to cancel that note of the Wickers' Manufacturing Company?" asked President Prine.

The suggestion was thoughtfully received.

"Then the bank would not need to report the loss," speculated the high-shouldered one.

A young man knocked and came in.

"A gentleman wishes to speak with the board," he told President Prine, proffering a card. Each of the five directors glanced at the others. None of them glanced at the young man.

"J. Rufus Wallingford," read the president aloud, and the dimple deepened in his chin. "Never heard of him."

"He says that he wishes to address the board in the handling of deteriorating loans. He's a specialist in banking troubles," reported the young man.

Silence. Everybody was thinking.

President Prine walked out of the other door. He strolled around into the paying teller's cage and counted the morning's checks.

"Send him in," directed President Prine, returning to the boardroom, and, a minute and a half later, J. Rufus Wallingford stood before them, thoroughly at ease and in smiling possession of them, every one.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a round voice which had a suspicion of the oratorical in it, "I am a professional goat," and he chuckled jovially at them, his broad shoulders heaving, his eyes half closing, and the color of his face deepening.

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"We win," declared Wallingford, to Blackie Daw, as the telephone-bell announced President Prine. "It's a safe bet to tell any crook he'd better come and see you. He always comes."

Blackie rose to go.

"According to your program, I don't get a speaking part in this until the last act," he observed.

"Stick for the chat," grinned Wallingford. "A crook's always more uncomfortable with two in the room."

President Prine proved the truth of that observation by losing a degree of his suavity the moment he caught sight of the lanky, black-mustached partner of Wallingford.

"Mr. Daw; Mr. Prine," introduced Wallingford urbanely. "Mr. Daw is one of my trusted men. His specialty is entering bankruptcy."

Mr. Prine, surveying Mr. Daw in the coal-black eye, began to look as if he were sorry he had come.

"You're introducing me to a lot of new thoughts," he observed, deciding to sit in the big leather chair Wallingford pushed forward. The chair looked inviting, but a man sat huddled back in it so deep and so low that he was at a tremendous psychological disadvantage. Wallingford, sitting opposite in a stiff chair, fairly towered over him. "You were so vague at the bank this morning, that I scarcely understood anything more than your invitation to call. So I have called; out of curiosity."

Wallingford grinned down at him.

"You called to help yourself out of a scrape," he declared, looking Mr. Prine unwaveringly in the eye. Somebody has misplaced the funds of the People's Bank, and you can't let go as easy as you thought you could."

Mr. Prine managed it this time. He rose from his chair, and looked properly insulted.

"This is an outrage!" he blustered.

Blackie Daw had studied the man's countenance to some purpose, and now he assisted Wallingford with one of those lightning flashes of judgment.

"Oh, sit down!" he ordered President Prine, and pushing that dignified gentleman in the chest with a handful of long fingers; whereupon Mr. Prine, having been lightly balanced, sat down with a grunt and with a red face. "Tell him he's a crook, Jim."

"You're a crook!" immediately charged Wallingford, extending an impressive finger toward President Prine. "We have the goods on you, because somebody who knows too much got six ounces too much of alcohol in his skin."

That shot told. In President Prine's countenance could be seen a rapid and worried calculation as to who the inebriate might be.

"If this insult is based on a drunken conversation—"

J. Rufus Wallingford arose and opened the door with great impressiveness.

"If you don't care to listen to what I have to say, the door's open, and nobody's holding you," he stated.

President Prine looked at the door, but he did not get up. Blackie Daw watched him a long moment, and then, with a grin, sauntered to the telephone and ordered drinks.

President Prine became less indignant than he was interested.

"I don't think I follow you."

"I'll explain Mr. Daw's business," resumed Wallingford, as Blackie returned from the phone. "He is willing to borrow any amount of money on his notes; and not get the money."

President Prine's eyes seemed to draw closer together.

"I don't see it," he acknowledged.

"No," agreed Wallingford. "If it were so simple as that, you might have thought of it yourself. Here's what we'll do with you: For fifty thousand dollars, we'll step in and bear the blame for anything irregular in your bank. If anybody's pinched, we'll stand the pinch. If anybody's to go to Honduras, we'll do the traveling."

"How?"

"You step down and out of the bank, with every bad note for which you are responsible paid off and entered in the bank's cash-account; then we step in and cover the cash which isn't there.

"The banking laws in this State—" he advised.

"Let us do the worrying about that. Now we'll get down to figures and to details, Mr. Prine. What are the amounts of your bogus securities?"

The rabbit-eyed bookkeeper answered the bell of the new manager with weak knees, but the hugely impressive Wallingford beamed on him with a cordial good-will which was so full of vitality that it seemed like a tonic.

"Well Qualey, here we are," observed Wallingford, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," and Mr. Qualey's face brightened for the first time in five years.

"Now we'll make this an honest bank," chuckled the big man. "Please bring me these notes," and he handed over a list, one glance at which brought back into Qualey's countenance all the wrinkles he had been accumulating, since his first began to blink his eye at the sight of a brass button.

"Yes, sir," fluttered Mr. Qualey, and taking that list into the vault of the bank, he leaned his head for five minutes against the cool surface of locker 562. When he brought the familiar notes to Wallingford, he laid them down, and crumpled up in a chair like a sipped balloon.

"Very good," remarked Wallingford, lighting a thick, black cigar.

"How's our currency supply?"

"Rather low," stated the bookkeeper, the color coming gradually back into his cheeks.

"Very well, Qualey. We'll have these notes paid in currency. I'll issue the demand in writing. It's a good thing for a bank not to let its currency supply get too low. Cancel all these notes with your time-stamp, showing the date, hour, and minute of cancellation, return them to me by eleven o'clock, and enter them as paid, in cash."

"Yes, sir," heartily agreed Qualey. There was animation in his tone, the moisture of relief in his eye, actual color in his cheeks; Wallingford. "And let me warn you loose-jawed bankers to buy some sticky taffy and keep right on chewing it until you get on that two-forty train. Sign these resignations, and don't fill in the dates." Producing a big red pocketbook, he handed them each a thousand-dollar bill and a ticket to New York.

A tall, thin gentleman with a black mustache walked up to the window of the paying teller in the People's Bank, and laid down a check for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"Currency, please," he observed.

The paying teller, who was an elderly man with severe spectacles, examined the check on both sides, and Blackie Daw from as many angles as possible.

"H. G. Daw," he voicelessly formed with his lips, and a knot of concentration sprang between his eyes, lifting his spectacles. That name was a new one to him, and he consulted his references. The account was

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there, brand new, and for the exact amount mentioned on the check. "Have you any means of identification, Mr. Daw?"

"The man who took my money should be able to identify me," stated Mr. Daw, blowing a thin blue thread of smoke into the gilt dome.

"I can't pick him out," returned Mr. Daw, his neck refusing most insolently to turn. "It's his business to pick me out. I want my money!" he shouted.

"There's no necessity for shouting," protested the paying teller, glaring at Blackie. "You'll have your money as soon as you're properly identified. There's something irregular here. I don't find your signature on file."

The excitable Mr. Daw suddenly grew furious. He shook both fists at the paying-teller's grill.

"I want my money!" he yelled. "You're trying to delay me! There's a rumor all over town that the old officers looted the bank and resigned. If I don't get my money right away, I'll call an officer."

The lady depositor was the first to reach the paying-teller's window, while the hay and feed merchant was still hesitating over his deposit-slip. The lady sweetly shoved Blackie Daw aside, and pushed a check in at the window.

"Where's Mr. Prine, Mr. Douglas?" she sweetly inquired.

"He's not in to-day," replied the paying teller, his severe spectacles strange from Blackie to the receiving teller, to the cashier, and to the secretary's desk.

"And Mr. Morris is not in?" still sweetly.

"Not to-day," confessed the paying teller, the knot between his eyes relaxing, and his severe spectacles descending a fraction of an inch as he smiled diplomatically on the lady.

The door of the president's office stood ajar. Now it opened, and big J. Rufus Wallingford came out, in plain view. The lady, who, though very much concentrated, had noticed a carnation on the mandolin-player's desk, and a fleck on the collar of the assistant secretary, and a pin on the floor back near the vault entrance, immediately drew her check toward her.

"Who is that gentleman?" she wanted to know. The paying teller coughed and his spectacles went up.

"Our new manager, Mr. Wallingford," he admitted.

"I think I'll change my figures on this check, Mr. Douglas," the lady sweetly observed. "What is my balance, please?" And reaching inside the wicket for a pen, she produced her tiny, folding check-book, and prepared to write.

The hay-and-feed merchant tore up his deposit-slip and hurried over to a side desk. The butter-and-egg merchant had already drawn a check for his balance. There were eight depositors in the bank by now. The butter-and-egg merchant, waiting his turn at the window, was talking excitedly to three of them, and displaying his check.

"Would you mind waiting a few minutes, Mrs. Grandin?" asked the paying teller anxiously, as he counted out the lady's money. "I'd like to talk with you."

"I'll be back,' promised Mrs. Grandin sweetly, as she stuffed the money hastily into her hand-bag. "I want to telephone some friends of mine," and, as she darted away, the paying teller realized, with a sickening sense of disaster, that the minute Mrs. Grandin emerged from the door, irreparable damage would be done.

The butter-and-egg man lunged his bulk into the space vacated by the lady and slammed down a check. His eyes were bulging and his cheeks were working. Blackie Daw lunged into the butter-and-egg man's side with a sharp elbow and bumped him away; then Blackie wound his long fingers into the grill, to hold his place in front of the wicket.

"My money," he howled. "You're holding me back, because a hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash will clean out your bank! You're going to have a run to-day, and you know it!"

"Call an officer!" ordered the paying teller, about whose aged mouth there was a snap which Blackie rather admired.

President Wallingford stepped forward.

"I know the man," he said, entering the paying-teller's cage. "The account is correct, give him the money." He picked up the check, and put his O. K. on it. "What do you mean by this?" he demanded of H. G. Daw. "Are you trying to ruin the People's Bank?"

"They wouldn't give me my money," loudly explained Mr. Daw. "I don't want to put the old officers in bad, but the truth about Prine and the rest of them had to come out before the day's over, anyhow, and I wanted my money!"

"Shut up, you fool!" ordered Wallingford, quite visibly angry. "Come inside, and wait until your money can be counted."

"Give me room, will you! will you!" Blackie excitedly requested of the depositors who were crowding him. There were nine of them now in line, and there was no depositor in front of the receiving-teller's window. Blackie Daw picked up a big yellow suit-case, and "Remember," he cautioned the paying teller, as he moved away, "no one gets paid until I get mine!"

The paying teller looked at the receiving teller, and the receiving teller looked across at the paying teller. Both were lost in profound wonder as to how that account of H. G. Daw's had come on the books; but they did not speak. No employee desired to know anything which would be embarrassing on a witness stand, with the sole exception of the mandolin player; and he was handicapped.

"Shall I leave you the little toilet-bag, Jim?" asked Blackie Daw in the office of President Wallingford, and he affectionately patted the yellow suit case, now stuffed with money.

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"No," directed Wallingford, with a strained look on his face. He sat down, with frowning anxiety. "I don't want the money on me."

"I wish I could stay," reflected Blackie, his eyes kindling. "You're liable to have a scrimmage before you get out of this."

"I think not," calculated Wallingford, though the look of anxiety was still on his brow. "I'll have the town back of me if Prine tries to start anything. There's no vengeance in a man who's trying to save his own neck."

Twenty minutes later, Blackie Daw walked out of the back way with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the yellow suit-case, and Wallingford immediately sent for the bookkeeper.

"Well, Qualey, we're caught," he cheerfully told the shiverer who stood before him. "We'll probably all be pailed inside of twenty-four hours."

Mr. Qualey crumpled in a chair and shrank three sizes.

"We're lost!" exclaimed Wallingford. "Listen to that mob!"

"There's one way out of this by which no one need be arrested. Prine and Morris and the other former directors must cover that deficit on the jump, and in currency!"

"That's right!" agreed the bookkeeper, with unexpected determination. "They're the ones who took the money, and they're the ones who have to save us."

"Gee! It took you a long time to find your sand!" chuckled Wallingford, wiping his brow in relief. "You hustle right around to Prine and tell him what they have to do."

"You bet I will!" declared Qualey, shaking his fist. "They can raise the money among them, if they have to shut up the Pit bucket-shop, and all go broke."

In a few minutes, Prine slipped in the back way and confronted Wallingford. "A fine mess you got us into!" he hotly charged.

"Rotten!" agreed Wallingford. "Just hear them out there."

"It's none of my affair," declared Prine. "I was astonished that you sent crazy Qualey to me. When we stepped out of this bank, we left it in a perfectly solvent condition. I can prove it by the books."

"You'll never have a chance," Wallingford told him, with a grin. "If this were only a matter of legal consequences, you might bluff; but, if this bank closes its doors with a deficit of nearly half its capital, the people of this town will take you apart for souvenirs. If you don't believe it, open the front door and show yourself."

Prine walked to the door and put his hand on the knob. He paused as he heard his own name shouted. An angry depositor was demanding to know where he was.

"I'm sorry you blame me," grinned Wallingford. "You see, I haven't had a chance to pull the scheme that was to square you. I don't suppose anybody figured on the possibility of a run."

There was a knock at the door. The mandolin player came in, his expression entirely unchanged.

"Several of the depositors have asked to see Mr. Prine, if he is in," he politely reported, thrumming on the edge of the door with his finger-tips. The tune was, "Oh, Myrtle, My Sweetheart."

"Not here!" snapped Prine.

"Very well, sir," accepted the mandolin player, no hair of his curly forelock awry.

"Good work," commented Wallingford. "Prine, we have cash enough to last about one hour, by slow counting. Before that's gone, you'd better be pouring the currency in here."

To add effect to his threat, he set the door about an inch ajar. The lobby of the bank was packed solidly, and a roar came from the crowd, like a zoo just before feeding-time. Even Wallingford paled as he caught their temper from their tone.

"I dare you to let this bank close," bluffed Wallingford, shutting the door. "Moreover, they'll mob you just as quickly for my deficit as for your own. So get your crowd together, and shoot in that four-fifty quick!"

"I doubt if I can get back to my own office," speculated Prine, listening to the frequent recurrence of his name.

"Go out the front way," advised Wallingford. "Here are the minutes of the meeting in which you resigned. I saved them out of the minute-book on loose sheets. Tear them up, and make these people a speech. Tell them it's all a mistake. Damn them a little, and tell them to draw their money."

Prine hesitated for just a moment, then he grabbed the minute-sheets; tore them into small bits, and threw them into the waste-basket.

"I'll make them a speech, all right," he snapped at Wallingford, his dimple black. "I'll tell them the only defalcation was yours!"

Wallingford touched a bell, and Qualey came in, stiffening at the sight of Prine.

"Qualey, tell President Prine where the deficit went."

"The Pit Brokerage Company!" shrilled the desperate Qualey.

"You'll swear that on the witness-stand?"

"You bet I will!"

Prine merely glanced at his bookkeeper, and sat down—at the 'phone. He called up his fellow directors in succession, and told them what they had to do, and how rapidly they had to do it. Then he walked out into the brass-grilled bank-cage, and made a speech; a nice speech, a frank, straightforward, manly speech, the speech of an honest banker. At first they howled him down, but he finally got their ears, and told them how the absurd rumor had arisen, merely because the bank had employed a manager who was a stranger. Honest and capable as he was, that manager had been dismissed. Above all things, he told them that their money was there! He wanted them to draw it, and be ashamed of themselves, and bring it back next day. It was a fine speech, and they believed him, but they went on drawing their money just the same.

The paying teller spoke to him as he started back to the office.

"The currency is running rather low, sir," he urged, his severe spectacles rising, and remaining elevated.

"It will begin coming in at the back door in half an hour," promised Prine, looking at his watch. "It will come in all day, faster than you can pay it out, and I'll stay right here to show myself."

Four very cheerful parties sat in the parlor of the hotel, and three of them peered over Wallingford's shoulder while he scratched from a little book the fourth name in the list of those who had assisted in robbing the Warden orphans of their father's fortune. The fourth name was that of President Prine!

"Just even, ladies," chuckled J. Rufus, mighty proud of himself. "A hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the penny.

"Oh, we forgot!" suddenly exclaimed Violet. "We didn't collect anything for the expense fund. We always—"

"Great Jehosophat!" Blackie Daw had jumped from his chair as the door opened, and, with a pale, drawn face, had thrown up a window. "Get out of here!" he yelled, while Wallingford and the girls rushed to the other window and poked out their heads.

"Where'll I go?" asked Toad Jessup calmly, closing the door and leaning against it. "They put me off the street car, and I had to walk clear back from the country. There's a man out there has a skunk farm."

"Get upstairs into the bathroom," ordered Wallingford, gasping for breath. "Put your clothes in a suitcase, and have it sunk in the canal. Blackie, get a machine. We'll all go for a ride."

The girls were still giggling when, as they drove swiftly through the cool, evening air, J. Rufus began to chuckle.

"That expense fund," he explained. "We'll drive straight back to town. I want to find that real estate fellow."

The town awoke unusually early next morning, gasping for breath. There was in the air a pungent something which spurred into instant activity every revulsion possible to the human system. The town moaned, and uttered one agonized word.

"Skunk!"

Never, in all the history of civilization, had there been such an overwhelming, persistent, devastating odor as that which permeated and saturated the sweet breeze of the morning. There was no escape from it; there was no hiding; there was no relief. The town might as well have been one-armed, for every citizen, irrespective of age, sex, or color, was compelled to use one hand to close his or her olfactory organ. For a time, the disaster was so bewildering that its source could only be conjectured, but at nine-fifteen Wallingford's telephone-bell rang.

"Hello!" responded the faint nasal voice of J. Rufus.

"Is that you, Wallingford?" was the nasal reply. "Well, this is Prine. What do you mean by filling that shanty next to my store with skunks?"

"They're necessary to my business," twanged Wallingford. "I'm collecting them as fast as I can. The Keebo Chemical Company is to manufacture the strongest disinfectant in the world, and skunks—"

"What!" The tone was as explosive as possible to a man who was holding his nose tightly shut. "Well, you can't do that."

"Why can't I? It's my lot. Bought a hundred dollar option on it last night, and I'm going to start building my factory to-morrow."

A choking, gasping silence. Then:

"You infernal grafter!" Another silence.

"Well how much for your option?"

"Ten thousand dollars and send it over in currency."

Half an hour later the five strangers hurried out to the bus, their expense money added to the restitution fund. The hotel attendants were holding their noses; the passers-by on the street were holding their noses; the motormen on the street cars were holding their noses; old men and young men, little children, and women were at the same involuntary obedience to nature's first law. It was a city of left elbows held at right-angles to the face.

The president of the reformed People's Bank rushed out of Prine's Emporium as the bus started.

"Wait a minute!" he choked, changing hands to get at his handkerchief. He saw the Warden orphans in the bus with Blackie and Wallingford and Toad Jessup, and his eyes fell while a bewildered expression came into his face.

Were these girls at the bottom of his misfortunes! Just then the wind shifted, and he shook his unengaged fist.

"What are you going to do with these skunks?"

J. Rufus leaned out of the bus window, and, holding his nose firmly with his right hand, beamed genially on the sufferer.

"Oh those Keebo skunks," he considered. "They go with the property, Mr. Prine."

(To be Continued)