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WRITTEN BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" DRAMATIZED BY CHARLES W. GODDARD

INTRODUCING

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BURR McINTOSH - - - - J. Rufus Wallingford MAX FIGMAN - - - - - - -LOLITA ROBERTSON - -

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"THE MISSING HEJR"

How strange are the vagaries of fortunet At the very instant when the ardent believers in Little Joe were filling their lungs for a final shout of triumph, a gay little red balloon darted out on the track, where the horses were pounding down the stretch whirled saudily in front of the favorite's nose, shot straight un in the air, and sailed merrily across the infield toward the green hills and the blue sky. For only an infinitesimal space of time the nervous Little Joe had shied and checked his speed; but that space was enough to let a dun-colored stranger by the name of Tippy flash under the wire at eightneen to one.

"The hound!" mumbled a small man at the rail, and his face was so blank in the first moment of disappointment that it brought a chuckle from the adjoining large gentleman with the round, pink face.

"Cheer up, neighbor," he consoled: "the walking's good."

The small man, thus addressed, cast on the florid big J. Rufus Wallingford a sidewise glance—a slow glance and a cautious one. Cordial of manner was the florid one, and jovial of eye and broad of white waistogat, and in his rich cravat glowed a two-thousand-dollar diamond. Quite reassuring—but, nevertheless, the small man glanced oncome to the right and to the left before hanswered.

"Had a hundred on that rabbit," he complained.

"Well, a hundred's a hundred," chuckled

"Well, a hundred's a hundred," chuckled

"Well, a hundred sa hundred," chuckled

"Well, a hundred sa hundred," chuckled

"Well, a hundred on sa hundred," chuckled

"Countenance on Mr. Daw and Little Stranger. Taves Fim a hick! Gentlemen, produced in and radiantly beaming to countenance on a hick! Gentlemen, produced in the specil wind rate mount in the stranger. Taves Fim a hick! Gentlemen, produced in the sum in the str. At a mount of the target he result wasn't in the bet," objected Blackle in Taves Fim a hick! Gentlemen, produced in the sum in the str. At a mount of the favorite's process. The s

mevertheless, the small man glanced once more to the right and to the left before he answered.

"Had a hundred on that rabbit." he complained, a hundred's a hundred." chuckled "Wel" a hundred's a hundred." chuckled the lean and lank Bisckie ballon." objected the lean and lank Bisckie Daw, climbing down from the fence, where he had been perched like a humbing-fack on a stick. He set on his head the silk hat which he had been waving in encouragement to little Joe, and smoothed his political back mustache. At that moment Bockles he caught the glisten it was the head of Onion white, so bald that it looked freshly peeled; and Onion was winking and making mysterious signs at the rate of about seven to the grand-stand, found there Violet Warden and her sister Fannie, both their pretty faces flushed with excitement.

"There's the man!" exclaimed Violet, her blue eyes dancing as she caught Blackie's sleep.

"Oh, did you?" and Blackie grinned down at her appreciatively before he paralleled her gaze to the small man with the gay hat band. "And is that the shrimp who helped clean out the Warden estate after the death of the attorney." Wellowed him out here."

"Oh, did you?" and Blackie grinned down at her appreciatively before he paralleled her gaze to the small man with the gay hat band. "And is that the shrimp who helped clean out the Warden estate after the death of the attorney." Wellow have the shrimp who helped clean out the Warden estate after the death of the attorney." Wellow, and catch her musing faze. "He is number thirteen on the list." She opened her little note-book and pointed to a list of names. Twelve had been scratched out. The thirteen on the list." She opened her little note-book and pointed to a list of names. Twelve had been scratched out. The thirteen on the list." She opened her little note-book and pointed to a list of names. Twelve had been scratched out. The thirteen on the list." She opened her little note-book and pointed to a list of names. Twelve had been scratched out. The thirteen on the li

and his cravat were ten years too young for thim; his pallid blue eyes were set too close to his wose, and his chin too close to his most, and his chin too close to his most, and his chin too close to his most, and his chin too close to his most. Anyhow, I ain't any his pallid blue eyes almost sparkled.

"Piker!" he taunted his friend Jim. "If it's a god bet, why don't you take it?"

"Certainly!" A slight flash of temper in the broad-chested Jim, for taunting was a common diversion between these two. He turned to the stranger. "You're on, nelghbor, for a hundred."

"Make it two hundred!"

"Wouldn't you like to have my stickpin?"
sarcastically rejoined the big man. "Can't id donate something to your pet charity?"

"Ca'm yourself, Jimmy; ca'm yourself."

soothed the grinning Blackie. "The gent knows a hick when he sees one, and give him credit. Urge him, stranger: he'll bite."

"The hundred goes, anyhow." he assured them over his shoulder. "Fil be back in time for the race."

"What kind of a party is Liftle Stranger?"

inquired Blackie Daw, twirling his pointed mustache, and studying J. Rufus quizzically."

"Can't sort him," returned J. Rufus Wailingford, equally puzzled. "Crook, though. Tell it by his irregularities, that walk, the set of his eyes, his ears—""

"Not prominently." returned Blackle drayly. "If you're getting too high-brow to go to the mat with a sucker for his eyes, his ears—""

"Oner Jones one ell if you guys'll ust come down with me to Wop Tony's and thim, and sign up a live one! If you guys'll ust come down with me to Wop Tony's and the time and will and the me to Wop Tony's and the tree revou against this spinach whis
tended one laughed.

"Carl ward and roll over!" ordered J. Rufus.

"Carl so det why don't you guys'll ust come down with me to Wop Tony's and the tree revou against this spinach whis
termed and roll over!" ordered J. Rufus.

"Carl worked the carries any papers on him, for "What kind of a party is Little Stranger?" of white pumpkins."

Onion Jones rose with reluctance.

"Can't sort him," returned J. Rufus Wallingford, equally puzzled. "Crook, though."

Tell it by his irregularities, that walk, the reluctance of this eyes, his ears—"

"Well, I didn't tell it that way," interrupted Blackie. "I know he's a crook, because he is. Little Stranger is the man we've been hunting."

"Not Percy!" Jim was stunned for a moment then he chuckled. "What a pleasant "Not if you're cooking up any strong-arm."

"Not prominently." returned Blackie dryly. "If you're getting too high-brow to go to the mat with a sucker for his entire bank-roll, your Uncle Horace is still young."

When Onion had departed with a borrowed twenty, Jim turned to Blackie. "What is this new hope?" he demanded. "Leave it to me!" And there was the snap of glee in the beady black eyes. "Not prominently."

him."

"Leave that to us," said Blackie, "We'll Stranger warmly by the hand.

"We owe you a dinner, sport," he urged.

"You should have that much of a rake-off on the jump, ladies. I kiss you chastely on the foreheads.

that forty thousand. Me back to the works on the furth church ladies. I kiss you chastely on the forcheads.

It is long were springing down the sum of the forcheads were springing down the forcheads.

"What do you think of the next race, Jim?"

"Lady Lou." J. Rufus promptly replied waiting for his cue. "I know Lady Lous when the sure money, because she was touted boy the works of the sure money, because she was touted boy a base. "What do you think of the next race, Jim?"

"No chance was the contemptuous answer as Blackle grinned at the small man. "Till tell you why. No 'Lady' horse has won a race this meet. Lady Swiscoe came in last in the first race to-day; Lady Sandy fell down yesterday and broke her collar bone; or present was about to reject this out."

J. Rufus awas about to reject this out. A grant was about to reject this out. "You poor loilop?" he commiserate."

J. Rufus awas about to reject this out. and well man as the field for a hundred even."

J. Rufus awas about to reject this out. and well man as the field for a hundred even."

"And to rouself," gaily returned Blackle, and he winked at the small man. "Better get in, stranger."

"Ann over all the thought of a bet so large the winked at the small man. "Better get in, stranger."

"Ann over all the thought of a bet so lonce more J. Rufus studied that flicker in Blackle's eye, then they both looked at Fercy W. Hutch with studius every stars too young for thim his pallid blue eyes were set too close to his mose, and his chin too close to his mans, and his chin too close to his mans, and his chin too close to his mans frowned at him, but the black-mustached no laughed his friend Jim. "If it's mose, and his chin too close to his mans, and his chin too close to his mans, and his chin too close to his mans frowned at him, but the black-mustached no laughed his friend Jim. "If it's mans, and his chin too close to his mose, and his chin too close to h

"Not Percy!" Jim was stunned for a moment, then he chuckled. "What a pleasant meeting—for Little Stranger!"

Little Stranger was not there at the beginning of the next race; but as Lady Lou streaked past the judges, an easy winner over the field by three good lengths, there was a mumbling just back of the big, pink-faced Jim and the lean jumping-jack on the fence—the small man, imploring to the very last for some hound out of the pack to overhaul the willner.

"Not if you're cooking up any strong-arm the bedty black eyes.

"Not if you're cooking up any strong-arm the pack willing for a fall but once, and I got my the inside of a fall but once, and I got my the stole."

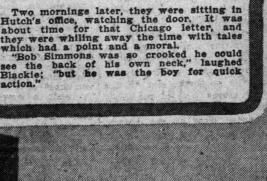
"The scoundrel!" grinned Blackie. "Say!" Onion Jones suddenly sat up and mopped his head agitatedly. Onion was selther, "retorted Blackie. "You took that in dom afflicted with an idea, but when he got to have the goods on Hutch before I go to en, he was a firm believer in it. "Did this souint-eyed runt ever see the missing heir?" to hed to-night, and you'll help. The girls are waiting for his forty thousand, and I'm whetted. Ring for a drink!"

"What'll you have?" asked Wallingford, going to the 'phone."

"No forgety." frowned J. Ruttus the right, he glanned to the left. "Type—Type of the phone."

"No forgety." frowned J. Ruttus the right, he glanned to the left. "Type—Type of the phone."

"No forgety." frowned J. Ruttus the right, he glanned to the left. "Type—Type of the grant to the shadow of the left." The wonk to get you are referred to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to himself the part to be entertained, at no exponse to the left. "Type—Type of the standard to the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The wonk of the left. "Type—Type of the left." The left. Th





"We are only removing temptation from your path," admonished Blackie

Blackie Daw was still snoring when his companions returned to the office, and since he was totally useless for the purposes of entertainment, they took him to Wallingford's hotel to lay him away; and Onion Jones came anxiously out of his concealment in Jim's dressing room as Mr. Hutch departed from Lin's negler

from Jim's parlor,

"Rough stuff wins!" exulted Blackie, raising from the bed with one jerk and exhibiting an astounding case of quick recuperation,

"I had the time of my life burgling.

If I were younger, I'd go into the business."

"An above." granted Onion Jones. "I'd. "Aw. cheese!" grunted Onion Jones. "Is this guy alive or dead?"

"He's pink meat," reported Blackie. "It's a romance. 'Hollow' Hutch's only business is the estate of the late Amos Lundy. Percy gets two thousand a year for that. And he's been spending ten thousand a year, which he is supposed to be sending the heir, one Richard Lundy."

"Where's Richard?" inquired Wallingford. 'Nobody knows; but it's a strong chance. "Nobody knows; but it's a strong chance.
The first quarterly remittance was returned from South Africa five years ago. Hutch held back the check until three more were returned; then he cashed them, and he hasn't worked since. His steal from the Warden estate was a side bet."

"What a cinch!" Onion Jones groaned.
Wallingford lit a fat, black cigar and sat down to smile

down to smile.
"I knew this fellow was a crook the min-"I knew this fellow was a crook the min-ute I laid eyes on him." he observed.
"You couldn't make a mistake out at that track." glumly put in Onion Jones. "Get to it, fellows: talk about the money! I want to get used to the sound."
"It looks easy." J. Rufus puffed contentedly. "How much is there left of the estate. Blackie?"
""the over fifty thousand. Hutch Blackle?"
"Unly a little over fifty thousand. Hutch has been dipping in on the capital to pay himself that ten thousand a year."
"A little over fifty thousand, eh?" concan pack in an his sidered Wallingford. "Well, we can save in ten minutes, that much of the Lundy estate from a with Percy, and-crooked administrator. If Richard turns out The door opened, to be dead. Hutch will have to hand over the fortune to the state and go to the pen for what he stole; and if Richard turns out to be alive. Hutch will have to hand over the for-

owner has no business to sneak in on him."

"That was Bob's idea of it," Wallingford at two o'clock, boys. Can I pack some things for you, Percy? I know your rooms."

wedged in the custom-house and had to telephone for help. Bob didn't even stop to think." Jim paused to light one of his fat black cigars. It was Percy who broke the silence.

"What did he do?" he asked.

"Emptied the safe, rushed down to the bank and converted everything of the firm's he could into cash, and, while the British brothers waited for help, Bob sailed for South America."

Mr. Hutch laughed and relaxed in his chair. Mr. Hutch laughed and relaxed in his chair. He had been sitting up rather stiffly.

"Say, fellows, let's go to South America!" suddenly proposed Blackie Daw.

"To which?" smiled J. Rufus. "For wrat?"

"Play the ponies," urged Blackie, with carefully graduated enthusiasm. "Why, say—the slowest horse in a race down there goes so fast he's safe to put your money on! What about it, Jim?"

"Get your hat," promptly responded Wallingford. "If you're on the level, when's the next boat?" And he reached in his pocket for the morning paper.

"Here's your party, Jim."

There was a thoughtful silence while Wallingford secured his connection, and Percy Hutch's mind began to open to possibilities as the huge and capable Wallingford your party, quick!"

"Sh!" And the fat palm of Onion came up with a warning gesture. "Get rid of bilities as the huge and capable Wallingford.

bilities as the huge and capable wallingford actually engaged passage for two on that South American boat.

"We'll have to circulate, Blackie," said Wallingford briskly, rising from the 'phone.

"What's the rush?" drawled Blackie. "I can pack in an hour, and you can, get money in ten minutes. We'll have time for lunch

he crossed to the safe, stooped down and took hold of the knob, with his long, sensitive fingers. He turned the knob slowly, his head cocked sidewise, his ears listening instently for the click of the tumblers; and many open, when, at last, the door swung gently open, there came on his face a smiling beatitude which was almost angelic.

"And no piker," added J. Rufus. "He ran a long of the range of a London leather firm, and at the end of the first year he'd eagerness now. He opened his desk and drew from it a small packet of papers. How are over to gee about it."

"Low-down frick," drawled Blackie, "When a man's used to spending a trust fund the loop. "I'll contain the contained when a man's used to spending a trust fund the loop."

shelter of the deep cigar store doorway at the side of the office building entrance.

Just nearing two o'clock, the shining lim-ousine of J. Rufus Wallingford stopped again in front of Hutch's office, and from it there emerged first, J. Rufus, an expres-sion of great care and responsibility on his round pink countenance. Then there emerged round pink countenance. Then there emerged Percy Hutch, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and in his hand a battered leather bank bag with strong hasps and handles. This he carried as cautiously as if it were a

"Hist! Hist! Hist!" Both Percy and Wallingford looked toward next boat?" And he reached in his pocket for the morning paper.

"There's a boat at three o'clock," announced Wallingford. "Blackle, loop up the number of this steamship company, and I'll make the creervations. Better come along, Hutch."

"At three o'clock!" gasped Percy.

"Three's a lucky number," Blackle assured him, leafing through the telephone book.

"Hero's your party lim".

> Much perplexed, Wallingford "Hunh!" joined the nervously waiting Hutch in the lobby. Go on up to the office. I'll be there in a minute."
> "What is it "husked Hutch, fear suddenly

ousine. The instant the car started, Onlow Jones hurried into the elevator, and a minute and a half later, entered the office of P. W. Hutch, attorney.

"This is Mr. Hutch," he stated with please ant assurance.

"What do you want?" asked Percy, s ing behind the desk, the black bag bet his feet.

his feet.

"Well, Mr. Hutch, I'm the missing heir" announced Onion, removing the soft felt hat and resting it on his hip, while Percy gazed in stupefaction on that glistening cranium. "When I sent you that letter from Chicago, I thought I wouldn't get here until to morrow morning, but I beat it on the same train as the letter. Howdydo?" And he extended a fat palm.

"Y-yes," acknowledged Percy, looking at the fat palm, but he drew back his own hand; "of course, Mr. Lundy, you'll have to identify yourself."

"Oh, will I?" The missing heir's nails made four pink streaks on his gleaming scalp. "Well, Mr. Hutch, if you're going to run in any ranikaboo on me, especially after holding out my ten thousand dollars a year for five years, I'll have you pinched right now and identify myself afterward!"

"Th-there's no need to be hasty, Italian

"Th-there's no need to be hasty, Mr. Lundy," quavered Percy, struggling among a thousand depressing thoughts. "If you are Mr. Lundy—"

Mr. Lundy—"

"If I am!" yelled the missing heir. "Look here, you Hutch; I'm Willie Hep to you You've been putting a crimp in my rightful fortune, and if you hand me any of your lip, I'll stripe your coat crossways. Settle quick, and you get off easy. Give me what's left, and I won't say a word about what you swiped. I'll give you ten minuten." And the missing heir glanced apprehensively toward the door.

Percy Hutch paused. The language of the missing heir was not quite the language of his letters, and the offer of the missing heir was suspiciously generous. On the other hand, the missing heir knew some important facts, and he seemed to have an idea of vigorous methods.

"You can't settle an estate in ten minutes."

"You can't settle an estate in ten minutes."
Mr. Lundy," argued Percy, in desperation.
After all, he was an attorney. He glanced down at the black bag. Suddenly he lifted his head, and there was a glimpse of life is the pallid eyes. He had a saving thought, "You'll at least let me compare your signature. Write your name on this piece of paper."

Onion Jones gulped with the shock of that suggestion, and just then he heard a noise at the door.

"Give me that money!" he howled.

The knob turned and the door opened, and in Walked J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackle Daw, each focusing a deadly gaze on the guilty Onion. Blackle's taxi had dashed up just as Wallingford had started away, and they had compared notes. Blackle had sent no message to Jim, nor had he seen or heard from Onion.

"Ready Hutch?" asked Wallingford

heard from Onion.

"Ready, Hutch?" asked Wallingford suavely, ignoring the missing heir.

"Why, no," fattered the trustee of the Lundy estate; "this gentleman claims to be Richard Lundy, and I'll have to stay and settle the estate." "Give me that--"

"Give me that—"

The speech of the missing heir was suddenly interrupted from behind by a class on the collar so firm and so tight that it choked him. The steel-like hand of Horace G. Daw was on that collar, and the other steel-like hand now clutched the missing heir by the slack of the corduroy trouser, while the pointed black mustaches of Mr. Daw lifted displayed two rows of snarling white teeth. Thereupon the missing heir entirely outside his own volition, began to walk Spanish toward the door. It was the suave J. Rufus who opened that door, his own stubby mustache lifted to reveal two rows of snarling white teeth, and it was the toe of J. Rufus Wallingford's highly polished boot which assisted the missing heir into the hall.

"The fathead!" panted Mr. Wallingford to

"The fathead!" panted Mr. Wallingford to Mr. Daw, as they slammed the door.

They found Mr. Hutch regarding them with widening eyes as they confronted him and the upper lip of Mr. Hutch was lifted, revealing two rows of snarling white teeth.

"It's a frame-up!" charged Percy excitedly, "You get me to draw all this money so you could take me to South America and skin me!" "The fathead!" panted Mr. Wallingford to

"Some guess," admitted Wallingford, as Blackie slipped the bolt of the door. "But this amateur double-crosser gummed the schedule."

"Now look here, Perce." Blackie stepped briskly up to the desk: "The first thing you're to remember is not to holler, or you'll get us all pinched. Where's that bag?" "Between his feet!" called Wallingford, peering through the opening of the desk; and Blackle and Mr. Hutch bobbed down at the same time. They laid hold on the black bag beneath the desk from opposite sides, and pulled and hauled.

Suddenly Hutch stopped the struggle with a loud "Huh!" for Jim Wallingford had pulled Percy's knees from under him and had said on him.

Blackie threw back his raven locks as he

Blackie threw back his raven locks as he rose with the bag, and set it on the desk.

"How much will we give him, Jim?"

"Oh, the tickets and a couple of thousand, considered Wallingford, and a shrill splutter came from beneath the desk.

"Let him up," advised Blackie. "He hasn't breath enough to scream."

Percy rose with his hands on his stomach, and gasped violent objections until Blackie pushed him gently back in his chair.

"Rush Percy," he admonished, "We're save ing you from further crime. You've been betraying a sacred trust, Percy, and we're removing temptation from you."

"Yes," agreed J. Rufus, looking down as him sympathetically; "see how well off you can be, in place of in jail, where you belong. You can go to South America and lead a better and more useful life. How much is in the bag, Blackie?"

"Just a minute," begged the new trusted of the Lundy estate, and finished counting the neat little packs of big bills. "Fifty-sis thousand, six hundred odd, Jim."

"Give him five thousand and the bag, generously decided Wallingford.

"I'll have you crooks pinched!" shrieked Percy.

"Don't aggravate us, you cheap embezzler."

"I'll have you crooks pinched!" shrieked Percy.

"Don't aggravate us, you cheap embezzler," scorned Wallingford. "You can't identify money, and you can't prove that we took this. All you'll get if you raise a holler is an investigation, and any honest jury would know that you charged us the theft in a feeble attempt to hide your own. They's soak you fifteen years. Why, we'd help send you oyer, you hollow nut! Give him four thousand, Blackie."

"Damn it, Wallingford..."

"Three thousand, Blackie." And Percy Hutch closed his lips tightly for fear he might say more.

"What's the rush?" drawled Blackie. "I "What is it "husked Hutch, fear suddenly four over, you hollow nut! Give him four fulling him to the oozing point.

"What's the rush?" drawled Blackie. "I "What is it "husked Hutch, fear suddenly filling him to the oozing point.

"What's the rush?" drawled Blackie. "What is it "husked Hutch, fear suddenly filling him to the oozing point.

"Blackie want is you hear from me."

"I won't." promised Hutch. And he hurried and Blackie could almost see the Chicago post-mark through the hand which held the envelope.

There was a polite wait as Mr. Hutch receipted for the letter and opened it. Then wallingford slyly stepped on Blackie's foot, to make him look human.

"What's the matter, Hutch? Bad news?" asked J. Rufus.

"Hutch's face had turned Nile green, and green was in his pallid eyes.

"Eh?" he husked, through dry lips. "Oh, nothing's the matter! I—" He glanced to

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