Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford

(Continued from Page 2.)

in perplexity. "You must be tired of your job," he suggested.

"Me? I love it," responded O'Connell. "But you don't think I'm sending that answer to President Falls, do you? It's his saphead son back there, and he's been giving me fool orders ever since we picked up his souse car at the junction. If the Jap only carries him my little speech, and the cub only reports it to his old man, I'm in line for promotion, if that's worth while."

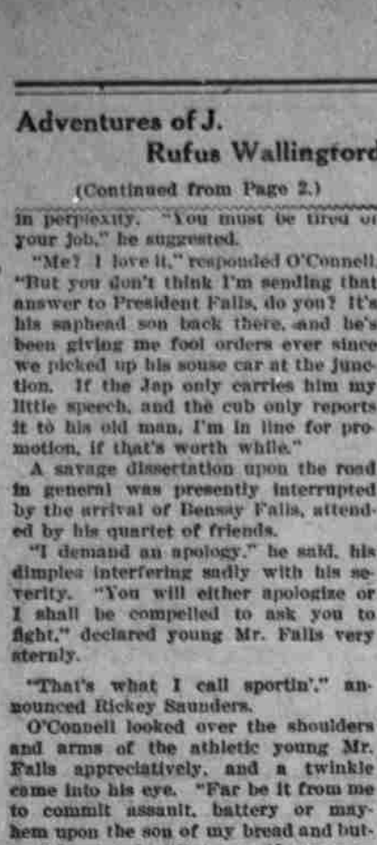
A savage dissertation upon the road in general was presently interrupted by the arrival of Benssy Falls, attended by his quartet of friends.

"I demand an apology," he said, his dimples interfering sadly with his severity. "You will either apologize or I shall be compelled to ask you to fight," declared young Mr. Falls very sternly.

"That's what I call sportin'," announced Rickey Saunders.

O'Connell looked over the shoulders and arms of the athletic young Mr. Falls appreciatively, and a twinkle came into his eye. "Far be it from me to commit assault, battery or mayhem upon the son of my bread and butter," he stated. "But even if you were your own father, Mr. Falls, I'll bet a month's pay I'd defend myself if struck—if struck!"

To the surprise of all, young Mr. Falls dashed his fist angrily into the red countenance of Conductor O'Connell. Then Mr. Falls hit the ground! Big Jim Wallingford bent over the pros-



Wallingford Bent Over the Prostrate Benssy.

trate Benssy solicitously. Now he raised that limp young man and supported the son of old Falls back to the Swallow.

He was a friend and a comforter in need was J. Rufus Wallingford and one who knew well how to administer restoratives and take some himself. The boys liked the impressive and helpful stranger. He was a big man and a cheerful man, and his round face bore the color which could only come from years of fastidiously selected food and drink. Moreover, his haberdashery, though striking, was correct and up to the minute, and there was no disputing the fact that he employed a tailor who was an artist. Also he appreciated the pretty little pasteboard house, when, in his active groping for openings, he spied it on the floor, and expressed his interest.

"Rippin' fine thing it is," Rickey Saunders boasted. "Benssy is the architect and builder because he is such a clever chap with his fingers, but we're all in on the inventin'."

"It's for a fishin' trip we contemplate," young Falls modestly explained.

"And so you're building a wind proof, dust proof, rain proof and snow proof portable house?" suggested J. Rufus, still groping.

"Also heat and cold proof," added Rickey. "You see, we couldn't find a good portable house, so we invented one. Stunning, the amount of brains we found in the crowd! Benssy invented the hollow walls, air space and that sort of thing, you know, and the rest of us made suggestions."

"Clever scheme," declared Wallingford, studying the model.

"There's a fortune in it. Your marvelous portable house should be your gift to your fellow sportsman at about 25 per cent dividends, and I, who am strictly a business man, am so favorably impressed that I should be delighted to take $25,000 or $50,000 worth of the stock myself."

"Thank you," said Benssy gratefully. "I consider that a great compliment, I'm sure."

Reggie Haugh had been flapping his thick lower lip with his thick forefinger in deep thought.

"Only trouble is," he objected, "that all the rest of us have had a share in the inventing, which makes it a sort of family affair, don't you think?"

Wallingford was instantly ready for that emergency. "So far as that is concerned," he observed in smiling confidence. "I invented inventing, though I am far too modest a man so to state," and he laughed jovially, closing his eyes and shaking his big shoulders to show them that this was a joke. "Even while we have been talking, I have discovered a radical defect in the construction of your portable cottage, and have invented a way to overcome it. You are making your hollow walls in straight sections which merely abut upon each other. Warpage and shrinkage will draw them crooked and leave wide cracks. What we must do is to make the hollow sections like this," and he deftly and ruthlessly cut open upon alternate edges one of Benssy's sections, telescoping the two parts upon each other slightly so as to show the plan of overlapping, and then reversing them to show how much space they saved in nesting for shipment.

There was a general chorus of polite exclamations.

"That surely makes Mr. Wallingford one of the family Reggie," declared Rickey. "I vote him in, fellows. Now, one, two three"—

"Aye!" courteously shouted his friends in perfect unison.

"I thank you," said Wallingford, rising and bowing gravely.

"I've only a minute, and then I must go back to my partners," announced the chuckling Wallingford as he stepped into the Pullman drawing room, where he explained the matter.

"Can Fannie and I help?" offered Violet eagerly. She and Blackie had become great friends.

J. Rufus blinked, and then he chuckled.

"It will give Blackie and me great pleasure," he assured her. "Would you mind, Miss Fannie, if I gave you a little detective work in the office of the Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow company? Miss Violet, you'll have to help Blackie be in three towns at once. Blackie, you are to be Mr. Bezazzum of Bezunk, Mich.; Mr. Cazizua of Cazak, Ont., and Mr. Penawpus of Penap, Ark."

The grand opening of the factory of the Speckled Bass Hollow Walled Portable Bungalow company was a function long to be remembered. Fully one-third of the factory was given over to offices befitting such a distinguished set of officers. Entering a spacious vestibule in Dutch tiling, one saw surrounding him a number of beautiful glass doors, leading into the office of President Haugh, in mahogany and ebony; of Second Vice President Humperdink in rosewood and silver birch; of Secretary Saunders in walnut and cedar; of Treasurer Cash, in redwood and birdseye maple, and of Manager Wallingford in plain oak.

Besides these there were a buffet, stocked with more varieties of liquids than a dye shop, and a small boy, proud in many gold buttons. Also there was a very neat and retiring private secretary for Manager Wallingford. Behind the offices was the factory, with workmen, grinning foolishly when unobserved, in snow white uniforms, and the very cleanest of clean shavings scattered everywhere. The board of directors held their first regular meeting in the new quarters.

"You see, fellows," declared Rickey Saunders, "it's not only sportin', but rippin', what this chap Wallingford's done. Oh, come in Mr. Wallingford. Join us in an absinth puff?"

"No, thanks, boys," smiled the general manager. "I came in to discuss stern business and to lay before you a synopsis of our progress during the two months and a half since we organized our company. I now have the pleasure of presenting the most promising of the replies I have had from our advertising. The first one of these, requesting us to make a price on 300 of the portable bungalows, is from a Michigan cranberry monopolist who expects to house his pickers right where the picking is good. The next one, from Ontario, wishes prices on a hundred and twenty-five, and this one, from Arkansas, asks for a quotation on a hundred of the portable bungalows."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Rickey Saunders, and the others clapped their hands.

Wallingford laid down the letters and took up two other packages. "I have furthermore to report," he went on, "that we have received our joint patent from the government at Washington, granting us the exclusive right to manufacture our article in the United States."

He held up the document in question, exhibiting its gaudy ribbon and seal.

"Also I have to report," he continued, this time with solemn impressiveness, "the procuring of six patents in my own name for six more or less trivial improvements in portable houses or bungalows. These are, of course, my own invention and my own property, but it is only my decent duty to offer them to the Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow company at the nominal price of $125,000, cash! Here are the copies, gentlemen, and I shall retire without recommendation of any sort." And he retired.

"Seems to me this Wallingford chap's too good a business man for us. You see, it's like this," said Ringgold Cash. "To begin with, the fellow has no right to invent portable house improvements after we have perfected the article."

"That's it! It isn't sportin'!" declared Rickey, much disappointed in Wallingford.

"Gentlemen of the board, I move you that we table Official Manager Wallingford's proposition," said Benssy.

"Rippin'!" shouted Rickey, jumping up. "Three cheers and a tiger for Benssy! Now, fellows, one, two, three!"

A gentleman from Bezunk, Mich., a Mr. Bezazzum, visited the factory quite opportunely one day while a special called directors' meeting was in session. With him was a beautiful daughter whom he called Violet and who in Wallingford's private office rushed into the arms of the private secretary and giggled for a solid five minutes.

Pete Bezazzum of Bezunk was in truth a wondrous creature in felt boots, corduroy trousers, a canvas coat, a sweater of gorgeous hues and wondrous pattern and a broad brimmed felt hat. As for his countenance, it was lean and bony, with the most absurdly sprawled black mustache imaginable and a little tuft of chin whiskers which began neatly to be a goatee and ended in all directions as if it had suddenly become intoxicated. His eyebrows were equally black, and beneath them glowed a pair of black eyes which alternately twinkled with mischief and flashed with hawklike intensity.

Toad Jessup, the gold buttoned small boy, after one good look at him, went out into the stock room, where he leaned over a barrel of nails and laughed until he had the stomach ache.

"Well, yuh see, gents," said Mr. Bezazzum in objection to the company's product, "I'm a-willin' tuh pay thuh topnotch buh danged price fur thuh very best buh gosh part-table houses what can be coaxed together, and I gut thuh buh jing money"—and here he slapped his pocket meaningly—"bu-u-ut I don't notice from your catalogue enough newfangled doodads, dingueses and hickeys tuh seem tuh chahm thuh dollars out'n these co'duroys."

The members of the board looked around.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Bezazzum," returned Mr. Wallingford, "but I am sure that our catalogues do not do full justice to the Speckled Bass Portable bungalow. You must come out into our factory and inspect one which is complete and ready for shipment. You have not seen the improvements upon the Speckled Bass bungalow."

Deftly and quickly the manager displayed the wonderful attachments protected by the six Wallingford patents.

"Yuh can jes' look mah obdah faw 300 hollowed walled bungalows with all of them there improvements, and I slip you 10 per cent of thuh entire bill in cash right now. Yo' all can ship the balance C. O. D., and you can write or telegraph anybody in Bezunk, Mich., about the credit of ole Pete Bezazzum."

On the day the shipments of Mr. Bezazzum of Bezunk, Mr. Cazizua of Cazak and Mr. Penawpus of Penap were to reach their destination Mr. Wallingford's private secretary called on a certain lawyer, who immediately telephoned a certain other lawyer. On that day the National Hollow Walled Portable House company, which was a real concern doing a real business, filed a suit against the Speckled Bass concern for infringement of patents and damages. An injunction was also filed.

Here was a pretty how do you do! Manager Wallingford immediately called a board of directors' meeting, an imperative one, and three most important social engagements were broken. This thing of being in trade had become a bore.

Four days after the suit was filed there came an agonized telegram from Mr. Bezazzum that an injunction had been served upon him, forbidding him to pay for and remove the portable bungalows consigned to him. On the second day after that, again, Mr. Bezazzum himself came into the factory, both himself and his daughter, clad in the most violent silk sweaters procurable.

"Hey!" shrieked Mr. Bezazzum, "Oi'l have the law on yez, begob! You promised me 300 bungalows, and Oi her me min engaged and no houses to put them in. I could have got thim shantles elsewhere; but, by cheming, I place my confidence een diss skinner concern, and they turn me down. I'm ag'in you! See? Tomorrow, by heck, I'll stack you up in front of a $200,000 damage suit, so help me! And that goes!"

"My dear Mr. Bezazzum, you must realize that, so far as intent goes, we are entirely innocent in this affair. In a spirit of fairness, however, we will do this much. We will pay the freight both ways, take back the 300 portable houses and repay your 10 per cent advance deposit in cash."

"Hear, hear!" cried Rickey Saunders, in a tone which tried to be exhilarating. "That's a sportin' offer, Mr. Bezazzum."

Mr. Bezazzum's answer to that sporting offer was immediate, picturesque and violent. He intended to press his claim in the highest courts in the land, so help him Moses, and there was no possible compromise. Hold on, though! There might—that is, it was just barely possible that there might—be a way out. It might be barely possible that if the Speckled Bass company were to relinquish the goods free, in settlement of Mr. Bezazzum's claim—well, gentlemen, there you were!

The dense silence was broken by Humperdink. "Did I understand the gentleman to say that he offered a compromise?" he queried in tones of intense thought.

Mr. Wallingford, apparently hopeless and despairing, put the compromise into intelligible terms.

"At last there's somethin' fairly sportin'!" Rickey plucked up his spirits enough to announce. "Is it correct, guv'nor, that this gentleman will just take the 300 portable houses and go back home to Bezap, or Bezibber, or wherever it is, and never—er—never molest us again?"

"That is his only term," vociferated Mr. Bezazzum.

"Then," went on Rickey, still brightening, "I vote, fellows, that we accept the bloomin' compromise and thank the gentleman from Bezam for having made his rippin' good sportin' offer."

"Just a moment, gentlemen," warned Wallingford solemnly. "We are setting a dangerous precedent. We have customers in Ontario and in Arkansas who will be claiming the very same terms."

"Move we let 'em all have the terms," returned Rickey promptly. "Move we let 'em all have 'em. That's sportin', eh, fellows? Somebody second the motion."

They had barely made that resolution when the attorney for the National company just managed to happen in upon them. The attorney for the National company was very severe. He would give the Speckled Bass company a few minutes in which to buy for $125,000 Wallingford's patents, which had been infringed, and to quit business entirely and forever.

It took the board of directors just forty-three seconds to accept the proposition, and immediately thereafter it departed in a body, declining even to take a parting drink in the hideous marts of trade.

Violet and Fannie Warden started nervously as the door of Manager Wallingford's private office opened, but they brightened as Mr. Wallingford and Pete Bezazzum entered with a distinct and concerted swagger.

"Everybody's discharged," announced J. Rufus jovially. "The Speckled Bass company has gone out of business."

"Forever!" Mr. Bezazzum pulled off his whiskers and threw them on the desk and became Blackie Daw. "We must have cleaned up about a quarter of a million for the Warden restitution fund, Jim."

"A little better, I think." Wallingford threw open the safe and drew out a bundle, which he tossed on the desk. "There's a hundred and twenty-five thousand cash, which I wouldn't touch until we had every possible comeback settled."

"That's the idea." Blackie turned in explanation to the mystified girls. "In any con deal it's easy enough to get hold of the money, but to make it safe money requires both skill and patience."

Violet laughed, but Fannie still looked troubled.

"I don't quite understand how you got this money, Mr. Wallingford."

"By strictly legitimate business methods in use every day from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore.," immediately claimed Wallingford, quite anxious to convince Fannie that it was all right.

"That isn't what I meant," Fannie went on.

"However you got it, the money is for patents you sold the company—your inventions."

"Bunk!" grinned Blackie. "Jim invents like he eats his dinner, five or six courses at a time. The fact you have to consider is that we got this $125,000 for the heirs of the Warden estate out of the heirs of some of the crooks who robbed it. And there's more besides, girls. You own 525 fine, hollow walled, very portable bungalows. What are they worth, Jim?"

"Can't say exactly," Wallingford had a deep frown on his brow. "They're at good distributing points, and they should bring a couple of hundred thousand dollars, but the National Portable Bungalow company offers us a hundred thousand net, and"—

"Put away the pencil and paper, Jim," ordered Blackie, for Wallingford had begun to figure. "We'll take that hundred thousand and know where we're at. How about it, girls?"

"But we can't accept all that money!" protested Fannie. The girls had clasped hands again. "We"—

"That'll do," said Wallingford gruffly. "You'll take what we get for you or we won't play."

"Let 'em pay your expenses, Jim," Blackie had detected a tear trembling on Violet's lashes, and Fannie's lips were quivering. "Expenses consist of whatever any of us four blowed in. And I move that we lock up this office and throw the key away, hire an eighty horsepower car and go some place for a celebration dinner—on the expense fund!"

Classified Ads

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

LOST—Friday, in Springfield,, a black and white dog. Answers to "Duke." Call 20F4, Eugene.

FOR SALE—Wagon and harness cheap. Call at News office.

State of Oregon for Umatilla County, on the 8th day of November, 1915, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 3rd day of November, 1915, in favor of the Redmond Bank of Commerce and against W. E. Sayler for the sum of $893.75 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 18th day of February, 1914, and the further sum of $100.00 Attorneys fees and the sum of $20.00 costs and disbursements, less the sum of $27.40 paid thereon on the 3rd day of November, 1915, and applied toward the satisfaction of the costs and Attorney's fee, which judgment was duly enrolled and docketed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County, and said Execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon in order to satisfy said judgment costs, attorneys fees and accruing costs to sell all the right title and interest which the said Defendant W. E. Sayler, had on the 9th day of June, 1915, in and to the West half Lot 10, and the North half of the West half of Lot 9 in Block 3 in the Original Town of Creswell, Lane County, Oregon, also all the right title and interest which the said defendant had on the 9th day of June, 1915, in and to that certain contract for the sale of real property, given by John R. Scott and May E. Scott to R. H. Parsons, and assigned to the Creswell Fruit Growers Bank, Creswell, Oregon, as security or collateral to the note.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, and in compliance with said Execution and Order of Sale, I will on Saturday the 18th day of December, 1915, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., to-wit; at one o'clock P. M. on said day, at the southwest door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale for cash, subject to redemption all the right, title, and interest of said Defendant in and to the above described real property, together with all the right, title, and interest the said defendant had on the 9th day of June, 1915, or now has in and to that certain contract for sale of real property above described.

JAMES C. PARKER,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
By D. A. ELKINS, Deputy.
N-15 to D-13

TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD

ESTIMATE OF MONEY TO BE RAISED BY TAXATION

The Common Council of the Town of Springfield has made the following estimate of the moneys to be raised by taxation during the ensuing year, and the purpose for which said moneys will be needed:

GENERAL FUND		
Police Dept. 2 police,	$1320.00	
Extra police	50.00	
Salaries, Recorder..	600.00	
Treasurer	480.00	
Attorney	400.00	
		$2,850.00
Water	1400.00	
Light	2400.00	
General expense and Supplies	1000.00	
		$4,800.00
STREET IMPROVEMENT FUND		
Engineer	200.00	
Street improvement	2500.00	
		$2,700.00
SEWER FUND		
Sewer improvement	350.00	350.00
PUBLIC LIBRARY FUND		
Library Fund	300.00	300.00
Interest on Bonds and outstanding warrants 7000.00		7,000.00
		$18,000.00
Probable receipts of the Town from sources other than the tax on real and personal property		$ 762.00

The indebtedness of the Town, which is drawing interest, and which is not secured by liens upon real estate under the Bancroft act, is as follows:

General improvement bonds..	$100,000
Sewer bonds	16,000
Second-street Bridge bonds ..	3,000
Outstanding warrants (approximately)	30,000
Total	$149,000

The balance on hand in the funds of the Town Dec. 1.. 00

The Common Council has designated Monday evening, November 29, 1915, at 7:30 o'clock at the City Hall, as the time and place for a public hearing and discussion of the said proposed tax levy.

HERBERT E. WALKER,
Recorder.
81-3-5

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING TO FIX TAX LEVY

Notice is hereby given that there will be a special meeting of the taxpayers of school district No. 19, Monday evening, November 22, 1915, at 7:30 p. m., for the purpose of fixing the annual levy of a special tax, and to consider such other matters as may properly come before the meeting. Said meeting will be held at the High school building on Mill street.

The following is an estimate of expenditures for the year 1915-16:

Expenses of General Control.	
Board and clerk .....$	218.00
Election and census	16.00
Truancy	40.00
Clerical	13.00
Expense of Instruction	
Teachers' Salaries	14,000.00
Text Books	25.00
Stationery and Supplies	500.00
Expense of Operation of School Plant	
Janitors' Salaries	1,045.00
Janitors' Supplies, etc	125.00
Fuel	395.00
Water	175.00
Light and Power	16.00
Expense of Maintenace of School Plant	
Building Repair and Upkeep of Grounds	135.00
Replacement and Repair of Equipment	50.00
Outlay—Acquisition and Construction	
Equipment for new Buildings	50.00
Alterations, Old Buildings ..	500.00
Equipment, Old Buildings ..	50.00
Other Payments	
Bonds, Loans and Interest ..	1,700.00
Manual Training	125.00
Domestic Science and Art ..	175.00
Miscellaneous	600.00
Total	$19,953.00
New Building	1,200.00
Total	$21,153.00

THOS. SIKES, Chairman,
M. J. DRURY,
C. E. FISCHER,
A. P. McKINZEY, Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, October 28, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Albert F. Tullock, of Vida, Oregon, who, on November 1, 1911, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07630, for the NE¼ of NE¼ of Section 34, Township 16S, Range 2E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Carey W. Thompson, of Vida, Oregon; Ed. Lefler, of Vida, Oregon; Ben Minney, of Vida, Oregon; Lambert Smith, Vida, Oregon.

J. M. UPTON,
Register.
Nov 1-Dec. 6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

(Department of the Interior.)
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, October 11, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Sandford Leach, of Vida, Oregon, who, on July 5, 1910, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 06435, for the S½ of NE¼ of Section 3, Township 17S, Range 3E., Willamette Meridan, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 26th day of November, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William A. Cox, of Eugene, Oregon, Isabel Jolly, of Eugene, Oregon, Milo Thompson, of Vida, Oregon, Joseph Waitfield, Vida, Oregon.

J. M. UPTON
Register.
law to N18.