

# THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued from Page 2)

Wallingford to Blackie. "We'll keep the car."

Outside as they climbed into the car Wallingford smiled contentedly. "Good," he said. "That's his weak point. He's easy."

"Easy enough for Olson's scheme," grinned Blackie. "Jim, he gets it!"

Again the swift "little six" stopped in front of Louis Trapp's place of business, a dingy repair and accessory shop, to which a glittering show window had been added, like a clean collar on a soiled shirt. Louis Trapp betrayed no uneasiness when he saw Wallingford and Blackie Daw clambering out of the low gray runabout. People like Wallingford never made more than one kick, and a stop now could mean nothing but profit.

"Mr. Trapp," inquired Wallingford with businesslike crispness, "have you any manufacturing facilities?"

Mr. Trapp's eyes glared. His face screwed up on one side. He pressed one palm over the back of the other. He gazed, unseeing, at the little runabout out by the curb.

"Well, no," he finally admitted, "but I could have."

"I thought of a little auto accessory last week and have applied for a pat-



Wallingford and Blackie Set Up a Desk in Mr. Trapp's Office.

ent on it," explained Wallingford, with smiling nonchalance, as if he were amused with himself for having descended to such trifles. "It's a trouble light, to be used on cars fitted with gas lamps. It's a long tube, provided with a funnel at one end and a condensing lens at the other. It is lined throughout with burnished silver cloth. The funnel is placed over the lens of the gas lamp, and the light is reflected through the entire length of the tube."

He had made some deft sketches on the back of an order slip, but Mr. Trapp did not need the diagrams.

"Um-hum," he admitted, with the indifference of one who is not eager for the untold. "It looks pretty good. If I had some I might sell half a dozen or so on commission."

"I've no doubt," smiled Wallingford, big, broad chested, jovial fellow Wallingford was and the soul of carelessness generosity. "I didn't know but that you might be interested in the manufacture and marketing of it."

Mr. Trapp's furtive glance of yellow forehead slid a quarter of an inch toward his eyebrows, where the slack of it wrinkled up.

"I never gamble with my money," he quickly stated. "What I made I made without much investment."

Wallingford chuckled, his big shoulders heaving and his eyes half closed. "No chance for you to lose, is there?" he good naturedly commented. "I don't care slacks about the investment. Mr. Trapp. All I want is to see this thing made. I'll back it myself if you'll manufacture and market it and pay me a royalty."

Mr. Trapp's stubby hands fluttered from his trousers pockets, his vest pockets and his vest armbands, where they hung by the thumbs. "Oh, if that's it I might be interested," he observed, concealing his eagerness with a glancing of his eyes and a twisting of his mouth.

Thus it was that Mr. Louis Trapp organized the Trapp Marketing company. Wallingford and Blackie set up a desk in Mr. Trapp's office the next day.

Louis Trapp, opening letters of inquiry from auto supply dealers, opened one from which dropped a ten dollar bill, and he brought it over to Wallingford's desk with a puzzled brow. His scalp had slipped forward fully half an inch, and his mouth had screwed up close to his eyes.

"What is this?" he asked, loosening his countenance with a smack. "Is-

Trapp Marketing Company: "Dear Sirs—You are probably another sucker, but I'll tell you, anyhow, so as not to break up your investment. It is

per dope in your handsome advertisement, and if you're merely going south with the money mail back a magnolia. Yours as ever, JACK HODLEY."

Blackie and Wallingford exchanged a comfortable grin.

"If you'll notice, Mr. Trapp, this envelope is marked for department A," directed Wallingford gravely. "Kindly watch for such letters, and put them in this basket," and he lifted to the top of his desk the largest wastepaper basket which Louis Trapp had ever seen. Wallingford unlocked the upper drawer on the right hand side of his desk and dropped in it the ten dollar bill. He opened the opposite drawer and drew forth a blank card, No. 1 in the right hand row, which he numbered and stamped with the date, after which he wrote on it Jack Hodley's name and address and the amount of his contribution.

"What is it?" asked Louis Trapp, blinking at the big waste basket with his small eyes, clasping the back of one hand with the palm of the other and pressing both against his stomach.

"Oh, a little side line," responded Wallingford carelessly. "Trapp, you have some vacant space in the third floor front. I think I'll put some tables in there for mailing girls."

Mr. Trapp screwed up his face.

"What kind of business is this?" he insisted on knowing.

"Wheat investment," replied Wallingford briefly.

The money flowed in. The first week brought \$1,000. In the presence of Trapp the letters were opened.

Louis Trapp sat numbly gazing at the money for a few minutes, and then, as a preliminary to intelligent co-operation, he read the circular letter. It was as follows:

Dear Sir—We take pleasure in discharging from our books your investment of (here had been left a blank in which the amount "\$10" was stamped) made with us (here another blank in which a date was stamped). According to the terms of our offer to you this amount was only to be held by us until its profits should accrue to 100 per cent. We beg to state that our operations have been successful and with the usual expediency, and we herewith return your original investment of \$10, together with the accrued profits of \$10, making a sum total of \$20. Soliciting your further patronage and that of your friends in any amounts from \$10 up to \$1,000, we remain, Yours confidentially,

TRAPP MARKETING COMPANY.

Mr. Trapp jumped down from his stool and deposited his own bundle of money on the desk between Wallingford and Blackie.

"This is a skin game!" he exclaimed. "I'll have nothing to do with it!" Wallingford's big placid face was a picture of cheerful joviality, and Blackie Daw laughed in keen enjoyment.

"How hasty!" chided Blackie. "Why, you don't know anything about it, Trapp."

"I know this much," and Mr. Trapp's stubby hands strayed from his trousers pockets to his coat pockets, to his vest pockets and to the armbands of his vest, where they hung by the thumbs. "You haven't invested a cent. You let the money lay in that drawer all week! You're using one-half of the money to pay off one-fourth of the suckers!"

"Don't blame them," grinned Blackie. "They're not harming anybody. They'll send the money right back to pay off the next fourth, and so it goes merrily on."

"But you are using my name!" excitedly objected Mr. Trapp, his hands now finding no home. "I'm the only one that's known in this company. I don't even get any of the money!"

"You get your share of the tubular light," sternly reproved Wallingford. "Now let me make you ashamed of yourself, Trapp. You see this money?" and he indicated \$250 embraced by a rubber band. "That is the investment fund. You see that we have held it out fairly and squarely, and I'm going to let you handle it for investment so that you will know there's nothing underhand about it. More than that, Trapp, since you are so particular, I'm going to write and sign a document stating that you have nothing to do with this department of the Trapp Marketing company, that you have no financial or personal interest in it and that I alone am morally and legally responsible for it."

True to his word, J. Rufus Wallingford then and there with great pomp and ceremony wrote out the document in question and signed it, after which Horace G. Daw and Louis Trapp attached their signatures as witnesses.

"Now," said Wallingford severely, "you are safe. I place this document in this small tin box, which, as you see, has two locks. I lock both locks. I give you one key; I retain the other. Here is the box. Look it in your own safe. Now are you satisfied?"

"I guess so," hesitated Mr. Trapp, holding the little tin box with both hands. "How do you invest the money?"

"In the wheat pit," replied Mr. Wallingford promptly. "We shan't be here on Monday morning. I'd like you to send for a man from the Trapp Brokerage company as soon as you can get them on the phone. Give him this money. Tell him to buy wheat on a five point margin and pyramid to every point up."

"Well, Jim, it's a show down," said Blackie Daw regretfully as they came away from lunch. "The money's rolling in so strong that we'll have to run from it."

"Tough luck," grumbled Wallingford. "If we were able to strike a winning one from wheat pyramid, so as to pay off all bores to date, we could clean \$1,000,000 out of this game. As it is we've only raked off about eighty thousand." He hesitated for a moment. "I've been studying the market until I get a headache every night, and it seems to me that wheat is due for a sharp rise."

Blackie stopped him and studied his big, round face with deep concern. "You fat fool!" he exclaimed. "You

when you turn kick yourself. It's time to get out!"

"I guess you're right," soberly considered Wallingford. "I've been going after that wheat-dope like a bucket-shop wreck, watching the crop reports and the weather and the foreign shipments. What a cinch I'd be for a cold brick artist!" He paused and contemplated himself in amazement. "I don't suppose we'd better chance it much longer."

"I'd feel happier if we were out now," returned Blackie, with an apprehensive glance around him. "I'm like Olson Jones! I love fresh air. The mail's coming in too heavy to escape a pestilence investigation."

"Just one winning would make us able to show an on-the-level investment with legitimate profit," speculated Wallingford. "I wonder if the goat will buck," worried Blackie.

"That's a horrible thought, Jim! For two weeks past Trapp has hugged the book in his gills and was crazy to buy in, but after I told him last Saturday that we might consider letting him have a slice of it he quit. And now every day at 3 o'clock he telephones for the wheat report and says, 'Well, you didn't get your winning yet.'"

The number look on Wallingford's face was not a reflection from that on Blackie's. It was from within.

"If this little Trapp lets us hold the bag after we've so carefully propped it up for him to hold I'll poison him!" he declared vindictively.



"You see this money," said Wallingford to Trapp.

A messenger boy handed Wallingford a note. He read it and passed it quickly to Blackie.

Trapp Marketing company is to be investigated this afternoon. What does it mean? Has Mr. Trapp done something illegal to get you into trouble? FANNIE.

"Drive us to Trapp's," directed Wallingford briskly.

There was a man in the office when they arrived. He was a postman with two heavy bags of mail, all for the Trapp Marketing company. Department A. The postman dumped his bags into two big wastebaskets which Blackie set out for him and puffed away.

"The heaviest yet, Jim," Blackie worried. "We'll have to work quick."

Wallingford got up to walk, but sat down as he heard a noise.

Louis Trapp came in, and his eyes glittered as he saw the mail. Every envelope contained money. He glanced at his watch and hurried to the telephone, called a number and asked his question.

"Well, you didn't make your winning yet," he cheerfully informed Blackie, as he turned away from the phone.

Suddenly the true reason for that daily observation dawned on Blackie. It was not discouragement, but elation.

"Trapp, do you want to buy us out?" he loudly asked.

Louis Trapp's eyes glared, and his mouth screwed up.

"How much?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"This mail is it, isn't it?" and Trapp seemed to be looking through the envelopes at the contents.

"It's your meat."

"Sure, I'll take a chance," he said, with eager animation. "I got the nerve as long as the money's coming in." He opened the safe immediately and produced the money. He'd had it there waiting, in cash. His fingers almost cramped in his haste. "If you had your winning, wouldn't you buy it?" he observed, as he handed Blackie the fifty thousand. "I wouldn't believe that you ever get hot one. When I get it I quit." He vigorously drew the two big wastebaskets of mail over to the end of his own desk. "I've been studying the market every day."

I think we're about due for a sharp rise in wheat! But we only get one."

Wallingford rose, with vast relief and produced his key to the little tin box.

"We'll include the tubular reflector," he remarked, chuckling.

"All right," accepted Mr. Trapp readily. "I don't think it's any good, but business is business."

In ten minutes Wallingford and Trapp had torn up their various articles of agreement, and Wallingford had signed over his patent on the tubular reflector in consideration of \$30,000, and Wallingford and Blackie were out of the business with no evidence left to show that they had ever been in any way connected with the wheat investment department of the Trapp Marketing company.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. What do you want?" Trapp's eyes had widened, and he turned nervously toward the big wastebaskets as three heavy set men stamped into the office.

"Information," said the heaviest stranger in a voice which was like a saw file. "We're from the postoffice department, and—"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" interrupted Louis Trapp, and he almost shrieked it, as he grabbed the phone from the book. He called a familiar number and made agonized gestures for them all to keep still.

"Tilwit's!" he suddenly shrieked into the phone. "This is the Trapp Marketing company! Say, listen! Close my wheat at the market. Quick, quick! Say, listen! What's the market?" A moment of silence. He turned from the phone with a weak smile, and a drop of perspiration trickled off the end of his nose. "Gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

"Give us a little statement of your business," husked the heaviest set man, looking at the waste paper baskets, at every person and every article in the room and at the door and window.

"I'm going to quit it," declared Mr. Trapp. "There's no profit in it." And he cast a malevolent glare at the three intruders. If they had only stayed away another day! "We don't owe a cent." He mopped his chin. "You can look at my books. I can pay all."

"That's all the department wants," husked the heaviest set man, "but of course you got to show us. If you're illegal but pay up we'll only shut you up, but if you're illegal and don't pay up you'll be put away."

Sure! Mr. Trapp was eagerness itself. "I'd like to speak to these gentlemen a minute." He thrust himself between Wallingford and Blackie, gripped each one by a lapel and smiled ingratiatingly into each unresponsive face. "Well, I got us out of it," he whispered. "If you give me back my \$50,000 we're all out of it easy, even if I don't make any profit, and I don't say a word about you."

"Say anything about us!" Wallingford turned on him savagely. "It's none of my business what you paid for my patent with crooked money. Good day, Mr. Trapp."

"That \$50,000 you're out is just what you stole from the Warden estate, Louis," reproved Blackie. "Why didn't you tell us that wheat had gone up?"

With this crushing remark Mr. Daw led the way out of the room, leaving Mr. Trapp shrunken in a chair and watching the postoffice inspectors as they started their investigation.

"Lucky boy!" chuckled Wallingford as they headed for the little gray runabout. "He don't go to jail."

"And he's repossessed his \$50,000," grinned Blackie.

"And we have \$80,000 besides for the expense fund."

"Not \$80,000," denied J. Rufus. "\$75,000. Olson Jones has to cut in for his \$5,000."

See this Story Pictured Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week at the Bell Theatre.

Ex-president Taft advocates the abolition of the office of postmaster, leaving the deputies in charge as they are now, the postmaster being merely a figurehead in most instances, saving of \$4,000,000 a year.

Reedsport gives lumber company 75 acres of land for factory site and water frontage on condition it will build mill of 125,000 feet capacity and operate for 15 years.

L. C. Reynolds will build \$10,000 shingle mill on lower Siuslaw.

\$100,000 recommended to improve Crater Lake road.

Oregon railroads expended \$2,222,068 in extensions and improvements the past year while public utilities expended \$2,729,972 for same purpose.

Portland's tax is \$25.40 on the \$1,000.

Newport—The Signal-Review, news paper plant sold to H. G. Guild, owner of the Toledo Sentinel.

Columbia River & Nehalem Logging R. R. running to capacity.

Newport defeated an occupation tax.

Pendleton building a country club for 100 members.

The unregulated, untaxed and unlicensed jitney continues to kill people in Portland.

The busy Sellwood Bee had a fine Christmas paper.

Pendleton will pave two more streets with bitulithic.

## EXTENSION SERVICE CLUB WORK

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore., Dec. 22, 1915.—The second annual boys' and girls' stock judging contest at the Oregon Agricultural college, arranged by the Boys' and Girls' Industrial Club workers of the Extension Division, will take place in the College Armory the afternoon of January 7, during Farmers' and Home Makers' week.

A comprehensive program has been arranged which includes in addition to the judging contest a dairy and pig judging demonstration by College specialists, inspection of the college barns, livestock, and farm, and the awarding of prizes to the winning contestants by Governor Withycombe. The second annual horse show under the direction of the faculty and students of the department of animal husbandry, for which entries have been received from leading horsemen of Portland and the Willamette Valley, will be held in the evening and a section will be reserved for seating the young stock judges. On January 8 there will be a general assembly of all contestants followed by a moving picture exhibition, and a series of addresses by Governor Withycombe and members of the college faculty will be given.

Ad boy and girl in the State between the ages of ten and eighteen years, who is enrolled or shall enroll before January 1, in either the Dairy Herd Record Keeping Project or the Pig Club Project, is eligible to entry. The class of stock to be judged are dairy cows and market hogs. Eighteen cash prizes ranging from \$9 to \$1 will be awarded to the winners.

At the first contest held last year, there were 100 contestants out Club membership was not a requisite to entry. Ample accommodations free of charge will be available to the visiting contestants and the entire resources of the College will be ment features.

## OREGON PRUNES

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, November 30th. Grange Bulletin, Eugene, Oregon.

A great deal of investigational work on prunes in Oregon has recently been conducted by the Agricultural College Horticultural department, and the present status of the prune situation in this state has been deduced therefrom by Professor C. I. Lewis, head of the department. Among the different facts brought to light in this survey of the prune industry are the following that will be of interest to prune growers and dealers in this state and others:

The Italian (Fellenberg) comprises about seven-eighths of the prune plantings of Oregon, and the percentage in its favor is constantly increasing. For evaporation purposes it is said by Professor Lewis to be the only prune worthy of consideration in the Northwest.

Other varieties, especially the Tragedy and the Hungarian, have numerous plantings in this territory for shipping purposes. Still others that are grown to a limited extent are the French, locally called the Petite, the Pacific, the Willamette, the Mammoth, the Columbia, the Tennant, the Silver and the Sugar. Scattered over the Northwest there is found a miscellaneous list of soft plums grown largely for local uses.

Since the Italian prune is benefited by having other varieties grown in connection with it there will probably always be a scattering of other varieties planted in the Oregon prune orchards. Many growers report that wherever the Italian prunes are near other varieties they bear a more satisfactory crop of fruit. In the prune evaporating fruit districts the Petite will be the pollinator. The greatest drawback to this prune is its small size. It dries heavier than the Italian, however, and on account of its size sells somewhat higher.

It is customary to pick prunes that are to be shipped in their green state for eating fresh in Eastern markets, while they are still very hard and green. This fruit will have developed to a very great extent its true color before packing. Fruits for this purpose are graded carefully and packed in five-pound baskets, four baskets to the crate. Although this crate holds approximately 20 pounds the varying weight of the prunes varies this number from 18 to 30 pounds according to varieties, size and general condition.

These four-basket carriers are the typical ones used for plums, apricots and grapes as sold in Eastern markets.

Fresh prunes when properly refrigerated have been shipped not only all over the United States but successfully to points in Europe, Mexico and Alaska.

Fruit intended for evaporation is allowed to ripen on the tree, being

gathered when it drops to the ground of itself, or from very little shaking. The fruit is then picked up from the ground in bushel boxes, the pickers going through the orchard every few days to gather up the fruit before it spoils. As soon as the fruit is gathered it is best to haul it immediately to evaporators and evaporate it quickly in order to avoid prune rot, which often spreads rapidly in the containers.

Yields vary tremendously, ranging from 1000 to 8000 pounds per acre.

## HOME STUDY COURSES

The United States Bureau of Education has prepared a series of reading courses which will be sent to any one upon request, by the Home Education Division, Washington, D. C. Each reading course consists of a few carefully selected books, which the members of the circle pledge themselves to read carefully. The idea is to make prominent the very best books, and to get thousands of people to read them all over the country. The Bureau of Education issues a certificate to any one who completes a course. The State Library will furnish the necessary books. The courses so far issued are as follows:

- Course No. 1.—The World's Greatest Literary Bible.
- Course No. 2.—Great Literature.
- Course No. 3.—Reading Course for Parents.
- Course No. 4.—Reading Course for Boys.
- Course No. 5.—Reading Course for Girls.
- Course No. 6.—Thirty Books of Great Fiction.
- Course No. 7.—Some of the World's Heroes.
- Course No. 8.—American Literature.

Roseburg—Kendall, Pittsburg Capitalist, returns in January to take up work on railroad and sawmill. Some right of way has been secured.

Eugene sends dried loganberries east for Christmas gifts.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, November 16, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that James A. Resides of Vida, Oregon, who, on November 9, 1915, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07368, for Lots 6, 7 and 8 of Section 35, Township 10S, Range 2E, Willamette Meridian, 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 29th day of December, 1915. As this land is in Sec. 36, a school section, the State of Oregon is especially cited in this notice.

Claimant names as witnesses: Carey W. Thomson, of Vida, Oregon; John W. Low, of Vida, Oregon; Michael Hanley, of Vida, Oregon; Abe Gilbert, of Eugene.

J. M. UPTON, Register.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 22, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Taylor, of Landax, Oregon, who, on December 21, 1912, made Homestead entry Serial No. 08288, for SW 1/4, Section 35, Township 10S, Range 1 East Will. 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, Eugene, Oregon, on the 9th day of February, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Loyd McMaster, Lowell, Ore.; Ora Carter, of Lowell, Ore.; Lanny Winfrey, of Lowell, Ore.; Frank McMaster, of Lowell, Ore.

J. M. UPTON, Register.

## MONEY TO LOAN

—on improved farms and city property, call at my office 32 East 8th Ave, Eugene, or call Phone 568.

F. J. BERGER.

## CALL FOR WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given that I will pay all outstanding Street Improvement warrants up to and including number 6798 and all General Fund warrants up to and including number 6432 against the Town of Springfield. Interest will cease after December 24, 1915. By order of the Town Council.

LILLIAN GORRIE, Treasurer.

Dec. 20-3-7-0.

## Classified Ads

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Furnished house-keeping rooms. Call E. E. Lee, Second Hand Store. 88t

LOST—Signet ring with letter "B". Finder please leave at News office. 9t

CHOICE 160 A.—Wheat and corn farm, improved, three miles from Merino, Colo. Price \$50, per A. Exchange for good farm near Springfield, C. R. Edgar, Merino, Colo. 1t

LOST—White kid glove, black stitching. Finder leave at the News office. 9t