

# THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued from Page 2)

parent company and which would own an invariable 51 per cent of all branch organizations. However, he was not ready for their capital.

Thoughtful figuring on the part of the Cinderburg capitalists.

The American Bang Sun Engine Manufacturing company was a different matter. It was a larger concern, incorporated for a quarter of a million dollars. It would, if all went well, develop into a business of enormous extent, perhaps the most important manufacturing proposition in the world. Gentlemen, the main factory and the headquarters of this monster organization were to be instituted and held in Cinderburg, making this beautiful little city one of the most important commercial centers in the middle west!

Wild applause.

There was no necessity for pointing out the advantages of investment in the Cinderburg Bang Sun Engine, Light, Heat and Power company. Equally obvious, he thought, were the advantages of investment in the American Bang Sun Engine Manufacturing company, for it would manufacture all the sun engines used in the United States. However, he was not yet ready for capital in this company.

A magnificent suit of offices was equipped in Cinderburg's most recent and most imposing skyscraper. In the meantime Wallingford set Mr. Bang at work upon some minute models of the wonderful Bang sun engine, not over a foot in length and six inches in width and two inches in depth, neat and beautifully gilded, and these supported the finest imaginable of buzzers—mere shreds of tongues which alternated between tiny electric magnets—and after these had been set in the sun for a short while they each set up a keen, sharp, small, high note, like an infant cricket's, which spoke volumes for the wonders that the big machines could accomplish.

Then Mr. Wallingford went to Mr. Morley at the Commercial bank and exposed the full breadth of his chest and shoulders, the full pinkness of his round face, the full radiance of his confident smile.

"Morley," said he in the pleasant tone of one requesting a match from a boon companion, "I want to borrow a checking account of \$5,000."

"Glad to accommodate you," said Mr. Morley, his gray face wreathing in an unctuous smile.

"Well," said Wallingford, smiling, "I guess I'll offer you some International Bang Sun Engine stock."

Mr. Morley shook his head and viewed Mr. Wallingford in kindly reproof. "While that stock is undoubtedly of high worth, it isn't collateral, Mr. Wallingford. It represents at present no tangible value and, in fact, is not even issued by an operating concern."

"Oh, I see," said Wallingford, smiling.

"No, I don't believe you do," returned Mr. Morley, complimenting himself internally for being a devil of a sly fellow and an ingenious one. "Even I personally would not care to loan money upon the security."

Mr. Wallingford's face apparently fell. In reality he heaved an inward sigh of satisfaction. "You would not?" he inquired in a crestfallen tone.

"No," insisted Mr. Morley, and then he smiled indulgently and placed his hand in friendly confidence upon Mr. Wallingford's knee. "I might, however, consider the purchase outright of a block of it if the price were made attractive."

"The International stock is not for sale," said Mr. Wallingford stiffly and arose.

"Now, look here, Wallingford," protested Morley, "sit down. Of course I know you've made your money by looking out for the main chance. I understand that you hold personally only five shares of stock each in the local company and in the manufacturing company, but you hold almost 5,000 shares of stock in the parent company, which will hold 51 per cent of the stock in every other branch company ever formed, which will in addition collect a cash license premium from all other branch companies and take a dollar royalty for every sun engine unit manufactured during the life of your overlapping patents, which means indefinitely. Your parent company, Mr. Wallingford, is a great scheme for making Standard Oil look like a small retail concern. But in the meantime the Commercial bank will be in a position to do a great many favors for all three of your companies. For instance, you say the International has no treasury stock for sale."

"No," Wallingford assented.

"Then when it gets ready to extend its business it will need funds."

"Not at all," denied Wallingford. "The premiums it receives for the establishment of new local branches will carry on all its necessary expenses. Later on patent litigation may take quite a bit, but that cannot come before receipts begin to pour in. You may not know that 10 per cent of International's receipts from all sources is to go into a sinking fund for patents and patent litigation alone."

"Correct," said Morley, nodding his head in decided approval. "That shows your shrewd wisdom, the farsighted business principles, Mr. Wallingford, which have made you what you are and which have inspired the confidence of business men in you," and he looked anew at Mr. Wallingford's well fed, well treated and well

groomed bulk. "I will buy some of that stock right now, Mr. Wallingford. Five thousand dollars' worth."

"You will not!" decided the great capitalist angrily and stalked out, refusing to turn at Morley's urgent call. Morley followed him to the entrance to the bank.

Wallingford, listening comfortably to his big auto chugging away down at the curb, sat waiting for the time to arrive when he should go to the train to meet the girls and look about the magnificent offices of the International Bang Sun Engine company with much satisfaction. A visitor coming into this abode of commercial wealth found himself in a splendid anteroom, floored with a rich rug and furnished with heavy Flemish furniture. Beyond, separated by a Flemish railing, were neatly attired girls, indexing at top speed from a huge Bradstreet book possible promoters of branch Bang Sun Engine, Light, Heat and Power companies all over the United States. To the left was a big board room with a long, green topped table and heavy Flemish chairs in solemn rows about it and neat little pads of board paper and a patent inkwell and pens and pencils in front of each chair. To the right were two splendidly fitted private rooms, lettered respectively "Mr. Bang" and "Mr. Wallingford." Here was a solid, going concern: one founded upon a rock; one which was easy with the click of typewriters and the indescribable thrill of a vastly successful enterprise; one that

teled Dana T. Morley's chauffeur that these were the same New York women who had bought the options and that they had come to sell the Sun Engine company some land and that there was a millionaire here that wanted to buy the privilege of lighting and heating and furnishing power to Boston with Bang Sun engines and that his (the chauffeur's) head was so full of patent company talk that he didn't dare take another drink or he'd be too dizzy to drive.

A man so bold that a nearsighted porter had once mistaken him for an are lamp came into the Commercial just at the close of business and presented a check drawn by Mr. Daw on the Guaranty and Fidelity of New York. The check was made out to W. O. Jones, was for \$100 and bore the indorsement of J. Rufus Wallingford.

"This guy Daw says he ain't got any account here," explained Mr. Jones, "but I guess this guy Wallingford's all right."

The names of Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford brought President Morley straight over to the paying teller's window.

"The check is perfectly good," he observed, but he looked dubiously at W. O. Jones. "Do you know Mr. Daw or Mr. Wallingford?"

"Say, I know this guy Daw like a thief knows a fly cop," growled Oulton Jones. "Say, there's a guy has so much money that if he drops any he kicks it out of the road. Say, you get that guy Daw pickled and he'll tell his past, present and future. Say, him and this guy Wallingford are as chummy as a pair of apes. Say, split one of those bills, will you, so I can get two-thirty-five out of it."

Mr. Morley was thoughtful for a long half hour after Mr. Jones had left him, then he walked slowly out of the side door of the bank and went over to Wallingford's hotel. In the bar he walked slowly over to Mr. Wallingford and received an introduction to Mr. Daw and greeted that Boston millionaire with great effusiveness, and invited him to dinner, and hastily declined an invitation to a drink.

He was not a drinking man, Dana T. Morley; he was a teetotaler, but on his way home he bought some whisky and hid it from his wife, who was more of



Morley Followed Him to the Entrance to the Bank.

was an absolute and perfect picture of constantly flowing streams of money—real, spendable money.

Into this hive of golden activity came, with a quick, nervous step, an extremely ministerially garbed man, tall and slender, his eyes and hair as black as his Prince Albert and as shiny as his silk hat. This gentleman, refusing to send in his name, pushed breezily into the inner sanctum and slipped J. Rufus on the broad back.

"You're pinched for loitering in a graveyard," he announced.

"Hello, Blackie!" exclaimed Wallingford, clasping the hand of the visitor.

"Ready for the grand tableau," said Wallingford, closing his eyes to chuckle. "You're the red fire."

"All right," said Blackie, "touch a match to me."

"I'll do that on the way down to the train," returned J. Rufus. "The girls are coming."

"That's why I'm here ahead of time," grinned Blackie.

The chauffeur was not visible when they reached the sidewalk, and after honking the horn a few times, Wallingford and Blackie climbed into the trolley.

"How's the game, J. Rufus?" asked Daw. "Good, I guess, from the front you put up. Any time I see too much padded leather in a new office I shift my wad to an inside pocket and button my vest."

"This town swallows 'em without plugging back the wings," declared J. Rufus with enthusiasm. "It is composed of the direct descendants of the Jonah that swallowed the whale."

"They sure did need you, then," responded Blackie with conviction. "In that particular line you're the greatest throat specialist on earth. I've seen you make people swallow a line of bunk that would gag a hippopotamus."

Further intimate conversation was stopped by the appearance of the chauffeur, who came through a nearby swinging door, hastily wiping his mustache.

When the 10:30 came thundering in a few moments later the two knights of industry hurried back to the Pullman, from which there emerged the two beautiful Warden girls in exquisite traveling suits, Fanny in brown and Violet in blue. Aunt Pattie in gray came last, with a face full of concern.

There was no hilarious greeting, however. The Warden ladies were demurely courteous to Mr. Wallingford, who introduced himself, and they suppressed the dance in their eyes as Wallingford in the sight of such Cinderburgians as were there assembled gravely introduced the Boston millionaire. Then the five climbed into the auto, and the chauffeur, his ears reddening from their intent listening, drove up Main street, past the Commercial bank, to the offices of Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Bang and went over immediately to

teled Dana T. Morley's chauffeur that these were the same New York women who had bought the options and that they had come to sell the Sun Engine company some land and that there was a millionaire here that wanted to buy the privilege of lighting and heating and furnishing power to Boston with Bang Sun engines and that his (the chauffeur's) head was so full of patent company talk that he didn't dare take another drink or he'd be too dizzy to drive.

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"The Warden girls took patent company stock for their land. But they wanted cash." Another wink. "See?" Another wink. "I'm gonna buy it myself."

Laughing hilariously at this good joke, Blackie Daw rose and wandered out into the night air. Morley grabbed his hat. At the library door he met Mrs. Morley, whose nose went straight up.

"Dana," she shrieked, "what is this I smell?"

"Whisky!" he snapped, and dashed out of the front door.

He was on the dead run when he overtook and passed Blackie Daw, and he was out of breath when he sent up his card to the Warden ladies at their hotel. When he came down he had that stock in the parent company!

"Fine work," chuckled J. Rufus Wallingford as Fanny Warden vigorously crossed the name of Dana T. Morley from the little book.

"It was the Boston millionaire who did the trick," exulted Blackie.

"Yes, it was," admitted Wallingford, considering the matter from a scientific standpoint. "Without that Morley wouldn't have bought as much as \$70,000 worth."

"He wanted \$100,000 worth," suggested Aunt Pattie thoughtfully. "But I wouldn't have sold him more than the amount he owes the Warden estate even if we had had it."

"We'll instruct Ed Bang to come back and sell him the other \$30,000 worth," laughed Wallingford. "Then Ed can experiment the rest of his life. By George!" He suddenly frowned. "We forgot to sting him for the expense fund!"

"Oh, no we didn't!" and Violet giggled as she snatched her hand bag. "I'm getting to be a financier myself. It was my happy little idea to sell Dana T. Morley the balance of our options on a future sun spots." And she triumphantly laid in Wallingford's hand, which already held Morley's check for \$70,000, his further check for \$20,000.

"Shake, pal!" shouted Blackie, and she dodged him.

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



1915 a Busy Year

(Continued from Page 1.)

buried here.

The home of Tad Tomlinson of Douglas Gardens was destroyed by fire.

Springfield passed a quiet Fourth.

July 8. Rev. R. G. Callison, a pioneer minister of the Christian church, at one time county superintendent, died while addressing a congregation at Turner on "The Pioneer Minister."

Thos. Smith, civil war veteran died at Jasper, aged 86.

July 15. Hundreds of Springfield people saw the Liberty Bell at Eugene.

July 19. Levi Revere, for many years a resident of this city, engaged in the house moving business, died at the county hospital, aged 67.

Unpaved streets of the city oiled.

July 26. Annual reunion of the Seavey family at the home of James Seavey on the McKenzie River: 42 present.

July 29. Joe Clark, a bright Springfield boy, cleared a playmate, a girl of 9, from drowning in the Santiam river.

The logs from the Coburg mill to be hauled here.

Aug. 2. County Superintendents' report shows 12,044 pupils in Lane County.

Aug. 5. Springfield Flour Mill incorporated.

Aug. 9. In the month of July 733 cars of freight handled in the Springfield yards.

Aug. 12. Council wrestling with the billboard problem.

Aug. 19. In pursuance of plans adopted at a mass meeting a free camp ground for automobile tourists was opened. Simon Klovdahl, of Eugene, tendered his garage building and half block of ground for the purpose. zie river: 42 present.

Mrs. Louisa J. Scott, of Landax, connected and well known here, died there, aged 83.

abotko pTJhh Jyeh e n aqaJt for sometime a resident of Springfield died at Waltherville from the effects of injuries received by being thrown from a buggy. Age about 60.

Aug. 26. Odd Fellows of the county joined in a picnic at West Springfield.

Rev. W. N. Ferris assumes pastorate of Baptist church.

Springfield's auto camp becoming popular.

Aug. 30. M. J. Powell threshed 1200 bushels of oats from 20 acres.

Auto truck loaded with lumber for Coburg broke through the McKenzie River bridge.

Former Pennsylvanians held a picnic at West Springfield.

Sept. 6. James A. Ebbert,

Nov. 25. "Economy and harmony" the keynote of the new mayor's inaugural address.

Gus Redmond, a new employee was severely and A. C. Travis slightly hurt by sliding timbers at the Booth-Kelly timber slip.

No. 29. Union Thanksgiving services held in the Baptist church. Rev. H. S. Wilkinson, M. E. Pastor in Eugene preached in place of Rev. J. T. Moore, absent on account of sickness.

Dec. 2.—Council fixes 1916 tax levy at 17 mills.

Mill employes present John Tomseth, retiring superintendent, with gold watch and chain.

Hitches in council over confirmation of appointments.

Dec. 6. Foundation laid for large new refuse burner at the Booth-Kelly mill.

Rainfall during November twice the normal. Some every day.

Rev. E. G. Landin of Seattle arrives to take charge of the Marcola Methodist circuit.

Dec. 9. Cecil Horning, one of the contractors wrecking the old refuse burner at the B-K mill, fell from a height of 100 feet, was caught 25 feet below, and escaped with a broken shoulder.

Dec. 13. Hauling of gravel from the Natron pits for the Willamette-Pacific suspended the winter.

Dec. 10. J. M. McPherson, a veteran employee of the Booth-Kelly company, a well known citizen of Springfield, died on the dock of heart failure soon after an altercation with a fellow workman.

Dec. 20. A. F. Skeim of Eugene a telegraph lineman, on a speeder, collide with an S. P. train near Springfield Junction, and died in Cottage Grove that night.

Revival meetings begin at the Christian church under direction of the pastor, Rev. E. C. Wigmore and Singing Evangelist Webb.

Dec. 27. Edward Bradley, aged 39, working on the ground at the new B. K. burner, struck on the head by a block of wood falling from the conveyor, and died in a few hours.

Dec. 30. A. J. Perkins erecting a six-room house for W. N. Long.

The old year closed with five inches of fresh snow.

Notice to Water Consumers

Water consumers are asked not to leave faucets open to prevent freezing. Nearly all services are provided with drain valves at the sidewalk. We can not guarantee fire protection unless the practice of leaving faucets open to prevent freezing is stopped.

OREGON POWER CO.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness during the last illness and at the death of our brother, C. L. Strubin. Especially would we thank the friends for the floral offerings.

F. W. STRUBIN AND FAMILY.

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. 05285, for SW¼, Section 32, Township 19S, 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.; Lanky Winfrey, of Lowell, Ore.; Frank McMaster, of Lowell, Ore.

J. M. UPTON, Register.

THE GOOD JUDGE GIVES FIRST AID.

JUDGE, THAT FELLOW CAUGHT ME OFF MY GUARD—HIT ME IN THE EYE AND STOLE MY POUCH OF W-B CUT—THE NEW CUT REAL TOBACCO CHEW.

THEN TAKE SOME OF MINE AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON.

COME ups, come downs, the quality of W-B CUT Chewing—the Real Tobacco Chew, new cut, long shred, is always the same. Rich tobacco means less grinding, less spitting, a better chew, a longer chew—and a small chew takes the place of the big wad that men had to put up with in the ordinary kind.

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LOST—White kid glove, black stitching. Finder leave at News office. 94