The Lane County News

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CRUX OF WATER POWER QUESTION

A great deal of loose talking is being done on the subject of water power in the Wset. To be sure, it is an important subject but for this very reason it ought to be considered in the calm light of good judgment rather than in a spirit of political frenzy. Serving the interests of the people of the West, instead of advancing or retarding the interests of this or that political group, ought to be the chief purpose to be kept in mind. Unfortunately, this has not been the case.

The Register does not presume to speak for all the people of the West. It believes, however, that it is not far wrong in stating their wishes about as follows:

They want to see as rapid development of water-power projects as the market for electrical energy will possibly permit.

They want such regulation of the granting of water-power rights as will prevent acquisition without development acquisition without development—that is, they want to prevent any individual or corporation from following the dog-in-the-manger policy of filing on valuable water power sites and then holding them out of use.

They want the power to tax any valuable developments that are made, just as other property is taxed.

Along these lines they are anxious to see the fullest possible development of the water-power resources. They are anxious to attract private capital to bring about this desired development, and they want such safeguards as will assure those who have the capital that they need not hesitate to invest it here. The West wants development. It wants investors. It wants the better business and the better living conditions that development of valuable resources will bring.

Take Lane county as an example. There can be no doubt that every person of good common sense wants to see the great Clear Lake project carried out as soon as possible and to that end wants safeguards provided for those who invest their money at Clear Lake. Of what value to the public is this project so long as it is undeveloped? Of what value are the numerous other power sites in the mountains bordering the Upper Willamette Valley so long as they lie idle and unused? They will turn no wheels; they will light and heat no house; they will add not one cent to the taxable valuation or the progress of the community until they are developed, and they cannot be developed without the investment of money. The money will not be forthcoming unless there is assurance of fair treatment.

Certain agitators are professing to see dire visions of monopoly of all the water power of the West. But ther are other visions equally dire. One of them is reservation, through restrictive legislation, of all the water power in the streams on Government land. One vision is about as unpleasant as the other, but because of numerous examples of reservation that are close at hand the latter is the more [illegible] understood.—Register.

A power company gets a "permit" to spend $5,000,000. There wase a time when a company contemplating such an expenditure would have been "encouraged." But that was in the enterprising, pre-regulation period. —Exchange.

And now the country's greatest industry, railroading, is in danger of a strike, just as it is getting on its feet after a long depression. A strike would be a calamity for all other industries as well as the railroads.

California voted wet, and according to the flood reports, she got it. Oregon voted dry, but she, too, is getting a bit of dampness.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Who appears in a Selig Co. Three-Reel Drama, "Ebb Tide" at the Bell Theatre, Thursday night only.

The New Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford

Read it here NOW—Then see it all in Moving Pictures

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," and CHARLES W. GODDARD

Apples and Egg Beaters

"IT is well known that an egg cannot see by daylight," observed Blackie Daw, with the frown of earnest logic on his brow, and Jim Wallingford, smiling cordially, looked from Blackie to the tall young stranger and waited. "Very well, then," went on Blackie, "you approach your egg from the left hand side, walking cautiously. Reaching out suddenly, you clutch your egg just behind the gills and whip it into a light froth with one of Pushman's egg whiffers. This is Pushman."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Pushman," laughed Wallingford, shaking hands heartily. "I never can tell quite what this idiot means, but I judge that you are in the egg beating business."

"Kitchen novelties," agreed the young man, accepting Wallingford's best chair. He was a smooth shaven chap with a clear eye and a pleasant smile, and he wore the clothing of a prosperous young business man, combined with a look of care between the eyebrows. "Mr. Daw is an old, old friend of mine. I met him for the

"You approach your egg from the left hand side," said Blackie.

first time in the hotel bar downstairs half an hour ago, and he insisted that you would like to give me some business advice."

J. Rufus Wallingford glanced speculatively at his partner.

"My pal here is up to his neck in financial difficulties, Jim," Blackie explained, giving Wallingford time to study the prospective business associate. "The diversion of egg whilling is not so popular as he had supposed it to be, and it takes money to buy drinks."

"I'll be jiggered if I know how my old friend Daw discovered that I am in a hole," smiled young Mr. Pushman, in perplexity, and he cast a wondering glance at Blackie. "I bought promptly when the bartender introduced us, and I said that business was good."

"Blackie has bunches," smiled Wallingford.

"What's the matter with your egg beater?" then he suddenly inquired.

"They won't buy them," and young Pushman smoothed his pompadour in concern. "I've a thousand dollars' worth of them crated, ready for delivery, but no place to send them."

Wallingford nodded gravely.

"Sink all your money?"

"Well, no," smiled the young man. Wallingford noted that his eyes were rather too close together. "I sank G. W. Slookum's. I'm willing to go on with the business, but G. W.'s no sport."

J. Rufus hitched forward.

"Oh, Slookum!" he said, and he smiled approvingly at Blackie. "Slookum has all kinds of money, I believe."

"Six." It was Blackie who answered this, hitching forward and leaning his thin arms on the table. "Gold, silver, nickel, copper, bills and just money."

"Slookum is the village mortgage holder," stated Pushman.

The big, round pink face of J. Rufus Wallingford wreathed itself in a jovial smile.

"I honestly believe you'd sting Slookum," he guessed.

Young Pushman folded his arms on the table.

"How?"

"You're not incorporated?"

"No."

"That's the answer; we'll incorporate."

"Then what?" It was Blackie who asked this. J. Rufus frequently incorporated, but his movements from then on were always different.

"I don't know," returned Wallingford carelessly. "The chief value of incorporation is to get some of Slookum's money out of the old blue sock in the chimney; then we can make friends with it."

"And," stated Blackie Daw, "there's no minted money which we so much crave just now as G. W. Slookum's."

"I gathered that," said young Pushman, looking puzzled. "Mr. Daw was immediately interested when he found I had some connection with Slookum. Why?"

"Old G. W. skinned some friends of ours," explained Wallingford briefly.

"Ever hear of President Warden of the Western Consolidated Railroad system?" inquired Blackie, straddling a chair. "Well, when Warden died his business rival, E. B. Falls, who never had a chance to beat Warden at any game, robbed his orphans. George Washington Slookum was one of the piker tools who helped in the manipulation by telling a few lies. His share was"—

"Just a minute," chuckled J. Rufus, touching a button. "Mr. Pushman may as well meet the Warden orphans. We'll probably make them his office assistants anyhow. Their part most likely will be to give away office secrets."

In a few minutes, in answer to Wallingford's politely telephoned invitation, two strikingly pretty young ladies came into the parlor and were introduced as Fanny and Violet Warden.

"I understand it perfectly now," said young Pushman, smiling into the blue eyes of the vivacious Violet, and Blackie Daw tugged fiercely at his mustache.

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G. W. Slookum sat at the back door of his suburban farmhouse, with the glory of the autumn spread before him, and on his knees was a shotgun, loaded with rock salt. Just in the center of vision of G. W.'s wrinkle squinted eyes was a big walnut tree, anxious to drop its frost ripened nuts. In the field, vibrating between the walnut tree and the orchard, were a farm hand and a bull terrier, but G. W. Slookum trusted neither of these, since there is no guardian of property so faithful as the owner thereof.

"There's a couple of strangers to see you, paw." Bent and wrinkled Mrs. Slookum said this, and she said it with her hands folded.

"Paw" Slookum rubbed a gnarled thumb up and down the barrel of his old gun.

"Town folks or country folks?" he inquired, in a voice which grated.

"City folks, paw. They look rich."

"Huh!" grunted Slookum. "Agents, I guess." He leaned his gun carefully in the corner and rose. He smoothed down his black alpaca coat and gave a jerk at his little black string tie; then he stepped briskly into the parlor, where he found a large, broad chested, pink faced man, with a $2,000 diamond in his cravat, and a tall, thin, black haired and black mustached man in a quiet, ministerial Prince Albert.

"This is Mr. Slookum, I believe," greeted the large man suavely. He held his silk hat across his wrist, and bowed with aggravating ease. "I am J. Rufus Wallingford, Mr. Slookum, and this is Horace G. Daw.

"I am about to interest Mr. Daw with me in the Pushman Kitchen Novelty company," went on Wallingford. "You have a splendidly promising infant industry there, Mr. Slookum."

"Yes," shrilled Mr. Slookum, his mouth squeezing in. "It's been promising a long time."

"It has lacked capital," declared Wallingford. "Have you ever looked over Mr. Pushman's books?"

"Yes." He could have made the same answer with a saw file. The corners of his nose wrinkled up toward his eyes. "I've been down there a dozen times to see what chance there was to get my money back, and I won't look at 'em any more. There's nothing in 'em but expense accounts, and if I don't get my next note when it's due I'll close up young Pushman. He dresses too fine."

"That is a business asset," responded Wallingford. "Look at me. Look at my friend, Mr. Daw. Could we make the money we do without good clothes? Certainly not!" and he swelled his broad chest complacently. "I'm a professional promoter, Mr. Slookum."

"Oh," commented Mr. Slookum, inspecting Wallingford curiously from hair to shoes; "I've heard of promoters. I don't do business with 'em."

"You'll do business with me," confidently predicted Wallingford, and he chuckled.

When, after some further parley, it looked as if Wallingford would induce Slookum to invest, Jimmy Wallingford, J. Rufus' young nephew, and Toad Jessup were caught stealing walnuts, and Slookum indignantly ordered J. Rufus off the premises.

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"My notion about it is that we should cheer up," observed Blackie Daw, with a grin at the unsmiling face of J. Rufus. "What we need is to forget our sorrows and go digging for jiggerbait."

"Will you keep still?" requested Wallingford. "I am trying to think."

"All right, Jim," agreed Blackie, with a wink at Pushman. "I couldn't tell it from just looking at you, but I've this to say: If you were thinking the way you looked you'd be better off if you went jiggerbaiting. You locate a jiggerbait by ear, Pushman. It makes a sound like a peanut, and"—

There was a giggle from the bay window, a giggle which was instantly suppressed as young Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup bent serious, earnest faces on their game of checkers. They were trying to make as little noise as possible on this rainy day of gloom. Brief as that giggle was, however, it brought them immediately into undesired prominence.

"You kids are going home!" J. Rufus promptly informed them.

Toad Jessup, who had been meek as long as he could, turned squarely away from his checkerboard with a jerk.

"All right; we'll go home," he stated. "We're not having much fun here." Jimmy looked at him with a quiet smile, but he said nothing, nor did he alter his position over the checkerboard. "We didn't do anything out at old Slookum's," went on Toad. He had been interrupted some twenty times at this point of his explanation, but he was capable of going on twenty times more, until he should be able in mere justice to testify in his own behalf. "Those walnuts were ripe, and they were right near the road, and it wouldn't have hurt old Slookum to let

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Jas. Corsaw has re-opened his shoe repair shop in the west half of the Stevens bicycle shop, Main St. near Seventh.