# \*\*\*\*\* THE NEW **ADVENTURES OF** J. RUFUS WALLINGFOR

#### (Continued from Page 2)

us pick up a rew or them. And we didn't know they were his anyway."

"You knew they were not yours," snapped Wallingford, and then he proceeded to show Tond an algebraic problem. He was releating. This was the first time he had condescended to argue the question. . . . .

The golden sun descended behind the fringe of trees, and G. W. Slookum sat gazing into the glorified west with his head craned toward the orchard. "Mr. Pushinan, paw." It was Mrs.

Slookum, with her hands folded.

"Un-hunh!" Slookum grunted when Pushman declared he'd take up his note. "Business pickin' up?" And he sat down to his old bookcase desk.

"Fine," stated young Pushman, with enthusiasm. "I found a New York lobber to handle my goods, and he's ceeping me busy. He takes the ten ay discount too. About next week I'd ke to discount that second note."

With a Jerk Mr. Slookum stopped riting. "You don't want to do that?" e hastily advised. "You don't want · cramp your producing power. I'll tend this note if you say na."

"No trouble about that." And the

loney in this town, so I've taken in outside capital-Mr. Wallingford." Slookum's head came up with a jerk. "You be careful of that man." he

warned. "He's a skinner." . . .

Just outside the fence of G. W. Slookum's field waited young Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessup with their caps in their hands, and the caps were filled with walnuts. No such exhibition of patience and spartan fortitude had ever before been given by this pair. For nearly an hour they stood, and occasionally they giggled, and occasionally they east quick glances over their shoulders at the house, but for the most part they merely held themselves in sober waiting with an intentness which was little short of businesslike.

At last G. W. Slookum came around the corner of the house. Though he had been in plain sight of the walnut tree and of the orchard, some uneasy instinct had warned him of the presence of boys. He took off his near glasses and put on his faraway glasses. then shrilled. "Hey, you, Andy!"

He hurried straight down the walk and out along the road. The farm hand came clomping up from the barn, the hard, white bull terrier stretching along ahead of him. The two boys stood their ground

"Aha: I caught you at it!" yelled Slookuri. "Don't you touch us!" warned Toad.

"We're not on your property '

That warning was just in time, for Slookum had been about to lay hands on them. He knew that law of tres-





"Look at me; look at my friend Mr. Daw."

ung manufacturer lit a big eigar the fence and grabbed the caps out of There was no hope of my setting the boys' hands. He flung the walnuts inside the field as far as he could and then tossed the caps outside the fence

"Now go home or I'll spank you!" he threatened.

"We don't nave to go home!" Toad's voice rose in shrill triumph. "This is our road! We're part of the public! We can stay right here as long as we want to?

For the first time Jimmy Wallingford spoke. He was not definit like Tond. He was quilet, and at the corners of his lips lurked a smile which had in it a trace of insolence.

"You must give us back our walnuts," and his clear eyes gazed steadily into the bendy ones of G. W. Slookum

"What did you say?" erackled Slookim in astonishment.

nuts," repeated Jimmy Semiy, "We son, The mortgage can still stand as can have you arrested for highway a Hen, however, against the absorbing robbery."

"You young thieves!" snorted Slookm. "Of all the impudence!"

"We can prove they were our walnuts," went on Jimmy, entirely unruilled, though the light of a peculiar satisfaction began to gleam in his eyes. "We bought them this morning at a grocery store, and there were four people saw us buy them. Here is the 'heck." He produced a pink grocer's slip, bearing the single item, "Walnuts, 25."

"Give them back their walnuts!" or-

dered Slookum savagely. That was enough. Tond Jessup put uis thumb and his foretinger in his Pushman Kitchen Utensil company to

hand in the eye with a well seasoned joining her another tall desk tabeled ford "Pollet wired me, and I wired fist. It was the same eye which Tond Jessup had greeted with a hard, green walnut.

. . . . . 18. G. W. Slookum sat at his back door. The walnuts were gone and the apples were picked, and there was nothing to watch. But he sat there and watch-M H.

"There's a stranger, paw." It was Mrs. Slookum, but not even her voice to lunch." was meek. In the past two weeks she had been aggravated to the point of re-Lellion.

"Who is it?" The voice of Mr. Slookum was particularly harsh. In the past two weeks he had strained it. man wanted me to come around and Mrs. Slookum did not even tell him to look at the books. He wants to sell me go and find out for bimself. She had some stock." disappeared on the delivery of her first

message. Mumbling and grumbling. G. W. went into the horsehalr room, and the stranger proved to be none other than Hornce G. Daw, who, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his black Prince Albert, was stalking diagonally across the room.

"Sir." said Horace G, Daw, "I am a much abused man!" and he deliberately bent the end of his spiked mustache

and inserted it between his teeth. "Un-hunh!" agreed Slookum, and he grinned.

"I am the victim of injustice!" ranted Mr. Daw, tousling his black hair down over his forehead. "I am bent on revenge! Revenge, Mr. Slookum! Revence on that scoundrel, J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Un-hunh!" agreed Slookum. But there was more animation in his tone. "Have you or have you not two mort-

more notes against the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company, each for \$1,000 and interest?'

Mr, Slookum studied Blackie Daw slowly. "What about it?" he asked, rubbing

his clawlike hands over each other as If he were trying to wring an idea from them

"Listen!" Blackie Daw stopped and held one hand aloft. "I wish to purchase those notes.'

Again long and deliberate thought on the part of Mr. Slookum.

"Why?" he asked.

you?"

"Well, maybe."

"Then here it is. Those notes are in the name of Pushman Kitchen Utensil. company. That company has grown out of existence, having been merged into The Pushman Kitchen Utensil company, now incorporated. Since the original company does not exist it cannot take up those notes, and you can "You must give us back our wais refuse settlement from any other percompany and can be held until such time as that company might be in temporary difficulties. Then, by thunder, I can make trouble with them!"

"That's dang nonsense," crackled Slookum. "You don't know the law, or you wouldn't think up a scheme like that. I tried it once."

It was Blackle Daw's time to pause, and he did it most crestfallenly. "You're cochsure I can't do that?"

"As sure as gospel!" "Then there's only one other way." Blackle now sat down, with his hands on his knees and his neck bolt upright. "I'll have to buy enough stock in the

"Mr. Pushman." Near'the typewriter was a large deak labeled "Mr. Wal-Hagford," and on her table was a howi of sweetheart roses.

"Mr. Pushman In?" asked Mr. Slookam, his eyes narrowing. Fanny Warden went right on typing.

but Violet looked around at him invectly.

"Too bad?" Slookum rubbed his

hands together and beamed paternally on the blue eyed one. The brown eyed one turned to him at that moment, and he beamed at her also. "Mr. Push-

Violet looked at him with wide eyes for a moment, then turned to Fanny

with a troubled brow. "Do you suppose it would be all right, Fanny?" she inquired, suppressing the triumphant sparkle in her

ores "I don't know," hesitated Fanny. "I'm afraid Mr. Wallingford might not

like iL" "Oh, yes, he will," Mr. Slookum hastily assured them. "You just walt." Beaming on them archly, he slowly reached a hand in each cost pocket and as slowly withdrew them. In his right hand he held a bedraggied little bunch of geraniums and in the other a solled bag of peppermints. He presented the geraniums to Violet and the peppermints to Fanny. "Now I guess you two purty young ladies will run out and take a little walk and let me take care of the office.'

They hesitated. They glanced at each other dubiously. Then, overcome by the flattering attentions of G. W. Slookum, they escaped his fatherly pats on the shoulder and went out through the factory door and giggled themselves half sick, while G. W. Slook-'um plunged feverishly into the oidce

the ladies, by ying: Young Pushman burried into the apartments of J. Rufus Wallingford In the Hotel Dingle, slammed his derby on the table, dropped a bag on the floor, plumped himself into the big

"Well, we're clean?" he exuited and.

50

Pollet to order \$3,000 worth." "They'll have to be new goods,"

dollars' worth of eng beaters to Paul Pollet and back twenty-four times? "And Paul paid each every time," chuckled Wallingford. "However, the "No, sir," she said. "He has gone dividend we declared just before we incorporated got us back that money. What's here, Pushman?"

"Seventy-five thousand even."

Wallingford shook his bead.

Rotten we had to sell \$25,000 for the treasury," he worried. "But it wouldn't have been safe to have set aside any more promotion stock. First of all, we'll take out that \$3.000 for next week's shipment." And he counted the money to one side. "Then we'll take out \$12,000 for expenses." He shoved that money to one side. "We won't count the triffe we lost when I turned morning, nor will we count the \$3,000 comes out of the expenses. We have

here \$60,000 to divide." After the settlement had been made and young Pushman had gone away Rufus Wallingford sat silently on the arm of the couch, with a look of deep trouble on his brow. Blackle for a hasty departure, chatted cheerfully, as he worked, about the habits of the spoofenyoung, a strange game fish which roosted on coral branches and could only be enticed by fiquor. Receiving no answer to his invitation to go spoofenyounging, Biackie suddenly paused.

"Now, don't you worry about little Jimmy," he advised. "He's a fine kid?" "Certainly he is." agreed Walling- Perry. ford.

"I can lick anybody who hints that he isn't. That kid's only smart!"

"That's right." again agreed Wallingford, but he let Blackle Unish the packing by himself and went out to olned Fannie Warden. He seemed to

need comforting. [Another adventure next week.]

and Thursday.

## POWERFUL TRANSFORMER INSTALLED AT O. A. C.

The 350,000 volt transformer | Innis, Deceased, that was on exhibition for de- JOHN C MULLEN, Attorney, monstrational purposes at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, has been purchased by the O. A. C. department of Electrical Engineering and has been installed in remarkable high power and spectacular action in operation. It is a veritable lightning maker a considerable distance from the voltage is more than five times the 31st day of January, A. D., 1916. as great as that of any commercial transformer used in the Pacific Northwest and it is cen- J M. DEVERS, siderably higher than any on the Attorney for Estate. Jan. 31-Feb.28

and in preparing some spectacular demonstrations for the Engrinned Blackle Daw, fondling the gineering show February 14 and money. "Say, do you know we've 15, when it may be inspectedshipped Pashman's original thousand at long range, however, by the public.

> The department hopes soon to add to its equipment various types of oscillographs and other refinements that will make the laboratory of high tension phenomena of any in the Northwest.

### FOREST RANGERS TO FEED GAME AND BIRDS

The District Forester at Portland, Ore., has issued a circular letter to all Forest officers, urging them to feed game and birds in their respective localities during storm periods.

The National Forest approprithose mortgages over to the bank this ation is limited to the care of fish and game supplied to stock which we are to pay Paul Pollet. That the Forests or the waters therein, and cannot be used for the purchase of food for game and birds. However, the matter is a most worthy one, especially during the year of exceptional storms, and each forest officer Daw, tossing things into their grips is urged not only to use his best efforts to furnish game animals and game and song birds with something in the way of food, but is asked to appeal to ranchers and stockmen generally in his vicinity to do their part in aiding the work.

-Colgate's Talcums 15c at

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate . of John B. Innis, deceased has filed his final account with the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, and that an order has been made and entered of record directing this notice and setting See the Wallingford pictures Friday the 25th day of February, 1916, at the Bell Theatre Wednesday at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., for the hearing of objections, if any to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

SQUIRE INNIS. Administrator of the estate of John B.

103-5t-1w

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

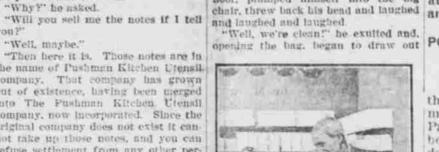
Notice is hereby given that S. W. Cranmer has been appointed adminthe College shops. This piece of intrator of the estate of Lucy C. Cranelectrical machinery excited a mer, deceased. All persons having great deal of at.ention whenever claims against the said estate are hereit was operated because of its by notified to present the same, duly verified, with the proper vouchers, to the said administrator, at the law offices of J. M. Devers in Eugene, Oreand must always be operated at gon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this Sumhigh power circuit. The 350,000 mons, to wit: within six months from S. W. CRANMER.

Administrator.

entire Pacific Coast with the sin-Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oreable for tests of insulators and Notice is hereby given that Joseph other equipment of the nowar Wakefield, of Vida, Oregon, who on duct testingwo rk for different to make Final Three-year Proof, to Meridan, has filed notice of intention Wallingford, his big pink face wreath. companies that are having diffi-ed in smiles, leaned his arms on the culties with their high voltage transmission lines. A large part mission, at his office at Eugene, Ore of these investigations will be gon, on the 18th day of February, 1916. Claimant names as witnesses: John "Not a share! Old Slookum couldn't made by seniors an dgraduate Rennie, Eugene, Oregon; Louis Tate, get down to me quick enough to beat students under the direction of of Vida, Oregon; John Low, of Vida, Blackle Daw to it, and he took the en- Professor Dearborn, head of the Oregon; Charles Neal, of Vida, Oregon. J. M. UPTON, Jan. 6-Feb. 10. Register.

books. Guess he knew how to handle

opening the bag, began to draw out



passing quite well, however. The white dog know it too. He leaped and jerked and barked inside the feace and ran up and down in panting impatience, but he made no move to come into the road. Andy lenned on the fence just behind the boys. He was a pickled faced man, with an indiscriminate sort of yeilow mustache.

"Put back those walnuts!" ordered Andy.

"We don't have to put em pack, immediately announced Toad. Jimmy had not a word to say. He stood quietly listening to Toad, with a little half suile. "They're our wainuts."

"You stole 'cm?" charged Slookum. Suddenly the bired band reached over

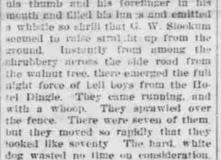


FOR SALE-An apportunity you cannot afford to miss whether you need a home or are a man of means that would like to make a few hundred dollars on a small investment. Here it is-A house, lot and barn, close to the business center of Springfield for \$450. Just about one half its real value. Title perfect. Address J. O. Richmond, Newport. Oregon.

FOR SALE-Nearly new 6-hole Banquet steel range with hot water coll and connections, Also two small heating stoves. See Beebe at Peery's drug store.

INFORMATION WANTED-Concerning the whereabouts of Elmer and Charlie Woods who worked at Saginaw during the summer of 1914 hauling wood Any information would be appreciated, Address Peder Ophus, Eugene, Ore. Jan. 27-13

LOOK INTO THIS At Once-the west 1/2 fractional block 58, west end of D street. House barn, wood shed, boarded well 58 feet deep; worth at least \$1,000. If taken at once \$600. Orosi, Calif.



dog wasted no time on consideration. He started across the field in a straight. streak, and the tallest bellhoy, who was thirty-two years of age and a retired prize fighter, met him with a minnowseine, and the skirmish line parted, leaving nu astonished dog rolling on the ground and trying to paw his way out of that net. The skirmish

line, with whoops and cheers and much



Wallingford Proceeded to Show Toad an Algebraic Problem.

laughter, charged on the walnut tree with irresistible enthusiasm. Clubs and stones flew up among the branches like a bombardment from a gatling Write to owner E. E. Basey, battery. The tallest bellboy paused for first a moment to "naste" the hired chrysanthemums and immediately ad-

vote my enemy out of office. Mr. Slookum, who was an excellent

listener, cocked his head sideways at that.

"How much money would that take?

"Fifty-one thousand dollars or more." Blackie's reply was prompt and sharp. "The company's incorporated for a hundred thousand, and Fushman has the sale of the stock. They're snapping it up like hot cakes around town today because the company in my suit against them showed a profit even on \$100,000 capitalization of over 150 per cent a year."

G. W. Slookum gulped, and a spasm of pain twitched at all his wrinkles. "Yes, I figured that out myself," he

corroborated. "Well, Pushman don't like Wallingford."

"I'll simply get Pushman to sell me 51 per cent of that stock as soon as the books to put those bogus shipments companies. my money gets here next week. Then Ull call a meeting and vote Walling ford out of office, make myself president and vote myself a big enough salary to eat up all the profits except 6 or 7 per cent. That's enough for stockholders. I'll show that fellow Wallingford!" And Blackie, jumping from his chair, slapped his hands behind him and stalked agitatedly across and across the room.

Again there was a long pause, in which G. W. Slookym speculated. "You say you don't get your money

until next week?" he presently observed

"Not until then." said Blackle. . . . . . . .

The office of the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company was a revelation when the cautious G. W. Slookum paid that thriving establishment a visit Express wagons were being loaded high with cases of egg beaters. There was a fresh coat of paint on the front. and at the windows were lace curtains and new shades with tassels. Slookum saw all this from across the street, loafing nonchalantly in the shude of the hallway of a family saloon; watched it patiently until he saw J. Rufus Wallingford and young Pushman go out for lunch. Then Mr. Slookum hurried over and entered the office. New desks, new chairs, new rallings; at a high desk, keeping the books, a handsome blue eyed young lady and at the typewriter, working Industriously from the moment he had started to cross the street, a handsome brown eyed young lady. On the desk of the blue eyed one a tall vase of



He Presented the Peppermints to Fanny.

packages of money and toss them on tuble.

"No stock left." he surmised.

beyond question." He pushed the mon-

market still looked good."

COOK

gie exception of one in Calitornia.

This transformer will be valu- gon. January 5, 1916. other equipment of the power August 1, 1911, made Homestead Entry companies operating commer- Serial No. 97406, for the N% of SW% cially in the Northwest. Plans NW% of SE% and Lot 1 of, Section 34. are already under way to con- Township 16S, Range 3E, Willamette

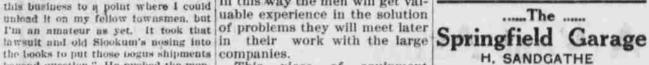
tire fifty-two I'd held back for him. department, and his assistants. Wallingford, I tried two years to bring this business to a point where I could unlead it on my fellow townsmen, but I'm an amateur as yet. It took that of problems they will meet later

This piece of equipment er over to J. Rufus for distribution, weighs in connection with the oil then he laughed reminiscently. "Old nearly five tons. It has a cap-Slockum was the cautious party. Yes-terday morning he telegraphed your acity of bo kilowatts. Experman Pollet and asked if the egg beater lience will be given the class in installing, drying and testing the SPRINGFIELD

WITH

GAS Oregon PowerCo.

"Certainly," corroborated Walling- transformer in the laboratory



Proprietor

Repairing a Specialty Main, bet. Fourth and Fifth. Phone 11 OREGON