

**THE NEW  
ADVENTURES OF  
J. RUFUS  
WALLINGFORD**

(Continued from Page 2)  
us pick up a few of them. And we didn't know they were his anyway."  
"You knew they were not yours," snapped Wallingford, and then he proceeded to show Toad an algebraic problem. He was reciting. 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. Pushman, paw." It was Mrs. Slookum, with her hands folded.  
"Uh-huh!" 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 lobster to handle my goods, and he's keeping me busy. He takes the ten percent discount too. About next week I'd like to discount that second note."  
With a jerk Mr. Slookum stopped riting. "You don't want to do that?" he hastily advised. "You don't want to cramp your producing power. I'll tend this note if you say so."  
"No trouble about that." And the young manufacturer lit a big cigar. There was no hope of his getting money 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 cast 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 shrieked "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 bulbous terror stretching ahead of him. The two boys stood their ground.

"Ah! I caught you at it!" yelled Slookum.

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

"Put back those walnuts!" ordered Andy.  
"We don't have to put em back," immediately announced Toad. Jimmy had not a word to say. He stood quietly listening to Toad, with a little half smile. "They're our walnuts."  
"You stole 'em," charged Slookum. Suddenly the hired hand reached over

**Classified Ads**

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

**FOR SALE**—An opportunity 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 coil 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. Write to owner E. E. Basey, Oroqui, Calif.



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

the fence and grabbed the caps out of 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 have 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 defiant like Toad. He was quiet, 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 heavy ones of G. W. Slookum.  
"What did you say?" crackled Slookum in astonishment.  
"You must give us back our walnuts," repeated Jimmy firmly. "We can have you arrested for highway robbery."

"You young thieves!" snorted Slookum. "Of all the impudence!"  
"We can prove they were our walnuts," went on Jimmy, entirely unflinched, 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 check." He produced a pink grocer's slip, bearing the single item, "Walnuts, 25."

"Give them back their walnuts!" ordered Slookum savagely.  
That was enough. Toad Jessup put his thumb and his forefinger in his mouth and filed his fangs and emitted a whistle so shrill that G. W. Slookum seemed to vibrate straight up from the ground. Instantly from among the shrubbery across the side road from the walnut tree, there emerged the full night force of hell boys from the Hotel Dingle. They came running, and with a whoop. They sprawled over the fence. There were seven of them, but they moved so rapidly that they looked like seventy. The hard, white dog wasted no time on consideration. He started across the field in a straight streak, and the tallest bellboy, who was thirty-two years of age and a retired prize fighter, met him with a minnow-sline, and the skirmish line parted, leaving an 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

laughter, charged on the walnut tree with irresistible enthusiasm. Clubs and stones flew up among the branches like a bombardment from a galling battery. The tallest bellboy paused for a moment to "taste" the hired

hand in the eye with a well seasoned fist. It was the same eye which Toad Jessup had greeted with a hard, green walnut.

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 watched it.

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

"Who is it?" The voice of Mr. Slookum was particularly harsh. In the past two weeks he had strained it. Mrs. Slookum did not even tell him to go and find out for himself. She had disappeared on the delivery of her first message.

Mumbling and grumbling, G. W. went into the horsehair room, and the stranger proved to be none other than Horace 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.

"Uh-huh!" agreed Slookum, and he grinned.  
"I am the victim of injustice," ranted Mr. Daw, tossing his black hair down over his forehead. "I am bent on revenge. Revenge, Mr. Slookum! Revenge on that scoundrel, J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Uh-huh!" agreed Slookum. But there was more animation in his tone.  
"Have you or have you not two mortgage 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.  
"Will you sell me the notes if I tell 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 refuse settlement from any other person. The mortgage can still stand as a lien, however, against the absorbing company 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 Blackie Daw's time to pause, and he did it most crestfallenly.  
"You're cocksure I can't do that?"  
"As sure as gospel!"

"Then there's only one other way," Blackie now sat down, with his hands on his knees and his neck bolt upright. "I'll have to buy enough stock in the Pushman Kitchen Utensil company to 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 Pushman 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 my money gets here next week. Then I'll call a meeting and vote Wallingford 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. Slookum speculated.

"You say you don't get your money until next week?" he presently observed.

"Not until then," said Blackie.

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 shade 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 railings; 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 chrysanthemums and immediately ad-

joining her another tall desk labeled "Mr. Pushman." Near the typewriter was a large desk labeled "Mr. Wallingford," and on her table was a bowl of sweetheart roses.

"Mr. Pushman in?" asked Mr. Slookum, his eyes narrowing.

Fanny Warden went right on typing, but Violet looked around at him sweetly.

"No, sir," she said. "He has gone to lunch."

"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. Pushman wanted me to come around and look at the books. He wants to sell me some stock."

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 eyes.

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

"Oh, yes, he will," Mr. Slookum hastily assured them. "You just wait!" Beaming on them archly, he slowly reached a hand in each coat pocket and as slowly withdrew them. In his right hand he held a bedraggled little bunch of geraniums and in the other a soiled 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. Slookum plunged feverishly into the office books. Guess he knew how to handle the ladies, by ging!

Young Pushman hurried 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 chair, threw back his head and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Well, we're clean!" he exulted and, opening the bag, began to draw out



He Presented the Peppermints to Fanny.

packages of money and toss them on the table.

Wallingford, his big pink face wreathed in smiles, leaned his arms on the table.

"No stock left," he surmised.  
"Not a share! Old Slookum couldn't get down to me quick enough to beat Blackie Daw to it, and he took the entire fifty-two I'd held back for him. Wallingford, I tried two years to bring this business to a point where I could unload it on my fellow townsmen, but I'm an amateur as yet. It took that lawsuit and old Slookum's nosing into the books to put those bogus shipments beyond question." He pushed the money over to J. Rufus for distribution, then he laughed reminiscently. "Old Slookum was the cautious party. Yesterday morning he telegraphed your man Pollet and asked if the egg beater market still looked good."

"Certainly," corroborated Walling-

ford. "Pollet wired me, and I wired Pollet to order \$3,000 worth."

"They'll have to be new goods," grinned Blackie Daw, fondling the money. "Say, do you know we've shipped Pushman's original thousand dollars' worth of egg beaters to Paul Pollet and back twenty-four times?"

"And Paul paid cash every time," chuckled Wallingford. "However, the dividend we declared just before we incorporated got us back that money. What's here, Pushman?"

"Seventy-five thousand even." Wallingford shook his head.

"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 trifle we lost when I turned those mortgages over to the bank this morning, nor will we count the \$3,000 which we are to pay Paul Pollet. That comes out of the expenses. We have here \$60,000 to divide."

After the settlement had been made and young Pushman had gone away J. Rufus Wallingford sat silently on the arm of the couch, with a look of deep trouble on his brow. Blackie Daw, tossing things into their grips for a hasty departure, chatted cheerfully, as he worked, about the habits of the spoonfeeder, a strange game fish which roosted on coral branches and could only be enticed by liquor. Receiving no answer to his invitation to go spoonfeeder fishing, Blackie suddenly paused.

"Now, don't you worry about little Jimmy," he advised. "He's a fine kid!"

"Certainly he is," agreed Wallingford.

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

"That's right," again agreed Wallingford, but he let Blackie finish the packing by himself and went out to join Fanny Warden. He seemed to need comforting.

[Another adventure next week.]

See the Wallingford pictures at the Bell Theatre Wednesday and Thursday.

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

The 350,000 volt transformer that was on exhibition for demonstrational purposes at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, has been purchased by the O. A. C. department of Electrical Engineering and has been installed in the College shops. This piece of electrical machinery excited a great deal of attention whenever it was operated because of its remarkable high power and spectacular action in operation. It is a veritable lightning maker and must always be operated at a considerable distance from the high power circuit. The 350,000 voltage is more than five times as great as that of any commercial transformer used in the Pacific Northwest and it is considerably higher than any on the entire Pacific Coast with the single exception of one in California.

This transformer will be valuable for tests of insulators and other equipment of the power companies operating commercially in the Northwest. Plans are already under way to conduct testing work for different companies that are having difficulties with their high voltage transmission lines. A large part of these investigations will be made by seniors and graduate students under the direction of Professor Dearborn, head of the department, and his assistants. In this way the men will get valuable experience in the solution of problems they will meet later in their work with the large companies.

This piece of equipment weighs in connection with the oil nearly five tons. It has a capacity of 100 kilowatts. Experience will be given the class in installing, drying and testing the transformer in the laboratory

and in preparing some spectacular demonstrations for the Engineering show February 14 and 15, when it may be inspected—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 appropriation is limited to the care of fish and game supplied to stock 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 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 Perry.

**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 Friday the 25th day of February, 1916, 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. Innis, Deceased.  
JOHN C. MULLEN, Attorney.  
103-51-1w

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Notice is hereby given that S. W. Cranmer has been appointed administrator of the estate of Lucy C. Cranmer, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby 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, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this Summons, to-wit: within six months from the 31st day of January, A. D. 1916.  
S. W. CRANMER,  
Administrator.  
J. M. DEVERS,  
Attorney for Estate. Jan. 31-Feb. 28

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

Department of the Interior  
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 5, 1916.  
Notice is hereby given that Joseph Wakefield, of Vida, Oregon, who on August 1, 1911, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 97406, for the N 1/4 of SW 1/4, NW 1/4 of SE 1/4, and Lot 1 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 18th day of February, 1916.  
Claimant names as witnesses: John Ronnie, Eugene, Oregon; Louis Tate, of Vida, Oregon; John Low, of Vida, Oregon; Charles Neal, of Vida, Oregon.  
J. M. UPTON,  
Jan. 6-Feb. 10. Register.

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