The Lane County News

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CHINA A LUMBER BUYER

New York World: In a report just made public, Franklin H. Smith, commercial agent of the department of commerce, predicts a large increase in the demand for American lumber and forest products in China. At the same time he points out existing difficulties and the short-comings of the marketing methods now in vogue and makes suggestions for bettering them.

"China,' he says, "is almost without timber today, and reforestation has not yet been attempted. Reforestation, even if practiced upon a huge scale, would not put China's timber on a basis to equal consumption for approximately 60 to 80 years or more. Its population is slowly shaking off the old order of existence and turning toward the new—toward greater agricultural and industrial activity, absorbing new ideas and adopting new methods. With increasing development along many lines and with the extension of railroads with their civilizing and their trade-creating effects, there must of necessity come a larger, wider call for lumber. The United States with its durable, easily worked and comparitively cheap timber, will, with proper precautions, control this trade.

Purchase of a site for a city hall at this time is an exceedingly wise move. Property is as low now as it is likely to be for a long time, and the site selected is a very central one. If the city had waited a few more months there is every likelyhood that railway construction, actual and prospective, would have sent prices up rapidly.

STUDENTS AVOID "PIPE" COURSES.

Of the 2936 students to be graduated this year by 150 of the 168 standard high schools in the state, 1838 are studying English, 491 German, 271 latin, 1235 history and civics and 1325 science, according to figures compiled by State Suprintendent of Public Instruction Churchill. But 584 elected a course in mathematics and only 21 are studying trigonometry One hundred and seventy-two have selected manual training, 224 domestic science, 160 domestic art, 190 shorthand, 337 typewriting, 134 bookkeeping and 675 training in teaching.

"In 1913 the high school course study was revised and large freedom given in the choice of studies, and it was feared by many that pupils would select such subjects as might give easy credits toward graduation," said the superintendent. "The result, however, shows that a majority of the students incline to select a course at the beginning of their high school work and hold pretty closely to it through the four years."

NEEDED DEMONSTRATION

(Cleveland Plaindealer.)

There is no reason for alarm, but plenty of occasion for getting busy. The country is in earnest. The voice of the ultra-pacifist has been stilled and in its place is heard the counsel of common sense, urging the nation to prepare.

Enough time has been wasted in congress. Enough politics has been shown and enough partisan clamor indulged in. Enough speeches for home consumption have been delivered. The country now wants action.

Down on the Mexican border has ben staged for the last several days a demonstration of what national unpreparedness means. Americans look to their lawmakers at Washington for an immediate counter demonstration—a demonstration of what a patriotic congress, alive to the urgent requirement for more adequate naval and military defenses, can accomplish to remedy defects now no longer to be concealed or denied.

Register if you would vote at the May primary election. The registration books close April 18, 1916.

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

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Buying a Bank With Bunk

THEY were not gently floating, downy looking, cuddly big flakes of snow which blotted out the view from Wallingford's window, but the little, stinging, spiteful sort, and they hurled themselves at him in files and platoons and battalions, by countless, swiftly driven millions, as if they would have liked nothing better than to pierce him with endless pain, to grind him to atoms, to scatter him wide and bury him deep. Even intrenched behind his breastwork of glass, J. Rufus felt their enmity and gazed out into the thick, white bluster with unshakable gloom.

"B-r-r-r-r-r!" shivered Blackie. "What a raw, cold, dismal morning it is, to be sure! What a cruel, cruel world! Jimmy, go plumb to the dickens while I dress."

"And I don't hear a word from Fannie," gloomily said Wallingford.

"Oh!" grinned Blackie. "So that's it! Well, Jimmie, far be it from me to crow over the aged, but here goes," and from his pajama pocket he produced a letter which Wallingford sulkily pretended not to see.

My Dear Blackie—We had to hurry home for the visit with Aunt Pattie, and I'm afraid we didn't find out as much as we should have discovered about Mr. Quirker, except that he is a banker and that the amount of which he robbed us on the death of our father was $25,000. We played book agent and found that he is a confirmed "masher." His wife is quite jealous. She is rich in her own name and would be happier if she didn't have a husband. She's more hateful than he, if that is possible. He has a serious affair, we think, with some out of town woman. Watch him. Our kindest regards to you and to Mr. Wallingford. We can never thank you enough for working so hard to recover our fortune for us. Yours gratefully. VIOLET.

In spite of himself, J. Rufus had listened attentively to this second reading of the report, but now he scowled again as he started to leave the room.

There came a lusty kick at the door, and when Wallingford opened it a fellow with a purple face and the rest of him mostly red muffler stood there with a big load of snow frozen wood in his arms. First of all he looked for the

J. Rufus Scowled Again as He Started to Leave the Room.

wood box, and finding only its remains, turned helplessly about him in all directions. Finally he dumped the wood, and Wallingford cross examined him. He said his name was Pete, the hotel porter, and he confided that Benjamin F. Quirker was the richest man in town.

Ten minutes later, suave, smiling, confident, Wallingford strode into the dining room, followed by the obsequious Blackie, and, bearing in his breadth of chest and poise of shoulders and general air all the wealth of the Indies, he sat down opposite the only other occupant, a man of about forty-five, with a mustache and neatly trimmed mutton chop whiskers about halfway down his plump cheeks and who held a little brown leather bag between his feet. He was a man of excellent ease apparently, but at the same time he was deep in study. He roused at once, however, upon the advent of the strangers and inspected them critically. Wallingford had scarcely seated himself when the man leaned forward with a friendly smile and observed:

"Mr. Wallingford, I believe."

For one fleeting moment Wallingford hesitated whether to deny his identity or not. It was sometimes inconvenient, in view of his many past dubious operations, to be recognized. This man, however, was so obviously friendly and even admiring in bearing that Wallingford's hesitation was too short even to be noticed.

"The same," he admitted. "I believe, though, that you have slightly the better of me."

"I am Mr. Quirker, Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker," stated the other. "I met you at Cinderburg, if you'll remember, when I thought of securing the rights for this county of the Bang sun engine."

"Oh, yes," replied Wallingford vaguely, wondering what he had told Mr Benjamin F. Quirker in the hilarious promotion days of the sun motor which never moted.

"You were very decent about it," went on Mr. Quirker, relieving his anxiety at once. "You told me it might take two years before the device was commercially perfect and that it was needless for me to tie up any money in it for that length of time. Also that when the market was ready I should have first call. It was a very pleasant experience. What is the present status of that marvelous machine?"

"Gradually nearing perfection," stated Wallingford promptly, sure of his ground now and thankful that Quirker had been one of those who came in late, after he had all his plans made for "cleaning up." "Are you still in the market for this territory?"

"No; I think not," returned Quirker, the shadow of a frown flitting across his brow. "I'm taking on no new interests whatsoever just now. As a matter of fact, I'm letting go of some of them," and again for an instant a faraway look came into his eyes. "What brings the wealthy Mr. Wallingford to our little Jinkinsville?"

Wallingford was himself once more. Up to this instant no idea had visited him, but now upon demand one came. "I have rather a large financial scheme in hand," he said, frowning with deep gravity, "a plan to counteract the immense money monopoly of the large city banks, which, as you know, have for their foundation rocks of strength the small country banks. It is a lopsided arrangement, with all the favors flowing eastward. In times of stress the financial center throws its weight on you and drains you to the last drop of your financial blood. In times of ease it throws your money back on you and leaves it idle."

Mr. Quirker had nodded his head at each period as he slowly sipped his coffee. "That's painfully true," he agreed. "I've over $20,000 of idle money now in my vault across the street, which I can't place at any price except on long time loans, and long loans will not do, as this is a farming community, and I must have the money in the spring and summer for crop operations at good interest rates on first mortgages. But how do you propose to remedy this condition?"

"Consolidate the country banks of the middle west," stated Wallingford, leaning back and beaming upon him as if in pity that Mr. Quirker had not himself thought of so simple a solution. "Organize a gigantic holding company, inaugurate a daily system of report and exchange and form a distribution bureau which shall first attend to the needs of the middle west and then dictate terms to the east. The east cannot do without us, and by standing together we can make them divide the cream with us in place of merely giving us the skimmilk, as they have done heretofore."

"There will be a little trouble about charter," Quirker said musingly, "but of course that can easily be straightened out. I presume, too," he added slowly, "that quite a number of banks will have to be purchased outright."

"I've calculated upon that," declared Wallingford, "and I stand ready to either purchase or consolidate."

He said it simply, too; so simply and easily that Blackie Daw, remembering their $7 of combined cash capital, Wallingford's less than $4 balance in the Guarantee and Fidelity bank in New York and the awe inspiring abyss which yawned beneath their feet, covered the lower part of his face with a big handkerchief and sneezed loudly three separate times.

"To—consolidate, purchase—or fight," amended Mr. Quirker, as he looked at his watch and hastily arose. "I'm five minutes late now at the bank, Mr Wallingford, but I am very much interested. Suppose you come over and talk with me as soon as you have finished your breakfast," and carrying his little brown leather bag as carefully as if it contained a bomb, he moved away with a certain dignified ease, which made Wallingford reflect upon him as being probably the most popular ladies' man in his congregation.

Beyond the cashier's cage of the Jinkinsville bank, at the end of a narrow passage by the side of the brick vault, was a door, the glass of which was marked "President," and inside of this Wallingford found Benjamin F. Quirker, his little brown leather bag still between his feet, at a roll top desk, energetically sorting papers.

"This is housecleaning day, Mr. Wallingford," he said, in pleasant explanation. "I'm trying to put a great many things in order, and it is a terrific task."

Wallingford had already studied the desk cleaning thoughtfully, so much so that now he was able to pass it from his mind. "A man of your natural leadership in a community can scarcely avoid having a certain amount of personal financial interest in all its business ventures," he guessed.

"Yes, considerably more than he wants," admitted Mr. Quirker. "In spite of all his conservation he is dragged into local investments, which, while good enough, cannot be cashed in emergency," and he cast a frown upon the bundle of neatly folded papers upon his right. Wallingford's eyes, too, strayed understandingly to that little bundle of securities. Mr Quirker shook his head and his shoulders as if to free himself of his abstraction.

"Your plan," he went on, "would relieve the country banker of a lot of this burden."

This was the opening, and into it Wallingford thrust his whole breadth, inventing upon the spot all the details, paraphernalia and red fire of the proposed consolidation of western banks. To his consternation, however, he found that he was not holding the attention of his auditor. At last Wallingford discovered that Mr. Quirker was counting the strips of weather-

boarding up and down, down and up, up and down; then the savior of the country's finances gave up in despair and brought his lagging argument to a hasty close.

"And that," he concluded, "is the plan of operation of the middle west bank merger."

Mr. Quirker aroused himself as one from a stupor. "It's a very pretty plan," said he, "but I cannot see my way clear to going into it. I'd rather sell."

Wallingford, puzzled and discouraged but a few minutes before, at last had his cue.

"Quite decided upon that?" he asked.

"Quite," declared Mr. Quirker.

"Then show me the goods," and Wallingford arose as if he had only been awaiting this statement to get into real action.

The lackluster look faded from Mr. Quirker's eyes at once, and he turned toward Wallingford with alacrity. "Showing you the goods, Mr. Wallingford, is a very simple matter," he said. "This is a private bank, owned by a stock company with a $50,000 capitalization, every share of stock being backed by government bonds deposited with the state bank commissioner. I own $45,000 worth of the stock, the balance being scattered in from one to five share lots among the merchants here and the farmers in the vicinity. The directory consists of five, including myself and Mr. Weaver.

(Continued on Page 4.)

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, February 23, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Eliza E. Dewett, of Vida, Oregon, who on May 1, 1909, made Additional Homestead Entry, Serial No. 04952, for the S½ of SW¼ of Section 22, Township 16 S, Range 2 E., 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 28th day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Carey W. Tomson, of Vida, Oregon; John F. Minney, of Vida, Oregon; Carl E. Swanson, of Vida, Oregon; Herbert K. Baldwin, of Vida, Oregon.

J. M. UPTON, Register.
Mar 20-Apr. 24.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, March 18, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Julius Beck, of Vida, Oregon, who, on October 25, 1910, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 06693, for Lots 1 and 2 and NE¼ of SE¼ and SE¼ of NE¼ of Section 4, Township 17S, 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 11th day of May, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Walden H. Pendell, of Vida, Oregon; John F. Minney, of Vida, Oregon; Ben F. Minney, of Vida, Oregon; William Schornig, of Vida, Oregon.

J. M. UPTON, Register.
Mar. 20-Apr. 24.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, March 8, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Walden H. Pendell of Vida, Oregon, who, on January 25, 1911, made Second Homestead Entry, Serial No. 06694, for the SW 1-4 of NE 1-4, NW 1-4 of SE 1-4 and E 1-2 of SW 1-4 of Section 4, township 17 S, range 2 E, Willamette meridia, 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 11th day of May, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses, Julius Beck of Vida, Oregon; John F. Minney, of Vida, Oregon; Benjamin F. Minney of Vida, Oregon, William Schornig of Vida, Oregon.

J. M. UPTON, Register.
Mar 13-Apri 17.

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