## THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WallingforD

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

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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#### Detective Blackie ••••••••

RUNK checks," demanded a muscular faced boy as he deposited the hand luggage of the two travelers in the faded blue bus.

"Be careful of that black wardrobe," warned J. Rufus Wallingford, "I think there's a hinge loose."

"All right," answered the boy, deeply grieved. "I'll write that on my report." He was embellished with a green band on his faded blue cap; a yellow bunded man, with a ladder under his arm, crossed the station platform and fixed an electric light bulb,

"Don't you get it?" laughed Blackle Daw, ""Tis a political job. The oth-er one is the official bulb fixer, and here comes the official bus driver. I've seen municipal ownership towns, Jim, but this one must be the limit."

"That means there isn't a live dollar in the burg," regretted Wallingford, and, with some disfavor, he viewed the approach of the official bus driver, who were a blue band on his cap and carried a grin full of holes. "I'm afraid the girls are against a dead one this

"Good evening, gents," balled the tooth shy officer. "I got two good seats left in the grand stand," and he produced a pair of faded blue pasteboards from which the printing had long since worn away. "I reckon most of the councilmen have sold their regular seats by this time, but these to good; front row, right next to the of-

We're in luck, Jim," declared Blackie, inspecting the penciled numbers on the tickets and slipping them into his pocket. "I was afraid we wouldn't get sents at all. By the way, sergeant, what are they for?"

"Hy, don't you know?" inquired the driver in surprise. "It's the regular Saturday night festival. Why, people come from miles around, from all these summer resorts and health cures to see the fireworks. The city council makes a heap of money off of 'em. The whole courthouse steps is covered with a grandstand, that's left there winter

"And what might your business be?" asked the officeholder, looking back

with cordial interest. "Hush!" warned Blackle in a hourse whisper, and, leaning forward, he confided, "We are detectives!"

"Do anything I can for you," offered the driver so hastly that he forgot to converted the place to public owner whisper. "I don't reckon there's any body in town better posted than me."

"Being an official suspector, I suspected as much," returned Blackie, keenly interested. "There is a man in this town who goes away every little while, and no one knows where he

"Henry Closby?" affirmed the driver. with a promptness which shocked Blackle, for he had only talked at whimsical random, forgetting that in every town there is ut least one man whose unexplained goings and comings are an aggravation and an insult.

"Describe that man!" demanded Blackle with professional peremptor!

"Well," obeyed the driver carefully end accurately, 'Henry Closby is a bachelor about five foot nine, fair to middlin' beavy set, dresses like a dude has a pink face, wears fancy eyeglasse with a little dingus like a spring tape measure to wind up the string, has blue eyes and shiny black hair and beard and mustache. He keeps the

"Not the party," declared Blackle detectedly and with an bonest impulse to clear the unknown Closby from unjust suspicion. Then his whimsical nature came uppermost again, and in spite of himself he added, "Unless he disguises."

By Jinks, I never thought of that!" exclaimed the driver, struck by the "Whiskers is startling supposition.

the englest disguise there is, I reckon." As Blackle registered at the official hotel under the flat eye of the official innkeeper be glanced across at the opposite page, which carried the name of the arrivals of four days past. There they were, three names in a neat, firm hand-Mistress Patty Warden, Miss Violet Warden, Miss Fanny Warden. Rooms 27, 28 and 29,

As soon as the men were straightened in their own apartments they tiptoed slong the hall to the door of

27 and knocked "Hist!" said Blackie as the door open ed, and the blue eyes of Vlolet and the brown eyes of Fanny widened with astonishment as they saw before them hair, black mustache, yellow sideborns and a red goates.

sdly with him, while big Jim Wallingford turned to Fanny Warden with the warm friendliness which had been fortune of the beautiful Warden or-

"Before we leave this town, little Vi, we'll collect the \$40,000 which the city Spanglerville stole from your es-And Violet's blue eyes softened as he looked in at them.
"We were out and looked at the

property which Spanglerville confiscated for Mr. Falls and his clique right after the death of Mr. Warden," ob served Aunt Patry indignantly. "It must be worth a hundred thousand dollars to the railroad."

"If we get the original valuation of \$40,000 and our expenses we'll call it square," returned Wallingford, "Hand is some information." And as he looked at the blank and discouraged faces of the three indies he chuckied. "Don't seem to be anv."

"How could there be?" demanded Violet. "Why, there's only one regular person in the place."

"Hist!" loudly whispered Blackle and erked the red go-tee from the door-



Eyes of Fanny Widened With Aston-

knob. "I know that man!" He stuck the goatee on his chin.

"Henry Closby!" repeated the three adles in amnzement.

"Detective stuff," grinned Blackle. "Get on your shawls, girls, and we'll have a municipal dinner and a municipal show."

Henry Closby was alone in his store on Sunday morning, taking an invoice of his goods, when they called on him, and he came forward to meet them with the engaging air of a man who is quite sure of himself.

"We don't want a thing in the world," said Blackie, genuinely grate ful. "I owe you an apology for starting some gossip about you."

"It can't hurt me," he said, very much to both Blackie's and Walling ford's relief. "The town wasn't so bad, though, till a long haired fellow

"A little soft music and I'll tell you the story," offered Wallingford, with a chuckle. "First they confiscated the electric light plant, the Warden property, the gooseberry industry and the ax handle factory; then they bought the mortgage on your father's botel and foreclosed."

"You must be detectives, after all," wondered Closby. "Or course they've been offering you all sorts of information."

"You go to Chicago every two weeks!" whispered Blackle hoarsely. Closby threw back his head and laughed heartily, though he looked much concerned nevertheless,

"Naturally they'd tell you that the first thing," but he did not explain it. What else?"

"You buy a pound of orris root at a time," Blackle accused, "and you take a fresh pound to Chicago with you. Listen! I know your secret The wa ter is hard in Spanglerville!"

"Good sleuthing," approved Closby. "You burn lights in your window till after midnight! Your suit case is yellow, and your handbag is brown! You ship wooden boxes to New York, and you go to Chicago!" rattled Blackie. "Well, I'll be"- Closby began, with a sudden burst of anger, which he as

quickly checked. "I've done the worst possible to the town, I guess," he deciared. "I've made money in spite of them and with out their knowledge," and bis eyes rest ed on a padlocked tin box standing on his safe, "I've just sold my store, and I'm going away." Presently be overcame a certain diffident besitation, unlocked the box and drew from it i grotesque terra cotta cast. "Maybe

you've seen these things?" he re-

marked. "The Lost Dog!" exclaimed both Blackle and Wallingford with delight. It was a weird little caricuture, which at first made one want to laugh but gradually it emanated in some subtle way all the pathetic wistfulness of a misiald, half frightened, altogether hopeless, soft eyed friend of the famia lean and lank gentleman with white ly, and it made one evidently wish to city councilmen-Mr. Boyler, Mr. Kerr ed checkerboard and placed it before go right out and adopt a stray cur. It and Mr. Scorpine.

"Blackfer" gasped Violet, regaining had swept the country in its various her breath and shaking hands delight- forms of clay, plaster and bronze, and it was for sale in every shop window from confectionery stores to cigar stands. Women and children demand growing between them since the men ed one at sight, and men of all deand volunteered to recover the lost grees, cab drivers, lawyers and shoe clerks kept one close to their smoking materials.

"Are you interested in the market ing of it?" asked the studiously in quisitive Wallingford.

"I made it," stated Closby quite modestly enough and smiling affectionately on his own handiwork. "I seem to have a knack for this kind of thing. I've modeled a lot of things out of the clay from my back yard, but this dog is the only one which has been fargely Refore they went out to dinner Wal-

lingford picked up a gorgeously inlaid checkerboard and "befted" it in sur-"I thought that was glass mosaic, but it's as light as wood!" he ex-

"Another little side issue of mine, said Closby carelessly, "It's a transparent mixture, something like cellulold, but is water proof, fireproof and

almost scratch proof." "Have you done much with it?" in quired Wallingford quickly, and he eximined the checkerboard again with een interest.

Not a thing," returned Closby. "How much will you take for you atents on this thing?" 'Make me an offer.'

"Will you give the Warden estate verything we get you over \$5,000?" "I'll give it to anybody you say," re urned Closby, puzzled.

"It's a bargain. Closby, you wouldn't mind helping saw off something on the city of Spanglerville, would you?" Henry Closby grinned.

"If I could play a mean, contempti ble, low down trick on this town be fore I go I'd dle happy!"

The flat eyed proprietor himself rought the ice water to Blackle Daw's oom. There it was, sure enough, the thing the chambermaid and the bellboy had reported-a big, black box on a camera tripod, with a twin lens in front and a mass of wheels and levers and pulley belts on the side. The pro prietor, ice water in hand, looked at it until his eyes bulged.

'What is that dingus?" he asked of the tall, solemn gentleman with the pale blue whiskers, who stood at the window with a telescope in his hand, ooking out through the small end. "It's a sleuthograph," reported Detective Daw. "Look in."

Ice water still in hand, the proprietor looked into the sleuthograph, and before his widening gaze a silver dollar slid out from a hole in a black velvet background and slid up out of sight in he top of the box,

"Gosh!" muttered the proprietor and ferked back as he found Blackte Daw ooking solemnly in at the lenses over is shoulders. "What does that mean? Detective S. Holmes placed a long lean finger to his right temple and thought. He added a long, lean finger to his left temple and thought.

"It means that some one in this town is making money in secret." "Gosh!" gasped the proprietor. "Who

do you suppose?"

The slenthograph is working on that right now," replied Detective



"It's a sleuthograph," reported Detec "Look in."

Holmes. "It reads the sun, the moor and the stars and possesses all the secrets of the seventh book of Moses and all the wisdom of the seventh son of a seventh son, Hist! Look!"

Down across the velvet background of the sleuthograph slipped a white letter and rested at the bottom of the box, and that letter was the letter

"Gosh! Where's the rest of it?" "Coming!" replied the blue whisker ed detective excitedly. "The next letter should be here in ten or fifteen minutes. Maybe all of the name." For only an instant the proprietor's

flat eyes stared, then suddenly be slammed down the pitcher of ice wa ter and dashed out of the room. Blackle Daw hurried to the connect

ng door and threw it open. For the love of Mike, Jim. workst" he exclaimed, choking with laughter. "These bicks will swallow anything. Send the girls over, quick, to post Closby!"

"I can't believe it." chuckled Wal lingford. "I guess the girls had better ome back and corroborate, so there von't be any hitch."

"Fine!" agreed Blackle. "I shall Blackle had bardly more than adusted the curling purple whiskers than there was a knock on his door. The proprietor was back again, and with him were the mayor and three

"Any more letters down?" excitedly demanded the mayor. "Hist!" returned the purple detec-

ive. "I haven't looked." "There's an 'E' and an 'N' after the Increased. 'H!' " huskily reported City Councilman Kerr. "Henry, I bet you!" plained bitterly.

A mad scramble ensued in front of the lens, and mad excitement ensued as an "R" dropped down. "Henry Closby, I bet you!" guessed

he mayor. detective. "It may not be And he held the "Y" of "HEN-

RY" for fully five minutes, while he

istened intently at the hall door. At last there was a rustle and a supressed giggle, and Blackle touched the push button on the back of a chair. and the letter "Y" fell down, then a 'C" and an "L"

luring the tension of that great mo-



terious.

ment and slipped a little white note into Blackie's hand and elbowed his way in front of the lens for a peep at the sleuthograph.

"It is as we suspected," be announced, and just then there clattered down the letters "O" "S" "B" "Y." "Gosh!" breathed the proprietor.

"Henry Closby! I said so!" indignantly stated the mayor. In the evening as soon as it was

properly dark Blackle made him a musk out of the blue cambric, went back through the brickyard, climbed question before us for dispassionate up on Closby's high board fence and and friendly argument is, What is the sat there smoking through a hole in his mask, absolutely motionless otherwise, for a solid hour, while the populace quiveringly watched.

Blackle's actions were so openly mysterious that Mayor Sawberry himself came to Wallingford in protest on Wednesday morning.

"Your man Holmes is mighty careless about his disguises." he complained after having duly introduced him-"Henry Closby's bound to know who be is and what he's banging

"Exactly." declared Wallingford 'My assistant's actions may seem doubt.'

"But what good does it do?" persisted the mayor "Look at this letter," insisted Wal-

lingford calmly. He handed Mayor Sawberry a letter bearing the business card of B. F. Tuttle and addressed to Henry Closby The mayor opened that letter with no more compunction than if it had been an advertisement addressed to himself He read as follows:

My Dear Mr. Closby—I take pleasure in calling your attention to the fact that your royalties are steadily increasing, being \$2,23.40 for this month, an increase of nearly \$110 over last month and of over \$250 above the month previous. Your latest shipment looks very promising. By the way, I think you had better send me a sample of the Spanglerville city water for analysis. for analysis.

The mayor laid down that letter on the table before him and viewed it with buiging eyes. "He's been using the city water!" he puffed.

"Exactly," agreed Wallingford, in specting the absorbed mayor with cant liking. "Your water possesses some delicate chemical property which makes it highly valuable to Mr. Closby in a secret process of art manufacture. This letter shows just how valuable."

The new letter was from a New York bank, and the mayor opened it with fingers which trembled from indigna tion. It read:

My Dear Mr. Closby—As per your request, we inclose herewith an itemized statement of the amounts deposited with us to your credit by your agent, Mr. Tuttle. We trust that, by comparing this with your duplicate deposit slips, you will be able to locate the slight discrepancy between your estimated balance and ours. Within, on a long folded slip and

compiled by an adding machine, was a statement of steadily growing monthly deposits, extending back over three cheeks, he turned and stalked rapidly years and totaling to over \$40,000, mostly invested in bonds. To say that Mr. Sawberry was horri-

ded is putting it mildly. "And we trusted that man!" be declared in sorrowful anger. "What does he manufacture?"

Impressively Wallingford produced from behind the bureau the illuminatthe mayor. By its side he set an eb-

ony box, its lid and sides apparently inlaid with glass, in elaborate Louis Quinze decorations.

The mayor's sorrowful indignation increased. "And he never showed these things to Spanglerville!" he com-

"Never once," agreed Wallingford. "Why, these things could have been made the city industry and a great attraction at your Saturday festivals. All your unemployed people could have "Walt, gentlemen," counseled the become artists and the city council grown rich from their well paid labor on this beautiful glazed inlay."

A nervous little dark skinned man was in the store with Henry Closby and concentrated, with penny pursuing intensity, on books, invoices, bills and receipts when a committee of four members of the city council, including Wallingford tiptoed into the room the mayor, entered with much pomp and ceremony.

In deference to his official capacity ar. Boyler and Mr. Kerr and Mr. Scorpine allowed Mayor Sawberry to take up a position about two feet in front of them, and, in solemn array, bats held formally across their left wrists, they awaited the attention of the pro-

Mr. Closby came forward with scant

"Well?" he demanded peremptority. The mayor cleared his throat. "We epresent Spanglerville, the people and he city council," he began sonorously and looked back at his followers to see if they were properly supporting him. His eye was attracted immediately to one of the show windows. however, against the pane of which was flatly pressed the nose of a face otherwise entirely concealed by a radiating pink beard of the most inflammatory anarchistic type. Needless to say, that face was Blackle Daw's.

"Very well," responded Mr. Closby, his gaze also roving to the face in the window, each eye of which at that moment successively winked shut.

"It has come to the ears of the city council that you have found the city water of use, necessity and profit in an art manufacture known as glazed inlay. Is this allegation true?

"It has also come to the ears of this body," went on the mayor, "that you have made over \$40,000 from this patent in less than three years and that you're taking in from it over \$25,000 a year. Is this allegation true?" "I refuse to answer."

"You don't need to," retorted the mayor warmly. "The city council has absolute proof." It was almost impossible not to look again at that show window, but Mayor Sawberry accomplished it and gazed stonly out through the back door at the high board fence. "Now, the city council, which only wants its rights, Mr. Closby, ins decided on this; It will take over the manufacture of the glazed inlay, make it a municipal enterprise, charge you nothing for the use of our valua-ble resource and pay you a fair and reasonable royalty on the output. The least royalty that will satisfy you?"

A fond light kindled in Henry Clos "I have been waiting for this happy

moment," he gayly informed them. "You may have it. It will cost you exactly \$60,000; no more, no less. Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I bid you a pleasant good morning."

The mayor and the committee were speechless with rage, surprise and



"We represent Spanglerville, the people

many other emotions too complicated to assort. Some vigorous denunciation might nevertheless have come from some of them if there had not appeared at that moment above the board fence a face wearing yellow Dundreary's a foot long and a pair of huge blue goggles. Needless to say, that face belonged to Blackie Daw, and the mayor was so disconcerted by the sight that, with a parting puff of his out of the store, followed by the entire committee.

They were not to escape so easily however, for just at the corner of the alley the tireless detective, now wearing a flawless vandyke, met them with three separate bists.

"We are on his trail," he declared. "He has sold his store and collected the money. He leaves town tonight Antonio Scerlatti dye my whiskers." on the 7:30 train, never to return. He

will take the glazed may patent with

Mr. Closby for as many weeks as might be necessary, but Blackie's latest news rather upset them. If Clos-by had sold his store, and was going away that very night, never to return, they were quite likely to lose forever a municipal enterprise, based on Spangierville's only valuable natural resource, which already paid a profit of nearly \$25,000 a year, to which must be added the immense revenues to be derived from applying the wonderful

glazed inlay to furniture! As the result of their deliberations the city clerk was sent to Mr. Closby with an offer of \$10,000 and a royalty for his patent.

The city cierk came back with a counter offer of \$60,000 cash. The city council offered twenty thou-

sand and royalty. The answer was the same. They offered thirty thousand and no

coyalty.

sef makeup, dashed in upon the worried city council with another stolen telegram. It was from Chicago and said: Shall you please come to 125 S. Clark St. ANTONIO SCERLATTI.

Shall you please come to 15 S. Clark St.
ANTONIO SCERLATTI.

That telegram settled the business.
The mystery of it was what did the work. Just thirty minutes before the away. bank closed the city council accepted Henry Closby's offer of \$00,000 cash Peace Ship Envoy for his patent on the process of making glazed inlay, and for his written agreement never to engage in that or a similar enterprise as long as he lived, nor to sanction such an enterprise. Also, at their dictation, he wrote a letter to Mr. Tuttle, advising that art agent of the sale, and that the Glazed Inlay henceforth and forever was the property of the Spanglerville city council. Before the 7:30 pulled out that night Wallingford, Blackie and Henry Closby sat in the drawing room of the War-

den ladies counting money.
"Sixty thousand dollars," announced to the expense fund, and here's Spanglerville's forty thousand contribution to the restitution fund," and he handed the thick packet to Aunt Patty with list of passengers was published, many a pleasant bow.

Blackle said nothing. He was grin-ning serenely into the blue eyes of Vio-passive acceptance of the principle of Blackle said nothing. He was grinlet Warden, and she was gazing into sex equality.

the black eyes of Blackie Fanny. There they came, pounding down

from the official bus, the mayor and his three closest councilmen. telegram!" puffed the mayor breathlessly. "The city council 'll pay for it?" "Gentlemen, you have made a hid-cous mistake," Wallingford said as he handed the mayor the telegram. Closby has never made a penny from the glazed inlay, and he just refused to sell the patent to a furniture factory

ment!"

"Those receipts consisted entirely of oyalties from the sale of plaster dogs."

Wallingford snavely explained.

"Those receipts consisted entirely of Happy New Year.

Mr. Joe Smith made a flying trip to Portland Friday of last week. Joe royaltles from the sale of plaster dogs," Wallingford suavely explained.

"From what?" gasped the mayor. "Plaster dogs," repeated Wallingford calmly, and from his pocket he produced a copy of the canine whose for lornness had started Henry Closby on

the road to a comfortable fortune. The consternation on the faces of the four members of the committee was set balm of Gilead to the soul of Spanking does not care children of bedlosby and Blackle, sitting op posite him and studying in friendly ad- for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box miration the whiskered face of the W. Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to

artist, made a sudden discovery. "You're about a week late in your trip to Chicago, aren't you?" he in-

"How do you know?" sharply asked Closby, turning on him a scared countenance.

"By the streaks of rust in your clinchillas," laughed Blackle, tickled immeasurably with his discovery. "Am some detective? I am!" jumped up from the table, while Violet giggled and Fanny laughed and Aunt Patty blushed.

"Where are you going?" demanded Closby, jumping up also, his usually ruddy face now turning scarlet as he glanced at the ladies.

"To explain the fatal mystery." replied Blackle. "It'll sting them wors

than anything." "No, you don't!" cried Closby, starting after him. But Blackie had airendy passed Wallingford at the door and was leaning out over the platform while the conductor was swinging his

lantern.

"Antonio Sceriatti?" he called in cla-

Henry Closby's secret! Closby reached farther and grabbed him by the shoulders. "Antonio Scerlatti!" shricked Blackie

as the train moved away. "Yes?" encouraged the mayor, quivering with engerness "He is an Italian!" yelled Blackie

and, laughing himself limp, allowed Henry Closby to pull him inside. "What's the fuss?" asked Wallingford as he followed them back to the table. Closby grinned sheepishly.

"S. Holmes had me scared stiff," he confessed, blushing, and he revealed the dark secret of his life. "He made me think that he was going to tell the official gossips of Spanglerville that I've been going to Chicago every two weeks for the past three years to

[Another adventure next week.] (Continued next Saturday.)

# they had intended to "dicker" with PAIN GONE! RUB SORE, RHEUMATIC **ACHING JOINTS**

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# Strongly In Favor of Equal Suffrage

Palo Alto, Cal., Jan. 7 .- That the 'peace ship" Oscar II is strictly a suffragette vessel is indicated by a letter received here today from Mrs.

Alice Park, one of the peace voyagers. "The suffrage poll of the Ford peace ship showed 132 to 11 in favor of votes for women," Mrs. Park wrote, 'Women were 57 to 1, men 75 to 10. Wallingford, beaming at the pile of bills and turning a triumphant glance at Fanny. "Here's Mr. Closby's five thousand, and here's fifteen thousand to the expense fund, and here's Span-

be published.
"No such nervous fear was shown by those who said yes. When the revised names were joined with the word 'suf

"Never have I sen such perfect equal-"The committee!" suddenly cried ity between men and women as on the Ford peace ship. In meetings, in plat-form privileges, formal debate and informal discussion, men and women met as absolute equals. It might well be a western ship sailing along the Pa-cific coast instead of a company gathered from suffrage and non-suffrage states; from walks of life including

#### WISEACRES ITEMS

The Congenial club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith on New to sell the patent to a furniture factory because the best offer he could get was \$500. I have my information from the sleuthograph."

"It's a lie!" gulped the mayor. "You can't fool us! We seen his bank statement!"

"It's a lie!" gulped the mayor. "You of the new year. The members department."

Ryan also took the Flyer to Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Dean Morton and daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Morton's parents here for the past two weeks, have gone to Corvallis to visit Mr. Horton's parents.-Woodburn Inde-

There is a constitutional cause any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child—the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine diffi-culties by day or night

## DR. STONE'S Drug Store



The only cash drug store in Ore-gon, owen no one, and no one owes it; carries large stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, torret articles. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine and has had many years of ex-

perience practice. Consultations are free. Pre-"Antonio Sceriatti!" he called in clarion tones.

"Robber!" yelled the committee as Henry Closby laid hold of Blackle's from 6:40 in the morning until 8 at night. Free delivery to all parts of the willing the state of the stat "Hist?" shouted Blackle. "I know city and within a radius of 100 miles.

## STENOGRAPHERS

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