

# Wallingford In His Prime

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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## CHAPTER IX.

Blackie Falls.

THAT night Wallingford pored over his accounts and did some close figuring. He had disposed of 850 of his 525 portable houses, over a hundred of them for cash, which was safely deposited in his New York bank; the balance he had sold on payments; he had issued 350 shares of the Kimberly Mine Operating company. Once more he took out the charter and read anew the peculiar constitution and bylaws of that corporation.

A stockholders' meeting was set for only a few days away, and even if everybody in the town voted with him he could control the voting of only 499 out of 1,000 shares of stock. This was the dilemma that confronted Wallingford and put crosses in his brow for many days, but now he only chuckled at it.

The next morning he began looking after his personal popularity. He sent to the city for \$100 worth of books, all in the 15 cent, cloth bound editions; he gave the butcher an order for a cow and two hogs; he gave the baker an order for unlimited bread and cakes; he gave the grocer an order for butter, crackers, cheese and pickles ad libitum; then he invited the entire town to the grand barbecue and free public library opening, which library he was about to present to his beloved fellow townsmen in the until now vacant portable house at 54 South Main street.

On the day Wallingford decided upon this the untiring Brother Ralph in New York sought out Blackie Daw, with a newspaper in his hand.

"I suppose you've seen the almost daily reports of the wonderful output of the Kimberly mine," he suggested.

"Haven't you cleaned up on that yet?" inquired Blackie in surprise.

Mr. Douglass looked so shocked and pained that he was nervous. "Look at this article," he begged, pointing to a column and a half "story" telling of a wonderful ore shipment, "the largest shipment ever made in the world," he explained.

"I believe it," replied Blackie courteously, passing back the paper. "But why be so mournful about it? You don't drink enough, Douglass."

"And here," went on Mr. Douglass, "is the weigher's certificate." And he presented a folded paper.

"I believe that, too," admitted Blackie, passing it back still folded. "Say, I wish you'd go away with your Kimberly mine and let me sigh in peace for my wife's out of town."

That grand opening was the apex and climax of Douglass's history. It was a grand and rare occasion, where-in Wallingford shone at his brightest and Toad Jessop as master of ceremonies strutted to his heart's content. Old Pop Meeking, who ran the donkey engine for the small ore crusher, owned a beautifully mottled yellow and green comet; Henry Brooger, who took out a miserable existence mending shoes while he waited, owned an accordion, and Tom Macnish, whose business was to curse a mule, owned a bass viol. Wallingford hired the entire band. He placed that band where it belonged, right out in the middle of the field back of the Free Public Library and in front of the barbecue, and when the time was ripe, which was just when the good smell of well cooked flesh filled the air, he made a speech. It was a rousing, patriotic, fraternal speech, calculated to warm the cockles of the heart, awaken enthusiasm and increase happiness on every hand. He pointed with pride to the fact that he was the sole parent of this thriving little city and felt responsible for its welfare and its prosperity. He loved all of them as brothers, he did, and if any of them had individual or private troubles let them come to him, and their firm and everlasting friend, J. Rufus Wallingford, would see what could be done.

The free library that he was presenting them today was only the modest beginning of an institution of which he knew Douglass would one day be justly proud. A schoolhouse would be his next gift to the city, and the ministers of three denominations to come there and establish churches. In the meantime, the body needed food as much as the mind or the soul. That food, he could see by the eye of their expert butcher and chef, was now ready. Let him not keep them from it. Let them all help themselves and enjoy themselves to the full. Would the boys please strike up "Turkey in the Straw?"

As that and one church hymn were the only two tunes upon which the horns and the accordion and bass viol could agree, the boys cheerfully obliged, and the feast began.

Talk about popularity! Douglass fairly dripped with it, and it was as if Wallingford—Wallingford, the big, the impressive, the pleasant, the magnificent! How they did love Wallingford that night! Women almost wept about him, children danced around him without throwing things, and strong men, with their mouths full of beef and pork and cheese and pickles, and their hands full of more, went about swearing his praises, between gulps, until they were fairly speechless with admiration and food, and went home to sleep it off. Only one man failed to show any enthusiasm. He ate more than anybody else, but his eye remained cold and clammy, particularly when it rested upon the founder of the feast. That man was Steven Saghorn.

On the second day after the barbecue, Brother Ralph came to town, as the distinction of having been chased away from Douglassville with contumacious and rocks, picked that frame office to pieces, plank by plank, and went in to hold an examination of their own. There was a sound as of loud revelry by night—a sound like the splintering of wooden ships, like the dashing and smashing of heavy breakers upon a cliff bound shore, like the voices from the bottomless pit of the damned and double damned, and then the yawning and jagged black office, which had once been the front of the building, spewed out Tim McCorkle, with a bloody nose and a piece of plank in each hand. Close behind him came Alec Douglass with a ragged right ear, Ralph Douglass, with his eastern style derby jammed down over his eyes, and Frank Douglass, who was wildly wondering whether he had his four missing teeth inside or out. With these came the six hired wall-papers, each one now a wall-paper, and the whole office "force" struck for the railroad track and headed due southeast, followed by about all that was left of the rock blasting of that poverty stricken railroad. Pursued and pursued alike, the gathering darkness swallowed them up, and Douglass, quickly apprised of the incident and all of it lying quite close enough to the railroad track to gather and see poetic justice so fully wrought, laughed itself hoarse. It was long since it had been so jolly.

Somebody stopped laughing by and by and began to think, then nudged a neighbor and made him think, and the laugh died down. Was it possible that there was anything the matter with the Kimberly mine? Had anybody poked a finger into the works and made it cease to tick? Couldn't it ever be wound up and started going again? Wallingford asked and answered the same questions for the benefit of Blackie as they walked up to the portable office.

"They're a set of the coarsest grafters I ever saw," Wallingford concluded as he produced a portable bottle in the shelter of his place of business. "It's their very coarseness, I guess, that let 'em get across. I'm onto their game, though. I'm ashamed of myself, Blackie, but the very rawness of their play got me at first, the same as it got you. They don't care whether there's pay ore in sight or not. They're playing on the big odds that 95 per cent of all mines are fluffers anyhow. They incorporate, take up all the stock themselves and start digging at the same time they start selling shares. They get out as big a mountain of ore as possible, so that they can point to an immense output, never stopping to find out whether there's enough iron in the ore to pay for the reduction. When the stock's all sold they move on and dig another hole in the ground and send their saucy brother Ralph out east to lift the pocket change of green goods and gold brick men and wise guins who used to be in the same business. In the meantime, if a man comes into their camp who was ever in another one of theirs, they 'slug his head off to keep him from making foolish remarks.' If ever I get within gunshot of any mine they've started and I find it out before they do I'm going to lose fifteen pounds of embonpoint in the first fifteen miles."

"Fancy and effective," approved Blackie, "but what would they do if they struck a real mine?"

"That's where the brains filter through," replied Wallingford slyly. "They organize two companies, a mine company and an operating company. The operating company is to furnish all the expense of mining. The first 7 per cent of profits, if there are any, goes to the mine company—that's the one you bought stock in, you gink!—the second 7 per cent goes to the operating company; profits above that are divided equally between the two companies, but you can gamble upon it there never would be above 14 per cent, if they cleaned up a million a minute, because the balance would be eaten up in fancy salaries. They sold me some of the stock in the operating company. I control 499 shares out of 1,000. I found out something they didn't know. I had quiet assays made by three different chemists, and the field is rich. It's worth millions. I think I thought I was in good with my own stock until I saw a clause in the contract between the two companies that set me guessing. The Kimberly Operating company can sublet its contract at any price it chooses to whomsoever it chooses. Tomorrow is a stockholders' meeting. Any time between now and that meeting they might have received a wire from the smelting company telling them how good a thing they had. In that case their first action in that meeting, with their 501 shares, would have been to sublet the contract to themselves at \$1,000 a year; so I arranged for them to be out of town."

"It was the best arranged exit I ever saw," admitted Blackie. "The Hippodrome could do it no better. But they can do it in that meeting? If they have over half the profits even if they never come back. They can send a messenger boy for the money?"

"They'll get \$501 every Fourth of July," stated Wallingford savagely, "for in the meeting tomorrow I intend to sublet that contract at \$1,000 a year, the company consisting of all the stockholders who are present. I'm glad you're here, Blackie. I shall need you for one of the officers. I'll give you a couple of shares of stock tonight, and—"

Alec and Frank had foretold, to attend the stockholders' meeting on the day following. Except for wearing a derby hat and the more neatly kept clothes of civilization, and except for having potato brown hair, Brother Ralph was a carbon copy of the other Douglasses.

Wallingford walked across, as a matter of course, to be introduced to him, and found him to be scarcely a degree more personally engaging than his brothers, and marveled that the man could have sold stock at all with his handicap of natural repulsion. He did not stop to parley long with the "smooth" one from the east, however, for the brothers seemed to desire to be alone. Moreover, tomorrow was the day of the stockholders' meeting, and Wallingford himself was very busy.

He passed a long day in particular anxiety about the 6:27 train, but he received a tremendous shock when the first man to step upon the platform was Blackie Daw. Toad Jessop, who was homesick, but did not know it, was the first to spy Blackie, and executed an Indian war dance upon the spot, shaking hands with him and slapping him upon the shoulder and calling him "ole pardner" and dashing a real tear out of his eye and thrashing a lumbering big boy who saw it and darting away to bring Wallingford, all within the space of a minute and a half.

Wallingford greeted his old friend

and partner with surprise. "Well, Blackie," he exclaimed, while Toad walked around them both with every manifestation of delight, "what brings you to the end of the world?"

"Business," returned Blackie briskly, "but I didn't expect to find you here. Fannie told me you were out west some place, working a big real estate deal with those portable houses of ours."

"The west was never anything like this," declared Wallingford sadly, "but this is the place. I don't like your having business here, though. You don't mean to tell me you're tangled up with the Kimberly mine?"

"I sure am," asserted Blackie valiantly. "I bought \$10,000 worth of the stock. Now giddle!"

"Bought it?" ejaculated Wallingford doggedly. "Why, you blooming fool, how did you come to fall for it? You used to sell mining stock?"

"They say it takes separate educations to be wised up to both ends of any game," responded Blackie dolefully. "I suppose I'm up against it, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," replied Wallingford kindly. "Outside of making a fool investment, I guess your bet's all right."

Blackie took that jolt with scarcely a blink and was able to smile in another minute. "It's like we always said, Jimmy," he philosophically concluded. "There's only two kinds of us—trimmers and lollers—and when you pick out one kind you have to be the other. What have you to drink?"

"Almost whisky and near beer. But wait a minute and see the fun. Watch the appeal for employment of that bunch of laborers headed for the office."

As he spoke he indicated the rough crowd of men, twenty or more, who, alighting from the smoking compartment end of the day coach, had headed straight for the acquisition headquarters of the Kimberly mine.

"You may have my share of their fun," offered Blackie, "and I'll give you something to boot. They flagged the train at a hobo camp about ten miles down the track, and I still have my watch hung to my garter and my money in my shoe. They showed the price to the conductor, though, and he let 'em on; but if you have a police station here I'm willing to be locked up until they leave town."

"Oh, hush," said Wallingford gayly. "This is my party."

If this was the case it was an unusually rough looking party, each man walking with a swagger and nearly every one having upon his countenance some disfiguring scar or mark of recent battle. They were remarkably silent also, though remarkably alert as they hurried, two by two, across to the office, where they found upon the door a brand new sign that read, "No more laborers wanted." The man at the head of the procession, a brawny giant who perpetually showed his gums, knocked heavily upon the door.

"Whatchoo want?" rumbled the deep voice of Foreman McCorkle.

"No chance," stated McCorkle from behind the closed door. "All full."

"I want to see Mr. Douglass," insisted Mike Dimple.

"Which one?" demanded McCorkle.

"He ain't here," supplemented a high pitched nasal voice from within.

"They're both there, boys," announced the giant, with a happy grin, and then ensued a startling variation upon the usual evening train program.

The score or more of earnest seekers after labor, each of whom had enjoyed

the distinction of having been chased away from Douglassville with contumacious and rocks, picked that frame office to pieces, plank by plank, and went in to hold an examination of their own. There was a sound as of loud revelry by night—a sound like the splintering of wooden ships, like the dashing and smashing of heavy breakers upon a cliff bound shore, like the voices from the bottomless pit of the damned and double damned, and then the yawning and jagged black office, which had once been the front of the building, spewed out Tim McCorkle, with a bloody nose and a piece of plank in each hand. Close behind him came Alec Douglass with a ragged right ear, Ralph Douglass, with his eastern style derby jammed down over his eyes, and Frank Douglass, who was wildly wondering whether he had his four missing teeth inside or out. With these came the six hired wall-papers, each one now a wall-paper, and the whole office "force" struck for the railroad track and headed due southeast, followed by about all that was left of the rock blasting of that poverty stricken railroad. Pursued and pursued alike, the gathering darkness swallowed them up, and Douglass, quickly apprised of the incident and all of it lying quite close enough to the railroad track to gather and see poetic justice so fully wrought, laughed itself hoarse. It was long since it had been so jolly.

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(To Be Continued.)

Unbidden Guest.

Mrs. Uptump (to hostess)—"That grizzly-faced brute standing over there at the door had such poor taste as to refuse to get me a glass of water. Surely you didn't intend to invite such a man to your reception?"

Mrs. Hostess—"Don't fret, my dear. I didn't invite him. He is my husband."

Ruling Spirit Strong in Death.

Mrs. Mazuchelli, of Carmarthen, England, left a bequest in her will of \$5 a year to pay for the cleaning of the marble of her grave with soap and water.

# PANAMA CANAL NOT TO BRING TROUBLE

## APPREHENSION OVER PRESENT WAR SITUATION NOT GENERAL.

### WILL BE OPENED ON TIME DESPITE HOSTILITIES

#### Not Believed Any Nation at War Will Attempt to Use Canal Before Formal Declaration of Opening—Germany to Be Eliminated From Sea Operations.

[Special Correspondence.] Washington, Aug. 8.—Apprehensions in some quarters that the Panama canal is going to be the means of involving this country in difficulty because of the present European war are not taken with much seriousness by leading officials here.

It is recognized by Secretary Garrison and every one concerned that the maintenance of the strict neutrality of the canal might become a difficult question under some circumstances. But the indications, in the opinion of men most competent to judge, are that there will be no difficulty about it.

While there has been talk that the opening of the canal might be delayed later than Aug. 15, the date previously announced, the present intention of the war department is to open it then. When it is open, Secretary Garrison has called attention to the fact that by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty "any warship of any nation will have the right of peaceful and uninterrupted passage through it."

Some suggestion has been made that warships of some of the nations now at war might attempt to use the canal before it was formally opened. But the rashness of such an attempt, with the United States prepared as it is to defend its canal, makes such a thing highly improbable.

Germany to Be Handicapped. Naval experts here, the maintaining a neutral stand, naturally look at the paper strength of the navies of England and Germany and take the view that the German naval forces, if not actually confined to their home ports, will be confined to the sea while the present crisis is on. The result will be that the world will not see the spectacle of English warships chasing German warships or merchant vessels over the sea in miscellaneous fashion. It is presumed a situation will arise in which the Germans will be chasing the English and

French about. In other words, there is no likelihood of hostile warships meeting each other in the region of the Panama canal. Such European warships or merchant vessels as use the canal after it is opened, it is believed here, will use it in proper and orderly fashion.

It is pointed out that situations may arise which will be troublesome to the operation of the Suez canal and are much more apt to do so than with respect to the Panama canal.

When Billy's Playing Ball. The pup is cut in center field. The cat is on first base. Behind the mask is half concealed. The rabbit's stolid face. There's no admission to the game. There are no fans at all. But there's excitement just the same. When Billy's playing ball.

The pup does all a pup can do. To keep 'em off the ground. The cat says not so much as mew. No matter how they bound. The rabbit merely winces when The fast once bark his shins. They play the game like gentlemen, But Billy always wins.

For though he's very, very small, He's managed to achieve. A wonderful magic with the ball! That's known as make believe, I've watched him as the days rolled round. And I've discovered that He's always Matty on the mound.

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# Classified Advertisements

ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN 15 CTS.

## FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—New potatoes. Phone 719 green.

For Sale—Blacksmith stock; tools and building for rent; good opening for live man. Address box 75, Gilman, Iowa.

For Sale—Auto, model 10 Buick, in good shape, running if every day. Johnson's Hardware, Zeigler, Iowa.

For Sale—New Timothy seed, \$2 per bushel. Phone 4 on 6 B. J. N. Grove.

For Sale or Rent—New tent, \$x12. Phone 1618 red, call 607 Woodbury street.

For Sale—Home grown melons at the shed. Four miles east of city. A. G. Bowles, successor to Smith & Bowles.

For Sale—Almost new carriage, leather trimmed. Call 1208 white or address 611 West Linn street.

For Sale—I erect monuments in any part of the state, carry a large stock, handle the very best of material, and guarantee my work. I can positively save you money on any kind of a granite monument. If you are in the market write for free cuts and prices. Frank Harding, Grinnell, Iowa.

For Sale—New and second-hand carom and pocket-billiard tables, and bowling alleys and accessories; bar fixtures of all kinds. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, 113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale—Old newspapers, a large bundle for 5 cents at the Times-Republican.

## LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Driving mare, harness and rubber-tired buggy. Harness and buggy almost new. Call 538 North Second street.

For Sale—Sound young driving mare, well broke. Address R-10, care this office.

## POULTRY.

For Sale—Pure bred poultry. List yours with us. Phone or write C. C. Lounsbury, secretary.

## FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—Modern eight-room house, full lot, 407 West State street.

For Sale—Six-room house, on full size 6x130 lot, six bearing fruit trees. House has city water and large basement. Located in south part of city. Price reasonable. If taken at once, "M-4," Times-Republican.

For Sale—Modern house, six rooms and bath, electricity, gas, good lot, fruit, excellent neighborhood. Address "S-30," care Times-Republican.

For Sale or Trade—Good house and lot in Grinnell, will sell at a reasonable price or will consider trade for Marshalltown property. George F. Thayer, Marshalltown.

## IOWA LAND.

For Sale—160-acre farm. Fine, level corn land; no buildings; well fenced. Three miles from courthouse, Marshalltown. Address "L-7," care T-R.

For Sale—Iowa farm. Improved 151 acres in Wright county. Near Clarion, Iowa; at reasonable price. Will leave \$100 per acre in the land for ten years at 5 per cent. For particulars write the owner, P. O. Box 422, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

For Sale—Four acres well improved; fenced hog and chicken tight, near car line. The price is right. See me at once for price and terms. Great bargain. Col. M. M. Kendall.

For Sale—320-acre farm, to close up an estate. One of the best farms in Washington township, Marshall county. For terms and particulars, write P. E. Stouffer, Sac City, Iowa.

For Sale—Fifty-six acre farm, well improved, at Linn county, Iowa; also two town lots in Lamolle. Railroad siding on land. Residence three blocks from depot and postoffice. Address J. L. Stevens, box 589, Boone, Iowa.

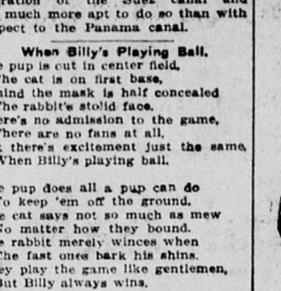
For Sale—Fine improved farm home, 25.6 acres (balance of this one-half section is choice residence part of Manson); 200 acres cultivated; sixty acres pasture; thirty-five acres hay land; fine set of new improvements and a barn at the price of \$205 per acre; \$3,000 on contract. Owner will leave up to \$25,000 for ten years at 5 per cent, balance cash March 1, 1915. My option expires Aug. 15, at which time price will go up \$20 an acre. H. H. Koerner, Manson, Iowa.

For Sale—Marshall county farms, 80 acres, three miles Marshalltown, \$4,000 cash, ten years on balance, 5 per cent; 120 acres near town, \$6,000 cash, balance ten years, 5 per cent; 240 acres three miles Marshalltown, \$130 per acre; 200 acres, one of the finest farms in Marshall county, well improved.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

Wanted—Good job by reliable man, aged 20 years. Address T-10, care this office.

# CLOSE FITTING TOUGHS OF SILK ARE STYLISH FOR EARLY FALL WEAR.



Fall millinery includes many pleasing specimens of the close fitting tunic, a style almost always becoming to elderly women and deservedly popular with both old and young. The model pictured here is of tulle, with a wide stitched band of the fabric bordering the upstanding brim. A very full, fancy feather is adjusted at a slight angle on the side of the hat.

## WANTED—FOUND—LOST

160 acres Carlton county. Frame house, log barn 40 acres needed to clover-land. School house on land. R. F. D. station three-quarters mile. Fine quarter section bargain. \$25 per acre. \$2,000 cash, balance five years at 6 per cent. Guaranty Farm Land Company, Duluth, Minn.

For Sale—I have for sale several hundred acres of choice prairie land, located on Mahomom county, Minnesota, on the 800 railroad. The soil is black loam of rich quality, and will produce the crops. Some ten miles back from railroad have several tracts with scattering oak timber on, no pine timber soil in this section; no sand, no stone and fine water. Will sell at from \$15 to \$20 per acre; will sell on easy terms and guarantee land to be as represented. For further particulars, address S. Walker, Wabun, Minn. P. S.—Also several improved farms near Hewitt and Bertha, Minn. As to particulars to these address A. E. Chase, Hewitt, Minn.

For Sale—Good farms for corn, wheat, oats, barley, clover, timothy and stock raising, forty to 400 acres. Black loam soil, clay subsoil, good drainage, grain belt equal to the best. Improved country with good roads, rural routes, telephones, schools and churches. Alexander Eckel, Winnebago, Minn.

To Rent—Suite of two furnished rooms, modern, bath and clothes closet, off from bedroom. Call 305 North Center street.

To Rent—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 1092 yellow.

To Rent—Five room cottage on Bromley street. Water, gas and electric lights. Phone 861 red.

To Rent—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Modern. 111 North Third street.

To Rent