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SPRINGFIELD, OREGON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1915.

THE SCHOOL MEETING TONIGHT

The annual meeting of the taxpayers of the Springfield school district will be held at the High school building this evening to consider the matter of levying a tax for next year's school maintenance.

sider. Ventilation and heating of the old building are an abomination, and altogether the building has outlived its usefulness.

The board in its budget asks an appropriation of \$1200 for a manual training building, for the quarters now used in the basement of the Lincoln building are needed for an indoor playground in such weather as we have been having.

A few thousand more would erect a good frame building of solid construction to house the high school if the taxpayers did not take that longer look into the future and, with faith in the future of their town, erect a suitable building of brick or concrete.

The meeting this evening is of more than usual importance and every taxpayer, especially the parents of school children, should be in attendance.

WHAT A FARMER SELLS

Ten thousand correspondents of the Bureau of Crop Estimates in the Department of Agriculture have reported what they sold off the farm in a typical year. Taking all the reports together, out of every hundred dollars' worth sold, forty dollars represented crops thirty-six dollars, live animals twenty dollars, the products of animals—such as milk, butter, eggs—and four dollars, miscellaneous items.

This is the national average, from which different sections show a wide variation. In the Cotton Belt, for example, out of each hundred dollars' worth of products sold, seventy-five dollars was crops; fourteen dollars, live animals; seven dollars animal products; and four dollars, miscellany; while in New York, fifty-three dollars of each hundred was animal products; fourteen dollars, live animals; twenty-seven dollars, crops; and six dollars, miscellany. In Vermont only ten dollars out of the hundred was live animals, twelve was animal products and twenty-two was crops.

If these correspondents are really representative, then less than half the average farmer's sales are of raw material—namely, crops. That is a very good showing. Selling crops often means depleting the soil; selling animals and animal products means enriching or at least maintaining it. Yet what is profitable in one district may not be so in another. Georgia's seventy-five per cent for crops may be more profitable for her than New York's sixty-seven per cent for animals and animal products would be.—Saturday Evening Post.

Report of the Condition of the The First National Bank

At Springfield, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on November 10, 1915:

Table with 3 columns: Item, Amount, Total. Includes Resources like Loans, Bonds, Stocks, and Liabilities like Capital stock, Surplus fund, Deposits.

STATE OF OREGON, County of Lane, ss. I, D. S. Beals, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me CORRECT—Attest: me this 19th day of November, 1915. HERBERT E. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. All foreign Rights Reserved. The conductor read it, said gruffly, "No answer," and the Jap went away.

PROLOGUE. You have never come across anything more rollicking, more joyful and full of the spice of modern life than our serial story entitled "The New Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford." That precious pair of deft and not overscrupulous adventurers, Wallingford and Blackie Daw, are still engaged in their favorite occupation of separating people from their money.

CHAPTER I. The Restitution Fund. GROANS and shrieks unspoken issued from the closed doors of the Pullman drawing room, and the two girls, who were the only occupants of the car, looked at each other in concern. "Some one is ill!" said the younger and more vivacious. She was very handsome and about twenty.



Violet and Fannie. And the broad chested man with the size diamond in his cravat, who was the other occupant of the drawing room, chuckled, his wide shoulders heaving and his eyes half closed. "What is your favorite musical selection?" "Tell him 'The Wearin' o' the Green,' Miss Violet," broke in a rich voice, and a red faced conductor stood there, his eyes twinkling.

Blackie gazed out of the door to where the beautiful golden head of Violet Warden rested upon the shoulder of her dark haired sister. Suddenly he slammed his saxophone in its case and hurried straight out to the girls and leaned over the seat in front of them. "Beg your pardon," he began, his black eyes snapping. "I'm Horace G. Daw, and you might as well call me Blackie; everybody else does. My partner is J. Rufus Wallingford, and he's the slickest little financial manipulator in the United States, bar none. Why, Jim Wallingford can go into a town where the entire floating capital consists of three copper pennies and a plugged dime and come away with enough money to start a branch mint. Now, we've just heard that old E. H. Falls skinned you out of five million, and we're going to get it back for you. Give me the details."

Three minutes later J. Rufus Wallingford, coming to the door of the drawing room, saw Blackie and the two girls bent together in friendly and eager conversation. "Come here, Jim," called Blackie. "Say, there was a whole gang in this deal, a clique headed by Falls! We're going to get that money!" "Fine," chuckled Wallingford. "Getting money either backward or forward is my main reason for living."

Just then the train stopped with an abrupt jerk, which threw big J. Rufus Wallingford off his feet and tossed Violet Warden forward into the arms of Blackie Daw. Five young men picked themselves from the floor of the magnificent private car Swallow after that rude stop of the train and viewed the devastation with extreme annoyance. The whist cards lay scattered everywhere; a beautiful dashboard model of a portable

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fortunately snapped a driving rod in doing so. "You will tell the conductor," said Mr. Falls in the voice of authority, "to repair the driving rod, clear the track and proceed immediately. Wait; he shall have written instructions." Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford was outside discussing ways and means with the conductor when Shamasuka came with the message. "Would you listen to this?" fared O'Connell. "Mr. Falls directs me to repair the driving rod, clear the track and proceed immediately!" He turned to Shamasuka red in the face. "You tell Mr. Falls that I directed him to go to the devil!" he roared. Wallingford turned to the conductor (Continued on Page 4)

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