

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.

Not only will this meeting be called upon to pass upon the questions of funds for the ordinary running expenses, but they must take some stock of the future and decide what shall be done in the matter of providing for the continued growth of the schools. And the deplorable condition of the high school building also demands consideration. Something must be done, and whether it would be worth while to spend several thousand dollars putting a new roof on a patchwork building is something the board will have to con-

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.

No. 8941 Report of the Condition of the
The First National Bank

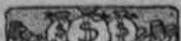
At Springfield, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on November 10, 1915:

RESOURCES	
1. a. Loans and discounts (except those shown on b).....	\$100,899.93
Total loans.....	100,899.93
2. Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured, \$1228.26.....	1,228.26
3. U. S. Bonds:	
a. U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value).....	6,250.00
b. U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value).....	6,250.00
Total U. S. bonds.....	6,250.00
4. Bonds, securities, etc.:	
a. Bonds other than U. S. bonds pledged to secure postal savings deposits.....	3,000.00
b. Bonds and securities pledged as collateral for State, or other deposits or bills payable (postal excluded).....	3,148.75
c. Securities other than U. S. Bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged.....	10,860.71
Total bonds, securities, etc.....	17,009.46
5. Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock.....	1,000.00
6. Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank \$1700.....	850.00
7. A value of banking house (if unencumbered).....	8,082.61
8. Furniture and fixtures.....	2,500.00
9. Real estate owned other than banking house.....	5,110.99
10. Net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank.....	3,000.00
11. a. Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis.....	1,608.83
b. Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities.....	7,178.24
12. Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than included in 10 or 11).....	4,324.21
13. a. Outside checks and other cash items.....	324.60
b. Fractional currency, nickels and cents.....	297.24
14. Notes of other national banks.....	561.84
15. Federal Reserve notes.....	155.00
16. Coin and certificates (Lawful money reserve in bank).....	13,050.10
17. Legal-tender notes (Lawful money reserve in bank).....	110.00
18. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation) and due from U. S. Treasurer.....	312.50
Total.....	\$176,237.07
LIABILITIES	
24. Capital stock paid in.....	25,000.00
25. Surplus fund.....	2,500.00
26. Undivided profits, interest, and taxes paid.....	4,991.28
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid.....	3,213.76
27. Circulating notes outstanding.....	1,777.62
28. Individual deposits subject to check.....	6,250.00
29. Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days.....	76,623.03
30. Cashier's checks outstanding.....	17,583.44
31. Postal Savings deposits.....	162.29
32. Total demand deposits, Items 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 39.....	1,213.41
33. Total demand deposits, Items 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 39.....	95,582.14
40. Certificates of deposit.....	37,103.56
Total of time deposits, Items 40, 41, and 42.....	37,103.56
41. b. Notes and bills rediscounted elsewhere than at Federal Reserve Bank.....	4,800.00
42. Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed.....	4,800.00
43. Letters of credit.....	3,148.75
44. Total.....	75.00
Total.....	\$176,237.07

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.
D. S. BEALS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me CORRECT—Attest:
me this 19th day of November, 1915.
HERBERT E. WALKER,
My commission expires Mar. 9, 1916.
Notary Public.

CHAS. L. SCOTT,
E. E. BRATTAIN,
L. K. PAGE,
Directors.



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

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. This story is not only brim full of snap and go, but added interest is given to it because of the fact that you can not only read the story in this newspaper, but you can also see moving pictures illustrating it posed by famous actors.

CHAPTER I.
The Restitution Fund.

GRAND 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. "The other girl, who was about twenty-two and more sedate, though there was the twinkle of humor in her brown eyes, touched the bell at her side, and the two, apparently sisters, from their likeness of feature and from the neat hair mourning, waited for the porter. "I can't stand it any longer, Fannie!" and the younger of the two girls jumped up.

Her sister hesitated, then followed to the door of the drawing room, outside of which they stood for a moment, while those terror inspiring sounds rose above the loud rattle of the train.

It was Fannie who at last knocked. No one came; only the groans and shrieks responded. The girls looked at each other in frightened pallor.

"Just turn the knob, Violet, and we'll peep in," finally advised Fannie.

An extra loud shriek seemed to animate Violet's hand, for it turned the knob, and the girls peeped timidly through the crack. They stopped, numbed by the unexpected sight which met their eyes, and a lurch of the train jerked the door from Violet's hand and swung it wide.

"Welcome, ladies," greeted the lean, lank musician, with a flourish of his saxophone and another flourish with his unoccupied hand. "Won't you come in and listen to the concert?"

The two girls emerged from their stupor and began to turn pink with embarrassment.

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."



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 closing.

"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.

Both the girls laughed, and the gifted amateur turned to the conductor with a well assumed expression of grievance.

"This is rough on real art," he complained. "If you won't come to, ladies, may I entertain you outside?"

They had just turned laughingly to go back to their seats, when a glintening haired little Jap with a preternaturally solemn face came stalking back through the car, and hagged the con-

ductor a note. The conductor read it, said gruffly, "No answer," and the Jap went away.

The faces of the girls changed instantly, as they saw the stationery, with its shadow-like imprint of a flying bird across the face of the envelope.

"The Swallow," and Fannie's low voice filled with sadness.

"Oh, Mr. O'Connell!" exclaimed Violet, and two quick tears sprang into her eyes. "Is he?"

"Yes, Miss Violet!" and Conductor O'Connell frowned as he punched the tickets. "It used to belong to these young ladies. Their father built it for them—Warden, owner of this road.

When he died old E. H. Falls somehow or other got the road, and Miss Violet and Miss Fannie that I've hauled since they were babies haven't a cent. Old Falls skinned 'em, that's what he did, out of \$5,000,000!" And he went on:

"Say, Jim," said the black mustached musician, "did you hear that outrage?" "Yes," replied the big man, frowning as he lit a thick black cigar.

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

calculator had been jerked from the sideboard and bent in two.

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

ductor a note. The conductor read it, said gruffly, "No answer," and the Jap went away.

The faces of the girls changed instantly, as they saw the stationery, with its shadow-like imprint of a flying bird across the face of the envelope.

"The Swallow," and Fannie's low voice filled with sadness.

"Oh, Mr. O'Connell!" exclaimed Violet, and two quick tears sprang into her eyes. "Is he?"

"Yes, Miss Violet!" and Conductor O'Connell frowned as he punched the tickets. "It used to belong to these young ladies. Their father built it for them—Warden, owner of this road.

When he died old E. H. Falls somehow or other got the road, and Miss Violet and Miss Fannie that I've hauled since they were babies haven't a cent. Old Falls skinned 'em, that's what he did, out of \$5,000,000!" And he went on:

"Say, Jim," said the black mustached musician, "did you hear that outrage?" "Yes," replied the big man, frowning as he lit a thick black cigar.

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

calculator had been jerked from the sideboard and bent in two.

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

"So sorry," apologized Fannie, but suddenly Violet giggled. "Frankly," she explained, "we thought some one was dying in here."

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)

The Best Thanksgiving is where there is a Bank Book

The Careful Man has his home protected with a Bank account

A THANKSGIVING TURKEY BECOMES A BIG FAT TURKEY BY BEING FED A LITTLE FROM DAY TO DAY. A THANKSGIVING BANK ACCOUNT BECOMES A FAT ONE BY THE SMALL DEPOSITS THAT YOU MAKE FROM TIME TO TIME.

YOU ARE JUST AS WELCOME IN OUR BANK WITH A SMALL DEPOSIT AS WITH A BIG ONE. LOTS OF SMALL DEPOSITS MAKE THE BIG FORTUNE. START A BANK ACCOUNT NOW—YOU WILL BE THANKFUL NEXT YEAR.

BANK WITH US.
WE PAY FOUR PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

96-223
The First National Bank
of Springfield, Oregon

CAREFUL, CONSCIENTIOUS
Dentistry
DR. J. E. RICHMOND
PHONES—Office, 3; Residence, 116-J
Over Commercial Bank,
Springfield, Oregon.

Harness, Shoes, Gloves
Harness and Shoes
Repaired at
The Harness Shop
See
Edwards & Brattain
For Farm and City Property
Exchanges a Specialty
Springfield Oregon
Phone 30

W. F. WALKER
UNDERTAKER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Office Phone 62; Residence 67-J
West Main St.

J. H. BOWER
Lawyer.
Phone 1221
831 Willam