

The Lane County News

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Published Every Monday and Thursday by the Lane County Publishing Association.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION	
One Year	\$1.50
Six Months	.75
Three months	.50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Member of the Willamette Valley Editorial Association.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1916.

THE WESTERN VIEW

The Florence West takes Springfield, Eugene and Cottage Grove to task because an effort is being made to utilize certain privileges granted in their charters. Whether these privileges are just and legal is a question now being considered by State Attorney General Brown.

The West says: "The selfishness of some of the people of Eugene and Springfield is shown in their efforts to have all the property in the three principal cities of Lane County exempted from the road taxes. True, they proposed that these cities should pay their proportion of the bridge fund; then after as plausible an argument as they could present in favor of exempting Eugene, Springfield and Cottage Grove from the two mill levy for roads, three of the champions of the cities' interests stated that if the two mill road tax is levied on all the property in the county, that the levy on the property in those cities will be contested in the courts. This statement is in the nature of a threat. In other words they demanded that the property in Eugene, Springfield and Cottage Grove, amounting to one-fourth of the assessed valuation of the county, be favored in the tax levy to the extent of two mills on each dollar of assessed valuation. Like a spoiled child they virtually said to the rest of the property owners of the county, "You must favor us in this matter. If you don't take what we are willing to give we will fight you and maybe you won't get anything." This is not the first time the people of Eugene have objected to doing their share toward improving the county in a way that would have resulted in benefitting Eugene more than the amount they were asked to contribute."

THE BEST HATED NATION

If in the next twenty years we escape aggression from abroad, it will not be for any sentimental reason. There is no love wasted upon us by any of the powers. The people of Germany are deeply resentful against us because we have sold munitions of war to the enemies of Germany and because we have had much to do with stopping the submarine warfare. This has been shown not merely by the attacks of the German Press, travelers and the private letters which have strayed into print. The people of Britain have been resentful because of our protests against the illegal blockade, the seizure of American vessels and the failure to give the British cause the fullest support, moral and material. Canadian newspapers have sneered at us for what they call want of spirit in the treatment of the Lusitana case. We have seen an Australian cartoon which makes Uncle Sam out a sort of usurer, fattening on the troubles of the belligerents. In France and Italy, the feeling is the same. We suppose that even Turkey and Greece, though they do not have to be taken into account feel no more kindlier. Belgium and Servia, in the same rank, may some day give us an example of the benefits forgot. We may as well make up our minds to the fact that in case it ever suits the purpose of any European power to attack us, or offend us, or tread upon our policies, there will be no other power flying to our sides. The United States stands alone in the world. At present it stands virtually defenseless.—Toledo Blade.

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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The Bang Sun Engine

CHAPTER VII.

"DANA T. MORLEY," repeated J. Rufus Wallingford, gazing at Fanny Warden's little notebook. Six names on the list above this had been crossed off. "Flossy name. But does he look the part?"

"We have never seen him," returned Fanny. "We only know that he is the president of a bank and lives in Cinderburg."

"And that he robbed us of \$70,000," interrupted Violet Warden, her blue eyes turning to Blackie Daw indignantly.

"Show us Morley!" And Blackie Daw grabbed up his saxophone and blew a long, shrill, high note. "That for Morley! And this one for the Falls railroad clique which stole the Warden estate. And this for—"

"For the love of Mike save it for them!" implored Wallingford, stopping his ears. "Girls, we should have some information about Morley before we hike out to his town. Suppose we hunt up a Cinderburg man and pump him."

"Oh, I suppose you just telegraph for one," retorted Blackie, flinging his saxophone with Violet Warden's fingers, which he picked up for the purpose.

"Not so," chuckled J. Rufus, his round, pink face reddening, his eyes



"And that he robbed us of \$70,000," interrupted Violet Warden.

half closing and his broad shoulders heaving. "There's always at least one man from any town in New York, so we'll scatter and look at hotel directories."

At the third hotel on Wallingford's list he found a Cinderburg man by the name of Bang and had him paged and found him sitting disconsolately in the bar and stopped with a frown as he catalogued and cross indexed the prize—hat of last year's shape, hair untrimmed, collar frayed, tie soiled, clothing unbrushed and unpressed. Evidently Mr. Bang was not overburdened with wealth, and he was quite clearly out of place amid the magnificence of the Hotel Bullion.

"You're from Cinderburg, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Bang.

"Glad to meet you," and J. Rufus extended a large, warm hand. "My name is Wallingford—J. Rufus Wallingford." He sat down at the little table and rang for the waiter. "Will you break a bottle of bubbles with me or stick to the stein?"

Mr. Bang's rather helpless blue eyes widened. A bottle of bubbles! That meant champagne!

"I don't mind changing my drink," he observed, with speculative anticipation. Also, he began to look a little brighter. This man J. Rufus Wallingford might be a capitalist. Must be!

"I'm thinking of buying some Cinderburg bonds," said Wallingford grandly and stopped to order a quart of champagne. "What kind of a town is it?"

"Pretty good," Mr. Bang glanced down at his frayed cuffs.

"How many banks?"

"Three," a little hesitation. "I think."

Apparently the man from Cinderburg was not well acquainted with banks.

"What's the best one?"

"The Commercial." Quite sure about this, though it gave him no pleasure.

"Who's the president?"

"Dana T. Morley," and this answer gave Mr. Bang even less pleasure than the other.

"Morley." J. Rufus smiled and stroked his stubby mustache. "Seems to me I've heard that name. What sort of a man is he?"

Mr. Bang considered that question in silence for a moment, his brows knotting, his neck swelling and his face purpling.

"Rotten!" he finally exploded. "He's my landlord. He's a mean, stingy, greedy little cuss. He's a detriment to the town. If there's any good business comes along and he can't gobble it all up he wants to choke it to death."

The waiter sat down two champagne glasses of delicate shape, and Mr. Bang reached out for one. At that moment the swing door opened, and a flash of sunlight shot into Bang's eyes. He pushed the glass off the table, and it shivered into countless fragments.

"Hang the sunlight!" he exploded; then he apologized.

"What's the matter with the sunshine?" the round faced one wanted to know. "I'm strong for it myself. Seems to me we've been having the sort of weather that could be framed and sold for the gem of the Morgan collection."

"That's just the trouble," complained Mr. Bang. "I wanted sunshine on my transformer these two weeks and got it, but it might as well have rained."

"Your transformer?" questioned Wallingford, with polite interest.

"A sun motor," replied Mr. Bang, introducing somewhat shyly the subject nearest his heart. "I have been working on it five years. I mortgaged my place to perfect it, secure patents, make a working model and come on here to interest capital."

"By the time you get back to Cinderburg," said Wallingford impressively when they left the hotel after a long, earnest talk, "they'll hand you the town on a velvet cushion. Just step in here a moment."

"In here" was a toy store, where Wallingford purchased five different sizes of toy electric motors, to which he had fitted rainbow colored disks of light cardboard of about a foot in diameter. Then he bundled the five motors and Mr. Bang into a taxicab and drove to a ready made clothing establishment, where, with grave care, he had Mr. Bang outfitted in as near an imitation of his own prosperous looking, up to date clothing possible to obtain. Next he drove to the Bullion.

"Now," he said to Mr. Bang, "I'm going to telephone some people. In the meantime I want you to go into the barber shop, get a shave, a hair cut, a singe, a shampoo, a massage and a shine and get manicured. Have them all working on you at once. Join me on the roof."

As one in a daze Mr. Bang obeyed instructions. When at the end of an hour he ascended to the roof of the Bullion he found there the resplendent Mr. Wallingford in the midst of a group of keen eyed and laughing young men. Some of them were smoking Mr. Wallingford's big black cigars, and others were smoking monogrammed cigarettes from his diamond studded case. A small serving table stood near them upon which were several partly filled champagne glasses.

"You see, gentlemen," Wallingford was saying, "with you holding this engine free of the roof there can be no possible connection with outside sources of electricity unless it should come up through your feet, and I think that any current of electricity having the nerve to pass through this bunch would be frazzled to the limpness of spaghetti by the time it got to where its ticket was punched for. By the way, gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Bang."

Instantly the four men who were holding the Bang sun engine deposited it upon the roof and with one accord surrounded the refurbished Mr. Bang. Where did Mr. Bang live, and how long had he worked upon his invention? And how did he first get the idea? And what was the size of Cinderburg? And what would be the price of sun engines per horsepower delivered in New York? And how soon might we expect to run ocean liners with it? And would it be

possible to build self current Marconi towers out of these sun engines?

Cinderburg had bidden goodby to Ed Bang in a spirit of more or less contemptuous tolerance. He was a good, honest, steady young workman, but it was a pity he had gone daffy on patent rights, to the neglect of his job and his family! Cinderburg received Mr. Edson Morse Bang with awe as a hero home from glorious victory, for Cinderburg boasted two morning and three afternoon papers, and the night before all those papers had been feverishly asked by wire for details concerning the life and work and personal characteristics and habits and family antecedents of the illustrious inventor, who had just disposed of his wonderful sun engine to the eminent financier and capitalist, J. Rufus Wallingford.

In another day the New York papers arrived. The New York papers had inquired two whoops about the accuracy of Mr. Wallingford's statements nor the worth of Mr. Bang's invention, but they had seen a sensational "story" and had "played it up" for all it was worth. Mr. Bang had developed a sun engine which was to make the world over from pole to pole. It was to light and heat the earth, furnish its power, and transportation and provide the medium for communication with Mars.

Was Mr. Bang benefited by this? He was. Already, even before he knew it, he had all the privileges and perquisites of a rich man. Prominent people who had never before seemed to know that Mr. Bang existed suddenly remembered him. His boss, old Pete Scallop, the proprietor of the Cinderburg Eureka Auto Motor Washing Machine company, met him and shook hands with him right on Main street in front of the Commercial bank.

"By the way," continued Mr. Scallop, lowering his voice confidentially, "I suppose you'll be building big shops or something of the kind, but if you've got any work to do right away there is a corner of my factory you're free to use and welcome, Eddie."

Eddie! The millennium had suddenly come. Mr. Bang accepted the offer with thanks and with joy.

Mr. Bang called upon Mr. Paulson, he of the red cheekbones and the habitual marble eye, the latter characteristic having been always in evidence to compel cash on the nail for wire.

"Hello, Mr. Bang!" said Mr. Paulson, immediately coming from behind his desk and rubbing his hands together. "I suppose we'll have great activity in the sun motor construction line about now."

"A little," admitted Mr. Bang, searching in vain in Mr. Paulson's countenance for the erstwhile marble eye and finding there instead a friendly and beaming orb.

"I thought so," said Paulson, "and to show you that we have just as much enterprise in Cinderburg as in your New York I placed a large order for material the minute the papers told us of your success. It should be here by tomorrow."

"That's good," said Mr. Bang.

On Friday evening Mr. Wallingford entertained in the dining room of the New Auditorium. Present, besides Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Bang, who sat respectively at the head and the foot of the table, were the flower of Cinderburg's finance, the acme of its commercial achievements, the leaders of all its progressive movements which promised a profit and the owners of nearly all its cash.

"Gentlemen, this little meeting was the beginning of a new world epoch. There sat among them tonight a man, a modest man, who, disguising himself for years among them as a mere earnest, plodding workman [applause], had tolled in poverty to give to the world its greatest gift since Prometheus brought down fire from heaven."

Mr. Morley nodded his head in grave approval, and three others pursed up their lips to show that they had heard about Prometheus, the others looked perplexed and Pete Scallop clicked back his teeth. Wallingford himself paused to admire the patness of that illustration and to thank the lucky star which had, just the night before, laid his eyes for the first time upon the fable of Prometheus.

However, he did not want a false impression to get about. Cinderburg must not expect within a week or a month, or possibly within even a year, to see its trolley cars and its factories run by the Bang sun engine to the exclusion of all other motive power.

Although in the meantime the work of organization was to go steadily forward, and tonight these friends would be given an opportunity to consider the claims to local support of the Cinderburg Bang Sun Engine, Light, Heat and Power company, this, an organization restricted to the furnishing of local light, heat and power, was to be left to local capital entirely, except that 51 per cent of the stock would be subscribed by the International Bang Sun Engine company, which was the

(Continued on Page 4)

Jas. Corsaw has re-opened his shoe repair shop in the west half of the Stevens bicycle shop, Main St. near Seventh.

"You see, gentlemen," Wallingford was saying.



The Careful man swears off extravagance and Banks his money.

ARE YOU NOT SPENDING MUCH OF YOUR MONEY FOOLISHLY?
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