

PRESIDENT TAFT FAVORS POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS TO KEEP PLATFORM PLEDGES

Milwaukee, Sept. 17.—In his speech here today the president devoted most of his time to the postal savings banks system, and aroused a quick response of applause when he declared that he stood firm for the redemption of the promise of the Republican platform for the establishment of such a system of banks. The president said he did not want to antagonize the bankers, but he did not believe their opposition to postal banks was well founded.

Milwaukee, Sept. 17.—President Taft swung into the Northwest today, and after spending the entire forenoon here, proceeded to LaCrosse, where he will arrive this afternoon. He will stay at the Wisconsin hotel, the home of Representative Tawney, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, and make his first utterance on the tariff at Winona tonight.

The president is in the land of the congressional insurgents today, and there is much interest in what he will have to say. His original itinerary provided for a stop at Madison, the home of LaFollette, but the plans were changed and Milwaukee was chosen instead.

Immense crowds greeted the president, and at the fair grounds, where he delivered an address, great throngs of people gathered to hear and see him.

According to his expressions in his Chicago speech last night, President Taft is in favor of union labor. This was the subject of his main speech, and in plain terms he upheld organization, and demanded that the rights of non-union labor be protected. Next to this in National importance was his denouncing the present court system. He deplored delays in the administration of justice, and announced an intention to urge Congress to make a wide change.

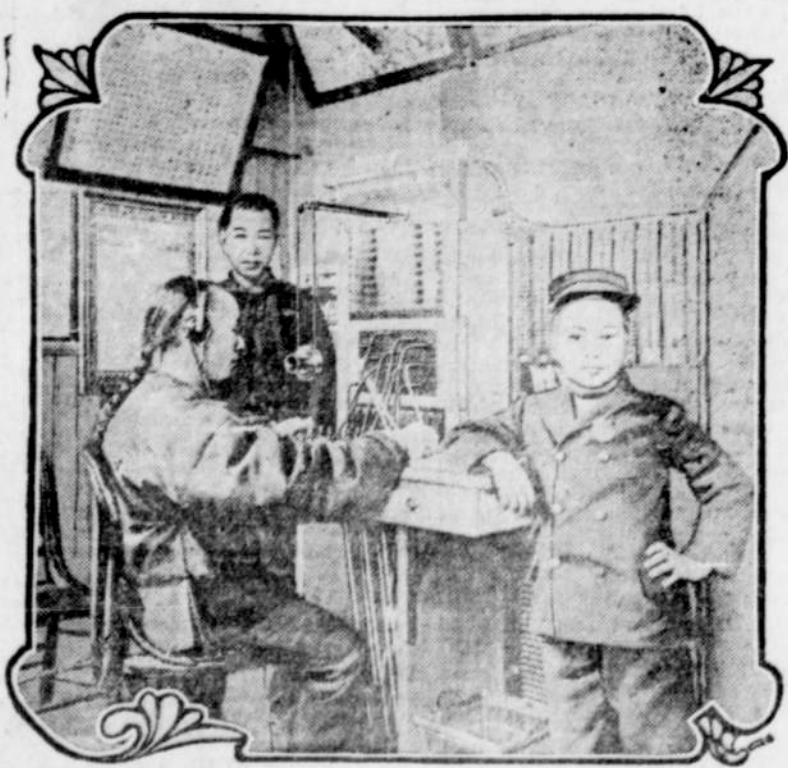
SHOULD GET READY FOR HOMESEEKERS

The colonist rate for the Pacific coast began Wednesday, and the first train load of home seekers will arrive in Portland Saturday. This means that the cities all down the line, in this valley, will be called upon to make good their statements of the beauties, resources and advantages in their various sections. Eugene is line for its share of the guests who will take up their new homes, and it behooves the citizens to give all comers worthy of it a hearty welcome. The work can not all be done by the Commercial Club or its managers; every citizen is a committee of one, self-constituted, to see that home seekers are well taken care of, and at least made to feel welcome. If the glad hand is extended they will readily do their part in securing a location for themselves. It is not necessary to hand them out a pillow upon which to lay their tired heads, but don't be stingy with your smiles.

MOB OF SAILORS WRECK RESTAURANT

Newark, Va., Sept. 18.—Much excitement was caused at the "White City" of Pines today by an attack on Charles Lee's restaurant by a large party of sailors on shore liberty from the fleet in Hampton Roads. The place was stoned and practically wrecked, beer bottles and other missiles having been thrown through the windows, and much crockery and glass smashed. The cause of the attack is not given, and the affair was reported to the naval authorities.

The Standard Liquor Co. today began suit in the circuit court against Jos. Jacobs to recover \$293.60, alleged due on a liquor bill. Jacobs is the man who has been convicted several times of running a blind pig in Eugene. L. R. Edmundson is attorney for the plaintiff in the case.



PROGRESSIVE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Americans are prone to look upon the Chinese as unprogressive and slow to take up modern improvements, although they have been known for centuries as shrewd traders. In San Francisco, however, especially since the great earthquake and fire, which destroyed most of the old Chinatown, the Chinese residents have availed themselves of modern inventions to a considerable extent. This tendency is especially shown in the use of the telephone by the Celestials. In some of their joss houses the telephone booth occupies a prominent place at the side of the squatting idol.

The Mission

Of those corpuscles in your blood that have been called "Little Soldiers," is to fight for you against the disease germs that constantly endanger your health. These corpuscles are made healthy and strong by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is a combination of more than 20 different remedial agents in proportions and by a process known only to ourselves and it has for thirty years been constantly proving its worth. No substitute, none "just-as-good."

BANKERS CLOSE ANNUAL SESSION AT CHICAGO

Chicago, Sept. 17.—A resolution condemning in strong terms both the guaranty deposit law and postal savings banks was adopted today by the American Bankers' Association.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—Bankers representing every state in the union met today for the closing session of the American Bankers' Association convention. An important feature of the program was an address by James Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, on "The Efficiency and Limitations of Bank Supervision, of Examination, and the Responsible Course of Bank Management."

"The progressive success or lack of success in bank management can be fairly well discovered by the periodical classification of a bank's loans and investments. The classification should be conscientiously made outside of the executive officers. It may be done by a committee of directors or by a competent auditor, at whose disposal must be placed the statements of customers and all the information available in the credit department. The assets can be divided into five classes and the will, I think, disclose to the directors the necessity for a contingent fund, such as I have advocated. The percentage of each class to the aggregate total should be shown and the periodical classifications compared with each other. They can disclose the progressive condition of the assets, whether they are growing better or worse, and from the result the management may be judged. I suggest the following classification:

1. Good desirable business.
2. Fair business risks.
3. Business not desirable as a new proposition, but which policy makes it necessary to carry along for the purpose of gradual liquidation.
4. Loans which should be liquidated and which more or less loss is probable.
5. Loans so bad that they should be charged off now.

"The respective percentage of these five categories forms a very good criterion of the character of a bank's management. It must be the constant and unrelenting aim of its officers to reduce class three to its smallest possible proportion and to eliminate entirely the fourth and fifth classes.

"Cooperation among all supervisory powers is most desirable. National and state government examiners should consult with each other and, where the opportunities exist, with the clearing house examiners. The comptroller and the state banking commissioners might, with propriety and with much benefit to both systems, establish confidential relations with each other and with the different clearing house committees, and all should keep in close touch with the bank directors and take them into their confidence regarding everything open to criticism in their banks. They are all engaged in the work of raising banking standards and improving banking conditions, and they should avail themselves of every opportunity for co-operating toward these highly desirable ends."

Los Angeles Chosen
Los Angeles was chosen for the 1910 convention of the bankers.

OPENING ENROLLMENT AT UNIVERSITY WILL BE BETWEEN 600 AND 700

The opening attendance at the University of Oregon in Eugene, exclusive of music, law, medicine and correspondence courses, is expected to be between 600 and 700, and the total attendance will pass the 1000 mark. There are to be nearly 300 freshmen. This will be an increase of 25 or 30 per cent. This number will be increased probably by one hundred at the end of the first semester. The buildings will be a trifle crowded, but with the new instructors the number will be handled very well.

Among the new instructors are Edward A. Thurber, a graduate of Yale and Harvard, who has spent the past year or more in Europe. He will fill the place vacated by Professor Carson. Dr. Bertha Stuart is to be the new physical director for women. Gustav Buchen will instruct in debate and public speaking, working with and under Professor Glen. Richard A. Grider is the new mining instructor. He is a graduate of the Colorado School of Mining, and attended the University of Oregon and University of California.

Mrs. J. W. Steffler and daughter, of Carthage, Mo., left for home today after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Reynolds. Mrs. Steffler is an aunt of Mrs. Reynolds.

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR
M'GUTHCHEON

Copyright, 1908, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PLAGUE IS ANNOUNCED.

THE next morning a steamship dying the English flag came to anchor off Ararat, delivered and received mail bags and after an hour's stay steamed away in the drift of the southeast trade winds—Bombay to Cape Colony. The men at the chateau gazed longingly, helplessly through their glasses at the black hulled visitor from the world they loved. They watched it until nothing was left to be seen except the faint cloud of smoke that went to a pin point in the horizon. There had been absolutely no opportunity to communicate with the officers of the ship. They sailed away hurriedly, as if in alarm. Their haste was significant.

"Perhaps Bowles succeeded in getting a word with the officer who came ashore," said Browne hopefully. "He knows the danger we are in."

"My dear Browne, Bowles hadn't the ghost of a chance to communicate with the ship," said Chase. "He can't bully 'em any longer with his Tommy Atkins coat. They're outgrown it, just as he has. It was splendid while it lasted, but they're no more afraid of it now than they are of my warships. I wish there was some way to get him and his English assistants into the chateau. It's awful to think of what is coming to them sooner or later."

"Is there no way to help them?" groaned Deppingham.

"I'll never forget poor Bowles the first time I saw him in his dinky red jacket and that hooligan cap of his," reflected Chase, as if he had heard Deppingham's remark. "He put them on and tried to overawe the crowd that night when I was threatened in the market place. He did his best, poor chap, and I—"

"Look!" exclaimed Britt suddenly, pointing toward one of the big gates in the upper end of the park. "I believe they're making an attack!"

The next instant the men in the balcony were leaving it pell-mell, picking up the ever ready rifles as they dashed off through the halls and out into the park. They kept themselves as well covered as possible by the boxed trees, although up to this time there had been no shooting.

Chase, in advance, suddenly gave vent to a loud cry and boldly dashed out into the open, disregarding all shelter. Two of the native park patrol were hastening toward the gate from another direction. Outside the huge, barred gate a throng of men and women were congregated. Some of the men were vigorously slashing away at the bars with sledges and crowbars; others were crouching with rifles leveled in the other direction!

"It's Bowles!" shouted Chase eagerly.

The situation at once became clear to those inside the walls. Bowles and his friends, a score all told, had managed to reach the upper gate and were now clamoring for admission, beset on all sides by the enemy's pickets.

"For God's sake, be quick!" shouted Bowles. "There's a thousand of them coming up the mines road!"

The gates were unlocked by the patrol, and the panic stricken throng tumbled through them and scattered like sheep behind the high, sheltering walls. Once more the massive gates were closed and the bolts thrown down just in time to avoid a fusillade of bullets from the outside.

Once inside the chateau the fugitives, shivering with terror, fairly collapsed. There were three Englishmen in the party besides Bowles, and Chase recognized the Persian wives of Jacob von Blitz among the women who had been obliged to cast their lot with the refugees from Ararat. The sister of Neenah and five or six other women who had been sold into the island made up the remainder of the little group of trembling females.

The remainder of the men in the party, fourteen or fifteen in all, were of many castes and nationalities and of various ages. There were brown skinned fellows from Calcutta, a couple of sturdy Greeks, an Egyptian and a Persian, three or four Assyrians and as many Maoris. As to their walks in life, among them were clerks and guards from the bank, members of the native constabulary, Indian fakirs and showmen and vendors of foreign gewgaws.

Bowles, his thin legs still shaking perceptibly, although he strove mightily to hold them at strict "attention," was the spokesman. A valiant heart thumped once more against the seams of the little red jacket. If his hand trembled and his voice shook it was because of the unwonted exertion to which both had been put in that striding flight at dawn.

"For some time we have been preparing for the outbreak," he said, "sipping the glass of brandy that Britt had poured for him. 'Ever since Chase began to go in so noticeably for the ladies—ahem!'"

Chase glared at him. The others tittered.

"I don't mean the old story, sir, of the Persians, and I'm saying, sir, what's more, there wasn't a word of truth in it—I mean the ladies of the chateau, begging pardon too. Von Blitz came to me often with complaints that you were being made a fool of by a pretty face or two and that you were going over to the enemy body and soul. When I heard that they tried to kill you the night before last I made up my mind that no white man was to be left to tell the tale. Last night we locked all the company's books in the vaults, got together all the bank notes and gold we had on hand and made preparations to go on board the steamer when she called this morning. My plan was to tell them of the trouble here and try to save you. We were all expected to die of the plague—that's what we were—and I realized that Tommy Atkins was off the boards forever."

"We hadn't any more than got the cash and valuables ready to smuggle aboard when down came Russia upon us—10 o'clock last night, your lord ship. He had a dozen men with him, and he told every mother's son of us that our presence in the town was not desired until after the ship had sailed away. We were taken up into the hills by a squad of men. There wasn't a man among us that didn't know that we were to be killed as soon as the ship had gone. With our own eyes we saw the mail bags rifled and nearly all of the mail destroyed. The pouches from the chateau were burned. Russia politely informed us that the plague had broken out among the chateau servants and that no mail could be sent out from that place. He said he intended to warn the ship's officer of the danger in landing, and—well, that explains the short stay of the ship and the absence of nearly all mail from the island. There won't be another boat for three weeks, and they won't land because of the plague. They will get word, however, that every one in the chateau has died of the disease and that scores of natives are dying every day."

"Well, we decided to break away from the island and try to get to the chateau. It was their intention to take some of us back to the bank this morning to open the vault and the safes. That was to be our last act, I fancy. About 4 this morning a dozen of the women came up to where we were being held. They were flying from the town and ran into the arms of our guard before they knew of their presence. It seems that those devils down their had set out to kill their women because it was known that one of them had warned Mr. Chase of his danger. During the excitement brought about by their arrival in our camp we made a sudden attack upon our guards. They were not expecting it, and we had seized their rifles before they could recover from their surprise. I regret to say that we were obliged to kill a few of them in the row that followed. You let us in just in time. My word, it was a close shave."

"It's an ill wind that blows all evil," said Deppingham. "Mr. Bowles, you are welcome. We are a bit short of

"What is a charity ball?" asked Geneva after a moment.

"A charity ball is a function where one set of women sit in the boxes and say nasty things about the women on the floor, and those on the floor say horrid things about the women in the boxes. It's great fun."

"Charity is simply a talladulation, then?"

"Yes, but don't mention it aloud. Mr. Britt is trying with might and main to prove that Bobby and I have hallucinations without end. If I happen to look depressed at breakfast time he jots it down—speaks of depression and melancholia, do you see? He's a dreadful man."

Saunders was approaching from the lower end of the balcony. He appeared flustered. His face was red and perspiring and his manner distraught.

"Well, Saunders?" said Deppingham as the lawyer stopped to clear his throat awkwardly.

"I have found sufficient food of all descriptions, sir, to last for a month at least," said Saunders in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Have a cigarette, Deppy?" interposed Browne, seeing that something was amiss with Saunders. In solemn order the silver box went the rounds.

Saunders spoke up, as if suddenly recollecting something. "I have to report, sir, that the stock of cigarettes is getting very low. They can't last three days at this rate, sir."

The three men stared at him.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Chase, who could face any peril and relish the experience if needs be, but who now forewent a skeleton deprivation. "You can't mean it, Saunders!"

"I certainly do, sir. The mint is holding out well, though, sir. I think it will last."

"By George, that is a calamity!" groaned Chase. "How is a man to fight without cigarettes?"

Geneva quietly proffered the one she had not lighted, a quizzical smile in her eyes.

"My contribution to the cause," she said gayly. "What strange creatures men are! You will go out and be shot at all day and yet—She paused and looked at the cigarette as if it were entitled to reverence.

"It does seem a bit silly, doesn't it?" lamented the stalwart Chase. Then he took the cigarette.

(Concluded next Saturday).

Word has been received here of the death of Bishop J. S. Mills, a former resident of Eugene, at Annapolis, Pa. He was bishop of the United Brethren church.

"The dance!" broke in her husband, not catching her meaning. "Has it really broken out?"

"Deppy, you are the dumbest creature I know!" exclaimed his wife. Chase smiled broadly. "She refers to the newly acquired harem, Lord Deppingham. We're supposed to die with the Asiatic plague, not to—"

"Not to live with it! Ho, ho, I see, by Jove!" roared Deppingham amiably. "Splendid! Harem! I get the point. Ripping!"

"They're not so bad, are they, Bobby?" asked Lady Agnes coolly, going to Browne's side at the railing. It may not have been true that Browne was in love with Lady Deppingham, but it was more than evident that his wife felt convinced that he was.

"Splendid!" was the sudden exclamation of Drusilla's valet lord. The others looked up, interested. "Say, everybody, Lady Agnes and I have hit upon a ripping scheme. It's great!"

"To better our position?" asked Deppingham.

"Position? What—oh, I see. Not exactly. What do you say to a charity ball, the proceeds to go to the survivors of the plague we're expected to have?"

The princess gave a quick, involuntary look at Chase's face. Browne's tall fellow countryman was now leaning against the banister beside her chair. She saw a look of surprised amusement flit across his face, succeeded almost instantly by a hard, dark frown of displeasure. He waited a moment and then looked down at her with unmistakable shame and disapproval in his eyes.

"We might just as well be merry while we can," Browne was saying. "Think of what the French did at the time of the commune. They danced and died like ladies and gentlemen. And our own forefathers, Chase, at the time of the American Revolution—remember them too. They gave their balls and parties right under the muzzles of British cannon. And Vicksburg—New Orleans, too—in the civil war! Think of 'em! Why shouldn't we be as game and as gay as they?"

"But they were earnest in their distractions," observed Deppingham, with a glance at his wife's eager face. "This could be nothing more than a travesty, a jest."

"Oh, let us be sports," cried Lady Agnes, falling into an Americanism readily. "It may be a jest, but what odds? Something to kill time with."

"I don't like Mr. Browne," whispered Geneva suddenly. Chase did not reply. She waited a moment and then went on. "He is not like Deppingham. Do you understand?"

Lady Deppingham came over to them at that instant, her eyes sparkling.

"It's to be tonight," she said. "A fashionable charity ball—everything except the newspaper accounts, don't you know. Committees and all that. It's short notice, of course, but life may be short. We'll have Arab aerobatics, Persian dances, a grand march, electric lights and absolutely no money to distribute. That's the way it usually is. Now, Mr. Chase, don't look so sour! Be nice, please!" She put her hand on his arm and smiled up at him so brightly that he could not hold out against her. She caught the touch of disapproval in Geneva's glance, but a sharp, quick dash of rebellion came into her own eyes.

"What is a charity ball?" asked Geneva after a moment.

"A charity ball is a function where one set of women sit in the boxes and say nasty things about the women on the floor, and those on the floor say horrid things about the women in the boxes. It's great fun."

"Charity is simply a talladulation, then?"

"Yes, but don't mention it aloud. Mr. Britt is trying with might and main to prove that Bobby and I have hallucinations without end. If I happen to look depressed at breakfast time he jots it down—speaks of depression and melancholia, do you see? He's a dreadful man."

Saunders was approaching from the lower end of the balcony. He appeared flustered. His face was red and perspiring and his manner distraught.

"Well, Saunders?" said Deppingham as the lawyer stopped to clear his throat awkwardly.

"I have found sufficient food of all descriptions, sir, to last for a month at least," said Saunders in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Have a cigarette, Deppy?" interposed Browne, seeing that something was amiss with Saunders. In solemn order the silver box went the rounds.

Saunders spoke up, as if suddenly recollecting something. "I have to report, sir, that the stock of cigarettes is getting very low. They can't last three days at this rate, sir."

The three men stared at him.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Chase, who could face any peril and relish the experience if needs be, but who now forewent a skeleton deprivation. "You can't mean it, Saunders!"

"I certainly do, sir. The mint is holding out well, though, sir. I think it will last."

"By George, that is a calamity!" groaned Chase. "How is a man to fight without cigarettes?"

Geneva quietly proffered the one she had not lighted, a quizzical smile in her eyes.

"My contribution to the cause," she said gayly. "What strange creatures men are! You will go out and be shot at all day and yet—She paused and looked at the cigarette as if it were entitled to reverence.

"It does seem a bit silly, doesn't it?" lamented the stalwart Chase. Then he took the cigarette.

(Concluded next Saturday).

Word has been received here of the death of Bishop J. S. Mills, a former resident of Eugene, at Annapolis, Pa. He was bishop of the United Brethren church.

"The dance!" broke in her husband, not catching her meaning. "Has it really broken out?"

"Deppy, you are the dumbest creature I know!" exclaimed his wife. Chase smiled broadly. "She refers to the newly acquired harem, Lord Deppingham. We're supposed to die with the Asiatic plague, not to—"

"Not to live with it! Ho, ho, I see, by Jove!" roared Deppingham amiably. "Splendid! Harem! I get the point. Ripping!"

"They're not so bad, are they, Bobby?" asked Lady Agnes coolly, going to Browne's side at the railing. It may not have been true that Browne was in love with Lady Deppingham, but it was more than evident that his wife felt convinced that he was.

"Splendid!" was the sudden exclamation of Drusilla's valet lord. The others looked up, interested. "Say, everybody, Lady Agnes and I have hit upon a ripping scheme. It's great!"

"To better our position?" asked Deppingham.

"Position? What—oh, I see. Not exactly. What do you say to a charity ball, the proceeds to go to the survivors of the plague we're expected to have?"

The princess gave a quick, involuntary look at Chase's face. Browne's tall fellow countryman was now leaning against the banister beside her chair. She saw a look of surprised amusement flit across his face, succeeded almost instantly by a hard, dark frown of displeasure. He waited a moment and then looked down at her with unmistakable shame and disapproval in his eyes.

"We might just as well be merry while we can," Browne was saying. "Think of what the French did at the time of the commune. They danced and died like ladies and gentlemen. And our own forefathers, Chase, at the time of the American Revolution—remember them too. They gave their balls and parties right under the muzzles of British cannon. And Vicksburg—New Orleans, too—in the civil war! Think of 'em! Why shouldn't we be as game and as gay as they?"

"But they were earnest in their distractions," observed Deppingham, with a glance at his wife's eager face. "This could be nothing more than a travesty, a jest."

"Oh, let us be sports," cried Lady Agnes, falling into an Americanism readily. "It may be a jest, but what odds? Something to kill time with."

"I don't like Mr. Browne," whispered Geneva suddenly. Chase did not reply. She waited a moment and then went on. "He is not like Deppingham. Do you understand?"

Lady Deppingham came over to them at that instant, her eyes sparkling.

"It's to be tonight," she said. "A fashionable charity ball—everything except the newspaper accounts, don't you know. Committees and all that. It's short notice, of course, but life may be short. We'll have Arab aerobatics, Persian dances, a grand march, electric lights and absolutely no money to distribute. That's the way it usually is. Now, Mr. Chase, don't look so sour! Be nice, please!" She put her hand on his arm and smiled up at him so brightly that he could not hold out against her. She caught the touch of disapproval in Geneva's glance, but a sharp, quick dash of rebellion came into her own eyes.

UNIVERSITY CRITICISED BY PROF HOMAN

Cottage Grove, Or., Sept. 17.—Dr. Fletcher Homan, president of Willamette University, the Methodist institute at Salem, tonight expressed considerable comment at the session of the Oregon Educational Association, held at the University of Oregon.

He declared the state institute is not doing a complete work because it does not teach the spiritual life, and he declared from the platform, before a large crowd that religion must be taught in every university church along educational lines will be complete. He said members of the state institution at Eugene have acknowledged this.

Dr. Homan said he hoped to report to the Oregon Educational Association, but that he was speaking on dangerous grounds, but that he was speaking the truth and can back up all he had said. After the meeting he said he would clearly understand that he makes no attack on the University of Oregon, but insists on complete education for the men and women, including the spiritual life. He spoke similarly before the laymen here this afternoon.

Do not meddle with secular business affairs, make your sermons brief and clear out, do not allow the church choir to run things and do the work for God, be prompt and attend upon conference sessions and you can become a good preacher, was some of the advice given to ministers by Bishop Smith in addressing a class here, this morning at the Methodist Episcopal Church. They are James Knox, Charles L. Cress and A. P. Lacy.

Hillsboro Next Rendezvous.
Hillsboro will be the seat of the conference next fall, that place having been designated yesterday morning, when Rev. L. F. Balkan again extended an invitation to the conference to meet there. He said he did not know whether he will be there as pastor, and Bishop Smith, who remarked that it would be safe, as Hillsboro probably will still be there. The conference voted down a proposition to increase from three to four the number of the pastor's salaries for the conference sessions. The final formal greeting was read from Dr. C. T. Ellison, of the Church of South Columbia Conference, and Dr. C. T. Wilson, of Centenary Church, Portland, as elected fraternal delegate to that conference from this conference.

Yesterday afternoon a most splendid social gathering was given at the city park. It was a large wagon laden with watermelons, followed by every preacher and his wife who could get away from conference. Julius Long, of the Portland Commercial Club, presided over the feast, which was a great feature.

"Father" Flynn There.
"Father" John Flynn, the oldest preacher in the conference yesterday responded to the roll call of superannuates, metonymically as bright as ever, but noticeably more infirm in bed. He spoke briefly, in his usual witty manner, provoking much laughter.

"I hardly know what to say," said "Father" Flynn, as he rose to address the conference.

"That is the first time I ever knew an Irishman who did not know what to say," said Bishop Smith, who presided over the conference enjoyed a hearty laugh.

"Father" Flynn then recounted briefly his pioneer experiences as the first preacher in Portland and his aid life.

Aid Pledged to Anti-Saloon Work.
This morning the conference pledged their church to assist the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon in its fight to make the state dry next year, upon motion of Dr. Hollingshead, of Portland. Superintendent Knappell, of Portland, spoke briefly of the plans for the battle.

NEW TURBINE AT ELECTRIC PLANT READY TO RUN

Will Be in Operation in a Few Days, Then There Will Be Better and More Power

The new turbine at the electric power plant at Springfield is now ready to run, all parts being assembled and it only remains to be tested thoroughly before it will be delivering the "juice," which will be the last of this or first of next week. For the past six months the power and light service for Eugene and Springfield has been in a rather precarious position. If any serious breakdown occurred to the big turbine there would have been good chances that two cities would have been without light and power until repairs could have been made. When the big 500-k.w. turbine generator was installed last winter the other generators were taken out, leaving nothing to fall back on in case of an accident. Now that the new machine is in place, if an accident should occur one machine could do all the work. The plant is now supposed to produce 1000 k. w. of electricity, but if necessary it can be run overloaded up to 1500 k. w. This will amply supply the demands of the two cities for winter, but with the proposed extension of the street car lines and the growing demands of the cities, it is quite probable that more facilities will be added next year.

The two generators are connected separately, and one will be used exclusively for power purposes, while the other will furnish the electricity for lighting. This will prevent the unsteadiness of lights and power experienced last winter, and will greatly improve the efficiency of both.