

THE LANE COUNTY NEWS

W. A. DILL Editor and Manager

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.



And Remember to Get a Stop-Over for Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

BE READY TO GIVE REPLY

Citizens at a mass meeting Tuesday evening talked over the matter of raising a fund for exploiting Springfield this coming summer when so many visitors to the California expositions will be passing this way. The sum suggested to be spent was small, and rightly so.

This is no time for entering upon a national campaign for the exploitation of Springfield before the whole world. The time for that work has passed. This year hundreds and thousands of communities will be pressing their claims upon the travelers who come west. The best thing for Springfield to do is to keep out of this expensive race, and confine here efforts to the less expensive plan of providing sufficient literature, and sufficient office facilities to answer the questions of those who have sufficient interest to ask about Springfield.

Inquiries by exposition officials convince them that over one million persons are coming from points east of Salt Lake to San Francisco, and that at least one-half of these, together with thousands more from points farther west, and going to visit the Northwest before they return. Out of this half million and more who are going to come through the Willamette Valley, there must of necessity be many who will be interested in Springfield. Such as these must be supplied with the literature that is necessary to satisfy them. In that way it will be possible to make settlers and investors of those who can see in Springfield the opportunity they have been seeking.

Another phase of the preparation for visitors is discussed in the Evening Telegram under the heading, "Our Opportunity Greater than We Realize." The Telegram says:

Suppose that all property owners and householders of the city were assembled in one place, and all of them who are making special personal effort to make the city put on the garb of hospitable beauty against next Summer's invasion from the East were asked to raise their hands, would the hand-raising be unanimous? It would be a matter of doubt if a majority of those present could respond.

As one goes about the city he can observe a great deal going forward for the reception of next Summer's visitors. He can also observe where there is opportunity for much more to be done, and no indication of anything moving. The sentiment ought to be such that everything will be doing which is doable.

One has only to pick up any of the current magazines which treats of men, events and things of National interest, and he will find repeated urging, and evidence of a widespread resolve to turn the stream of travel to these Pacific shores, which other years has crossed the Atlantic. By reason of its expositions California is, of course, the objective point, but to entire Pacific Coast will be the touring ground; and the fame of Oregon will bring a good percentage of that travel within our gates.

We need to be earnestly convinced of all this, and be governed in our community duty by the same considerations that would obtain if the occasion were to be one which would call for individual hospitality. Let every citizen help as he can to put the city in its best dress.

KEEP THINGS MOVING.

It is our home trade that is in the doldrums. Let's pull it out.

Your winter overcoat is a bit shabby, but may, at a pinch, last through the season. Well, suppose you buy a new one now and if need be keep it until next winter. Prices today are much lower than they are likely to be at the beginning of next winter. Think over the feasibility of buying a new suit on the same basis.

Or if you contemplate building a house or extending your plant why not take advantage of the present low price of materials? You can save perhaps \$100 on each \$1000 of expenditure.

Remember the dollar you spend will help provide work for some breadwinner. Every purchase you can afford will start the wheels of industry revolving a little faster.

Once business attains a certain momentum it will go ahead without special effort. But it needs special effort now and it is your duty as a patriotic citizen and as a human being with a heart to do all in your power to see that it gets this special effort.

The statement can be made here that the strongest interests in the country are to co-operate whole heartedly with the government in striving to bring about a recovery in industry. President Wilson is to be taken at his word by these interests and for the present nothing is to be done by them, they state, to retard the forward movement that is so much needed to drive away unemployment and distress, which, if not carefully handled, might, conceivably, culminate unhappily, not to use more specific language.—Examiner.

"Through a mechanical error it was stated in a special dispatch to The Register yesterday that Springfield had been made a flag station for Train No. 15. Springfield Junction was intended, the word "Junction" being inadvertently omitted."—Register.

Judging by the Register's error to make correction, the unfortunate item was an error all right.

Out of the Joke Book

An Incident at Liege.

Even as I read of the campaign in Northern Belgium there comes the memory of an incident which occurred several years ago on the station platform at Liege.

In the company of two Americans, who had been studying at German universities, I was traveling from Berlin to Paris. We spent the night at Liege, and in the morning were on hand to take the Paris express.

As my knowledge of both French and German was decidedly limited, it fell to my lot to look after the hand luggage, while my companions saw to the tickets and the checking of the trunks. While I was thus engaged, a well-dressed, portly gentleman, of distinctly German type, stepped up and spoke to me.

I shook my head. "Nicht versteh," said I.

He tried again, and then I asked him a question in my limited German.

"Nicht versteh," he replied in turn.

We began to make gestures with our arms. I repeated all the German words I know, which were about nine. They didn't seem familiar to him. We began again to make gestures, but of no avail. Finally a brilliant idea occurred to me.

"Parlez-vous Francaise?" said I.

"Oui, oui," he replied eagerly. He mopped his brow, then said something that sounded suspiciously like French to me.

"Je ne comprend pas," said I. Finally I managed to ask him a question.

"Je ne comprend pas," said he. And once more we began gesticulating.

At this juncture I espied one of my companions and hailed him with relief. "Here, Robinson, for heaven's sake, help this poor devil out! I've been trying to find out for the last 10 minutes what he wants."

The stranger literally fell upon my neck. "By cracky!" he cried, "can you talk English?"

"You bet," I boasted. "I'm an American."

"Then, for the love of Mike, why didn't you say so!" said he. "I'm from Kansas City."—K. R. in L. A. Times.

Unbelievably Big.

English as she spoke in England opens pitfalls almost as numerous as those of a foreign language to an American.

A Los Angeles society matron was guest of honor at a London dinner last summer. Of course California became the topic of general conversation and she was asked many weird questions.

"Do pines grow in California?" queried the host.

"Oh, yes, many varieties of them."

"What's the favorite variety?"

"The sugar pine, I think."

"How large is the sugar pine?"

"Very often as much as sixteen feet in circumference."

The Englishman gasped, then stared at his guest as if suddenly convinced that he was entertaining the Baroness Munchausen unawares. He asked no more questions for the time being. But after dinner he again approached the American lady. "Are they edible?" he said with explosive suddenness. "Those big pines, you know. Fancy!"

"Edible!" echoed the puzzled lady. "How can a tree be edible?"

"But the pine isn't a tree," persisted the Englishman. "It's a fruit. With prickles, you know."

"Oh, I see. You mean a pineapple."

"We call them pines here," answered the Englishman stiffly.

"Your American language is very strange."—L. A. Times.

She Wasn't Pretty.

We met him leaving his office during working hours, the other day.

"Where are you going at this time of day?" we asked.

"Going to go to the train and meet my wife's older sister who is coming to make us a visit," he responded, not very enthusiastically.

"Can't she get to your house with out being met. You only live a short walk from the station."

"Yes, that's what my wife suggested. But I'd rather meet her. You see, if I meet her in public I will have an excuse for not kissing her. And if I meet her in my own home I'll—well, don't you see why I'm going to the depot?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Inattentive Schoolboy.

Of course, little Johnny's full attention should have been upon afternoon, but it wasn't. Through the window he could see a squirrel scampering up a tree and darting into his hole, only to poke his funny little nose out again presently and scuttle down for another nut to deposit in his storehouse. Wherefore, when the teacher asked him a question, Johnny was blissfully unaware that he had been called upon.

"Johnny!" exclaimed the teacher. "Johnny Jones!"

Johnny's head came round straying attention.

"Johnny Jones," said the teacher, sternly, "I don't believe you've heard a word I've said! If you can't pay attention you can stay in after school, and— and give me your individual attention! I asked you how many years has Captain John Smith been dead?"

"Huh," exclaimed the flustered Johnny. "Dead? Why, teacher, this is the first I've heard about his even being sick."

Didn't Like the Taste.

Representative William A. Ashbrook, of Ohio, received an almost tearful letter from a woman in his district, imploring him not to send any more Government seeds or bulbs into their once tranquil home. It seems that Ashbrook, not content with sending a few radish and lettuce seeds, had franked a large consignment of narcissus and tulip bulbs as nuggets of good cheer to a few of the more fortunate among the constituents.

One woman set only part of the bulbs into the ground and put the others away for future reference. Then she hired a new cook and shortly thereafter gave a dinner, a feature of which was to be a certain kind of salad containing onions. Many a thoughtful reader has doubtless guessed by now what happened—how the bitter taste of the narcissus bulbs inadvertently substituted for onions complicated the feast—and how all was woe.

"We will not care for any more Government bulbs," the woman wrote to Ashbrook, "the flowers could not possibly recompense for the trouble we had over the salad."—Fred C. Kelly.

Accidentally

"I wonder how so many forest fires catch?" said Mrs. McBride.

"Perhaps they catch accidentally from the mountain ranges," suggested Mr. McBride.

Gold Hill planning street improvement campaign.

Cottage Grove is to have a station park.

Rex is moving for a new high school.

Senate passed bill for new \$50,000 Normal Training school at Monmouth.

THE 96-223
First National Bank
of Springfield, Oregon

Instantly Recognized

The man who does all his business through his Bank is instantly recognized as a systematic business man and one whose chances for success are excellent.

The man who does not use a Bank is not making the most of his opportunities.

A cordial welcome awaits you at this Bank

First National Bank

Springfield, Oregon

ESTABLISHED 1907
SAFETY-CONVENIENCE-SERVICE

The Best Groceries

For Less Money

The Fifth Street Grocery

Thos. Sikes, Prop. Phone 22

How Much Money Did You Save Last Month?

Not much! There are others, but we know one man who gave himself a note for \$1000.00, then opened an interest-paying deposit account with us and saved until he paid himself off.

4 PER CENT interest is one of the best paying little machines you ever operated.

Commercial State Bank

Capital \$30,000.00

IF YOU HAVE NEVER TRIED

The Springfield Creamery

CHAS. BARKMAN, Proprietor

Try it and be convinced that it pays to patronize home industries.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, EUGENE, OREGON.

Established 1883

Capital and Surplus - - - - - \$300,000.00

Interests on Savings Accounts and Time Certificates

Tax Information Furnished

Let Us Look Up Your 1914 Taxes for You

We are tax investigators and can give you complete information. Send us full description of your real estate that you wish to pay taxes on, giving us number of acres, number of Section and Township and Range; or if town property give us lot and block number and what Addition. We will then write you what your taxes amount to.

We Charge Only 25c

For this information on taxes to \$25.00; 35 cents on taxes to \$50.00; 50 cents on taxes to \$100.00. Over that amount we charge 1/2 of one per cent. Be sure to send the minimum charge 25 cents with your request for tax information, balance if any can be paid later. Our method is endorsed by leading business men of the County.

FISS & WOLCOTT, Box 312, Eugene, Ore.

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

HERBERT E. WALKER
NOTARY
PUBLIC
Office in City Hall, Springfield, Ore.