

THE LANE COUNTY NEWS

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And Remember to Get a Stop-Over for Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, OREGON, MONDAY, MARCH 8, 1915.

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

The people of Alvadore, a new town on the P. E. & E., a few weeks ago organized a cannery, and secured capital sufficient to start the work. Wisely, however, they decided not to install the canning machinery this year, but will put in only the equipment needed for the drying of prunes and such fruits as may be preserved in this way. The plan is to handle one or two crops and in doing so get experience in the handling of preserved products. With added experience, it will be possible another year to increase the number of products handled, and with the increase will come greater gains for the farmers who are the stockholders in the concern.

This is exactly the policy that The News has been advocating for Springfield all winter. If it is not feasible to raise a large amount of money to put up a large cannery, raise a smaller amount and handle one or two crops. If logan berries alone were handled for the juice or for the dried berry, it would mean a great deal to the fruit men of this part of the valley. There are many of the vines in bearing, and the fruit is going to waste. A few hundred dollars invested in equipment would mean the preserving of a great amount of fruit and the turning, accordingly, of a large amount of money to the farmers for a product that otherwise will be a loss.

Are we going to have a cannery, at least in a small way?

THE WORLD'S BREAD SUPPLY.

Is the world short of bread?

As the world's bread situation is presented in the March Review of Reviews the answer is: No.

War has deranged the world's bread markets. That is practically the extent of the trouble. The normal bread supply in Belgium has been requisitioned for army use, or destroyed; Serbia suffers for bread and Poland is impoverished. These are the facts chiefly accountable for all that is abnormal in the world's bread situation.

Russia has bread and bread material to spare, and the more because of the war-lesened German market, usually supplied with Russian wheat. Austria-Hungary is a vast granary from which Germany may draw at will; and in the Austrian provinces where wheat is needed, Italy supplies the need in exchange for lumber with which to repair earthquake devastation.

Great Britain with its powerful navy has kept the seas open for its own bread supply, and bread prices in English cities have remained about normal. From France there is little or no complaint of bread shortage or high prices.

Through the terrible agency of war, distress has been severe at given points; but war has not worked, nor does it seem likely to work, a world shortage of this staple food. Belgium, Poland, Serbia—these present practically the same aspect of distress, so far as the need of bread is involved, as did San Francisco following the earthquake and fire—a condition susceptible of relief, and with an abundant world supply of bread material for that purpose.

There is something in all this for the American mind to cogitate upon. It raises the popular queries: Why dollar and a half wheat? Or the twelve-ounce or the six-cent loaf? Those queries are pertinent—mighty pertinent—and they ought to be pressed to an answer.

TWO BEAUTIES IN ONE FAMILY.

To the best of our information and belief Southern California is admired and envied everywhere except in Northern California, while the opinion that Northern California is a splendid country obtains everywhere except in Southern California, says the Saturday Evening Post. To a non-Californian world this is excessively painful. Here are two beautiful sisters, for a full but modest description of whose surpassing charms you may consult any railroad folder—not to mention a great quantity of more pretentious literature. Their pearly feet laved by the twinkling waters of the Pacific and the remainder of their graceful persons bathed in a matchless article of golden sunshine, they face the East with smiles of ravishing yet entirely decorous invitation; but, alas! ever and anon they look at each other.

Then two lovely pairs of azure eyes are disfigured by a squint. The rosy oval of two cheeks is marred by a tongue thrust into each. That this quite spoils the picture goes without saying.

We should never have dreamed that Miss Southern Golden was not all the fondest imagination could desire, both in form and character, if her sister had not told us that the one was mostly cotton batting and the other mere pretense; nor that Miss Northern Golden was less than a modern Juno, if we had not had it from the other member of the family that she wore a wig and her temper was atrocious.

A separation of this enchanting pair would strike us as simply unthinkable if it were not that they continually talk about it between themselves. We do not know why each of the sisters cannot love the other, as everybody else does; but perhaps two beauties in one family seldom get along well together.

Piles of lumber and gravel in the business streets are mighty good to see. They spell early activity in building. We are willing to walk around any amount of such obstructions to the sidewalks—and wish for more.

A postal card addressed, "Miss Eugene Oregon, Springfield, Oregon," drifts into the News office. Nice of the young lady to take up her domicile on our side of the river.

Business locally is taking a firmer tone and merchants report collections increasing in promptness.

WORK OF PUPILS OF THE SPRINGFIELD SCHOOLS

The Lane County News today presents a few examples of the work of composition in the classes in the Springfield Public schools. The articles are published as written, without correction, in the hope that the printing of them may prove an assistance to the young people in developing their power of expression. Other teachers are invited to submit such articles as they may wish to have published in this column.

Salem, Ore.—The first step toward establishing the flax growing industry in the Willamette valley to furnish material for the proposed flax retting plant at the state penitentiary, last Wednesday by the state board of control when it ordered the purchase of 600 bushels of flax seed in Wisconsin at \$2.50 per bushel.

The recent legislature appropriated \$50,000 for putting in a small flax retting plant at the penitentiary and in starting the growing of flax in this section.

In Mill City.

In Mill City I had a little puppy and he was so fat that he could hardly walk. When I came home from school I used to rock him to sleep, and put him in my doll buggy and when he woke up he would cry for me just like a baby. I called him Babe because he was so fat. His mother's name was Trixy.

Allie Aldridge
 Grade 2 A Age 9.

My Goldfish

We had two gold fish, but one of them died. When he died he came up to the top of the water. I liked my gold fish. I think the other one is lonesome now.

Joe Bally.
 Grade 2 Age 7

My Pet Rabbit.

I have three rabbits. Their names are Tip and Nell and Mary. They are my pets. The rabbits like my cat. Mary is mine. Nell is Blanche's and Tip is Glen's. Blanche is my sister. Glen is my little brother. He is only four years old. He is not old enough to go to school.

Alice Ransdell
 Grade 2 A Age 8

A Rat.

I caught a rat and put him in my hat and he gnawed a hole in it and got out and ran away and I couldn't catch him any more.

Jesse Broom
 Grade 3 B Age 10

I have a dog and my dog barks I play with my dog. My dog plays with me.

Viola Godds
 Grade 2 A Age 7

My Pet Banty

I have a little banty. It is many colors. She lays little eggs. I think the eggs are cute too. I feed her every day. I like her very much.

Jennie Holverson
 Grade 2 A Age 7

The Story of the Pet Bird
 My bird sings and he talks to me.

Mary E. Whitney
 Grade 2 A Age 7

me. My bird sings at night. He is yellow. I think he is cute. He eats apples. I like my bird. He is a nice bird. My bird fights with my father. When father puts his finger into the cage my bird tries to bite his finger.

Mary E. Whitney
 Grade 2 A Age 7

My Friend

My friend live in Portland She came to visit us one day. I wish I could go to Portland. She works in a hotel. She gave me two lockets for Christmas. One is gold and one brass I wear the gold one.

Inga Soleim
 Grade 3 B Age 8

My Pet Dog

I have a pet dog. His name is Stub. I also have four pigs. The dog gets after the pigs and sometimes they get after him and make him run. Our neighbor has a cow but the cow is not afraid of our dog. He can't chase her, but she can chase him when she gets a chance. I think the dog is a coward Don't you think so?

Rheo H. Schalker
 Grade 3 B Age 8

School.

I just love school. We have such good times at school. We sing and draw and cut paper. We work too. I love my teacher so much. My cousin Stella does too. Oh I just love school.

Naomi Harbit
 Grade 3 B Age 8

My Dog.

I have a dog. He is as black as ink. Sister once ran a carpet-sweeper at him. And he ran under the table, and stayed there all the morning.

Marnil Newmar.
 Grade 3 B Age 8

My Dog

I have a little dog. I call it Gyp. I like to play with my dog. My dog likes to run. One day my dog and cat got into a fight.

Orval Bond.
 Grade 2 A Age 9

My Cousins Pet Tiger

I have a cousin who lives in Portland. Sometimes I go to see her on Saturday and Sunday. We go in our auto. My cousin has a pet tiger. He is tame enough to play with me. He lives in a cage. He is ten years old. He is yellow and has stripes on his back. He always looks for me when I am near his cage. I am not afraid of him. I like to play with him.

Ruth Brattain
 Grade 2 A Age 8

Out of the Joke Book

Useless Labor.

"My dear," remarked Jones, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," "this really is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a work like this it makes me think how puny, how insignificant is man."

"Huh!" sniffed his better half. "A woman don't have to wade through four hundred pages to find out the same thing."—Judge

Didn't Need One.

Goodheart—"I've got you down for a couple of tickets; we're getting up a raffle for a poor man over the way."

Joakley—"None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him."

Unkind Criticism.

"I go to those concerts merely to kill time."

"Well, I'm sure you often find it being murdered there."—Baltimore American.

Failing.

"Yes," said the old man, "I find my strength is failing somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I'm halfway round I have to turn and come back."

Naturally Wild

Reporter—I hear a wild man was seen roaming about in a swamp here.

Native—Yes; he was a city man, trying to locate a choice building lot he'd just bought!

Wouldn't Be Ignored

Elsie is a self-willed child. One evening while her brother was studying his lessons, she asked him something. Getting no reply, she repeated her question, and again repeated it with increasing petulance. Her mother said rebukingly: "Don't annoy your brother, Elsie. Can't you see that he's busy?"

"I know," replied the child; "but he might at least have said: 'Shut up!'"—Boston Transcript.

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