

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.



And Remember to Get a Stop-Over for Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, OREGON, MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1915.

NORTHWEST LUMBER.

For some reason the condition of the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest is not what it ought to be, says the Portland Telegram. This is a matter of recent demonstration. We venture to say that there are many lumber manufacturers in this section who would declare that it has been a matter of rather constant demonstration.

The current Timberman carries a tabulated statement of the average cost of the manufacture of lumber covering all grades, which tabulation omits the items of expense for selling, logging and stumpage. These omitted items added, the total average cost, as figured in twenty representative rail and cargo mills in Oregon and Washington, is \$1 a thousand feet.

This cost embraces, as it properly ought to do, depreciation of plant, interest on the investment, interest on lumber and log stock and on accounts receivable and current cash. It assumes that profit should be figured from the activities of the going plant and operation. It represents in the strict business sense the real cost of manufacture.

The cost so ascertained is below the average selling price of lumber f. o. b. at the mill, in this section. Indeed, for the past several months such price has been below the \$10 mark more often than it has been above it.

The condition thus described is peculiar to the lumber industry of this section; and inasmuch as that industry is one of the mainstays in the progress of this entire region, the condition demands attention to the end that some remedy may be found.

It has been disclosed that the government is cognizant of this condition. Governmental agents have looked over the field out here and have reported findings in essential conformity with that which is disclosed in the Timberman's statement of the cost of manufacture, as compared with the actual selling price. As a matter of fact, the forest service assisted in compiling the statement published in the Timberman.

It does not appear that the retail price of lumber lags. But the fact in this industry, in these sections at least and as it has appeared in other industries, is, the producer is not able to get his share of the profit. On the contrary he is obliged to wage a rather uphill fight in order to break even; and in altogether too many instances he fails even in this.

If there is any sort of trade regulation calculated to benefit business, the lumber industry of this section is certainly eligible to its application. If there is any legitimate privilege to be granted that will improve conditions, the lumbermen of these two states are entitled to its exercise. If there is any reasonable action on their part, as acting together for their mutual interests, which will tend to put the business on a basis of fair profit, it would be better for the entire Pacific Northwest if that action were to be permitted.

WORTH MAKING A FIGHT FOR.

"In its fight for a \$500,000 sugar beet factory, the Lane County News of Springfield in its issue of Monday, April 19, devotes about four columns of space to the discussion of the sugar beet problem. The amount of sugar used in Oregon, the need of a cultivated crop, the conditions necessary to the growing of sugar beets, and the return which this product will bring are all ably discussed in an article especially written for that paper by George R. Hyslop, professor of Agronomy of O. A. C."—Harrisburg Commonwealth.

The Long Prairie Argus says: "Here are how many editorials of the country press start off: 'Every dollars spent with your home merchant'—but not a word about every dollar spent by the home merchant in the weekly newspaper increasing that merchant's trade 100 per cent. Just a plea to come in and give the merchant the business, with the collector and the sheriff standing around the corner watching the newspaper man dodge in order to be on the job to get out the next issue, and 'boost' the merchant who never advertises. The Argus would like to see every business man in Long Prairie prosper—and it would also like to see every business man in Long Prairie at least carry a card in the local paper.

Growing popularity of beards among the fighters is in thorough keeping with their scorn of safeties first.

HIGH SCHOOL VISITS SPENCER'S BUTTE

A party of thirty-eight from the Springfield high school including five teachers, spent a very pleasant day visiting and exploring Spencer's Butte, Saturday, April 24.

Filling the eight o'clock car, the merry party departed for Eugene where they took the College Crest car for a short ride. Then everyone showed his ability at walking and climbing. Needless to say, hikers could be seen along the road at intervals for several miles. The foremost reached the lofty heights about 10:15, where they awaited the arrivals of less able parties. After resting and taking pictures, the lunches were

placed upon the rocks and those who desired explored their surroundings. A fire was started and the hungry climbers seized their lunches before the watches announced twelve o'clock. The day was cloudy and cool for the climb but not quite clear enough for those who wished to view the distant landscape with field-glasses. About two o'clock the party, unable to forget the descent, found a different path and started home. Some divisions found the task of descending quite enough to occupy their minds while others found it pleasant to search for specimens for botany. The last division of the party arrived in Springfield on the six-thirty car tired, but ready for another trip.

A VACATION SONG

(Written by the pupils of Miss Stanger's class, Lincoln School.)

Where the kites toss on high,
 Where the birds float about the sky,
 Where the wind blows very free,
 That's the way for Tommy and me.

Where the rippling brooks are flowing,
 Where the wind is gently blowing,
 Where the children run and laugh with glee
 That's the way for Tommy and me.

Where the wind is very still,
 Where the birdies sing and thrill,
 To the woods that I can see
 That's the way for Tommy and me.

Where the robin builds her nest
 Where the blackbird sing her best
 Up on the water and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Tommy and me.

Oh if school would only end,
 Then my letter I would send,
 Oh the places I would go
 And every thing would be just so.

The Ferocious Giraffe

A menagerie that had been exhibited in a Missouri village was struck by a cyclone and its livestock was blown loose and flew away.

That same evening as the luckless owner of the show was sitting in the village store, ruminating on the fortunes of life, a colored gentleman poked his head in at the door.

"Did you-all lose a gi-raffe?" he inquired.

"Yep," returned the owner; "I sure did. Have you found him?"

"Yes, sah; I done found him." "Got him with you?"

"No, sah; I reckoned I better inquire first, sah, before I fatched him over."

"All right, you fetch him here and I'll give you a dollar for your trouble."

"Yes, sah, but I reckon de trouble am wuff mo' dan a dallar. Dat ole gifaffe am right smart rambunctious. He done tried to bite me."

"What are you talking about? Giraffes don't bite! They kick. But you bring him along and I'll give you two dollars."

"All right, boss; I reckon you am mo' familiar wid dat gi-raffe dan I be, but he sure made signs like he would bite me."

The darkey departed and about a half hour later there was a sudden commotion on the front porch of the store, the door was thrust open and in came the colored man, puffing rope. At the other end of the rope, squirming and snarling, was an enormous Nubian lion—"the fiercest lion in captivity," according to the show bills.

"Dar, mistah white man," exclaimed the captor, throwing down the rope and pointing to the lion—"dar's you ole gi-raffe, and I tell you he do bite."

Passed Through at Night.

Some years ago a writer in Harper's Monthly told of an old colored man, Uncle Joshua, who was fond of boasting of the travels he had been on with his master. As the years passed he added to the tale of his and "Marse Richard's" travels every town and country whose names he learned of until the itinerary was indeed marvelous in extent, and whenever a new person entered the community he immediately tried to find out how much of the world he, or she, had visited.

On the advent of the new school teacher he was heard to accost Deacon Johnson, a member of the board: "Well, deacon, what kind of culled lady do de new tacher seem ter be?"

"She 'pear like a right smart little yaller lady, she do."

"Has she done much travelin', deacon, as you knows of?"

"I nevvah axed her, but I hear tell ez how she done been through Latin, Algebar an' But'ny."

Uncle Joshua was staggered for a second only, then recovering himself, he declared patronizingly: "Yes, yes, me an' Marse Richard parse through all dem little places in de night time, but Marse Richard low dey warn' wuth stoppin' ovah fur."

Delivered the Goods.

When the topic turned to kids and the good old happy school days, a smile illuminated the features of Congressman Louis Fitzhenry, of Illinois. He said he was reminded of how little Willie delivered the goods in the matter of constructing a sentence.

One day the class in small-sized grammar was holding

forth, when the youngsters collided with the word "notwithstanding." Immediately the teacher dropped upon it as a ripe subject for an example.

"Children," said she, with an impressive glance at the class, "we have here the word 'notwithstanding.' Can any little boy or girl give me a sentence containing it?"

Then came a moment of intense silence. Every little mind was churning hard. Then the hand of Willie Jones shot up and vigorously wiggled.

"I've got one, Miss Mary!" exclaimed Willie, on receiving recognition.

"Very well, Willie," smiled the teacher encouragingly. "you may tell it to the class."

"The man's trousers were worn out not with standing," was the triumphant rejoinder of Willie.

Wa and Ug.

Governor-elect Whitman, at a dinner in New York, praised the New Year resolution habit.

"A good habit," he said, "and a very, very old one. It dates, in fact, from the stone age."

"Dressed in the furs of wild beasts, two men of the stone age, Wa and Ug, met one New Year morning."

"Say, Wa," said the first man, "lend me your crowbar, will you?"

"What for, Ug?" asked the second man. "I want to go home," said the first, "and turn over a new leaf." —Washington Star.

Going Slowly.

It was Richard's first day at school. At noon he rushed into the house, picked up the treasured funny page of the paper and scanned it with eager anticipation in his face. A moment later he threw it down and in a tone of disgust cried:

"Gee! That's a rotten school." "Why, Richard?" exclaimed his astonished mother, "what do you say that for?"

"Well, I've been to it a whole half day and I ain't learned to read yet."—Harper's Magazine.

Under Oath.

Smith was one of the foremost engineers of his time. His one fault was an enormous bump of conceit. He completed a piece of work for a large corporation and was compelled to sue for his fee, which was \$25,000.

He was being cross-examined by counsel for the corporation: "On what ground do you base your exorbitant charge for this miserable piece of work?"

"On the ground that I am the greatest engineer in the world."

After the suit had been concluded one of Smith's friends came to him and, in an admonishing tone, said: "Smith, you should never make such statements in public; allow others to acclaim you as the greatest in your profession."

Smith answered: "I know it, and I felt like a blooming idiot up there on the stand—but, blast it all, I was under oath."

Classified Ads

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9-ROOM rooming house for rent furniture for sale. Fifth and A. Phone 122-M. 21

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