

THE LANE COUNTY NEWS

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And Remember to Get a Stop-Over for Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1915.

LOWERING CLOUDS

Sober-minded patriotism in this country must regard the reply of the German imperial government to the American note with profound regret, says the Telegram. Sober-minded patriotism believes that President Wilson meant every word he uttered in that memorable communication; and so believing is calmly and firmly resolved to uphold the president to the last conclusion.

Since the beginning of the European hostilities the president of this great democracy, and the people as well, have maintained an attitude of neutrality as regards any fact, act or condition which has affected the fortunes of war over seas. Neither by official act nor popular attitude has there been any manifest inclination to extend advantage, aid, comfort or sympathy to the one side that, in like circumstances, would not be extended to the other side. All that has been said or done in this country, which could be in any sense construed as bearing the stamp of national indorsement, has been within the full warrant of international friendliness toward all.

American hope has been strong and exceedingly earnest that such attitude of friendliness might be maintained toward each belligerent to the end. In this connection there has arisen a new conception of American destiny that has ripened into an ideal desire to serve the world as no other great nation has served it before. The hope has been that when the end of hostilities finally is reached, by American counsel and through American influence international adjustment in Europe and throughout the world might be brought about, in which the heart and the head and not the mailed fist would be the controlling factor. The realization of this hope depends on the continued friendliness of the United States with every one of the nations now at war.

By order of, and in accordance with the program of German imperialism, neutral Americans have been sent to their death on the high seas; and when protest is made and notice given that such is not the course that any nation can pursue toward another friendly nation and that it must cease, we get in reply evasion that is coldly contemptuous, and an attempt at justification loaded with the technical quirks and sophisms of diplomacy. Concerning that reply there can be but one genuinely American sentiment, that the just demand we have made be enforced let the consequences be what they may.

In that determination there is no occasion for passion, nor should there be any disposition to hamper and embarrass the president in this grave crisis by popular insistence upon this, or that particular course of action. Our faith should be that in his patriotism, his wisdom and his integrity the president will take that course which best will fit the hour's need. There is reasonable assurance that the popular faith is such; and there is no doubt whatever that the popular heart and head and arm will support the president in whatever course he takes.

Americans do not deplore the possible consequences of the present situation either from a sense of fear or anger; but simply as they threaten to defeat cherished hopes. The United States has done its uttermost to avoid trouble; but if trouble must come, "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

The News is ready to donate half a dozen exchanges, or even some perfectly good wrapping paper to put in the windows of the

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Our transportation facilities are the most perfect product of this great commercial age and the telegraph and telephone systems of this nation crown the industrial achievements of the whole world. These twin messengers of modern civilization, born in the skies, stand today the most faithful and efficient public servants that ever toiled for the human race.

They are of American nativity and while warm from the mind of the inventive genius have, under American supervision, spun a net-work of wires across the earth and under the seas. Telegraphy, in its early youth, mastered the known world and the telephone has already conquered the earth's surface, and now stands at the seashore ready to leap across the ocean.

No industry in the history of the world has ever made such rapid strides in development and usefulness, and none has ever exerted a more powerful influence upon the civilization of its day than the Telegraph and Telephone. Their achievement demonstrates the supremacy of two distinct types of American genius—invention and organization.

The industry was peculiarly fortunate in having powerful inventive intellect at its source and tremendous minds to direct its organization and growth. It is the most perfect fruit of the tree of American industry and when compared with its European contemporaries, it thrills every patriotic American with pride.

Ambitious youth can find no more in-

spiring company than the fellowship of the giant intellects that constructed this marvelous industry and a journey along the pathway of its development, illuminated at every mile-post of its progress by the lightning-flashes of brilliant minds, will be taken at a very early date.

A brief statistical review of the industry brings out its growth and magnitude in a most convincing and unforgettable manner.

The telephone service of the United States is the most popular and efficient and its rates are the cheapest of the telephone systems of the world.

We are the greatest talkers on earth. We send 60 per cent of our communications over the telephone. The world has about 15,000,000 telephones and of this number the United States has approximately 9,540,000, Europe 4,020,000 and other countries 1,300,000. According to the latest world telephone census, the total telephone investment is \$1,908,000,000 and of this amount \$1,095,000,000 was credited to the United States, \$636,000,000 in Europe and \$175,000,000 in other countries. The annual telephone conversations total 24,600,000,000 divided as follows: United States 15,600,000,000; Europe 6,800,000,000, and other countries 2,200,000,000. The total world wire telephone mileage is 33,262,000 miles divided as follows: United States 20,248,000, Europe 10,335,000, and other countries 2,679,000. About six per cent of the world's population and sixty-one per cent of the telephone wire mileage is in the United States.

The remarkable success of commission form of government is shown, says Professor D. C. Sowers of Eugene, by the fact that in not a single instance has a city gone back to the old representative council system after the commission plan has been given a fair trial. This success is almost entirely to be attributed to the superior organization which the commission plan affords because in most instances the commissioners have not been men specially trained for the work which they have been called upon to perform.

"King George of England said a few words Thursday to his cabinet urging unity. George has about as much to say on how things shall be as the driver of the sprinkling wagon of this city," unfeelingly remarks the Medford Sun.

room where the remnants of a fire-scorched stock are stored. The view from Main street is not prepossessing.

How About Your Girl?

The Cottage Grove Sentinel in a recent issue relates a story from a magazine of the coils that are thrown out to snare young girls and follows it up with the statement that an instance, absolutely paralleling the early parts of the story fell under the notice of the editor. The situation is not peculiar to magazine stories, or to the movies, or to the Cottage Grove railroad station. It develops in other towns, perhaps not at the depot, but in the public park, or about the school buildings of evenings, or in other clandestine places. It is worth the while of parents to read the Sentinel article and ponder. The Sentinel says:

But a few days ago a news item from a big city told the sad story of a little mother who had been deserted months before by the father of her new-born babe.

She was far too young for a mother. She was still in short dresses. She was not prepared to become a mother. She wept for her own mother, whose name she would not give, for there was no wedding ring on her finger. There was no wardrobe for the unwelcome little stranger. There was no milk in Nature's fount for the little babe, for the mother had been starved for weeks after losing her position on account of her condition. How she had borne up and maintained sufficient strength to keep the child alive until its birth was a mystery.

Here is the little mother's story:

She lived in a little country town. Her parents were moderately well-to-do. They took good care of her so far as clothes and food were concerned. She was happy and contented and was about to graduate from high school. On her way home from school she passed the postoffice and depot. At both places she stopped to talk with girl acquaintances. At both places she got acquainted with young men. As time went on mild friendships developed. When her mother questioned her as to her delay in coming home from school she whined to be allowed to do as other girls do. The father said: "Oh, no harm can come to her in broad day light." But he didn't

demand to be introduced to those young men whose company his daughter was being thrown into. The mother didn't demand that they come to the girl's home to meet her.

One evening the girl went to an entertainment. One of these young men met her on the way home. She could hardly refuse to allow him to walk home with her. They stopped at a park to sit down and talk a few minutes. Soon his arm was about her. She allowed him to kiss her. She attempted to stop there, but she thought she loved him, she was certain he loved her, she was too inexperienced to judge between animal passion and passionate love, he promised to marry her afterward—she yielded—and now where is the man who swore to marry her and by naive excuse kept postponing the promised day? He took her to a strange city and there deserted her. He was a roving railroad man, she said. He had traveled over much of the world. Most likely this was not the first girl to fall his prey. His greedy passion is not yet satisfied. Perhaps some other little girl in some other little town imagines she loves him now—perhaps she imagines he loves her. Perhaps she, too, will be his plaything for a few months.

Perhaps this human vulture, or another like him, is in Cottage Grove. Have you a girl that might become prey for such as he?

As we read this sad story of this little girl, the same thoughts whirled through our mind as have probably whirled through your mind as we have repeated the story.

An hour or so later we passed the Cottage Grove depot. There was a little girl, not over 18 years of age, leaning against the depot. She is a sweet little miss of good parents. Her face is familiar to us. Three men, strangers to us, but from their appearance railroad men, were talking to her. She dropped her head as they banded her and smirked upon her. As the head was drooped she could not see the lust in their eyes. True, it was broad daylight, but this little girl was in grave danger. Her cheeks were rosy. May the color never fade from them as

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it did from the cheeks of the other little girl to whom we have referred. This little girl is the sunshine of some Cottage Grove home. She has parents who would have been shocked to have found her in the situation we have described. Perhaps it was not your little girl. We hope not.

The parents of this little girl, if they read this, will think it couldn't have been their girl. But she is somebody's girl. Are you certain she isn't your's? Where was your girl between 4:00 and 5:00 p. m. every day of the past week? Are you certain

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