

# The Lane County News

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### DEATH OF FATHER TIME (Boston Herald.)

How soon we forget that once we resisted! The death of William F. Allen, who devised the "standard time" of American railroads, within 32 years of the promulgation of his system, furnishes an example of how soon the world adjusts itself to something that it at first imagined to be grievous. One Sunday in 1883 the time belt system, with which we are now familiar, went into operation. It differed hereabouts from the astronomical time by 17 minutes. Town after town spurned the new plan. Factory whistles, summoning the help at 7 o'clock in the morning, continued for months, if not for years, on the old basis. In Maine, where the difference was greater than here, the rebellion assumed large proportions. People talked about "God's time" and "Payson Tucker's time," in allusion to the then president of the Maine Central railroad, and they doubted the right of an artifice of man to displace what, by long usage, they had come to regard as the mandate of providence.

The complications of the old system had not disturbed the general public, or the short-distance traveler. He did not seek the change, and resented the disturbance which it occasioned. It was long-distance railroad operation that decreed the overturn. It had been no uncommon thing in a great railroad terminal to present a clock with two faces, with times perhaps 12 minutes apart, one for a road going east and the other for a road going west. Mr. Allen's idea was to unify these into zones, having time just one hour apart. He divided the country on that basis, so as to make the smallest possible inconvenience in the varied localities. And the railroads in formal conference adopted his scheme.

### MUST NOT JUDGE NATIONS NOW (American Magazine.)

America at heart, to her last man, will stand up for German human nature and for English human nature. We will not judge nations in the moments of their despair and dumbness when they stutter in the language of force—in the language of ages long gone by—ideas of truth, liberty, of social and industrial need and power that have only begun to be conceived in the age in which we live, and which can only hope to be expressed in the latest forms of expression and the latest means of attracting attention that the age in which we live can command.

America believes what the North German-Lloyd ships have been telling us all these years the Germans are like. We purpose to believe about Germans only what Germany says when she is speaking about herself in her senses, and when she is using the latest forms of expressing the latest powers of a great people. The ideas about herself she is trying to express with guns, we do not believe about her. The worse muss in expressing German human nature Germany makes—as long as she is trying to express it with guns—the better for Germany and for all of us. We like to think of Germany as she was. We look forward to Germany as she will

# The New Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," and CHARLES W. GODDARD

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**CHAPTER II.**  
**Selling a Circus.**  
WITH the first blare of the distant music Blackie Daw leaned eagerly forward in his chair and rested his arms on the rail of the Booby House porch, looking up and down the main street of Burrville with the sparkling eyes of youth never ending. "Boom-de-ra-a-a-dah! Boom-de-ra-a-a-dah!" he sang in unison with the strident trombones, beating time with both feet and one hand, while Wallingford, standing against the rail, looked down on him with a indulgent smile.

The band blared louder as it turned from Court House square toward Main street. A horse and buggy, both sleek and shiny, came dashing down Booby street and turned up Main toward the oncoming parade. The driver was a "sporty" farmer, whose nearness to the soil no city clothes could conceal.

"That's Li Bogger," whispered a pretty waitress, bending down between Wallingford and Blackie. "His wife's dead, and he's sold his farm and put all his money in the bank. He always takes his dinner here when he comes to town, and I've arranged to seat him between you two men."

"Pretty good detective work for two days, Miss Fannie," complimented Wallingford, with a smile into the sparkling brown eyes. "Have any trouble getting a job as waitress?"

"With a circus coming to town?" laughed the blue-eyed girl who came out just behind Fannie Warden. "Of course not, I could have had a job, too, only you thought I had better not."

"Getting information about Mr. Bogger is so easy it's stupid," went on the brown-eyed Fannie. "All the girls know him, for he's a country masher, and they hate him."

"What's his bank roll?" asked Wallingford speculatively.

"They say everything up to two hundred thousand," whispered Fannie. "I've sifted it down pretty well, though. I think he has about \$75,000."

"And forty thousand of that he stole from us when father died," said Violet, with a trace of bitterness. She held in her hand a small memorandum book in which was a long list of names. At the head of the list was E. H. Falls, and this name was crossed off. The next name was Elias Bogger.

Blackie reached over and closed the book. "Don't worry about Elias," he advised her, patting the hand which held the book. "We're here to see that Elias restitutes, principal, interest and expenses. Isn't Li the village cutup? He's the life of the party."

Indeed, Elias Bogger was an active diversion, for now the entire police force of Burrville had stopped his horse, which stood beautifully prancing while a hundred throats yelled derisive directions to the officers and to Bogger. With a parting cheer from the crowd Mr. Bogger, with a rush and a clutter and a whoop, drove around behind the Booby House to the stables.

"Boom-de-ra-a-a-dah! Boom-de-ra-a-a-dah!" sang Blackie Daw again, springing to his feet with the ecstasy of a boy. "Gee, how I'd like to be a kid again and see this all for the first time! Hooray! Here come twenty of the P. T. Barnes peg drivers disguised as princes."

"'Tis a great day for Burrville," chuckled J. Rufus after the passing of the callopes and the local grocery wagons. "But I'm wondering if it was a good plan to come after Elias when there's so much else doing." He turned to smile at Fannie, but she had hurried in to save her three important seats.

"Hush, Jimmy!" objected Blackie, reaching down to buy a handful of balloons. "I don't care for business unless I can combine pleasure with it. I'm glad we're here. I want to go to the circus. I want to be an innocent youth again and short change a rube."

"That's what you were doing the first time I met you," mused Wallingford, smiling at the look of perplexity in the blue eyes of Violet Warden. Since

be—when she again expresses herself.

The state can make all kinds of laws to regulate capital and the capitalist, but it cannot make a law compelling a man to invest his money. The sooner the northwest realizes this and acts accordingly the sooner will good times return.

Playing football when you have a winning team is great sport, but the real sportsmen are the lads who will accept defeat gracefully, and keep on plugging until they do become a



"What's his bank roll?" asked Wallingford.

these two carefree and jovial soldiers of fortune had undertaken to get back the millions which had been stolen from the Warden orphans Violet and Fannie had been in a constant state of bewilderment over their new friends. "You were the finest shell worker, Blackie, that ever cleaned up a county fair. Run away, Miss Violet. Here comes Bogger."

There was a mad scramble when the dinner bell rang, but Wallingford and Blackie found seats waiting for them, three tilted chairs being held firmly by the hands of Fannie Warden. They sat down, leaving the middle chair vacant. Fannie, keeping a sharp eye on the door, ran to meet Elias the minute he came in, led him to the vacant chair and seated him triumphantly.

Elias was a spare man, considerably past middle age, whose leathery face, in its queer pattern of bronze checks and white jowls, betrayed that his now natty goatee had but recently been whiskers. His sparse, long top hair was combed carefully over the spot which had a tendency to become bald, and his neck moved about so uncomfortably in his high collar that it was certain he had not long endured the things.

"Fine day for the circus," he said to Wallingford in a hasty, little high pitched voice, having inspected all the ladies in the room.

Wallingford, laying back to study Bogger, left the conversation to Blackie.

"Back in eighty-four, on July 17, to be more exact, we had just such another day for a circus as this, and none since until now," Blackie stated.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Elias, very much impressed by Blackie's accuracy. "You must be an old circus man. Is this your circus, maybe?"

"Not this one," explained Blackie apologetically, paying no attention to Wallingford's frown; "it belongs to my friend, P. T. Barnes," and he waved his hand suavely in the direction of Wallingford. J. Rufus bowed in reluctant acknowledgment as one bored to be known of strangers. Mr. Bogger inspected him with becoming awe.

"Must be a lot of money in a circus," suggested Mr. Bogger with a questioning glance at Wallingford.

"Money?" said Blackie with a widely expressive wave of his hand, and then he lowered his voice to an extremely confidential tone. "Circuses make so much money," he went on, "that over twenty years ago it was found necessary to form the circus trust, not to make more money, but to keep circuses from taking all the money out of circulation. Now nobody is allowed to start a new circus. There are only twenty-two, large and small, permitted in the United States, and the only way to get one is to buy one."

"They must cost a lot," guessed the other man.

"Well, no," returned Blackie. "The price is standardized. Cheques run

match for other teams of their class. We wish to compliment the true sportsman spirit of the Springfield High school.

Even after the government hearing of the valley lumber rate case, and with the decision up to a court in Washington, the Portland Telegram keeps on re-hashing the terrible tale of the great injustice of the Southern Pacific company. One would think that the whole future existence of Portland was tied up in a dozen carloads or so of lumber. The hearing has been held; can't the matter rest now until an authoritative decision is given?

EVERYBODY around here knows Elias Bogger. This one, for instance, is a \$50,000 one, being known in the business as a Class U show, and Mr. Barnes would lay himself open to severe penalties if he asked more for it.

Wallingford looked properly gloomy. He was really so.

"There's so much money in the business that no man is permitted to own a circus longer than ten years," Blackie went on. "Even if he hasn't made enough to suit him by that time he is compelled to sell out and give some one else a chance."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Elias, thoughtfully stroking the whiskers which were not there, and he gazed at Blackie quite earnestly for some moments. Then he went on with his meal.

"I'd like to buy a circus," said he to Blackie after awhile.

"Can you furnish all the credentials?" demanded Mr. Daw, with a trace of severity. And now he saw that Wallingford was listening with eager thoughtfulness.

"Everybody around here knows Elias Bogger," returned the other between bites of pie. "I've got the money, too—that is, to buy a Class C circus. My wife died last winter, and I sold the farm. I made a little money on a railroad deal, too," and his eyes narrowed. "\$40,000."

"I see," said Blackie, with a glance at Wallingford. "What you want is a business that is safe, makes an enormous profit and lets you have a lot of fun all at the same time. You're a sly old dog. I can see that."

"Not so very old," quickly protested Mr. Bogger. "I never pass for within ten years of my age at that." He rose and went out.

"He believes everything anybody tells him," whispered an eager voice, and Fannie, her eyes shining with excitement, darted away, leaving Blackie and Wallingford in chuckling conversation. When she came back the men were waiting for her.

"Where's Miss Violet?" asked Wallingford.

"Up in my room."

"Fine!" approved Wallingford. "You girls doll up and go out to the grounds as soon as you can. Go into the 'kid show'—that's the main side show, you know—and look at the freaks until we need you."

Already the country and village folk were overflowing the grounds, though it lacked an hour or more of opening time. Lending a hand, inspecting the crowd, slouched an enormous man with a violent mustache which gave him a



"Everybody around here knows Elias Bogger," said the other between bites of pie.

most ferocious cast of countenance, and to this forbidding citizen Blackie Daw sidled, grinning at him in waiting expectancy.

Texas Ed looked around, and his face immediately lit with welcome.

"Hello, sport!" he roared, giving Blackie's hand a viselike grip. "It's been a coon's age since I see you trimmin' the geeks on the pumpkin circuit. What's your grift nowadays?"

"I got a new game," explained Blackie gravely. "I carry around a wad of wet chewing gum on the end of a string and fish coppers out of blind men's cups."

(Continued on Page 4)

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