The Lane County News

W. A. DILL, Editor and Mgr.

Published Every Monday and Thursday by the Lane County Publishing Association.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION One Year - . \$1,50 Three months - -Advertising rates furnished on appli-

Member of the Willamette Valley Editorial Association.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1915

Springfield News of August, blue eyes were so filled with enthusi-1910, and asks comparison with asm that even the surrounding freeour issue of last Thursday. The kies seemed to glow; the brown eyes notation is appended that the were calculatingly thoughtful, samples sent are fair samples of the "News as it once was."

say here, and repeat it to you in not have been more eager if the winperson if you wall call, that the dow had been full of ple. sections sent ARE NOT fair "Nobody would," thoughtfully decid-samples of the News that was, ed the young nephew of J. Rufus Wal-They represent a single, spe- lingford. There was a long silence, in cial booster edition, and they are which both boys projected their very not the regular, once-a week souls through the unsympathetic plate news issues. The revenue from glass. "Let's go in and look at it." and the section did not pay one-half Jimmy led the way quite deliberately. "What's the use?" grumbled Toad, the cost of issuing it, and busi-ness cannot regularly be car-but he followed. ried on on that scale.

We don't know exactly how the chance to compare the pa- dle to that part of his face which bepers. We can't understand what | gan above the eyebrows. he would be doing with a copy of The Lane County News if it is under no obligations to subscribe for it-no, not even to borrow a copy from his neighto have been doing some reading or he wouldn't be able to draw comparisons.

However, The News is not averse to the making of com parisons. It is giving the news twice as often as any other paof the news, and has the equipment ready for a daily any time that the business justifies. The News is not publishing fake news nor mere wild rumorsand here may be one place where in the opinion of its unknown critic, where it falls down. The News could start a pretty good sized boom if it palm while he studied the two boys tried too. If we would only publish rumors we could have the shops started every fourth week and have the Booth-Kelly mill

boom things a bit, but there would be an unpleasant aftereffect. No, The News prefers to go to headquarters, get the news straight, and then print it for the information of its read-

There is no question in the mind of The News but what there is a splendid future for Springfield. The railroad is going to be built over the mountains and the shops are coming to Springfield, but the United States Circuit Court for the District of Utah will not be hurried by anything that The News or any other newspaper may pub-

And so, Mr. Unknown Friend. we should be glad to have you come to the office and have a talk with us about the future of Springfield, and what the newspaper can do for the town. We will go gack over the files of the paper and make comparisons; we will take the newspapers of other towns the size of Springfield and make comparisons with them. We can have a real sociable time, we are sure, for we are both interested in newspapers and the making of good ones. So come on, be a game one, come out of the dark, and we'll try to start something for the benefit of the old town. Then, when the glorious news does come, we'll build a bonfire so big the Varsity freshies will be green with envy, and we'll make a celebration that will show the whole state that Springfield is on the map.

Under post office department rulings you can sent 3 pounds of printed matter from here to Philomath for 24 cents, but you send 4 pounds for 8 cents. If a private corporation did business that way it would be fined \$2,-000,000 for discrimination or something, and all the officials sent to the penitentiary.-Gazette-Times, Corvallie.

And the kiddles had a good time, anyway.

The New Adventure \$ 000

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," and CHARLES W. GODDARD Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved

CHAPTER VI.

Wallingford's Percentage Game. OUR round eres stared wistfully

through the wide plate glass window, and two noses touched the glass. The blue eyes were entirely surrounded from bair to ollar by freckles; the brown eyes were Some unknown friend sends set in an oval face of good features, the Lane County News two cop-except for the lobeless ears, which ran ies of a special edition of the down on a tangent to the cheeks. The

"Uncle Blackie might buy it for us." hopefully speculated Toad Jessup, his Thank you, friend, but we will freckles seeming to dance. He could

A small eyed man came forward im mediately, smiling. He was rather plump and bald in front, so that his our unknown friend came by large nose seemed to be a sort of han-

"Hello, boys!" He greeted them with the cordiality due to the progress of such a worthless paper. He is good customers. The wealthy looking Mr. Wallingford had just opened an account. "How's the new searchlight?" "Fine and dandy!" replied Toad, with

enthusiasm. "We make everybody bors to read it. But he seems stop at the side of the road and wait." "What's the price of that new car in the window?" inquired young Jimmy; calmly, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking up at Louis Trapp

with businesslike soberness, The change in Mr. Trapp was instantaneous. His eyes glazed, He screwed up one side of his face until per ever did for Springfield. It his mouth was all in one corper, then is giving almost a daily handling released his countenance with a smack.

"The little six." he observed, now smiling with fatherly kindness. "Twenty-six fifty," and he led the way to the window. Toad Jessup was already over there.

"How fast can she go?" inquired Toad, his stiff, dark red hair almost quivering. "Seventy," and Louis Trapp held the

back of one stubby hand in the other speculatively. "That's the smoothest running engine on the market." The two boys who had been adopted

by Wallingford and Blackle Daw bent on the car an appreciative gaze. It runing double shifts about every was an extremely low, cartridge shapsecond week. That would be ed runabout, most obviously built for

Wallingford gianced down toward the gate through which came a man so buildheaded that a nearwighted lamp. cleaner had once mistaken him for an are light. He had his hat off and was mopping his head.

"The Onion," chuckled Wallingford, who was always amused by W. O. Jones. "Girls, go out and look at the pansies and the plaks and spare your-selves the Onion," added Blackie Daw. Laughing, the sisters stepped off the side entrance to the porch and wan



"Girls, go out and look at the pansies," said Blackie Daw.

dered round the garden, while Onion

Jones was led luto the library. Toad Jessup and young Jimmy came racing home, full of enthusiasm for the new car, and all this enthusiasm they poured out on Violet and Fannie; also they revealed their settled and hopeless conviction that nobody in the whole wide world would give them the car!

suddenly giggled and drew Fannie be stated, glancing for an instant in "Let's play one of his own tricks on Mr. Wallingford," she urged, and ex-

plained it in excited whispers. Fannie shook her head at first, but finally she smiled, and it was she who led in the careful execution of the plan which followed. She called the boys and led the way back into the garage. where she promptly drove nalls through two of the tires on Wallingford's pet roadster.

Two minutes later Toad Jessup was hended for the library, where Walting ford and Blackle were laughing hilariously at the Onlon's latest scheme for getting himself jailed for life.

"Well, why don't you go through with it?" urged Blackie.
"Excuse me," observed Onion Jones.

"I don't mind living for a spell in a bum hotel or even a hospital, but I draw the line at the penitentiary. "I'll sell you the scheme for \$5,000." J. Rufus leaned back in his library

chair and surveyed Onion with mock disapproval. "Your streak of yellow's beginning to show through," he charged.

Tond Jessup bobbed in at the door. "Say, you got a couple of busted tires. Uncle Jim?" he shouted. "Mr.



said Onion Jones.

Trapp's got a new kind in. I was going to get you some, but Miss Fannie said I'd better get an order from you." Wallingford smiled and wrote an or

der for the tires; then be returned to the business proposition of W. O Tond Jessup and young Jimmy came

stamping in again with their arms full of auto accessories which had been pounded to bits by the gleeful Warden orphans. "Found a lot of things we need," ex-

plained Jimmy eagerly. "We're going to take some of them down to be repaired, but a lot of them we'll have to buy new. The girls said you'd better just give us an order for anything we want."

"That's right, Jim; be a sport," grin ned Blackie. "Why weren't you in the first place?"

"Who's running this ranch?" inquir ed Wallingford, with a trace of curtness, and, writing the order in a hurry, he gave it to young Jimmy, where upon the boys dashed out of the door. dropping half their broken accessories as they ran.

Onion Jones finished his highball Suite 2. Phone 888, EUGENE, ORE He took a cigarette from the box on the table and lit it. Then he started in earnest and spent a solid threequarters of an hour in explaining the intricacies of his new scheme.

A loud shriek interrupted the conversation. It was like the approach of a high speed locomotive, and it gathered in volume and intensity like the scream of a skyrocket. Blackie turned to the window, and his mouth drop ped open.

"For goodness sake, pipe this!" he SPRINGFIELD yelled, and the girls knocked over two chairs in getting to him. They had a sudden attack of fright. "You young devils!" Blackle crackled.

with a busky voice. "Where did you get that car? Toad's freckles lost their redness vide world would give them the car! but Jimmy looked up at Blackie with Violet, watching their wistful faces. a smile. "Uncle Jim gave it to us,"

the direction of the heavy figure in the window, and his smile deepened. "He ordered Mr. Trapp to let us have any thing we wanted, and this is it." "If I'd only known you boys would drive like that I'd never have helped

you?" cried Violet. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" worried Fannie. "Vi and I are to blame, Mr. Walting

J. Rufus looked from one to the other of the Warden sisters in astonishment; then be chuckled.

"This gives us our chance, Blackie." "Now we can get very close to Louis."

"For two cents I'd have you put into cold storage!" threatened J. Rufus Wallingford, his big, round pink face affame with indignation and his broad chest swelling with the same vigorous sentiment, "Here's your car!" And, with a wave of his hand, he indicated the keen looking "little six" outside the curb, where Blackle Daw, who had driven it in, stood gazing down at it with smiling admiration.

Louis Trapp glanced in the direction of the hand wave. His small eyes glazed, and the right side of his face screwed up.

"What's the matter with it?"
"The fact that it's there!" snapped Wallingford. "You should have better sense, if not better morals, than to put a dangerous machine like that into the bands of children. Besides, there's a law against it."

Mr. Trapp turned his eyes on Walfingford and released his countenance with a smack. He disliked to lose a customer, but it would take Wallingford two years to buy twenty-six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of acces-

"It's not my responsibility." he stated in easy security. "You sent me your written order for the purchase of this car, and a sale is a sale, Mr. Wallingford."

"You took a crooked advantage of that order," bothy charged Wallingford. "I suppose if you had been selling poison it would have been just the

Neither Wallingford's scorn nor his indignation nor his broadly swelling chest affected Mr. Trapp in the least. "That's right," he admitted. "You know what I'm in business for, don't you? Just the same as you are. Not

amusement and not health. Money!" "Won't he take back the car, Jim'r" demanded Blackie Daw, who had stud-led the expected quarrel from without by the mere poses of the men. "Do I look like a sucker?" demanded

Mr. Trapp in return. "That's a used car now. I wouldn't offer it to any-

Tall and lean Blackle Daw bent over Mr. Trapp's desk impressively. Mr. Trapp was only about five feet six. er were bovering above him.

"Would you rather have that car or a licking?" asked Blackle in his deadliest of tones.

Louis Trapp placed the palm of his stubby right hand over the back of his left one and pressed both against his stomach as he stepped out of immedi-

"A licking," he confessed, and found safety for the present in the sudden which lifted Blackle's pointed mustache. "I don't let anything stand in the way of my making money." His small eyes squinted, and he smiled with complacent pride.

Blackle turned on the indignant J Rufus a suddenly serious face. "Then be deserves the money," he

decided. The indignation suddenly left the eyes of Wallingford. He was smiling. Louis Trapp, gaining confidence, step-

You see, business is business," he pleasantly observed. "Mr. Trapp is entirely right," said

(Continued on Page 4)

. R. Gullion, M.D. Practice Limited ti

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Graduate Nurse Attending 306, White Temple, Eugene.

DRM.Y.SHAFFER, D.V.S. VETERINARY SURGEON

AND DENTIST

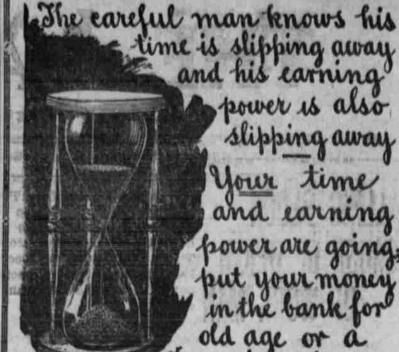
Residence over Dodge's Store The

Springfield Garage H. SANDGATHE

Proprietor Repairing a Specialty

Main, bet. Fourth and Fifth. Phone 11 OREGON

Jas. Corsaw has re-opened his shoe repair shop in the west half of the Stevens bicycle shop, Main St. near Seventh.



power is also slipping away your time and earning power are going; put your money in the bank for old age or a rainy day

BANK YOUR MONEY TO-DAY. YOU MUST DO SO TO HAVE IT TO-MORROW.

BANK WITH US

WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSIT

THE 96-223 nal Mank rst National Mank

The Best Groceries

For Less Money



The Fifth Street Grocery

Thos. Sikes, Prop. Phone 22



We wish to thank all our Friends and Customers for their liberal patronage during the old year and solicit a continuance of the same. Wishing all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours for the best Groceries and Honest Treat-

Nice & Miller

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, EUGENE, OREGON.

Established 1883

Capital and Surplus

Interests on Savings Accounts and Time Certificates

IF YOU HAVE NEVER TRIED

THE SPRINGFIELD CREAMERY

Chas. Barkman, Manager.

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

CAREFUL, CONSCIENTIOUS

DR. J. E. RICHMOND

PHONES-Office, 3; Residence, 116-J Over Commercial Bank, Springfield, Oregon.

Harness, Shoes, Gloves Harness and Shoes Repaired at

The Harness Shop Edwards & Brattain

HERBERT E. WALKER NOTARY

Office in City Hall, Springfield, Ore.

J. H. BOWER Phone 1221

831 Willamette St. Eugene, Oregon

W. F. WALKER UNDERTAKER FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Office Phone 62: Residence 67-J West Main St.

See bours ha

For Farm and City Property Exchanges a Specialty

Springfield .

Oregon