

# 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.

Member of the Willamette Valley Editorial Association.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1916.

### MAKING A MUNICIPAL RECORD

During the past twelve or fifteen years we have made great advance in the method of city government. To a very considerable extent we have rid our cities of the evil of machine government. Bossism and graft whereas at one time there was apparent hopelessness that we would ever be rid of these. We have transformed city government from the basis of politics to that of business; and we now are experimenting with a system by which it is hoped and believed the business administration of municipalities will be perfected.

The commission city manager plan of city government becomes a matter of further demonstration. As in the history of the purely commission form, initial experiments are in the smaller cities. Jackson, Mich., is among the latest of these; and from all report the city manager plan, after a trial of one year in that city, is proved to be a more unqualified success than it has been shown to be elsewhere.

Jackson has but 35,000 population. For several years that city has not been able to manage its affairs without showing a yearly deficit which amounted to \$30,000. A little more than a year ago the city manager administration was installed. During the year that deficit has been wiped out. Various improvements due to a wide awake business sense in the management of the city were realized; and on the whole the result of these was better service, better living conditions for the greater number of citizens and less expense.

We say that these things work out in this fashion in the smaller cities, and then we ask if they can be made to do so in the larger cities. Perhaps the key to their success is found in their apparently greater adaptability to the smaller cities. In that class of city it may be that the conduct of public affairs is more potentially influenced by interest and the civic enthusiasm of the individual citizen. If that is the fact the thing we need is a well organized campaign of civic education in the larger cities.—Telegram.

### PUBLIC BUSINESS SHOULD BE PUBLIC

One point raised by the Eugene Guard in its discussion of the sale to the city of the lines of the Oregon Power company, is well taken, and is one that is applicable in all cities. And that point is that municipal business must be done out in the light. A municipal utility enjoys certain advantages that the private organization does not, and it is therefore fair that it suffer the inconvenience of making its plans public. A municipality has the right of taxation to make up any deficit that may arise in the operation of its plant, but the private corporation must pay its expenses from its revenues.

The more important reason for publicity in plans and purposes of a municipal utility lies in the fact that all the people are interested in the project, and have a right to a measure of control of its operation. The preliminary publicity proper for the operations of a municipal utility is not "good business"

but it is the only proper one under a people's government. The present form of municipal government generally is not nearly so efficient as the commission, or managerial plans, modeled after business organization, but the new plans are not democratic.

Can efficiency and faithful service ever get a mail carrier or postal clerk the job of postmaster? No, political pull regardless of experience is all that can land the jobs at the top—the worst feature of government and municipal ownership, it kills private initiative.

"Better wait at a grade cross-

ing than in a doctor's office," says a Southern Pacific appeal to motorists. Yes, it is better to finish your journey in peace than to have an undertaker gather up the pieces.

Commercial transcontinental telephone service to New York City and intermediate cities has been inaugurated by the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company at Portland. Another step of industrial progress by a great industry.

If the Ferris bill is not killed in the senate the western states lose control forever of one of their greatest natural resources, waterpower.



RUTH ROWLAND PATHE-BALBOA  
"Circle" at the Ball  
"Night and Tuesday

# The New Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford

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

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### A Transaction in Summer Boarders

"STUNG, ladies!" observed J. Rufus Wallingford as he looked at the dilapidated stage which was to carry them from the forlorn and lonesome little station at Birchwood to the Pine Lake Health Resort. "It takes a couple of wise lollups like you and me, Blackie, to get the prong good when we do get it," and he glanced at the discouraged looking Violet and Fannie Warden. Aunt Patty Warden was smiling cheerfully.

"Don't ring me in on this, J. Rufus," protested Blackie Daw, twirling his black mustache with complacency. "I didn't want any health, remember. I've got too much now, in spite of all I can do to ruin it."

"Perhaps that isn't our stage," said Fannie Warden hopefully. "What faint hopes Fannie had entertained, however, were dashed by the driver himself, as he stopped his horses at the platform. "Are you Mr. Wallingford and party?" he inquired in a voice which was a startling reproduction of the tone of the rear off wheel, and he surveyed them with the mournfulness of the grave.

Wallingford looked at Blackie with stern accusation, and then his jovial pink face broke into a smile, which, while infectious to behold, was not all mirth. "I never had a stronger hunch than right now to slip anybody the wrong name," he confessed, "but the train's gone and we might as well be game. If our party can stand this, though, he's a piker. I suppose you're from Pine Lake?"

"Yes, I'm from Ruggs' place," admitted the driver. "I reckon you'd better set as near in the middle of the middle seat as you kin," he continued, eyeing the huge Wallingford with more or less dismay, and he winced quite painfully when Wallingford, having seated all the others, gravely trimmed sloop and forced all the springs down tightly and firmly upon the running gear, where they only served to accentuate the ensuing jolt.

"What do you want for the outfit?" Wallingford asked Ruggs after they had arrived at the place, not because he had the remotest idea of purchase, but merely from commercial habit.

"Five thousand," returned Ruggs, though without hope. "Forty rooms, sixty acres, fine supply of pure spring water, splendid air! Want to buy?"

"No," returned Wallingford, with the peculiar chuckle in which his big shoulders always assisted. "I did once think of having my own private cemetery, but I've given it up. Is Charles Algernon Swivel here?"

"Never heard of him," declared Ruggs wheezily, and the party groaned. Charles Algernon Swivel was somewhere in this county of health resorts, and they had to find him.

Breezy Point was a regular place; fussy dressed old women crocheting on the wide verandas and keeping a sharp eye about for possible scandal; young couples in tennis flannels sauntering about on well kept lawns between prim flowerbeds and delivering themselves of conversation which would bore them to tears if they could hear it in a phonograph ten years later; strikingly dressed married women taking the first steps toward divorce while waiting for their husband's week end visits; boats with couples of contentment drifting lazily on the quiet bay; smart riding parties on handsome horses, glancing to cold disdado at the pedestrians and automobiles; women changing gowns three times a day and men dressing at least twice; prices beyond the reach of honest folks and all the rest of it that goes to make a really exclusive fashionable resort for the middle classes.

In this place the Wallingford party fitted like a glove, and J. Rufus was

the life of the party. Wherever he went light followed him. He was so big, so impressive and without so genial that the women had all noted him with eager questioning, and half the men were his friends and admirers before he had been there a day. Especially Charles Algernon Swivel. That youth, found on the first evening and promptly annexed, trailed Wallingford about, laughed at his stories, drank in his good natured philosophy and emulated him in every respect. Charles Algernon was a most immature young man of not over good breeding, nor over good looks, nor apparently ever good sense, though in his rather watery little eyes was a trace of inherited shrewdness. Moreover, he was very wearing upon the nerves, and his ethics were crude. His father had made his money in oil. Also his father had stolen \$25,000 from the Warden orphan on the death of their father, and this was why Charles Algernon had been hunted and found and studied.

"I'd like to make my money more active," declared young Swivel. "That is, just as soon as I get it. You see, I've been on allowance until now, but on the 5th of next month I come of age and I get the rest of it—\$150,000! Of course I'll only spend the income. I want to invest it in good paying business that will make a good profit and give me plenty of time to spend it in. I've been thinking that, for a business which only takes up half the year, the summer resort line ought to be attractive," and his watery eyes once more followed the progress of a couple of short skirted tennis girls, their flannels draping themselves prettily in the breeze against little young limbs.

Wallingford saw and understood and again found himself loathing Swivel quite out of proportion to his deserts. "Finest business in the world," he agreed. "Pays big, requires small capital and no experience."

Blackie Daw's head suddenly went back with a laugh. He had been blessed with a happy idea.

"Mr. Wallingford knows what he is talking about," he observed, twirling



Onion Jones Dropped Around and Explained to the Old Boarders.

his mustache and winking gravely, while Swivel watched speculatively a pretty young girl stepping out of a boat. "He made his fortune in the summer resort business. But, of course, you've heard of him—J. Rufus Wallingford, the big summer resort owner—owns a string of places from Maine to California. He knows what a fat business it is, I tell you."

"Indeed!" muttered Charles Algernon, to whom the name of Wallingford had been unknown up to two days before. "It's an honor to meet you, I'm sure, Mr. Wallingford." And he shook hands anew over this fresh introduction. "It may be worth a lot of money to meet you."

"Yes, it might be worth quite a bit of money," replied Wallingford with a double meaning in which there was almost a snarl, whereat Blackie, knowing Wallingford's most inward snarl, almost snorted.

"I say, Jim," suggested Blackie, with slow emphasis, "you might let Swivel have your Pine Lake Health Resort."

an attractive name. Is it a gay place?" "Gay!" repeated Blackie, with enthusiasm. "Gay is no name for it!"

"Fashionable, I suppose?" suggested Mr. Swivel interestedly. "Fashionable," Mr. Daw assured him. "Is no name for it. And women! You'll see no women here like those at Pine Lake. I'll give you my word of honor on that."

"I've decided, after all, to let you have the first look in on that Pine Lake proposition," said Wallingford to Charles Algernon that night as they sat over a bottle of champagne in a retired little alcove. "The first of the month I'll be back this way, and we'll go down and see it, and when we get there you'll lay eyes on some beauties that—well, just you wait and see!" And he winked most meaningfully.

"I'll be delighted, I'm sure," returned Charles Algernon, squirming with pleasure in the anticipated treat. "Not until the first, you say?"

"Well, along about then," replied Wallingford.

J. Rufus Wallingford's second visit to Pine Lake was at the head of a much larger party than the first one, for at the nearest big town he had stopped to hire a small army of carpenters, painters, paper hangers and gardeners, a chef, a steward and a head waiter. On the next freight train, in cars filled under his own supervision the day before, were to come lumber, paint, wall paper, furniture and provisions, also a handsome new red and black stage. Awe and paralysis seized upon the lonely station agent as he saw Wallingford's invaders alight.

"I got your telegram, and I've got my things packed," wheezed Mr. Ruggs. But I reckon now I'll have to stay and tend to all these people. You say there's three or four more stage loads coming? Gosh!"

"Don't worry about them," said Wallingford cheerily. "You can get right off the lot as soon as you please. Here's \$500 in cash and the balance in a New York draft."

Onion Jones dropped around and explained to the old boarders that under the lease they had to quit at once.

Immediately things began to happen. Wallingford called the head carpenter to him. "Patch up that roof," he ordered. "Prop up that old barn so it will stand for one month and make it look like new. Split that picket fence and build a million miles of wide porches around the hotel. Then I'll tell you what next to do." To the head painter he said, "Just start in and paint that's all." To the head gardener: "Here's the place. Fill up the lake and get busy."

"Now comes the hardest part of it," said Wallingford at this point. "You stay here, Blackie, and dot the place all up like an old man's bride, while I run in to Chicago and pick up a herd of Class A summer resorters for our friend Charles Algernon."

The job of "picking" summer boarders by offering free vacations to manufacturers and the like was not so easy as Wallingford had anticipated, and at the end of the third day he was almost discouraged. He was standing at the bar of his hotel, musing in more or less dejection over his poor luck, when a familiar but long unheard voice hailed him, and he turned to find a good comedian of his Broadway acquaintance at his elbow.

"Hello, Guyer," said Wallingford heartily. "You're just in time to save me from going the toboggan route. Only a drunkard drinks alone, you know. What will you have, Danny?"

"A sandwich and a glass of milk, with a piece of pie and a demt tasse to follow," said Mr. Guyer in sepulchral tones.

"Sure," said Wallingford. "Won't you add a pickle?" "Couldn't do it in justice to the balance of the company," returned Guyer. "What's the matter with the rest of the company?" asked Wallingford.

"You haven't had a sliver of you wouldn't be looking so prosperous." "A mere trick of the trade, my boy,"

(Continued on Page 4)

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