

The Springfield News

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ROBERT A. BRODIE, Editor and Mgr.

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LANE COUNTY SPUDS.

The revelations of Prof. Millward, potato expert sent on a tour of Pacific Coast states by the Department of Agriculture, and who visited Lane county last week, presages events of more than usual interest.

Prof. Millward, after visiting many famous potato sections on the Pacific Slope, had no hesitancy in committing Lane county to the highest rank of them all.

And thereby hangs a tale. Another golden opportunity lies straight before Lane county people—growers and the plodding laboring man alike. It is simply their chance. All that is vital is for them to step out and grab it.

While the market is fluctuating for the course of years on table stock, during such time the price for certified seed potatoes will be about what growers demand.

California points last year wanted 350 carloads of certified seed from E. E. Morrison, of Springfield. He was able to furnish but fifty carloads. As it requires three acres to fill a car, it will take the output of over 1000 acres to meet the normal demand for California alone. When we consider that of all the acreage in Oregon already devoted to this industry, 75% of it is in Lane county, we may well pause and reflect a little.

No doubt wages from six to seven dollars a day in the shirtings is somewhat alluring for the time being, but to assure right-down-to-the-earth ease and comfort when the shadows of life's evening begin to gather, give us in the prime of it the paydirt of a seed potato patch in Lane county.

ADVERTISING.

There is no force so potent as that of honest, persistent advertising in your home newspaper to retain trade that has inclination to flow into improper channels and to win back that which has temporarily been lost. It is not because of a particular brand of goods that you do not carry that loses you much trade, but because of your failure to acquaint the buying public right along of the nature, quality and price of goods in everyday use that you do have.

The citizens of a town are not generally inclined to be disloyal to their home merchants. There is a certain civic pride in most citizens that can be kept fully alive by the proper attitude of home merchants that tends to the general prosperity of all.

The home newspaper has its duty to fulfill, also, along this line, and it is a mighty poor stick of a newspaper that hesitates to perform its public obligations. If it is unable in a measure at least to influence public opinion upon the side for what is morally or economically to the common interest, it has not earned the right to preach to the home merchant of the potency of advertising or anything else.

It would be difficult to say who represents the poorest type of citizenship—the one who cannot accept the defeat of a lost cause smilingly and forget it, or the one who helped encompass the defeat of it and then continues to gloat over the vanquished. The ideal type of citizen is the one who extends the hand of friendship—to either opponents or allies with the same measure of cordiality. There is a mighty poor outlook for the progress of a community when there is no common unity of purpose.

If there is any humor in the grim business of war the Berlin reports of the German retreat last week invoked as broad a grin as the incident of the retreat. The report reads: "Allied infantry and cavalry detachments (get it—detachments) are following hesitatingly and cautiously." Well, if we could forget your infernal hideousness, there is something about you that would almost elicit our admiration.

Miss Fern Hobbs, Ex-Governor Oswald West's precocious protege, is "somewhere in France." We feel that you are doing something useful, Fern, but don't do anything so startling that it will distract our attention from the more exciting things going on over there.

It is high time Springfield cut out this Achilles-sulking-in-his-tent "stuff," nursing a shop-worn, moth-eaten grouch engendered by the contests of former years, and pull off its coat and do a man's work. This is an age of Progress—not Piffle. Up and at 'em, men!

Henry Watterson, for over a half century editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has laid down his trenchant pen for the rest of his days. We have just started, Henry, and if we stay with it like you have it looks like a "Long, long Trail" to us.

The greatest victory will have not been won by those troops of ours who shall march triumphant into Berlin, but by those who are asleep in the fields of Flanders.

There has been a pretty good brand of "dope" injected into the war news since the Yanks captured Seinesges.

The Crown Prince's military achievements have been cut off at the "pocket."

Stop your grumbling. You can have all the sugar you want after we win the war.

Next to the Boche, never forget that your worst enemy is yourself.

The Beast of Berlin.

The Kaiser, the Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, With head full of cunning and heart full of sin; How often wewonder, when death claims its toll, Just what will be done with his nasty old soul; In heaven we know it will not be allowed, And Satan won't have it corrupting his crowd; For hell is too small and the devils too few To give Kaiser Bill what is justly his due. There's a place for the Allies, the Russ and the Fin, But no place is prepared for the Beast of Berlin.

Children Learn American Slang. French children are picking up English rapidly since American soldiers reached France, but they are acquiring slang phrases first, according to Y. M. C. A. War Work secretaries. One day an American major was walking through a village street, when a little girl, not more than four, stepped in front of him, saluted and said in the sweetest childish voice: "Hello, kid!" Everywhere the children wave and say goodbye when they see an American. To them it means, "How do you do?" But the climax was reached when a five-year-old boy that is the pet of the American troops was stopped by the General of the division. The boy listened to the kindly words of the General and said: "Good bye go chase yourself."

Has a Good Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets.

"Chamberlain's Tablets are a wonder. I never sold anything that beat them," writes F. B. Tressey, Richmond Ky. When troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial, adv.

Logger is Injured.

Cottage Grove, Aug. 3.—"D. M." Pitcher, a logger in the Rajada logging camp, was severely injured Friday morning when a line struck him about the legs, throwing him twenty feet. As he fell his chest struck a log, breaking thirteen ribs. He also suffered a fractured elbow and a few bruises.

Changing of the location of the log overnight without Pitcher's knowledge is blamed for the accident. Under instructions another employee in the camp changed the line, but Pitcher was not informed of the change. Although Mr. Pitcher is 51 years old it is thought that he will recover. He was brought to his home in this city immediately after the accident.

This is a very painful and dangerous disease. In almost every neighborhood someone has died from it before medicine could be obtained or a physician summoned. The right way is to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house so as to be prepared for it. Mrs. Charles Eneyart, Huntington, Ind., writes: "During the summer of 1911 two of my children were taken sick with cholera morbus. I used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and it gave them immediate relief." adv

Eighty-three dollars in W. S. S. this month means \$100 in 1923.

Uncle Sam Takes a Hand

The government has adopted and is enforcing most stringent measures to conserve the news print supply of the country, and newspapers throughout the land, both great and small, are forbidden the sending out of any copies whatsoever unless paid for. The time-honored courtesy of exchanging with other newspapers and gratuitous distribution of any kind has been summarily cut off.

In accord with this policy The News must discontinue the sending of all papers without compensation therefor, and we take this means of notifying all our subscribers who are in arrears, but who wish to remain upon our list, to send in \$1.50 for a year's subscription, or 75 cents for six months, or 50 cents for three months.

The Granddope

How's Your Morale?

We publish the following from the talented pen of Helen V. Rowland, for its heart interest for everyone and its good doctrine for all women—and men:

I heard somebody getting terribly excited over "the morale of the army," or "the morale of the people," or "the morale of Germany"—or something.

And all of a sudden, It flashed over me, like a great white light.

That nobody has more than ONE "morale" to "keep up."

And that the only "morale" I need to worry about is MY OWN!

And then I said this little prayer: "Oh, Lord,

"Help me keep my pluck and courage,

"And my FAITH in everybody and everything!

"In American ideals, and American grit, and American ingenuity—

"And in Yankee spunk, that has never yet lost!

"When the heat falls and the water pipes burst and the gas freezes,

"When eggs go up and wheat is short and the laundry breaks down and the news in the morning paper is a little disheartening,

"Let me not 'give aid and comfort to the ENEMY"

"By walling over my own little woes,

"And helping to drench the world in gloom and to take the heart out of everybody about me!

"Keep me patient and calm and sweetly cheerful,

"That I may help to put serenity into the hearts of those around me,

"Yea, help me to 'come up smiling!'"

"Let me face my meatless, wheatless, sweetless days joyfully,

"Know that for every lump of sugar which I must forego in my cup of tea,

"There is a spoonful of sugar for some boy 'over there,'

"And that for every cup of flour that I am denied,

"There is a piece of bread for some hungry soldier,

"Yea, make me GAME!

"Stay me from joining the knockers!"

"Help me to be lenient—even to the landlord; gentle—even to the janitor; and PLEASANT—even to the iceman!

"When complainers come unto me with their 'oh-how-dreadfuls' and their 'isn't-it-awfuls' and all their petty troubles,

"Let me smile back at them with a courage and confidence

"That will SHAME them into silence!

"Let me keep my eyes steadily toward the light,

"And my heart and hands steadily upon 'my OWN knitting,' my own job,

"And my OWN 'morale!'"

"For, though I am only a woman,

"I know that it will take more than guns and bullets and ships

"To win the war!

"And I know that the greatest thing that a woman can contribute to the

ultimate victory—of a man, or an army, or a nation—

"Greater than sweaters or socks or beanies or arguments,

"Is faith and hope and cheer, and glad SELF-SACRIFICE—

"The smile that won't come off!"

"That is my "morale"—and every woman's!

How's YOUR "morale"?"

God's Service Flag—

The other night a dear little 5-year-old, gazing up into the sky dotted with a million stars, said: "Oh, mother, what an awful lot of God's men have gone to war."

Go easy with your spoon—more than five millions boys are dipping from our national bowl.

Sour Stomach

This is a mild form of indigestion. It is usually brought on by eating too rapidly or too much, or of food not suited to your digestive organs. If you will eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, eat but little meat and none at all for supper you will more than likely avoid the sour stomach without taking any medicine whatever. When you have sour stomach take one of Chamberlain's Tablets to aid digestion. adv.

If you are not one in the army that fights you can be one in the army that saves.

Boost for the Springfield News.

10% DISCOUNT ON HARNESS

Until August 15th

A further advance in all leather goods has been announced for the near future.

SETTLE'S HARNESS SHOP

Bicycles

ON EASY PAYMENTS

ALL STANDARD MAKES

BICYCLE REPAIRING

J.W. STEVENS

THIRD AND MAIN STREETS SPRINGFIELD

Real Gravely Plug has been chewed for its real tobacco satisfaction ever since 1831. It's made the good old Gravely way.



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Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

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Careful Men and Money are behind our Bank



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THE "FEDERAL RESERVE" BANKING SYSTEM, OF WHICH OUR BANK IS A MEMBER, IS THE BEST BANKING SYSTEM EVER THOUGHT OUT.

THE MEMBER BANKS HAVE PUT 137 MILLIONS OF GOLD INTO THE U. S. TREASURY. ON THIS GOLD THE GOVERNMENT ISSUES MONEY.

WE CAN GET MONEY WHEN WE WANT IT BY TAKING OUR SECURITIES TO OUR DISTRICT "FEDERAL RESERVE" BANK.

YOU CAN GET YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU WANT IT WHEN YOU ARE A DEPOSITOR IN OUR BANK.

LET'S DO BUSINESS. COME IN.

BANK WITH US

The First National Bank of Springfield, Oregon

96-223

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, July 22, 1918. Notice is hereby given that Arthur F. DeSautel, of Oakridge, Oregon, who on July 15, 1915, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 010042, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Lot 2, S $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Lot 2, E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Lot 2, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Lot 2, Section 4, Township 21 S, Range 3 E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Immel, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 3rd day of September, 1918. Claimant names as witnesses: C. E. McClane, of Oakridge, Oregon; Walter Hamner, of Oakridge, Oregon; Charles Danning, of Oakridge, Oregon; John McClane, of Oakridge, Oregon; W. H. CANON, Register.

Classified Ads

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

FOUND—Silver bar pin. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

FOUND—Cuff button. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

FOR SALE—140 quarts of assorted choice canned fruit. Mrs. L. M. Cagley, Fifth and G streets.

FOR RENT—Kimball piano. Good condition. Call Springfield 85.

OLD NEWSPAPERS for sale. One cent per pound. Springfield News.

FOR SALE—Rabbits of all sizes. R. L. Kirk.

D. W. ROOF JEWELER

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A SPECIALTY

CAREFUL, CONSCIENTIOUS DENTISTRY.

DR. J. E. RICHMOND
PHONES—Office, 3; Residence, 116-
Over Commercial Bank,
Springfield, Oregon.

WANTED

Your Sweet Cream
EUGENE FARMERS CREAMERY.

W. F. WALKER UNDERTAKER FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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

ED. DOMPIER SAYS Be Patriotic

Your country needs metal of every description and you that have old copper, brass, aluminum, nickel, steel, iron or any kind of metal are not doing your duty if you fail to put it on the market.

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buys all kinds of and offers to pay real cash for it.

READ, THEN ACT

ED. DOMPIER

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