

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1928

WILL THE HIGHWAY COMMISSION KEEP ITS PROMISE?

We were somewhat surprised at Commissioner Clinton Hurd's statement before the county chamber of commerce that the highway commission were apparently not going actively ahead with the completion of the Siuslaw road from Mapleton to Cushman.

After hearing with our own ears the three members of the highway commission make a promise to complete this highway without delay if the Dunne bills were defeated we can not believe they would go back on their word.

Even if the highway commission are letting many other contracts in different parts of the state and have not given the Siuslaw road much attention as yet we still have faith that the members of the highway commission are honorable men and will keep a promise made.

HOW TO STOP THE TOURIST

A few years ago our problem was how to get people to come to Oregon. Now tourists are coming by the hundreds of thousands—driving through our state as fast as gasoline will take them over our good roads.

Our problem now is how to stop them. No man can drive an automobile through Oregon in a day or two and see anything of the country. He must stay a week or a month to get any sort of an impression and make up his mind whether he would like to live here.

If we are to stop the tourists we must have every hotel and camp ground keeper, gasoline station, garage and restaurant operator an Oregon salesman who knows and will talk Oregon to every tourist he meets.

Chambers of commerce should turn their attention seriously to educating and organizing their home people in Oregon spirit if they are ever to stop the tourist.

DIAMONDS AS WELL AS AUTOMOBILES AND RADIOS

This country buys 120 million dollars worth of the world's annual production of 150 million dollars worth of diamonds, and it is estimated that we now have four billion dollars worth of diamonds in the United States.

Diamonds were valued at \$100 a carat for several centuries but after the war they jumped to \$800 a carat because of the purchasing power of the working class of Americans, so economists tell us.

So long as there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who want and are willing to buy bootleg liquor there will be bootleggers, moonshiners and stills. States that have the most drastic laws to control liquor traffic are just as wet as those with no state laws but let the Volstead act take its course.

A baby was born in Tennessee the other day with a seven inch tail. Nature sure is joking with Tennessee for that state just got through passing the anti-evolution law which declares the people of Tennessee did not descend from monkeys.

DIPLOMATIC BUSINESS

The political side—the good-will side—of President Elect Hoover's visit to South America far overshadows in interest or in importance the commercial side of the trip.

And here's what we sold to them during the first half of 1928:

Table with 2 columns: Country and Amount. Argentina \$80,000,000, Brazil 46,000,000, Colombia 27,000,000, Chile 17,000,000, Venezuela 15,000,000, Peru 11,000,000, Ecuador 3,000,000, Total \$199,000,000

And here's what we bought from them in the first six months of this year:

Table with 2 columns: Country and Amount. Argentina \$57,000,000, Brazil 110,000,000, Colombia 54,000,000, Chile 39,000,000, Venezuela 19,000,000, Peru 9,000,000, Ecuador 3,000,000, Total \$291,000,000

So we bought in the half year \$100,000,000 more than we sold. Coffee from Brazil, oil from Colombia and Venezuela and nitrates from Chile help to explain that difference.

At least, taking the figures from 1926 from the Statesman's Year Book, we already sell to each of these countries more goods than any other nation and our sales for the first half of 1928 show increases to Argentina, Colombia, Chile and Ecuador.

THE COMING COUNTRY

Brownsville, Lebanon and Silverton are said by the land committee of the state chamber of commerce to have been outstanding benefactors in the location of new settlers brought to the state the last few years.

Real development in the next few years is going to come from this section lying along the Cascade foothills from Molalla to Springfield. That is an added reason this territory should be served with a new road—the proposed Cascade highway.

At least the younger generation of Springfield are getting some good out of the new bridge. It makes a fine roller skating surface and every day a crowd of youngsters can be seen enjoying it.

Editorial Comment SEX APPEAL IN BUSINESS

Women now spend such an overwhelming proportion of the family income that business must recognize her as the chief customer.

She is the chief purchasing agent of the home. Recent surveys show that women buy 81 per cent of the groceries, 78 per cent of the drugs, 82 per cent of the department store's merchandise, 80 per cent of the electrical apparatus, 80 per cent of the jewelry, 98 per cent of the silks, 75 per cent of the men's socks, 63 per cent of the men's neckwear, 49 per cent of the hardware, 67 per cent of the leather goods, 78 per cent of the pianos.

Yesterday, automobiles were sold in garages, by fellows in overalls who crawled out from under a car to attend to the purchaser—what was invariably a man.

The number of cars has grown from a million to more than 20 million. Women buy more than half of them, and drive them more than half the time, and buy more than half the gas and oil and service.

In the days when man drove the car gasoline was dispensed by a tough-looking citizen presiding over an array of five-gallon cans along the roadside.

Today it is sold from a pump, at a service station, where the motorist has her choice of brands, and can see the amount in a glass receptacle, and while it is being put in the car one attendant wipes the windshield, another sees that the tires have enough air, and another gives road information.

After the lady has powdered her nose in a rest room she drives away with a road map, radio program, a blotter, a chance in a drawing for a new automobile and for another cent gets a life insurance policy.

Feminization of the business of selling is going on in practically all lines.—Nation's Business Magazine.

The Last of Duanes

Continued from Page 2

saddle, and finally turned their glittering, hard light upward to Duane.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly.

"My name's Duane," replied Duane curtly.

"An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence, during which the men looked at him.

"Reckon he's dead all right, or nobody'd hev his hoss an' guns," said Euchre.

"Mr. Duane," began Bosomer, in low, stinging tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side pardner."

Duane looked him over, from dusty, worn-out boots to his slouchy sombrero. That look seemed to inflame Bosomer.

"An' I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them for all I care. I just fetched them. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And say—I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"Civil? Haw! Haw!" rejoined the outlaw. "I don't know you. How do we know you didn't jest Stevens, an' stole his hoss, an' jest happened to stumble down here?"

"You'll have to take my word, that's all," replied Duane sharply.

"Stranger, Bosomer is shore hot-headed," said the man Euchre. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were the others hostile.

At this juncture several more outlaws crowded out of the door, and the one in the lead was a tall man of stalwart physique. His manner proclaimed him a leader.

He had a long face, a flaming red beard, and clear cold blue eyes that fixed in close scrutiny upon Duane. He was not a Texan; in truth Duane did not recognize one of these outlaws as native of his state.

"I'm Bland," said the tall man authoritatively. "Who're you and what're you doin' here?"

Duane looked at Bland as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not cautious. Duane told his story again, this time a little more in detail.

"I believe you," replied Bland at once. "Think I know when a fellow's lying."

"I reckon you're on the right trail," put in Euchre. "That about Luke wantin' his boots took off—thet sats, fies me. Luke had a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on."

At this sally the chief and his men laughed.

"You said Duane—Buck Duane!" queried Bland. "Are you a son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter some years back?"

"Yes," replied Duane. "Never met him, and glad I didn't," said Bland with a grim humor.

Bosomer appeared at the door, pushing men who tried to detain him, and as he jumped clear of a last reaching hand he uttered a snarl like an angry dog.

Manifestly the short while he had spent inside the saloon had been devoted to drinking and talking himself into a frenzy. Bland and the other outlaws quickly moved aside, letting Duane alone. When Bosomer saw Duane standing motionless and watchful, a strange change passed quickly in him. He halted in his tracks, and as he did that the men who had followed him out plied over each other in their hurry to get to one side.

Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning in it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front. The outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrinking or at least a frightened antagonist.

But Duane did not speak a word. He had remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

That instant gave birth in Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But he did not want to kill another man; he did not intend to. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire, and Bosomer fell with his right arm shattered. He would never be able to draw a gun again.

When Duane went out with Euchre the sun was setting behind a blue range of mountains across the river in Mexico. The valley appeared to open to the southwest.

"The only feller who's goin' to put a close eye on you is Benson," said Euchre. "He runs the place an' sells drinks. The gang calls him Jackrabbit Benson because he's always got his eye peeled and his ear cocked. Don't notice him if he looks you over, Buck. Benson is scared to death of every newcomer who rustles into Bland's camp. An' the reason, I take it, is because he's done somebody dirt. He's hidin'. Not from a sheriff or ranger! Men who hide from them don't act like Jackrabbit Benson.

"He's hidin' from some guy who's huntin' him to kill him. Wal, I'm always expectin' to see some feller ride

impolite, but I'd rather not meet any women," rejoined Duane. "I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't blame you much. I was hopin' though, you might talk a little to that poor lonesome kid."

"What kid?" inquired Duane, in surprise. "Didn't I tell you about Jennie—the girl Bland's holdin' here—the one Jackrabbit Benson had a hand in stealin'!"

"You mentioned a girl. That's all. Tell me now," replied Duane abruptly. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Brother-in-Law of Ex-Kaiser Plans Circus Career

Paris, Dec. 27. (AC)—Alexander Zoubkoff, twenty-seven year old Russian emigre who married Princess Victoria Zu Schaumburg-Lippe, sixty-two year old sister of the former German Kaiser, last November, is planning to become a circus ringmaster.



"QUICK AS A FLASH!"

Anti-knock THE NEW WINTER RED CROWN GASOLINE STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Advertisement for Dr. Sherman W. Moody, Ophthalmologist and Eye Specialist. Includes text: 'Now Located in Miner Building', 'The night may have a million eyes but there are only two that concern you. Save your eyes.', 'Make Appointments Whenever Possible', 'Dr. Sherman W. Moody, Ophthalmologist - Eyesight Specialist, Suite 411 Miner Bldg. Phone 362 East Broadway Eugene, Ore.'

Advertisement for EGGIMANN'S. Text: 'Your patronage and friendship during the past year have made us very happy indeed, and it is with a full heart and the greatest sincerity that we extend our greetings and say to you: "Happy New Year."' Includes a 'HAPPY NEW YEAR' graphic.

Advertisement for J.C. PENNEY CO. Text: 'J.C. PENNEY CO. 942 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon. VALUES'.

Advertisement for J.C. Penney's values. Text: 'When a J. C. Penney Company Ad uses the word "Value" it always includes two things—Quality and Low Price. That is why we never permit Quality to be sacrificed for the sake of quoting a Low Price. Every Value displayed in this Ad measures up to this standard of Quality at a Saving. Shop where you enjoy the advantages of Low Prices but not at the sacrifice of Quality.'

THE FUMBLE FAMILY - By Dunkel

Comic strip 'THE FUMBLE FAMILY' by Dunkel. Panels include: 1. A man looking at a suit for Freddie. 2. A man saying 'FOR THIS YOUNG MAN? HE'S A FINE-LOOKING BOY—HE'LL BE A BIG MAN BEFORE LONG.' 3. A man saying 'SOMETHING PLAIN, STAYS TO KNOCK AROUND IN.' 4. A man saying 'HE'S A BIG BOY FOR HIS AGE, I'LL BET HE'S A SHEIK WITH THE GIRLS—WHAT GRADE ARE YOU IN?' 5. A man saying 'HOW MUCH IS THAT MR. COSGROVE?' 6. A man saying 'THIS SUIT IS ONLY \$20.00.' 7. A man saying 'ONLY??!! HOLY MACKEREL MAN! I ONLY PAID \$12.50 FOR THE SUIT I HAVE ON!' 8. An advertisement for 'Animal Crackers' with a picture of a horse and text: 'DO YOU TAKE A COLD SHOWER EVERY MORNING? YES, I ALWAYS EAT GRAPEFRUIT FOR BREAKFAST. SEND AN ANIMAL CRACKER TO COURTESY DUNKEL'S 9¢ OF THIS NEWS PAPER.'