

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1929

LIGHT RATES DECREASED

The Mountain States Power company's announced voluntary reduction in lighting and power rates which will save \$59,000 to the users of the company's electricity in the valley is received with satisfaction.

WHY THE MYSTERY

A Springfield man after he had spent Saturday trying to get some business men to attend a meeting to talk annexation of this city with Eugene denied to this newspaper Monday that he knew such a meeting was to be held.

This question is not a private matter. Any plan conceived in a private meeting and shrouded in mystery by a select group is bound to be looked on with suspicion.

THE IDEAL MAN

Two hundred and twenty college girls in the East were asked some mighty important questions in a special questionnaire regarding the types of men they seek as husbands.

Of the two hundred and twenty, only twelve insisted on college graduates. Only two demanded good looks. One wanted an athlete.

Wealth and fame were entirely ignored. But the one quality most in demand—guess—was a sense of humor!

Evidently the girls agree with the poet that "the man worth while is the man who can smile." If this questionnaire is indeed representative of the state of women's minds the country over, it behooves all young men to learn to laugh and laugh heartily.

Men who are not handsome, wealthy or famous many now console themselves. As long as they have a sense of humor, some girl will fall in love with them.

But what man does not think he has a sense of humor? All men seem to be eligible for affection, to judge them by their own opinions.

We are inclined to think that the girls practiced a little subtlety, as they often do. We can't believe they want to pass up wealth and fame—these things have always lured girls. But being feminine, the mention these things indirectly—asking that a man be possessed of a sense of humor in the conviction that wealth and fame come most easily to the men whose sense of humor is most keenly developed.

Foolish question: Have you kept your New Year's Resolution?

WHITE COAL VS. BLACK COAL

Listening to Ex-Governor Al Smith and other advocates of government controlled and operated water-power we are inclined to place a great amount of importance on the undeveloped water-power. Especially is this true here in the west where we have 80% of the country's potential water-power and a small part of the population who would use it.

A committee of the United State Chamber of Commerce reports after investigation that coal is vastly more important in generating electrical power than water.

The report states: "The relative importance of water and steam—white coal and black—in the development of the country's power resources, is one of the questions to which the National Water Power Policies Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will direct attention as a phase of its study of the power situation."

"Black coal seems to be the Cinderella of the power household. It does most of the work, but all the honors go to its fairer sister, water."

"Only a very small portion of the power used to keep America's industrial plant running comes from water power. Giant steam turbines, unhonored and unused, are doing more of the day's work than many of the most imposing water power plants. Even the huge Muscle Shoals project will be a small affair compared with some steam plants now under construction."

"Moreover, the cost of producing electric power by steam is constantly being reduced. Day by day black coal is becoming more efficient, while the enormous outlay usually required to harness flowing streams is oftentimes overlooked by a public which sees only results."

Dr. Burges Johnson of Syracuse complains that there is a shortage of real effective cuss words. Evidently he has never heard a man trying to use a cigarette lighter.

Arrests for drunkenness have increased 238% since the advent of prohibition. This seems to us more of a commentary on the quality of the liquor than on the number of drinkers.

This Christmas was the warmest since 1915. In fact, it made many heads of families hot under the collar.

The new dollar bill is going to be smaller in size. It has looked smaller to us for quite some time.

Both men and women took part in the big talk marathon in New York. This did seem a bit unfair to the men.

Sign in front of a theatre: "THE GOODBYE KISS, WITH SOUND."

Unconscious humorist: The druggist who mistakenly listed liquor among his "dyestuffs."

Pride idiots: The father who gave his boy an unbreakable drum for Christmas.

Editorial Comment

OREGON SHOULD HAVE MORE FINISHED PRODUCTS (Molalla Pioneer)

Western Oregon has an industrial asset in its climate. The fact that it is possible to work, even out of doors, most of the year adds to the possibilities of manufacturing. Very cold sections have a handicap in winter making work difficult and expensive.

However this works a hardship on the lumber industry. While the east and middlewest can do no building and the demand for lumber drops mills here can keep running and accumulate stock. Too often, with the smaller mills, this is dumped on the market to pay running expenses. This keeps the price down and has an effect on the business.

If we finished more of our products into furniture, doors, windows, and all sorts of high priced commodities this would be remedied somewhat and would give the year around employment for Oregonians.

The Last of the Duanes

(Continued from Page 2) lever of the gun.

He caught the rifle-barrel again, this time in his right hand, and pulled. She tripped over a chair and crashed down. Duane leaped back, whirled, flew out of the door to the porch. The sharp crackling of a gun halted him. He saw Jennie holding to the bridle of his bay horse.

Euchre sat astride the other and he had a Colt leveled, and he was firing down the lane. Then came a single shot, heavier, and Euchre ceased. He fell from the horse.

A swiftly shifted gaze showed to Duane a man coming down the lane. Chess Alloway! His gun was smoking. He broke into a run. Then, in an instant he saw Duane, tried to check his pace as he swung up his arm. But that slight pause was fatal.

Duane shot, and Alloway was falling when his gun went off. His bullet whistled close to Duane and thudded into the cabin.

Duane bounded down to the horses. Jennie was trying to hold the plunging bay. Euchre lay flat on his back, dead, a bullet-hole in his shirt, his face set hard, and his hands twisted around gun and bridle.

"Jennie you've nerve all right," cried Duane as he dragged down the horse she was holding. "Up with you now. There! Never mind long stirrups! Hang on somehow!"

He caught his bridle out of Euchre's clutching grip and leaped astride. The frightened horses jumped into a run and thundered down the lane into the road. Duane saw men running from cabins. He heard shouts. But there were no shots fired.

Jennie seemed able to stay on her horse; but without stirrups she bounced so hard that Duane rode closer and reached out to grasp her arm.

Thus they rode through the valley to the trail that led up over the steep and broken Rim-Rock. As they began to climb Duane looked back. No pursuers were in sight.

"Jennie, we're going to get away!" he cried, exultation for her in his voice. She was gazing, horror-stricken, at

his breast as, in turning to look back, he faced her.

"Oh, Duane, your shirt's all bloody!" she faltered, pointing with trembling finger.

With her words Duane became aware of two things—the hand he instinctively placed on his breast still held his gun—and he had sustained a terrible wound.

He had been shot through the breast far enough down to give him grave apprehension of his life. Little pain attended the injury, and no sense of weakness yet. The clean-cut bullet-hole bled freely both at its entrance and where it had come out, but with no signs of hemorrhage. He did not bleed at the mouth; however, he began to cough up a reddish tinged foam.

Jennie, with pale face and mute lips looked at him. "I'm badly hurt, Jennie," he said; "but I guess I'll stick it out."

"The woman—did she shoot you?" "Yes. She was a devil. Euchre told me to look out for her. I wasn't quick enough."

"You didn't have to—to—" shivered the girl.

"My God, no!" he replied.

They did not stop climbing while Duane tore a scarf and made compresses, which he bound tightly over his wounds. The fresh horses made fast time up the rough trail. From open place Duane looked down.

When they surmounted the steep ascent and stood on top of the Rim-Rock, with no signs of pursuit down the valley, and with the wild, broken fastness before them, Duane turned to the girl and assured her that they now had every chance to escape.

"Jennie, we're going to get away," he said with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river."

"And then?" she asked.

"We'll find some honest rancher."

"And then?" she persisted.

"Why—" he began slowly. "That's as far as my thought ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself of so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired in a strange voice.

Duane kept silence.

"What will you do?" she went on. "Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I daren't show my face among respectable people. I'm an outlaw."

"You're no criminal!" she declared with deep passion.

"Jennie, on this border the little difference between an outlaw and a criminal doesn't count for much."

"You won't go back among those terrible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that's good about you! Oh, Duane, don't, don't go!"

"I can't go back to the outlaws, at least Bland's band. No, I'll go alone. I'll lone wolf it, as they say on the border. What else can I do, Jennie?" "Oh, I don't know. Couldn't you hide? Couldn't you slip out of Texas—go far away?"

"I could never get out of Texas without being arrested. I could hide, but a man must live. Never mind about me, Jennie."

"Duane, if ever I'm safe out of this awful country," she cried, "I'll go to the Governor. I'll tell him your story. I'll tell him mine. I'll get you pardoned."

As he looked down upon her, a slight slender girl with bedraggled dress and disheveled hair, her face pale and quiet, a little stern in sleep, and her long, dark lashes lying on her cheeks, he seemed to see her fragility, her prettiness, her femininity as never before. But for her she might at that very moment have been a broken, ruined girl, lying back in that cabin of the Blands.

Tomorrow she would be gone, among good people, with a possibility of finding her relatives. He thanked God for that, nevertheless he felt a pang.

She slept more than half the day. Duane kept guard always alert, whether he was sitting, standing or walking. The rain pattered steadily on the roof and sometimes came in gusty furies through the door. The horses were outside in a shed that afforded poor shelter, and they stamped restlessly. Duane kept them saddled and bridled.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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