

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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SCHOOL DAYS

It won't be long now before vacation is over and school will begin again. Then the young ones will get back into their own world, for in the life of the child the real world is that in which he mixes on equal terms with others of his own age. We older folk are too absorbed with the affairs of grown-ups to understand what the young ones are thinking about.

We are prone to think, as we grow older, that what we had in school is good enough for our children. That would be true if the world stood still, but it doesn't. In a changing world, the best education is that which makes the child alive to the changes, which brings him most closely in touch with the new things that we didn't know anything about when we were young. Everything is different today from yesterday; tomorrow everything of today will be out of date. The boy or girl who gains from his school work the sense of change, of constant forward movement steadily going on, has got the best foundation for success in life.

We don't think it is nearly as important to teach children how to do things as it is to teach them how to understand things. One way is to get more young people as teachers and on school boards. School systems must grow and change, just as the world grows and changes, and old folks are too apt to resist change. There must be old heads in school affairs, of course, but some who are still young enough to remember their own school days ought to have some say about school affairs.

SHORT CHANGED

Roseburg got the soldiers' home but it seems now that she has lost half of it. Reports are that a million dollars out of the two million are to be spent to make homes out of some of the Washington hospitals. Oregon cities should give the Douglas county town a hand to prevent more of this money slipping away. Without a very substantial investment is made at Roseburg the city will not be justified in its \$125,000 bond issue or the state in giving away the present soldiers' home.

The request of the federal government for free sites for national institutions we feel is all wrong—it is the driving of a sharp bargain. With more than one-third of the state area in the untaxed national forests we think it is a colossal bunch of nerve to ask Oregon to furnish more land to the federal government.

The only reason we acquiesced in it as regards Eugene is that the city must meet the conditions laid down or not be in the running. We think Oregon people should tell their congressmen that appropriations hereafter with strings tied to them will be frowned upon.

With but six miles of grade to be surfaced on the Willamette road to Oakridge it seems that every effort should be made to complete the job this fall so that it may be used this winter. The federal bureau of roads will do half of the job and it seems that the state and county should not fall on the remainder. For years Oakridge has been like a city in another county because of the condition of the old road.

Those Arkansas folks take their religion like the Kentuckians take their moonshine—serious. It required a battalion of national guardsmen to keep order in the church. The Baptist church should rid itself of this sort of thing.

We wonder if pajamas will be the conventional campus attire this year.

What the nation needs is more big fish in the streams.



LITTLE THINGS

Nothing is more interesting than to hear successful men reminisce about their careers. Recently, after a golf game, I had such an opportunity.

My companions were well-known lawyers. One of them said: "I wasn't much of a student in college. I played on both the football and baseball teams, and I managed to graduate and go on through law school."

"My first job was in the office of a country lawyer in a small town in Pennsylvania. There I really did work, preparing cases and trying them, and doing my best to master the profession."

"I could look forward to earning enough to marry on, but could see no chance of ever escaping from that small town."

"One Christmas I visited my folks in Boston, and while I was there a friend told me that a certain lawyer would like to meet me. I called at his office the next morning. We chatted for about an hour and then, out of a clear sky, he offered me a partnership. I was flabbergasted, but I managed to stammer an acceptance. I started in with him a month later. In that firm I spent ten very happy and profitable years."

"One day I summoned up courage to ask him how he ever happened to make me such an offer on so short an acquaintance."

"His answer was surprising. He said that for years he had been able to secure more business than he could properly handle. As a business getter he was a star; as an organizer of an efficient force he was a failure. He had hired brilliant young chaps out of law school, but somehow they never developed as he hoped. Being brilliant, they expected to get results easily, and if they were whipped a couple of times in court it broke their spirits."

"One night he went home and sat down before the fire to analyze his situation. He decided to look for an entirely different type of man; he listed the qualifications:

"1. The man must not be too smart. He must have the habit of working hard for his results."

"2. He must have been in college athletics, trained to fight for victory, and to keep up his chin in defeat."

"Having made this list, the lawyer asked his friends to recommend men who met the qualifications. One of them named me, and the lawyer remembered that he had once seen a football game in which I was badly smashed up but was still able to carry the ball across the line for a touchdown."

"So you see," my friend concluded, "it was that one little thing, to which I never, attached the slightest importance, that made my whole career."

When you hear stories like this, and I have heard many of them, it makes you think that there are no little things. No operation is so insignificant that a man can refuse to give it less than his best.

ROWENA RIDES THE RUMBLE

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BY ETHEL HUESTON

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their latest as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon.

A few miles out Bobby becomes fearful of being parted from Peter and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble so that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk to about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense of each week as they arrive, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

The three tourists reach St. Louis, after passing through Buffalo and Chicago. Peter and Rowena have many talks, while Bobby is engaged at the city of New York. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

There were bound to be ever so many pleasant, cool, shadowy short-cuts between St. Louis and Kansas City.

On the way between St. Louis and Kansas City, Peter asked about short-cuts at no end of filling stations and garages as they went west, but no one seemed very well informed about by-roads, and for the most part every one advised against attempting any such thing.

It was well toward noon when Peter found a man in a garage who thought there really was a short-cut just as Peter wanted. He wasn't altogether sure it was a direct route to Kansas City, but at least it did not lead back toward St. Louis.

They had driven about twenty miles along this rambling lane, which at times seemed to turn uncertainly toward Kansas City and then made a dead run for the Nebraska line, when they saw a stalled car in the road before them. The driver lay stretched out on the bank with his hat over his face.

Peter slowed up. Rowena leaned forward and rapped sharply on the glass. "Never ask advice of a broken-down driver," she warned him dourly. "If he knew what he was doing, he wouldn't be broken down."

But Peter for once had struck the right party. The man knew every road in the state.

Peter thanked him for his careful directions and returned to the car. He was too much of a gentleman to leave triumphantly back at Rowena under the awning, undisturbed by the rumble seat. He first got in behind the wheel and started the motor.

He had driven fully twenty miles over the worst possible sort of country road when he found that a bridge was out, that there was no detour, and the only possible way to go on in the direction of Kansas City was to go back to the main road and start over. Very meekly he turned around to pay homage to her better judgment, but stopped short, staring open-mouthed at Bobby, who always looked where others did, turned too and her amazement surpassed his own.

The rumble seat was empty. Rowena was not there.

Peter slowly returned over the roads to where the self-styled expert had given him his directions.

Twenty miles! Bobby closed her eyes. Peter hoped she was praying. He would have prayed himself, if he could, at the hard driving over the bad road requested his complete attention. But he did keep breathing over and over in his heart the one word, "God! God! God!" and trusted the Infinite would understand it for appeal.

Instinctively his foot lifted from the accelerator and at a noiseless crawl the car rolled up to the shadowy bank under the willow tree where the stranger with the stalled motor had mapped out the futile short-cut.

"Oh!" whispered Bobby weakly. "Look—look! Rowena!"

Rowena indeed, lying motionless beside the road where the afternoon sun slanted behind the trees to throw protecting shadows over her slender figure. Peter was out of the car long before it had come to a stop and was up the bank and kneeling beside her. He lifted one limp slim hand. It was stained red.

"Rowena!" he whispered. "Rowena opened her eyes. "Oh, hello," she said cheerfully. "Gosh, you were a long time coming back."

"Are—are you—hurt?" stammered Peter.

"Hurt? Why, no! What do you mean, hurt?" She licked a bit of red raspberry juice from her finger as she spoke.

"Did you fall out, darling?" asked Bobby in fatuously affectionate tones.

"Fall out?" repeated Rowena. "Certainly not!" She stood up, lifted her arms, stretching her slender figure comfortably to its utmost height. "Had a grand nap," she said. "And wrote out just what I think of Missouri. Poor dears, you must be dreadfully hot and tired. Come and sit down—a nature's feast to feed you. Berries and cold spring water. I knew you would be famished so I picked heaps."

"You darling," said Bobby, and greedily fell to. "But will you please tell us," she mumbled, with a full mouth for she was very hungry.

fell—how you got—out of the rumble seat?"

"I climbed out," said Rowena cheerfully. "It's the only way you can get out of a rumble seat."

"But when—?" "But how—?" "We didn't see you!"

"When Peter and the broken-down gent were dusting off Missouri in the middle of the road I noticed the wild berries up on the bank among the rocks. I must have got myself out of sight of the car without knowing it, for the first thing I knew, I heard the usual racing of the engine with which Peter gets under way, so I ran down and there you were—tearing off among the ruts in a cloud of metaphorical glory. So I picked up some berries, and the broken-down gent and I shot craps until the man from the garage came and towed him in. He invited me to go with him, but I knew you would be back for me when you got around to it."

"There was a bridge out on the short-cut," explained Peter quickly.

"I know. The broken-down gent remembered it about ten minutes before you had come. But of course it was too late then."

"You're very game about it. Rowena. Very sporting. I wouldn't blame you if you didn't speak to me again from here to the coast."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Rowena pleasantly. "This is just an accident. Accidents make me mad. It's just," she added, "just to pay homage to her better judgment, but stopped short, staring open-mouthed at Bobby, who always looked where others did, turned too and her amazement surpassed his own."

In Kansas City, Bobby found thirty-one telegrams from Carter, each increasingly immoderate in its commands for her to give over this outrageous conduct and return home at once.

Rowena had the usual fat ope addressed in the boyish scrawl, and surely she had read no further than the first paragraph when she began counting out her money. Peter had a comforting telegram from Mr. Rack, with a friendly postscript by Mr. Ruff, advising that the red-haired siege was lifted and that they had been honored with a sort of an apology, but warning them to be careful of their future conduct.

Mr. Rack also said they were extremely pleased with the character of the work that had been turned out, and enclosed check for next week's expenses. Peter was extremely grateful for that check, for Bobby had spent the last cent of her week's allowance by Wednesday afternoon, and Rowena had been obliged to carry her between them.

"Chaperons come high, don't they?" grumbled Rowena, as she counted out nickels and dimes to make up her portion of Bobby's last manure.

It was a genuine hardship to them to be obliged to contribute so extensively to the maintenance of luxury-loving Bobby. On the other hand, her presence was so essential to the all-important tour that they were in no position to quarrel very seriously even with her extravagance.

"For my part, I'd rather pay her bills than read Carter's telegrams," said Peter moodily.

"I wouldn't," disagreed Rowena promptly. "We learned to read with one eye and listen with one ear, and that way I get through with only half the mental strain."

"Yes, but you've got a rumble to retire to."

"So I have. But I have to sleep with her."

One thing was certain. Her presence was essential, and Carter and his telegrams, she and her extravagance, were alike to be endured.

At Toronto she was startled to find but one telegram awaiting her—a ten-word, straight day message.

"Are you taking first train home or are you not?"

It was not even signed. Bobby's frown was so genuine, her disappointment so real, that Rowena and Peter tried to console her.

Peter took them out to a movie, and Rowena—with her own money—

bought her a cunning little Kansas souvenir, a flask carved out of a corn-cob—and she seemed slightly more resigned.

She was very quiet as they crossed Kansas, and when they complained of the notoriously hot winds, she smiled patiently and said she didn't mind. She ate very little, and had fifteen cents for her allowance left at the end of the week.

When they reached Denver they hurried at once, as they always did, to get their mail, and there was nothing at all for Bobby, not a letter, not a telegram, not so much as a souvenir postcard. She said nothing but turned pale and a little sad smile froze the dimples in the soft face.

When Rowena went down to dinner she made excuses not to go—said she was very tired, said she wanted a hot bath and a good sleep, said she would just read a magazine she had picked out at the news-stand.

She went up to the room immediately after dinner with all good intentions, and Rowena knocked. When there was no answer she opened the door and they went in. The room had a deserted appearance. Bobby's handsome articles of toilet were gone from the dressing-table. Her

Foot of the bed, her satin mules from beneath it. Her imported traveling bag no longer stood beside Rowena's shabby suitcase on the baggage rack.

Peter and Rowena looked at each other in wide-eyed consternation. There was a note, written on hotel paper in Bobby's round childish hand. It was pinned to Rowena's pillow.

"Darlings, I'm going home. I've got to. If I don't, I'll never get him back. I'll send Peter the money I borrowed as soon as I get my clock train and I hope already wired him to meet me. You're both just sweet and I love you. But I do wish you didn't quarrel so. I'm glad Carter and I get along better."

"And that," said Rowena flatly, "is that."

"It's all of that," added Peter gloomily.

"Nothing," declared Rowena drearily, "could be more irretrievably fatal than this."

"It was great sport while it lasted," said Peter. "You have been pretty game all the way through, Rowena."

"It was corking good business, too," said Rowena. "And taking it all in all, you are not half bad to breeze around with Peter."

"Well, it's all over now," said Peter.

"You don't suppose we could pick one up here, do you?—By advertising. The way we got Bobby in the first place."

But they both knew it was pretty hopeless.

They said good night with something vaguely suggestive of affectionate regard, for this killing, kindred disappointment gave them a cordial meeting-ground for almost the first time.

Rowena sat alone at her window, little and high up, for she had frugally changed from a double to a single room immediately after the desertion of Bobby.

She was not one to give up without a struggle—nor to give up at all, for that matter.

It was nearly midnight when she shook her head hesitantly, with a mild made-up. An idea had come to her, terrifying and tremendous, hours before. She had toyed with it, weighed it in the balance, and, finding it wanting, pushed it resolutely away; but had permitted it to work its way back into her mind.

At twelve o'clock she called Peter on the telephone and that was an end of her hesitation.

"Listen, Peter. You meet me downstairs in the lobby, right away, will you? I have an idea."

"But I'm in bed!"

Continued Next Week.



WE HAVE LEARNED A FEW THINGS ABOUT CUBA AND THE CUBAN PEOPLE SINCE WE WENT TO WAR WITH SPAIN, 33 YEARS AGO, TO SET CUBA FREE. THE CUBAN PEOPLE ARE ABOUT AS BADLY OFF UNDER SELF-GOVERNMENT, SO-CALLED, AS THEY WERE UNDER WEYLER. WHEN SUGAR AND TOBACCO SELL AT HIGH PRICES THEY ARE HAPPY; WHEN THESE COMMODITIES ARE CHEAP, AS THEY HAVE BEEN FOR SOME YEARS, THERE IS REVOLUTION. WE GAVE THEM POLITICAL FREEDOM BUT WE DID NOT GIVE THEM THE MORE IMPORTANT ECONOMIC FREEDOM.

Nobody today wants to annex Cuba to the United States, least of all the American speculators who have built race-tracks, hotels and gambling houses there to attract Americans who want to cause and waste their money. Under American rule Cuba would have to be officially "dry," and that would start another revolution.

Greenland the latest scientific explorers tell us, is a great bowl of ice several thousand feet deep, surrounded by high mountains. This ice has been gradually melting for the last Ice Age, some 20,000 years ago. As it melts, the land below it will rise and the tropical vegetation which once flourished near the North Pole will grow there again.

By that time all of the white races of man will have moved much farther North than they live now. Then will come another Ice Age and population will be driven back toward the Equator. That is what has happened at least three times in the earth's recent history, and there is no reason to doubt it will happen again. Explorers from the universities of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen will find traces of human handicraft in the tropical jungle growing where Chicago now stands, and will wonder what gods these primitive people worshipped.

I got a bill the other day from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where I vote, for \$1, with the information that this was my annual "Old Age Assistance" tax. It seems to me like a good way of creating a fund for the care of aged persons. The direct tax which every individual has to pay has the effect of bringing government and its activities more closely to the attention of everybody who pays it. Massachusetts voters are going to watch the Old Age Assistance program more closely than they would have if it were merely a matter of paying for this sort of relief out of the general funds.

Reading Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's fascinating autobiography, "My Story," I was struck by one phrase she uses, "the physical lethargy of the brain worker." I have never known a great athlete who was at the same time a great thinker, nor a person with a creative mind who excelled in any form of sport. The two attributes do not go together.

Charles P. Steinmetz, perhaps the greatest scientific mind we have ever known in America, was a tubercular hunchback. Einstein gets his exercise by playing the violin! Edison, mentally keen at 84, never

took any form of exercise in his life. Charles Dickens died comparatively young because of his notion that he could keep his brain in condition by vigorous daily physical exertion. Persons of average ability can combine physical development with enough mental development to "get by" in their jobs. But the person who would excel in either field must concentrate solely on the one or the other. Perhaps the best method is Mrs. Rinehart's own. She drops all mental work for long vacations on her western ranch, living and riding in the open until her bodily vigor is restored, then returning to her writing.

WELL--- Now that the rainy season is closed at hand, I suppose you have your roof fixed—the old cow still is battened.

BUT--- HOW ABOUT THOSE SHOES? It would be just as well to look 'em over and not wait until muddy weather before you have them repaired.

Prices are Right at the ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIR SHOP 333 Main St.

TWINNS Violet Ray and General Ethyl gasoline are the twin motor fuels we sell at this station. Both are leaders in their class—anti-knock and high powered. They are the best that money can buy. This station can take care of any car trouble you may have with our garage in connection.

"A" Street Service Station

You Can Never Make a Mistake Giving CANDY Birthdays, anniversaries, special occasions or on any event candy is always appropriate. Eggmann's candy is delicious and wholesome and is backed by our many years in the confectionery business. Buy your candy at a candy store.

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New FALL DRESSES \$5.85 \$7.85 \$9.95

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FROM MAIN LINE POINTS BY TRAIN \$15 TO SAN FRANCISCO

ROUNDTRIP . . . \$28 Coach ticket, good in day coaches or reclining chair cars—also in Tourist Sleepers on payment of berth charge (about 1/2 the Standard Pullman cost.)

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