

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by THE WILLAMETTE PRESS H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice, Springfield, Oregon.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE One Year in Advance \$1.75 Three Months .75c Six Months .40 Single Copy .5c

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1931

GOVERNMENT AID

On the one hand we have a country-wide demand for the reduction of taxes as a relief for depression. On the other hand there is wide agitation, such as manifested itself in the state federation of labor convention, for the starting of new public works and the creating of more work at the public expense to employ people out of work.

It is self evident that these two proposals do not go hand in hand but are in opposition to each other. Even if bonds are voted for public work instead of direct taxes it is but prolonging the pay day and building up interest charges, making it harder in the end to ever balance the public books.

We feel that both of these proposals should be taken in moderate doses. The old economic law of supply and demand was never more in effect than it is today. The world is choked with a surplus of goods and labor that it cannot sell. Causes beyond government action or ability to change are effecting the world wide depression. Before we can ever hope to sell again the world surplus must be consumed and to stimulate that consumption all prices must come down.

Much as we dislike to say it wages must come down too, because wages are, or should be, the basis of the price of all goods. As long as wages are high, then the price of goods necessarily must be high, and consequently will not sell as readily. There may be some justice in the argument that wages should be kept up to enhance the purchasing power of the workers but it must be remembered that laborers are but a part of the consuming public and their effectiveness are greatly lessened when there is much unemployment.

The federal farm board was a magnificent attempt to help one great class of the American public, the farmer. After spending millions of the taxpayers money the attempt is pretty much of a "washout," because of one reason. The government had not the ability to fix the prices of world-wide products—wheat and cotton. Any attempt to help labor through wholesale public employment will be but temporary and result in further depression.

Where there are needed public works to be done, especially those requiring hand labor, there should be speeding up to get it under way before winter but to deliberately create public work at the expense and doubtful benefit to the public is a falacity. Here in Oregon we should go ahead with our road program as laid out and push forward as rapidly as possible projects requiring hand labor.

Those who fear competition with the McKenzie highway by the Santiam highway soon need not be alarmed. An inspection of the Santiam highway by the writer a few days ago reveals that there is still 35 or 40 miles of this highway that even a snake would have hard work crawling up. The road is in excellent shape to Cascadia but a few miles above it stops. Judging from the speed made in bringing the McKenzie up to state standards the Santiam will be a road for our children to use.

By a unanimous vote the State Federation of Labor passes a resolution for bringing back beer. Evidently the workers figure if they get to the place where they can't eat during this depression they might get a chance to drink.

The British sailors went on strike the other day protesting a cut in pay, thus tying up the biggest navy in the world. The next thing we can expect to hear is a petition for shorter fighting hours. Many a doughboy would have been ready to sign such a petition during the last war.

After all we can't help but wonder if those so called "milk wars" exist only in the mind of some city editors rather than in fact.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

ODDS AND ENDS

Since I last touched this subject, I have noticed in the big daily papers that no fewer than twenty-five deaths have occurred from "heart disease" in one great metropolis in the middle-west.

Men—all of them. And none of them over sixty years old. All of them big, two-fisted, bull-necked fellows. . . . Some of them were personal acquaintances of mine. They were go-getters, if you please; the city and state sustained a distinct loss when each died. There's a lesson here for all but the heedless.

The skinny, lanky, dyspeptic, plunderbund artist of the big town may go crazy, but he doesn't die of "heart disease." Had you ever noticed that? The fellow that "spits up" once in awhile, and is afraid to eat much. It's the fellow that weighs from 190 up, whose "heart" gets him like a shot; the fellow that carves the canvas-back, and tops it off with a hot chaser; that doesn't have time to dine till the day is done—the big, forceful he-man of business.

Lessons—lessons—to the observing. Over-fueling at wrong hours. The big feed just before the night of rest. Breakfast and noon lunch negligible in quantity and bolted—swallowed whole! The rush back to business—no time for eating or digesting properly, until that office closes at six. The road to "tubbiness," blood-pressure, rotten arteries, "heart disease" at 50 or thereabout.

Better be a "skinny" with a bundle of nerves and a cow-horn stomach, in the mad chase for the dollar. Then, you can at least avert the heart disease benediction, the over-stuffed wares of the mortician, the tall marble shaft,—all these, till you really want to die and have it over with.

ROWENA RIDES THE RUMBLE



COPYRIGHT 1931 BY THE AUTHOR

BY ETHEL HUESTON

Fifth Installment

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

A few miles out Bobby becomes tearful at being parted from her sweetheart and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble seat that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk to about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating so economically. The three tourists reach Denver after passing through Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis. Peter and Rowena have many tiffs on the way while Carter keeps wiring Bobby to return to New York. The morning after they reach Denver, Peter and Rowena discover Bobby has deserted them and returned to New York by train. They are faced with the impossible condition of continuing their trip without a chaperon.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

"Well, you're not chained there, are you? There's nothing to keep you from getting out, is there? I'm in bed, too, but I'm not going to let a mere being in bed interfere with my professional future, am I? I'll meet you down-stairs in ten minutes." And she hung up the receiver.

Now on the whole, no one could have been more practical about things connected solely with business than Rowena. Her clothes were smart, for all their increasing shabbiness, but they were extremely tailored and trim. Her very manners were crisp and business-like. But something—she didn't know just what—prompted her to discard her chic sports costume that night. She dived to the bottom of her bag and pulled out a soft and shimmering little dinner gown of enticing line and beguiling color. She put on her highest-heeled silk slippers. She got out tinkling little blue bracelets and earrings and chains. And she accentuated her shimmering sweetness with the flattering lines of a chiffon velvet scarf, deep and wide and ruffled.

When Peter, waiting rather listlessly in the lobby of the hotel, first saw her floating toward him he could scarcely believe it was Rowena of the rumble seat. Her rouge-red lips smiled at his frank amazement and she took his hands in hers, powdery soft to the touch and faintly perfumed.

"Peter, darling," she said. "I have a gorgeous idea."

Peter's sulksiness took instant flight. "Gosh, Rowena, you—you're exquisite! You're just ravishing! You must let me paint you like that. You're simply unbelievable—you're not real!"

"Oh, but this is the real Rowena," she said with seductive sweetness. "You never saw me before. You know only a poor little working girl trying to earn her daily bread."

"I—I've just got to paint you like that!"

"You shall," she promised, smiling.

"I suppose it's too late to do it now—" he began.

"I'm afraid so." Rowena drew a deep, deep breath. Something about it—something about her—made Peter think vaguely of a swimmer standing cold and bold and bare, body poised motionless, for a distance plunge into icy water.

"Peter—you—you are very sure you are not in love?"

"I will be," he assured her gallantly, "if you look like this very often."

"I'm serious, Peter."

"No, I'm not in love."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely."

"Then Peter, how about this?" Another deep breath—another preliminary quiver of cold flesh anticipating an icy plunge. "You know marriage isn't the sweetly sacred thing it used to be. It's only a sort of adventure these days, a matter of expediency, or convenience, or emotional experiment. And besides, business is far more important. Don't you think so?"

"I hadn't really thought of it in just that way," said Peter vaguely.

"Well, you think of it and you'll see I'm right. And as long as we're not in love with anybody else or anything, and nobody cares one way or the other—well, why don't we—why can't we—don't you see what I mean? Why not just go ahead with the trip the way we are, and do the work and get the money and everything—and just get married? That's all."

Peter hadn't remotely suspected what she had in mind until she brought the word out, struck him full in the face with it, as it were. And it pulled him up short, shocked and resentful, like a struck man.

"Why, Rowena, that's—that's very nice of you—I suppose. But I really had never thought about—being married to you—"

"Well," she interrupted tartly, "if it comes to that I can't think of anything in the world I'd like less than being married to you, either." But she realized at once she was off on the wrong track and quickly changed her method. "Of course, darling," she added kindly, "I know we don't get along very well to-

gether, and that we're anything but in love. But it isn't a real marriage I have in mind. Just to cover the proprieties and let us finish up the trip.—And just think how much more money we can save, not always having to buy manicures and souvenirs for Bobby!—I know a judge in New York and he'll annul us as soon as we get back. No harm done."

"Maybe he won't do it."

"Oh, yes, he will. He wants to marry me himself. He'll annul us like a shot out of a gun."

"But, Rowena—" he began wretchedly.

"And, Peter, dear Peter," said Rowena moving prettily in the transparent velvet scarf, "I'm really a terribly nice sort when I'm not working hard and worried about money. Ever and ever so many quite nice people are terribly anxious to be married to me. I dare say as a married couple we shall get along better than most. And we will be careful to get rooms on separate floors of the hotel and make the clerks give us a receipt making a note of it, so we can use it for evidence that we have never—uh—never been—anything but just—well, married, you know."

"That's enough, if you ask me," said Peter in a troubled voice.

"I'm terribly hungry," said Rowena. "Let's go down to that cunning little place the clerk told us about and have a sandwich or something. And you think it over. I had to think up some way out of it, Peter. We just couldn't chuck it—not here—not right at the very front door of the Rocky Mountains. I couldn't bear it."

So they took a taxicab and went down to the nice little place and Rowena didn't say a word about business, or money, or professions. She talked softly of lovely, lovable things, and smiled, and the beads shone blue on her throat, and stars shone in the blue of her eyes, until Peter declared it was a very good idea of hers and they would get it done first thing next morning.

After breakfast the next morning Peter insisted upon using a small portion of their dwindling expense money to buy a plain wedding ring.

They had no trouble procuring the license, hurried directly to the nearest justice and by twelve o'clock they were married.

Back in the hotel they turned abruptly away from each other as soon as they had their keys from the desk and went up to their rooms by separate elevators. And at one o'clock they were drawing out of Denver, headed north, both a little hushed, a little excited and more than a little nervous.

It was very late that night when they reached Cheyenne. The last twenty miles Peter drove slowly, creeping along as one who dreaded the ultimate arrival and when no amount of slowing down could postpone the inevitable he was plainly on edge.

"It's going to be awkward as the devil," he said moodily.

"Not at all," said Rowena. "Just go right in and ask for two rooms on separate floors."

"You'd better come with me. It will look odd for me to go in alone and then come back for you." Rowena got out. "I just be off-hand about it, Peter. Be casual."

"Yeah," he growled. "They're going to think it's very fishy."

Obviously, they did think so. Peter strolled up to the desk with a conspicuous assumption of nonchalance, Rowena tagging nervously at his heels.

"Got a couple of rooms?" he asked the clerk.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk briskly. "On-er separate floors, I suppose," said Peter hopefully.

"No—connecting," said the clerk. "Er—well—" began Peter, weakening.

But Rowena nudged him.

"We'd rather have them—er—on different floors if you don't mind," he stammered and his face grew red.

The clerk looked up at them

strangely. The telephone girl came around from her desk in the corner and lounged within good hearing distance. A large man in slouchy clothes sauntered over from the cigar stand. Two men sitting near dropped their papers in their laps and one began to rub up his glasses.

"Separate floors?" repeated the clerk.

"Y-yes, please," chimed Rowena helpfully. "So—so we won't wake each other up mornings. We—sleep late."

"Um, I see," said the clerk. Travelling together?"

"Yes," said Peter firmly. "My wife and I are taking a motor trip up to Yellowstone."

The clerk swung the register toward him and handed him the pen.

"Will you register?"

"Peter Blande," wrote Peter firmly.

"Your—wife, too, please," said the clerk.

Peter hesitated. "Mrs.—Peter—" he wrote slowly.

Rowena leaned over. "I'd rather use my own name, Peter," she said. "For—for professional reasons."

Peter crossed out what he had written and wrote "Miss." Then he scratched that out and wrote "Rowena Rostand." But it did not look just right to him so he carefully inserted "Mrs." over the scratched-out "Miss."

The clerk studied the name, the telephone girl looking over his shoulder as he did so. The large man in the slouchy clothes studied Peter.

"New York, eh?" said the clerk.

"Yes," said Peter.

"Motor out together?"

"Yes," said Peter and Rowena in well-timed chorus.

The clerk frowned over the room chart. "I'm afraid we're full up," he said slowly. "Not a thing left."

Peter leaned over the desk and his mild face looked quite grim and ugly. "You said you had two rooms," he said in a low voice.

"We did then," said the clerk evenly. "But just now"—he shook his head—"I'm afraid not."

The telephone girl snickered a little and one of the men sitting near by rustled his paper. Rowena flushed and caught a sharp breath, cowering slightly, but Peter suddenly showed surly and efficient.

"Oh, yes, you have," he said. "Two rooms, and we'll take them. We've got a marriage certificate, if that's what's eating you!"

"Yeah?"

"Rowena, get the certificate!"

Rowena hurriedly took it out of the side pocket of her bag. The clerk read it slowly and handed it to the large man in the slouchy clothes who looked it over and nodded curtly.

"Denver, eh?" inquired the clerk.

"To-day, eh?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Some other people drove out with us," Rowena hastened to explain. "And they were unexpectedly called back to New York—and so—the rest of us—Peter and I—just got married."

"We've got a very nice suite on the second floor," suggested the clerk.

"All right," said Peter grimly.

"No," cried Rowena, faint but firm. "Separate floors."

The clerk grinned, not sympathetically. "All right, all right," he said. "Don't be nervous, lady. We'll put him on the top floor—Congratulations, Mr. Blande. She's certainly a beauty. She'll get over that nervousness."

Peter muttered unspeakable things deep down in his throat, and the boy came in and took their bags and led them off to separate rooms on separate floors. A loud gust of laughter swept up the elevator shaft in their wake.

In the doorway of the room assigned her Rowena turned and held out an appealing hand.

"Good night, Peter," she said sadly.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

COUNTY OBJECTS TO COST OF RIGHT-OF-WAY

In reply to an answer of the defendant in the case of Lane county versus Viola Lee Pratt the county holds that property of the defendant on the coast needed for the Oregon Coast highway right-of-way is not worth the value of \$12,314.25 as set by the owner.

This is one of a number of right-of-way suits in which the county is involved.

COURT ORDER TO SELL BANK FIXTURES GIVEN

Order for the sale of fixtures of the Commercial State bank of Springfield was signed Monday by Judge G. F. Skipworth. The order was sought by A. A. Schramm, state bank superintendent, who has had charge of the liquidation of the bank since June 6.

The First National bank of Springfield purchased the nest of safety deposit boxes on a bid of \$119.75.

WIFE ASKS DIVORCE; CRUELTY IS CHARGE

Geneva L. Chapman filed suit for divorce in circuit court Saturday against her husband George Paul Chapman.

The couple married in Eugene, March 28, 1925, and have two children. The complaint alleges that the defendant struck and slapped his wife and called her names.

Custody of the children is asked by the mother who states that an agreement about support has been made with the defendant.

DESERTION IS CHARGE; HUSBAND ASKS DECREE

Alleging that his wife while camping with him at Stayton refused to return to Eugene and left for Wenatchee, Wash., Joseph A. Anway filed suit for divorce in circuit court Monday against his wife, Grace Marie Anway.

The couple married in Eugene September 11, 1921, and have no children.

ORDER TO RESTRAIN DEFENDANTS GRANTED

A temporary restraining order was signed by Judge G. F. Skipworth Saturday on motion of the plaintiff in the case of Mary E. Hostick against George F. H. Hostick and a number of other defendants including the Commercial State bank of Springfield, now being liquidated.

The order is to prevent the removal of timber or wood from land, pending a mortgage foreclosure suit for \$3500.

WALKER WEST COUNTY ROAD NEARLY READY

Final work on the Walker west county road of about two and one-half miles from the Pacific highway is being completed, says O. E. Crowe, county commissioner. The road is in fine shape and has been in use for some time.

The rocking of about four and one-half miles of the Row river road will be completed within a few days.

ACTION TO START TO OBTAIN BANK CLAIM

Petition to file a suit against A. A. Schram, state bank superintendent, was granted by Judge G. F. Skipworth today to R. G. Martin.

The petitioner holds that he was tendered two cashier's checks for a check owing to him at the Commercial State bank of Springfield at 11:30 a. m. June 6 at a time when the bank had already been taken over by the state bank de-

partment as insolvent.

The petitioner states that his request for a preferred claim in the liquidation of the bank has been rejected. The amount involved is \$1245.70.

JUDGE DENIES BOTH PARTIES A DIVORCE

After hearing much evidence in

a contested divorce suit in circuit court Monday a decree was denied both Bessie Z. Hemenway and Norman A. Hemenway. The wife had filed the suit and the husband filed a counter-suit.

In the contested divorce suit of Addie M. Marshall against Fred Marshall heard Saturday in the circuit court the wife was granted the decree.

Mr. Deer Hunter---

Don't get off in the mountains, 40 miles from nowhere, and some frosty morning find that your motor won't start. Drive in here before you go and let us tune up your motor and inspect your battery.

The right kind of gasoline and oil has much to do with the car starting on cold days. Violet Ray and Ethyl do the trick.

"A" Street Service Station

A Few Home Remedies

Fall days are here and you should not let colds break down your resistance to the coming winter weather. A few simple home remedies will often protect you from severe sickness. We have had many years of training and experience—our advice is free.

Let us tell you the value of different remedies.

Ketel's Drug Store

In New Store Main, Near Fifth

You Women....

walk eight miles a day working around the house.

When you begin to feel fagged out, eat a piece or two of CANDY. It's a grand source of quick energy. Try it next time you're tired. See how it picks you up.

We Have Many Kinds — They're all Delicious

EGGIMANN'S

"Where the Service is Different"

Old-Fashioned BARGAIN DAYS

Thursday..

..Friday..

..Saturday

The Golden Rule

Rulers of Low Prices

10th & Willamette—EUGENE—New Schaefer's Bldg.

primitive life requires food, clothing and shelter..

MODERN LIFE DEMANDS COMPLETE ELECTRIC SERVICE

This is the easy way to iron

If you are interested at all in applying modern methods to housework, you will like the electric ironer.

Here is a machine literally built to save time and effort... it does all the flat pieces, and much of the finer work, and it is so constructed that you can operate it sitting down...

What could be more comfortable than that?

Your dealer has the electric ironer on display at his store... either the separate machine or one which derives its power from the motor on the electric washer. At our low rates for electric service, a few cents an hour covers all the operating cost.

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY

SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS PORTLAND OREGON

You'll meet your friends at the out-of-doors at the PRESIDENT

J. A. CUSHMAN former National Field Representative of the South Western League of America, now manager of this popular sportsmen's headquarters. He invites you to drop in and say "Hello" whenever you are in Portland

Make this YOUR PORTLAND HEADQUARTERS

HOTEL PRESIDENT

4 TH. & ALDER

PORTLAND

EXPERT MECHANICS LOOK AFTER YOUR CARS HERE

ANDERSON MOTORS Inc.

Authorized Ford Dealers General Repairing General Lubrication Blue Green Gasoline John Anderson SPRINGFIELD OREGON Ray Nott

: STORAGE :

\$2.50 Month

Don't let your car stand out in the weather and grow old so fast. It is cheaper to store here than to build a garage.

We have one of the best modern fire-proof garage buildings in the county, with lots of room for storage. Our service is by the day or by the month and for either live or dead storage.

EXPERT MECHANICS LOOK AFTER YOUR CARS HERE

ANDERSON MOTORS Inc.

Authorized Ford Dealers General Repairing General Lubrication Blue Green Gasoline John Anderson SPRINGFIELD OREGON Ray Nott