

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1931

HARD TIMES AND MATRIMONY

From all over the country we get reports that there are more people getting married than there have been for a long time. Naturally, there are exactly as many women as there are men going in at this time for this justly famous experiment.

Some of the people who have noticed the increased in marriage licenses wonder how these young people have the courage to take the jump when jobs are scarce and none too secure. But we think the answer is to be found in the old saying that two can live as cheaply as one. That isn't literally true, but it certainly is true that if both will do their share two people can live together more economically than the two of them can live separately.

We have been told several cases where the young man lost his job and the girl kept hers. They had been engaged for some time but were waiting to get more of a stake together before hitching up. Perhaps they might have kept on waiting for years had not fate, in the shape of hard times, intervened. And in a great many cases, we are sure, marriage has been hastened because the young woman is out of work and no longer feels the sense of independence which she had when her pay envelope came along every Saturday.

On the whole, we think this getting married when times are hard is a good thing. We were beginning to fear that matrimony was going out of fashion. It is a long time since we had heard a man under forty boast that he had nothing but a fifteen dollar a week job and enough cash for the parson's fee and the first installment on the furniture when he and the girl teamed up for life. But we know many men of the older generation who give all the credit for their success in life to the fact that they married young and poor, and had to hold their noses right down tight on the grindstone while they were still young enough to acquire the habit of hard work.

For a while it seemed as if work, too, were going out of fashion. There are not so many youngsters complaining because they have to do something for their pay as there were a couple of years ago. Work is not something to be ashamed of any more. And we don't know of anything so well calculated to make a useful working citizen out of a young man—or a young woman, either—than to get married at a time when work is scarce and those who want to hold their jobs have to do a lot of it.

AN INSULT TO THE LEGION

"The American soldiers went overseas the cleanest army ever assembled on any field. . . . but now the American Legion is a staggering bunch of drunks," says Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Methodist dry leader. In that statement he did the prohibition cause more harm than he will be able to do good the rest of his life. Even if his statement were not a lie, (which of course it is), but the truth, it would not speak well for prohibition in that it has made millions of ex-soldiers drunkards. These paid dry leaders resent any attempt to make the prohibition law more workable. This last tirade is an insult to the ex-soldier who once pledged his life to the defense of this country.

Government tractors operated from a central station now plow thousands of acres of Russian peasant farms. This plow the crooked stick, wife and oxen method used in many foreign countries. It must be granted soviet Russia has made some great strides and from now on it will be the chief competitor of America in most foreign markets.

The "road from Portland to the sea" argument has torn the highway commission asunder. This fight reminds us of the old remark that if certain members of the administration "could suck as hard as they can blow," the sea might be drawn up to Portland and no road would be necessary.

Over 200 miners have gone back to work in Colorado because they were able to trade their coal for Kansas farmers' wheat. If we could trade our lumber for coffee, sugar or cotton goods perhaps we could put the Oregon sawmills back in operation. Since money is so hard to get perhaps this might be a workable idea.



THE SUN UPON YOUR WRATH
There is a certain family in this country, consisting of seven brothers whose combined resources total many millions. They meet every day at luncheon and discuss whatever problems the day's work has developed. Often the debate is spirited, but when it is over they make their decision unanimous and always act as a unit.

All their financial operations are pooled. If one brother has a fortunate investment all share the benefit. If another takes a loss, it is charged to the common account.

What has preserved their remarkable partnership? One great rule. They never allow a disagreement to carry over into a new day. If two of them have had a falling out they must meet and settle it before the sun goes down.

I have an acquaintance who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. He said when he and his wife were married they faced frankly the fact that some disagreements would inevitably arise. Therefore, they tried to remove in advance two of the most common causes of misunderstanding.

First of all, money. Nothing causes more marital grief than the constant argument about expense. The husband who does not make his wife a regular allowance, who compels her constantly to ask for money, explain its needs and account for its expenditure, is sure of plenty of debate.

They decided what part of his income she ought to have. He then arranged that his salary check should be divided into two parts; her part was deposited not only in a separate account but in a different bank.

Second, jealousy. He said to her: "I love you and trust you. I know that you love and trust me. When my feeling changes I'll tell you, and I'll count on you to be equally honest. Until that time I am not going to ask you any questions or fret myself, no matter what you do or whom you meet."

"As for the troubles which we could not foresee," he concluded, "we agreed that we should never take them to bed. We would make up and forgive before nightfall, and go to sleep in peace."

Many years ago St. Paul, writing to his friends the Ephesians, said: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." What would happen in business and in marriage, if we all should try that good rule for a year?

ROWENA RIDES THE RUMBLE

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Backoff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their motor as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. A few miles out Bobby becomes fearful at being parted from her sweetheart 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 money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

The three tourists reach Denver, after passing through Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis. Peter and Rowena have many talks on the way while Carter keeps writing 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.

Rowena suggests to Peter that they make a "companionate" marriage. They are married and go to Cheyenne, where they ask for rooms on separate floors, grosses the suspicions of the hotel clerk. They finally succeed in getting rooms, but not without exciting the laughter of the hotel loungers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Although Peter was furiously angry, highly humiliated, and blaming Rowena for everything, he was kind at heart and could not resist the plaintive pathos in her voice, usually so crisp and cool.

"Good night, Rowena," he said more pleasantly than she had any right to expect. "Don't worry. Everything'll be all right." After a sleepless night Peter was down in the lobby at an unbelievably early hour. But early as it was, he did not precede the interested smiles and stares of the day staff which had replaced the night workers—clerks, telephone operators and elevator boys.

Even at that unreasonable hour there were loungers in the lobby. And each and every one of them, and even the head waitress smiling even in the door of the dining-room, knew all about the young New Yorkers married the day before in Denver who demanded rooms on separate floors. Confusion stung his face with burning red.

He went up-stairs, walked up to Rowena's room and knocked sharply.

"Yes—who?" called Rowena in a bright voice that had obviously been schooled to register good nature in the face of adversity.

"Me," he answered surlily. "Chuck your things into your bag and let's get out of here."

"How about breakfast?"

"The hell with breakfast."

"O. K. by me," called Rowena, in the maddening voice of one who has stoutly enjoined one's inner soul to disregard smiles and sweetness. And indeed even in her sleep Rowena had been reminding herself that she must be very patient with Peter for a few days, as he was apt to be just the least bit in the world cross about the state of affairs.

Within an hour they were hurling the dust of Cheyenne from the wheels of the roadster and as soon as the last outpost of the city lay buried in the past Peter pulled over to the side of the road and drew up to a grinding stop. Then he turned to Rowena and his was not the look of a newly married man.

"Well, you see what fools we made of ourselves," he began. "I hope you're satisfied."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Rowena humbly. "I feel just wretchedly about everything. But I couldn't possibly foresee such awful complications, now could I, Peter? What experience have I had with husbands and hotel registers and such monstrosities?"

"We'll just have to make the best of a suite or adjoining rooms hereafter," said Peter more kindly. "It's this demanding separate floors that makes them give us the razzberry."

"But we can't have connecting rooms, Peter," protested Rowena unhappily. "We just can't."

"They must be having showers in the mountains," said Peter. But Rowena, deep in a painful sleep of complete exhaustion, did not answer.

It was more than showers they were having in the mountains—it was cloudbursts, one after the other in torrential downpour, and in less time than it took for the cooling breeze to sweep down the plain with refreshment for their tired faces, every dry creek bed and parched arroyo that led from the hot mountains to the burning plains was flooded with rushing water from the heights.

He guided the little roadster along the yellow mesa road toward another of the narrow rocky gorges through which they had been passing at intervals all day long. The roar in his ears grew louder, closer. Suddenly it sounded ominous and threatening. Peter looked to the west and was amazed to see a solid wall of water nearly as high as the car sweeping down the little canyon.

Instinctively his foot pressed the accelerator. The roaring wall of water was close but the arroyo itself was closer—a scant few feet away—and in a few minutes the onrushing river would render it impassable for

cars. The car leaped forward down the steep slope into the arroyo. But the hungry water, as if jealous of this boldness, roared down upon them. The car swung powerless beneath his hand, slid away from the road and the river tossed it lightly down-stream and drove it securely into a crevice among the rocks.

Rowena, suddenly aroused from her exhausted sleep, had started up in terror at sight and sound of the torrential river bearing down upon them. Prompted by an innate impulse she struggled quickly up to the seat of the rumble, intending to jump, but the car was flung violently from beneath her and cheated of her

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Rowena opened the door of the car and sprang out!

"You would, Rowena, I honestly believe you would. You're just that dumb," said Peter. "However, let's not fight over getting the divorce today. The thing to agree on now is that we've got to put up with rooms adjacent or en suite and say no more about separate floors."

"If you're too proud to ask for separate floors, I'll do it," said Rowena. "I'd rather be embarrassed before a strange hotel clerk than be the laughing stock of my own friends."

"Yes that would do me a lot of good, wouldn't it?" demanded Peter. "That would certainly save my face! To have my wife sail up to the desk and register for me and ask for rooms on separate floors. Oh, yes, that would make everything fine and dandy."

"I'm not your wife," stormed Rowena. "No, thank God."

"I'm—I just happen to be married to you—by accident. A—sort of detour."

"Worse luck," growled Peter. Rowena opened the door and sprang out.

"What are you going to do? Walk to Yellowstone?"

"I am going," said Rowena coldly, "to retire in peace to my rumble seat."

"Rowena, I ask you, don't be any more ridiculous than usual," he pleaded. "How's it going to look—only two of us in a roadster and you riding in the rumble seat in this boiling hot sun?"

"I'm above worrying about how things look," rather bounced and blustered in the rumble seat than insulted in—the lap of luxury."

She raised the umbrella with a vicious little click of the snap, adjusted the cushions about her slender body, and rode the rumble in solemn grandeur, leaving Peter to fume futilely alone in front.

It was about the hour of sunset when a sudden shadow blackened the west, a sudden cool breeze touched their faces.

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GUARDIAN LOSES CASE; ACTION IS DISMISSED

Case of William Henry Roach through his guardian C. A. Pryor, against F. M. Bennett was dismissed by order of Judge G. F. Skipworth in circuit court last week. The plaintiffs in the action sought to have an accounting of the administration of the defendant while he had been guardian for Roach. Costs of the action were charged to the plaintiffs.

BLUE RIVER MINES ARE FILED FOR RECORD

Notices of location of seven claims in the Blue River mine field were filed for record at the office of the county clerk Saturday. E. C. Taylor filed notice of location of three claims and John E. Nielsen filed on four claims.

TRAPPER BRINGS IN PURE WHITE COYOTE

A pure white coyote, a rare specimen of this predatory breed, was killed yesterday near Lowell. Carl Hamilton of the Lowell district was here at the office of the county clerk to claim the bounty on the kill. The coyote had been killed only a few hours before the skin was brought in. White coyotes have been trapped here before but they are very infrequent.

HUSBAND ANSWERS TO WIFE'S DIVORCE SUIT

Answer to the divorce suit of Marion D. Armstrong against her husband John C. Armstrong was filed in circuit court last week by the defendant.

The defendant alleges that his wife left September 10 taking with her the child of the couple and he asks that her divorce complaint be dismissed.

CHILDBIRTH LEFT HER THIN, WORN, NERVOUS

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Remember above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that this treatment is different. Married women must be accompanied by their husbands.

Address: 4221 West Third Street, Los Angeles, California.

SETTLEMENT OF CASE MADE OUT OF COURT

By stipulation between the parties the case of Bertha Danbar versus the Woodmen of the World has been settled. The stipulation was filed in circuit court Wednesday. The plaintiff brought suit to collect on an insurance policy of which she was beneficiary.

CUT RATE LICENSES FOR CARS IN EFFECT

First sale of cut-rate state automobile licenses was started at the office of Sheriff Harry L. Bown Friday. These licenses are for the last three-quarters of the year and are issued at the three-quarter rate. The half-year rate will be in effect January 1.

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HARD WHEAT BLEND Flour 49 LBS. 79c	Italian Prunes 6 LBS. 23c
Egg Noodles COILED 2 LBS. 15c	Bulk Shortning 3 LBS. 27c
Fresh Spinach LOCAL GROWN 2 LBS. 15c	Coffee 3 LBS. 69c
Bacon Back NICE AND LEAN 19c LB.	Toilet Paper LARGE ROLLS 5 FOR 23c

Modern Magic works in the kitchen

AWAY with the arm-tiring work of beating eggs, whipping cream, mashing potatoes! This little electric kitchen mixer does the work at a touch of the finger, tirelessly, to a perfection the human hand cannot possibly achieve.

AND for the morning glass of orange juice, what can take the place of the electric fruit juice extractor? The old-fashioned "squeezer" is out of date—modern household economy demands modern labor saving equipment in the modern kitchen.

primitive life requires food, clothing and shelter. MODERN LIFE DEMANDS COMPLETE ELECTRIC SERVICE

Mountain States Power Company

MANY FROM HERE AT LANE COUNTY DISPLAY

Many visitors from here are visiting the Lane county booth and display at the Oregon state fair which opened Saturday, according to local people who have visited the fair during the past few days.

Mrs. Mabel H. Chadwick, secretary of the Lane county fair board, is in charge of the county exhibit at the state fair.

PETITION FOR CHANGE IN BOUNDARY FILED

Another petition for transfer of territory from one school district to another has been filed with the county boundary board.

A petition asks that some territory of the Hebron school district be transferred to the London district. The petition will be taken up at a meeting of the boundary board October 13.

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