

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1931

A DAY'S PAY FROM THE PUBLIC PURSE

Judge C. P. Barnard's plan of having employees on the public payroll donate one day's pay a month for relief funds is a good suggestion. However, it will require voluntary support on the part of the employee, especially those whose salary is fixed by law or teachers on contract.

Employees working steadily without cut in wages, as has been the case of the public payroll in Lane county, are now the best off of any class of people. Their dollars will purchase 20 to 40 per cent more than any time since the war. They should be generous to the unemployed.

Heretofore relief funds have mostly been raised by solicitations from the business men of the cities. This year the business man is not able to give heavily and the demands are greater.

The giving of a day's pay each month will not materially affect the well being of the public employee and would result in the raising of thousands of dollars for relief. We shall now see whether those to whom the public has been generous with will come forward and volunteer this aid. If they expect to maintain present wage schedules in future this is their opportunity to enlist strong public support.

PROOF OF RIVER TRANSPORTATION

Two boats have been running all summer between Portland and Salem. Each carries a cargo of about 80 tons up stream and 175 tons down stream. Two or three trips a week were made. Freight rates by boat are much lower than by any other method. That should be sufficient proof that if the Willamette river were canalized this community would benefit in the same way Salem is benefitted.

Salem has a large paper mill, a dozen fruit canneries, two flax plants and numerous other industries. Marion county has neither the area nor the natural resources as has Lane and besides Salem is subjected to greater competition from Portland. Cheaper transportation is one of the basic reasons for Salem going ahead industrially. We should learn from our down stream neighbors.

The 100 billion dollar payroll in this country in 1929 has been decreased about 10 per cent at present. During this same period savings bank deposits have increased by 30 millions and commercial accounts 150 millions of dollars. On the face of these figures it would seem that we have become more thrifty. However, our kind of thrift puts people out of work, and causes what is known as depressions. When we cease to consume it becomes tough on those whose livelihood is to make and sell.

Death and a few elections in the east has caused the Democratic party to gain a majority in the federal house of representatives. The organization may be democratic when congress convenes next month. Our own Congressman Hawley may lose his position as chairman of the powerful ways and means committee. We imagine the democratic leadership is none too enthusiastic over the job with the prohibition issue looming up as the biggest question on the horizon.

The Japs and the Chinamen and perhaps a few thousands of Russians are fighting in Manchuria over a railroad that was built with European capital. It won't be much of a war, however, because none of the parties have sufficient money to finance a war, without they can float a few loans and their security is bad—Sad news for munition makers.

Sometimes it takes an error in a newspaper to tell how well that newspaper is read—Folks take correct things for granted. An error in small type in the price of an advertised article last week in this newspaper caused the merchant to sell out on that article within a short time after the paper was published. He knows the newspaper is read.

Postal deposits have doubled in the last year. Most folks bank on Uncle Sam.



OLD MAIDS

It had been a very pleasant crossing of the ocean and all of us who had been passengers had become well acquainted.

As the big ship moved slowly to her pier we stood on the promenade deck looking into mass of up-turned faces, each hoping to discover a relative or friend.

Suddenly a woman beside me began to wave her handkerchief, and, from the pier, an old lady waved back.

"That's my aunt," the woman confided in me. "Dear old Aunt Julia. My husband sent me a wireless that he is sick in bed with grippe. My mother is in the South. I was afraid there would be no one to meet me.

"But I might have known. Aunt Julia never fails. Blessed old maid, she mothers us all. How could we ever live without her!"

On the pier I was introduced to Aunt Julia. A trim little figure of a woman budding over with unselfishness, laden with an extra coat and a pair of overshoes—Just in case her loving niece might happen to be cold.

Having just come from France, and feeling very continental, I bent over and kissed her hand. She blushed like a girl.

"You mustn't try to flatter an old lady," she said. But it was no attempt at flattery; it was an act of reverence. She is a member of the noblest clan in the world.

I had been reading, on the boat, a book about the Bronte family. Mr. Bronte was a self-centered country parson, who wore out his wife by making her the mother of six children in six years. Left with the motherless brood on his hands, he cast around for help, and thought of his wife's maiden sister. She, poor thing, was living peacefully in a lovely little town, with an income sufficient to provide comfortably for her simple wants. There was every selfish reason why she should stay just where she was.

Yet, at his summons, she did not hesitate. She cast aside every personal consideration, came down to the bleak parsonage in its ugly part of England and proceeded, for the rest of her life, to devote herself to those children.

How many millions of similar instances have there been in history! What a priceless wealth of affection is poured out on the other people's children by aunts and nurses and cooks and teachers to whom Fate gives no children of their own! How could humanity conduct its existence without them?

I thought of these things as I watched Aunt Julia wrap up her niece and hurry away. I lifted my hat reverently and waved them good-bye.

ROWENA AIDES THE RUMBLE

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By Ethel Houston

TWELFTH INSTALMENT

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 terrified 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 comes, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

The three tourists reach Denver, where the next morning 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 the city where they are to stay when they ask for rooms on separate floors, however the proprietress sees the whole thing. They finally succeed in getting rooms, but not without exciting the laughter of the hotel loungers. They write the company they have been married.

They resume the trip the next day and are overwhelmed by a cloudburst in an arroyo and are thrown out of the car. A part of morning clothes, shoes, and a hat are lost. Bobby is finally reached and the hotel clerk smiles when they register. They find Bobby waiting for them and arranged a public reception and drive for them. They are delighted with presents.

After the festivities are over, Bobby the hotel staff by leaving his hotel room all night and Rowena tries to get him out. She had a bad opinion he was won by his actions. They find Bobby awaiting them in the hotel's lobby and she reveals the fact that Los Angeles where they are met by an unfriendly hotel clerk, who summons the police who thereupon place all three under arrest for kidnapping Bobby.

After adjusting their identities, Peter accidentally opens a letter from Rowena's kid brother demanding \$30 to pay a gambling debt, along with a caustic letter. On reaching El Paso, Rowena hears from her brother.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY "Why, here he's written me two whole letters, page after page, all about college and the boys and such nonsense, and never a word about money." She marched straight to the telephone desk and Peter followed her guiltily. He had to know what she was going to do.

"But, Buddy, darling, don't you need some money?" she asked. "There was no bad news, I hope," said Peter, as they went up in the elevator. "Nobody bothering him—or anything like that."

"Why, no," said Rowena wonderingly. "Nobody ever bothers Buddy. He isn't that sort."

"How—nice!" said Peter. "The boy who took them up to their rooms did a very unusual thing, although neither Rowena nor Peter noticed it at the time. Instead of unlocking the door at once, he knocked, and it was opened from within. They noticed that, of course, and framed in the open door was Bobby Lowell."

"Where in the world did you come from?" "What are you doing here?" Bobby was crying, but they were too amazed, too disconcerted, to offer either greeting or condolence.

"I've been waiting four days," said Bobby. "I nearly died of loneliness. You were due two days ago. I had a notion to kisser my girl."

Peter turned to the boy quite savagely. "Why didn't they tell us at the desk?" "I told them not to," dimpled Bobby tearfully. "I wanted to surprise you. I told them to show you right up."

Rowena marched into the room, took off her hat and gloves and tossed them upon the bed. Then she got out her lip-stick and powder and concealed the stains of travel in a most efficient manner.

"All right," she said cheerfully. "Come on in, Peter, and don't stand gaping. — Constantine, shake hands with one of the Boston Lowell—"

All right, Bobby, give your hand down. Now, Carter Wellman—"

"It's all his fault," sobbed Bobby, ignoring Constantine's black and white paw. "You know that telegram he sent you, Peter? It was a lie. He didn't mean a word of it."

"Will you sue him, or shall I horsewhip him?" "How do you know? You haven't had time to get to New York and quarrel with him this time," objected Rowena.

I had plenty of time in Albuquerque, and I called him up. I asked him what I should get for the wedding? He said 'What wedding?' I said 'Our wedding. That you wired Peter Blande about.' Rowena—Peter—he went on something awful. He said if I thought less about clothes and more about my immortal soul I'd be better off. He said what did I mean by telling strangers—and low-principled characters like Peter, at that—the private details of our love-affair. In fact, he said he wasn't going to marry me until New York had a new insane asylum where he could control me by the latest improved methods."

Rowena and Peter screamed with laughter. "Rowena," said Peter. "I take it all back. I won't punch him in the nose. He's a great old scout."

"What did you say, darling?" inquired Rowena. "I said," announced Bobby with

diginity, "that while perhaps he had never been in jail as Peter had, and had never toured the country under false pretenses and that sort of thing, Peter could teach him a whole lot about handling women."

Rowena rolled back on the bed helpless with laughter. "What did he say to that?" asked Peter. "Nothing. He hung up the receiver on me—and me pay for a telephone call clear from Albuquerque!"

So Rowena retired with Constantine to her rumble seat and they continued swiftly east. Bobby no longer did all the talking. Peter was showing up as something of a conversa-

telegram to Carter announcing the exact moment of her arrival and advising him to get in touch with the conductor of the train. Then he hurriedly rejoined the girls. "Good-by, darling," said Rowena cheerfully. "See you in New Orleans."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Bobby. "You won't see me again till you get to New York."

At the hotel in Houston they found another fat letter for Rowena and telegram for which she opened eagerly. But it was only Buddy's answer to her inquiry from El Paso. "No," it stated briefly. "If I needed money, wouldn't I ask for it?"



So Rowena retired to the rumble seat and they continued swiftly east.

And hard up as she was, Rowena gave herself the satisfaction of winning back the one word, "Yes."

There was also a telegraphic money transfer for Peter, to the amount of fifty dollars, and with it a short cold message.

"You go to hell!" It was from Ronald Rostand. Rowena was wrong about it. Buddy needed money a great many times after that but never asked for it again. He accepted a job in a haberdashery where he worked two hours every afternoon and all day Saturday. Rowena didn't like that because it kept him away from ball games, but all Buddy said to her objections was, "I've seen a ball game."

Rowena was quite uneasy about it. Peter wanted to write him again, tried many times to put his friendly feelings into phrases, to say cheerio and tell him he was quite the stuff. He would even have apologized for his meddling. But somehow the kindly thoughts would not be written down, for he had not Rowena's facility with words and it was only in the pressure of deep emotion that Peter turned to the pen. And so, months later, when the two met for the first time, there had been no interchange of opinions between them after Buddy's lucid wire. But when Rowena, with a hand of each in one of hers, said brightly:

"Oh, Peter, this is Buddy!" they shook hands heartily and Peter said, "Well, hello!"

"Hello, hello," said Buddy. And they both laughed a little, and each knew exactly what the other had in mind.

They had looked forward to New Orleans as one of the high spots of the entire tour. They had heard enthusiastic friends rave over its quaint charm, had seen exquisite etchings of its thousand odd little crooks and corners, had sampled its time-honored recipes. Peter had his heart set on doing something really worth while in New Orleans—two really worth-while things—one for Rackruff Motors, Inc., and one for Peter Blande and his future.

It was his idea to pick out the most picturesque and typical corner, with just a small portion of the roadster showing, and with Rowena peering out mistily into a shadowy street—a new Rowena, shimmering and shadowy herself behind a Spanish veil. Rowena, on the other hand, thought it would strike a more telling note to have the quaint old shop and the quaint old street with a strictly modern Rackruff and a strictly modern Rowena standing out in bold relief.

Rowena and Peter never had the same idea about pictures, and Rowena wouldn't admit for a minute that Peter was always right. Certainly, whether right or wrong, he would have his own way when it came to pictures.

It was in vain that Rowena argued she wasn't the type to do a native daughter peeping out—she was strictly a New Yorker, looking fascinatingly in.

Continued Next Week

CRUELTY IS ALLEGED IN SUIT FOR DIVORCE

Arthur W. Roetz filed suit for divorce from his wife Marie Roetz in circuit court Thursday. The couple married at Portland, May 24, 1930, and have no children. Plaintiff has five children by a former marriage and defendant has three children by a former marriage. The defendant is quarrelsome and irritable, the complaint states. There are no property rights to be settled.

RECEIVER NAMED FOR CHEMICAL COMPANY

Appointment of a receiver has been made by Judge G. F. Skipworth in circuit court in the case of LeRoy Woods versus S. R. Jaynes in which the former asked that the affairs of a chemical company formerly operated at Springfield be taken over.

L. M. Watson has been appointed receiver. The chemical plant was destroyed by fire several weeks ago.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court for the State of Oregon for Lane County. In the Matter of the Estate of Frank A. Richardson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor has filed herein his final account and that the Court has appointed Tuesday, December 15th, 1931, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the County Court Room in the Court House at Eugene, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement of said estate. All persons interested may appear at said time and place and file objections if any they have.

Dated November 12, 1931. H. E. RICHARDSON, Executor estate of Frank A. Richardson, deceased.

C. H. SEDGWICK, Counsel. O. R., Attorney for estate. (N 12-19-26; D 3-10)

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF LANE. IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN MCGUIRE, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, as executor of the Last Will and Testament of John McGuire, deceased, has filed her account for the final settlement of said decedent's estate in the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, and that Saturday the 12th day of December, 1931, at the Court Room of said Court in the County Court House, in Eugene at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, has been fixed by said Court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto, and for the settlement thereof.

BERTHA L. BURGHARDT, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of John McGuire, deceased.

L. L. RAY, Attorney for Estate. (N 12-19-26; D 3-10)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County appointed administrator of the estate of Susie Vodjansky, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate may present the same duly verified and with voucher attached to the undersigned at the law office of Gordon S. Wells in the Miner Building, Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. Date of first publication hereof is November 12, 1931.

SUSIE E. READ, Administratrix of the estate of Susie Vodjansky, deceased. (N 12-19-26; D 3-10)

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LANE COUNTY. IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF CECIL J. SLUYTER, DECEASED.

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that I the undersigned, L. H. Mulkey, have filed my final account as administrator in the above entitled probate proceeding; that the time set by the said Court for the hearing thereon before the said Court is Friday, November 20, 1931, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. and notice is hereby given that anyone having any objections to said final account shall file the same in writing on or before the time set for the hearing; and that this notice is first published in the Springfield News on October 22, 1931.

L. H. MULKEY, Administrator. H. E. SLATTERY, Attorney for administrator. (O 22-29—N 5-12-19)

Fay—I'm trying to find a face powder that can't be kicked off. Ray—Won't you put me in charge of your proving grounds? Administrator Appointed—Susie E. Read has been appointed administrator of the estate of Susie Vodjansky who died in 1926.

M-O-V-E-D Across Street to Former BENNETT BUTCHER SHOP BUILDING Open for Business Today J. W. Clark's Market Formerly in Stanley Store

HOTEL PRESIDENT CONVENIENT Located in the heart of the business and shopping district. Three blocks from Theater Row. ECONOMICAL \$1 AND \$2 PER DAY J. A. Cushman, Manager FOURTH AND ALDER PORTLAND

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Complete Service When you go to a service station there is satisfaction in knowing that your car can be taken care of by experts in every department. Whether it is draining and filling your crank case or overhauling your motor this station is prepared to serve you and guarantee the work. This is the home of Violet Ray and Ethyl gasolines. The best motor fuels money can buy. "A" Street Service Station We're Prepared

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