

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 \$1.00 Single Copy .5c

County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1932

LOVE TEMPERED BY DEPRESSION

Utah is the only western state showing an increase in marriages during 1932 over the previous year, despite the law in recent years prohibiting a man from having more than one wife at a time in this great state. Oregon's decrease was 4.4 per cent.

Oregon's marriage, birth and death statistics are something to be alarmed at as this state could not maintain its present population by natural increase if it were not for the help of California and other states of the union. While old man depression may be holding down marriage and birth rates the grim reaper goes on overtime and knows no let up except in his battle with science which claims to have lengthened the average human life 10 or 12 years.

AUTO LICENSE FEES

The state spent about seven million dollars last year for maintenance, reconstruction and betterment of the present state highways. The counties spent several millions also. License fees from plate sales was about six and one-half million. In other words the present license fees do not pay the upkeep bill on our present highway system.

The average automobile owner pays \$21.33 for license and that money is spent to keep the roads in condition for him to travel over. The gas tax takes care of new construction and bond interest and retirement of the original cost of the road. In our opinion if a lower license fee means less maintenance then it will be more than offset with higher automobile operation cost over poorer roads.

SELF-FINANCING PROJECT

Fourteen hundred outstate cars crossed the Reedsport ferry in June. We believe the state might well borrow money from the federal government to build a bridge across the Umpqua river at this point and others on the new coast highway. Interest and part of the principal on this loan could be repaid with a small toll being charged to the thousands of cars using them. Building of the five needed bridges on the Coast highway would afford employment for several hundred men.

The Rogue river bridge cost \$653,000 of which the state paid \$264,063.07 and the federal government \$388,936.93. If the state should borrow a million dollars and receive federal support like it has on this one bridge then a long way could be gone in building the other five.

The Southern Lane Tax conservation league has written candidates for county offices asking them if they will take a reduction in salary if elected. To answer this question is a violation of the corrupt practice act and will lay any candidate open to prosecution. After all it is the people's duty to set the salary of public office and no candidate should go about promising remittance. If he feels he is not worth the salary after he has been elected then it is all right for him to give some of it back. If a general reduction in public salaries is desired this matter should be talked over with the candidates for the legislature and their support enlisted.

Well the school merger petitions stolen have not been found in any University of Oregon supporter's coal bin as yet. The nightwatchman simply handed them over to some one whom he did not know without that person even whispering the mystic symbols. All the search so far has been in Corvallis and Portland. Surely no one suspects the state college supporters.

Off again on again. The third highway commission chairman has bit the dust—Van Duzer, Ainsworth and Scott. Several commissioners have also gone their way. If this keeps up we might as well have one commissioner of public works and let him also be the governor's paid secretary. These fellows who work for nothing don't like to be bossed so much.

Hope that there will be some revival in the lumber business now that a \$3 tariff is in effect, is being expressed by lumbermen. The Canadians rushed a big supply of lumber across the border just before the law went into effect and it will take some time to absorb it. Strengthening of the hog and cattle market the last few months is expected to stimulate some building in the middle west.

Oregon's election ballot will contain 13 measures offered to be voted into law. The voter we think will regard them as an unlucky number.

If someone can produce a parasite for mosquitoes they will have earned the everlasting gratitude of campers and fishermen.

Signs of optimism—congress has adjourned and the hog market has strengthened.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD ALCOHOL, PRO AND CON

The propagandists are at work—some condemning, some pleading for alcohol. The family doctor should be a good, honest judge, with absolutely nothing up his sleeve in the way of political crookedness. He should be the capable, honest adviser of his patrons who look to him in all things medical.

Alcohol compounds are extremely useful and convenient as medicine. No honest, capable physician will deny that. But ALL true physicians are against alcoholics as beverages. Whiskey is a good servant—a bad master. No true physician with the welfare of his people at heart will recommend intemperance in anything.

I am against propagandists who will stoop to falsehood in order to carry out their designs. For instance, the fellow who declares that alcohol is not a stimulant, but a depressant; that it will stop a heart of respiratory apparatus rather than revive it; I've had 38 years of experience and I know better.

Many hundred times I have revived my aged patient when near collapse with whiskey, combined with milk and eggs. It was most convenient and usually acceptable to the invalid. I might have used strychnia, but I liked the effect of the alcoholic better. Why not use the one most simple, convenient, and yet reliable?

All stimulants paralyze and depress in overdose, and the alcoholic stimulant is no exception; but why use an overdose? It is the overdose after all that does harm. But when any one tells me that whiskey in normal dose is never a stimulant but a depressant, then I am suspicious of both his scientific knowledge and his sincerity of purpose—he has an axe to grind. Our blessings should and must be used as such.

MADE THE TOWN by RUBY M. AYRES

Eleventh Instalment

Diana, in love with a married man, Dennis Waterman, has a nervous collapse as a result of the gay life of London society. Her aunt, Mrs. Gladwin, takes her to a doctor, who orders her to the country for a rest. Dr. Rathbone has a country home nearby. Dennis calls at the cottage, then goes away for a long trip. He writes from America that he is free with Linda, his wife. Diana, however, is coming more and more interested in Dr. Rathbone, and questions her nurse, Miss Starling, about him. She also questions a farm boy of the neighborhood, about a woman who lives in Dr. Rathbone's house. Her name is Rosalie. Then Diana meets Rosalie in the woods; she acts strangely and leaves Diana puzzled.

Soon after the meeting in the woods with Rosalie, Dr. Rathbone calls again at Diana's cottage.

A telegram from Dennis arrives. He is returning from America. That interrupts what might have been a tender episode between Diana and the doctor. He leaves, but Dennis cables that his return will be delayed. Diana, thirsting for love, turns her thoughts again to Dr. Rathbone. She is thinking of him now as "Donald." Regardless of the mysterious Rosalie, Diana resolves to see Dr. Rathbone. She goes to his house, but as she stands at the front door the doctor's big police dog leaps at her and she feels his teeth tearing at her throat. Rathbone saves her from the beast, dreads her wounds and takes her to his cottage. Both realize now that this is love, but Dr. Rathbone tells Diana that he can be no more than a friend, because of his wife, Linda, which he refuses to explain. He urges her to go back to London.

Dennis Waterman comes to the cottage to visit her, but she does not thrill at his presence as she once did. She goes to her room and arranges to meet Dennis in a private room at a restaurant. While she is waiting for him Dennis's wife, Linda, comes to see her. "I suppose Dennis never told you I offered to divorce him," she says.

"You offered—then?" Linda nodded. "Yes, and I really wanted my freedom. At first I did not, but afterwards—well, he is not the only man in the world, and I am still fairly young and attractive. Anyway, Dennis refused. I suppose it did not suit his plans. I assure you that he refused with outraged dignity. It was a most amusing performance."

"He refused?" Diana said again. She raised tragic eyes to Linda's unconcerned face. "Is that really the truth?" she asked painfully. "Why should I trouble to lie about it?" "No, Linda would not trouble to lie about it, Diana knew.

Linda said with some feeling, "I'm sorry if I've hurt you. I'd hate to do that. I've been hurt myself so often and so much—"

She broke off, turning with swift welcome to greet a middle-aged gray-haired man who came through the swinging doors, and Diana saw him take her hand, heard him say, "Well, my dear," saw the look they exchanged, and knew that she was quite forgotten.

CHAPTER XVI They went on into the restaurant and when they had gone Diana seemed to come to life. She must get away, that was her one, passionate thought. She must get away before Dennis came. She could never bear to meet him any more.

She would go back to the Creature—she would be safe with her. She thought of the cottage and the garden, her own room with almost passionate longing; not soon enough could she get away from London.

She sat far back in a corner of the cab, terrified lest some freak of Fate should bring her face to face with Waterman. She only breathed freely when she was safely at the railroad station.

"What time is the next train, please?" "One due now, miss—first stop Guildford. If you run you will just catch it."

Diana ran. Her long skirts hampered her, and she caught them up anyhow, with impatient intolerance; she would die rather than miss that train.

The guard had already blown his whistle, but a friendly porter dashed forward and wrenched open a carriage door for her, assisting her with clumsy willingness.

Someone shouted peremptorily, "Stand away there; stand away." But Diana only laughed hysterically, as a man who was already seated in the carriage sprang to his feet and caught her firmly by her shoulders as she tripped over her long frock and almost fell.

He began to say, "That was a narrow shave—" then broke off to speak her name in hoarse amazement. "Diana!" It was Donald Rathbone. Diana collapsed onto the seat opposite him, breathless and exhausted.

She moved her head from side to side with a dull feeling of suffocation, and Rathbone said quickly: "How far have you been running? What is the matter, Diana?" "Nothing," she laughed harshly. "Oh, nothing, except that once more I've discovered that life is only a rotten, beastly sham."

He let that pass, and she went on in quick, excited tones: "We're always wrong about people, no matter how well we think we know them. I'll never believe in anyone again as long as I live." She had been wrong about Linda too; somehow she had always respected Dennis's wife and envied her her poise and integrity even though she had once so foolishly hated her, and

now she had discovered that Linda was playing the same game as the rest of the world, meeting another man secretly, lying about it to her husband (not that that mattered!) in a fugitive chase after the elusive sham called Love which, even if you caught up with it, never gave you any real peace or satisfaction, but only turned to rend you.

"I'll never believe in anyone again as long as I live," Diana cried, passionately, and covering her face with her hands she began to sob.

Rathbone sat very still, his head averted. He could see that Diana was utterly overwrought and knew that she must have received a severe shock, but he saw it was not yet the moment for him to speak, and presently she went on, almost incoherent with her bitter sobbing:

"People don't even love you honestly. . . . just hateful. . . . damned. . . . beastliness. . . . You're all the same. . . . not one of you worth a single tear. . . . and yet we go on. . . . hoping . . ."

"We're such fools. . . . breaking our hearts. . . . wishing we could die. . . . Diana—for God's sake—"

"It's true. . . . you know it's true," she challenged him fiercely. "Yourself, only yourself. . . . that's all you care about. . . . I don't believe in you any more, e-i-ther. . . . You're the same as all the others. . . . Her words were torn by her passionate sobbing. "You know I loved you. . . . I suppose you meant me. . . . I suppose didn't want me to tell you. . . . I suppose you were afraid I should be a nuisance to you. . . . You'd got one woman on your hands. . . . already. . . . as much as you could manage. . . . I didn't even say good-bye. . . . I didn't care. . . . about me, or what happened to me."

"Diana!" She went on passionately, utterly "It's true. . . . you know it's true. . . . it wouldn't have mattered to you if I—I'd gone away. . . . and lived with half a dozen men. . . . as long as I didn't worry you. . . . any more. . . . you think you're righteous. . . . pretended to be. . . . and all the time you were just. . . . tired of me. . . . I suppose you—you'd had. . . . enough."

"Diana!" Rathbone said again brokenly. "With a swift movement he leaned over and took both her wrists in his grasp, drawing her hands away from her convulsed face. He held them for a moment as if even yet he could not trust himself sufficiently to tell her the truth, and then, with a smothered exclamation he bent his face to her hands, holding them tightly there, closing his eyes against their softness, his lips pressed to their palms in passionate kisses.

"Diana, Diana. . . ." She was suddenly still, sobbing no more; her eyes were on his down-bent head, her breath coming in little gasps from between her parted lips as if each one was a separate pain still at last he looked up. "For a long moment they held one another's gaze, not speaking, just reading in each other's hearts all of their sorrow and joy and pent-up love; then Rathbone leaned over and took her in his arms. He held her to him, all crumpled up as if she had been a child, till, after a long silence, during which neither of them was conscious of anything but each other's nearness, he moved her arm a little, half furiously, as if she still feared him, and then with a swift, confident movement she clasped it round his neck.

"Oh—do you love me—after all?" she sobbed, her cheek against his. "Didn't you know?" She shook her head, her soft hair brushing his face. "No. . . . not after you went away. . . . like that."

"I had to go. . . . It was all I could do for you."

"And. . . . now?" she breathed. "She felt his arms tighten around her for a moment, but he did not answer her whispered question, and she repeated it, changing her position a little, trying to see his face, but he kept it hidden against her.

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This Week WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOBLEY

Washington, D. C.—The Bonus Expeditionary Force is scattering back to the states where its members came from, with the aid of \$100,000 appropriated by congress to send them home. Washington is glad to get rid of them, because their presence here has kept away from the city a large proportion of the usual summer tourists, who have been afraid of a mob uprising. There never was any danger of that, but outsiders didn't realize it.

Checking Up on "Honest Graft" Political propagandists of both parties have been busy digging into the records of "honest graft" on the part of members of the house and senate, and have uncovered sources of income, above their salaries, of which a majority of members, of both parties, seem to have availed themselves.

Not that there is anything technically dishonest about putting members of one's family on the government payroll, or collecting travel and expense money which has not been actually expended. Congress makes the laws governing those things, and congress has carefully seen to it that there are many legal ways in which its members can add something to their \$10,000 salaries.

Every member, for example, is entitled to charge 40 cents a mile for travel between his home district and Washington, at the beginning and the end of each session of congress. That runs up into material money in the case of a member from the Pacific Coast, who can put in a bill for close to \$1200 at least twice a year for "travel expense," whether he goes home between sessions or not.

Some Fast Travelers Instances have been uncovered where members collected round-trip travel expense between the end of a regular session and the beginning of a special session which began only a few days later, when it would have been impossible for them to go home and back in the time allowed. They got their travel pay, nevertheless. Legal, of course—but is it legitimate and honest?

In the matter of members of their families on government payrolls, enough has already been disclosed to make some hundreds of congressmen and not a few senators anxious that nobody goes into their home districts with the facts. Each member is allowed \$2,000 a year for a secretary. In addition, every committee of each house has an appropriation for a committee clerk and that appointment is at the disposal of the chairman of the committee. Besides those functionaries, there are literally hundreds of other employees in and around the capitol and the senate and house office buildings—something more than 3000 in all.

Many members appoint their wives or their sons as secretaries, put nephews and other relations in as pages, clerks and the like. The record is not yet complete, but enough has been discovered to indicate that there are comparatively few members of either house who have not been able to add a few thousand a year to the family income by these methods.

As stated before there is nothing partisan about this inquiry. Just about as many members of one party as of the other are concerned. Besides the money perquisites, members have luxurious offices furnished at government expense, elaborate Turkish baths and barber shops, the best restaurants in Washington for their exclusive use, and many other luxuries which make the life of a senator or representative far from unpleasant. What is worrying some of them now, however, is the fear that the facts about these things will get back home where their constituents are groaning under the burden of taxes imposed by these same lawmakers. The facts might result in some embarrassing questions between now and election.

There's a Problem Ahead The settlement of the German reparations question at Lausanne has revived interest and discussion concerning the readjustment of Europe's debts to the United States. The best-informed persons here are convinced that we shall never collect any material amount of the principal of those debts, and that what will have to be worked out is some way of coming to a permanent settlement which will not be actual cancellation but will amount to the same thing in the end. A tough job for the diplomats.

One corollary of that will be the necessity of refunding our own internal national debt, as Great Britain is doing with its bonds. There is no indication that we can pay off any more of our Liberty and Victory bonds for a long time to come, but one of the first problems which will have to be tackled by the next administration, whether that be Mr. Hoover's or Mr. Roosevelt's, will be how to reduce the interest rate on the federal debt.

Daughter Born—Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Duley of Waltherville are the parents of a baby daughter born to them on July 12, 1932.

NEW POSTAL RULING TO EFFECT SPRINGFIELD COUNTY GETS SHARE OF AUTO LICENSE MONEY

The recent order of the post office department under which all civil service employees will have to take a five day furlough during July will effect only the city free delivery carried here says F. B. Hamlin, postmaster. The ruling provides that these employees shall take a 30 day furlough with not more than five days in any month and none in December. Extra help will be employed during their enforced vacations.

Postmasters and others on stipulated salaries have all received a cut of 8 and one-third percent. They do not have to take any time off from duty, however.

Lane county contributed a total of \$90,851.05 to the state in automobile license fees and other motor transportation charges from April 1 to June 30, this year according to a statement received this week from the office of the Secretary of State. Deducing administrative costs of \$3,098.43 there remained a total of \$87,752.62. Lane county's share amounted to \$29,350.32 plus \$1,239.76 motor transportation fees. This was turned over to the State Highway Commission in accordance with an agreement whereby that body advanced money to the county for road work.

License Examiner to Be in Eugene This Week Glenn Bown, examiner for the state license department, will be in Eugene at the city hall Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week to examine candidates for the state driver's license and for commercial license. It will be compulsory for each person to pass the state test within a few years before a license to drive a car will be issued. All old licenses issued will be revoked after a date yet to be fixed.

Springfield Winners at K. C. Picnic Races Victories in five races held in connection with the annual Knights of Columbus picnic at Swimmer's Delight Sunday were won by Springfield children. Victor Ewanuk won the boys' race, and Pauline Elkow the girls' race in the 6 to 9 year division. Helen Rodakowski won the girls' race for entrants from 9 to 12, and Gertrude Ewanuk and Norman Ewanuk won the sack race.

Printer Leaves—Jim Ellis, compositor and pressman on the Springfield News shop force for the past year, left Tuesday for Sumas, Washington, where he will work in the composing room of the Sumas News.

Three Good Fines Being caught breaking a law while out on parole has made affairs quite discouraging for Henry Fields of Oakridge who was arrested Saturday by State Police officers on a charge of hunting out of season. When arraigned in Justice court in Eugene Monday he was fined \$250 and the judge reminded him that he owed the court another \$100 fine due on a liquor conviction, and still another \$50 fine for possession of venison without proper tags. Fields had been paroled on the latter two charges until the judge decided to group them. Unable to pay, Fields will work out his fines which total \$400.00.

LATEST IMPROVED Coleman Iron \$5.95 "Smooths the Way on Ironing Day"

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BURNING OF RANGE HARMFUL PRACTICE

Only Poor Plants and Grasses Survive Fire: Hunt for New Plants Urged

The idea that burning of forest ranges such as has been attributed to Indians in years gone by is beneficial to these ranges is scouted by G. R. Hyslop, chief in farm crops at Oregon State college, who is advocating a program of range pasture development through research designed to find the best plants for such use in Oregon and how best to establish them.

"In the old Indian days it was true that they could burn over land and there was the appearance of more fresh green grass because it began to show up as soon as it emerged from the soil," explains Professor Hyslop. "But they had plenty of room, as the entire Indian population probably did not exceed a million."

"Every burning that takes place destroys surface-crowned perennial grasses and legumes. Plants that survive are deep-rooted perennials, or annuals that have dropped seed

that survives the fire. So we get the maple, fern, poison oak and some of the outbush plants and unpalatable lupines, and a lot of poor annuals like cheat and broncho grass."

Suggests New Grass Hunt Professor Hyslop believes Oregon might well encourage the effort to have a federal plant exploration party sent into Asia to hunt for dry-land grasses particularly suited to the dry ranges of eastern and southern Oregon. When the forage problem for these acres is solved it will also help solve weed, fire and erosion problems, he says.

"Forage research in Oregon has given us Grimm and Ladak alfalfa, Hungarian vetch, Austrian winter field peas, stem-root resistant sweet clover, crested wheat grass, the Bortfield turnip, Papanese millet, Schoolman oats, irrigated Ladino clover pastures and scores of other crop improvements," he points out.

"No research problem that I know of has so great a future for the state than that looking to the rehabilitation of our great range area of more than 50 million acres. The development of this resource even in small part would simplify

the livestock production problem and would establish values that do not now exist."

POTATO, GRAIN SEED TO BE CERTIFIED BY AGENT Farmers who have clean fields of grain which can be certified for seed purposes are asked to communicate soon with O. S. Fletcher, county agent. There is a demand for victory and gray winter oats, Hanchen and O. A. C. number 7 barley, Hood, Jenkin and White winter wheat, and Red, Huston, and Jenkin spring wheat.

Grain to be certified should be 99 per cent pure of all noxious weeds and should be certified just before it is ripe enough to cut while it is still standing in the field. There is no charge for certifying grain crops, but there is a fee of \$2.50 per acre of potatoes as this work requires much more time. The minimum charge for examining a field of potatoes for certification is \$5.00.

Continued Next Week

Hand Infected—Carl Denney has a badly infected left hand this week and is receiving medical care.