

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1932

NEIGHBORHOOD FIRES

It is not quite human to watch your neighbor's house burn up while standing idly by even if you have no accident insurance. Nor is it quite human to watch a neighbor village or farm being consumed with flames with the home town equipment idle even if the state accident insurance does not cover fire without the city limits.

Eugene has refused to answer any calls outside her city limits while the smaller cities have been sending out their equipment to an increasing number of calls. The Springfield department has been out three or four times in the last month.

When the Springfield department answers a fire call outside the city it leaves our property without any fire protection whatever, since we only have one truck and one paid man. But if Eugene sends out a truck that city has one or two other rigs and paid help in reserve to take care of any ordinary fire within the city.

To our mind the insurance risk is not to be compared with the property risk which might run into many thousands of dollars. We have helped Eugene battle fires at the University of Oregon and they have helped us at the power plant and sawmill, which by the way is without the city limits. It would seem that if Eugene does not care to endanger her firemen by fighting country fires she might proffer to aid any fire call in Springfield whenever the local fire truck is absent in the country. Then we can ask our legislators to repeal this foolish ruling at the next meeting of the legislature.

PUBLIC OR SELFISH SERVICE?

If it is true that Corvallis business men are financing the Zorn-McPherson bill to move the University of Oregon to their town then it is for purely selfish reasons and is not motivated by any desire to benefit higher education. The examination of Lawyer Brownell, who allegedly stole the petitions, brought out in court that the Marion County tax league had nothing to do with the drafting of the bill and circulating of the petition but that its officers were "knocking down" on the use of the league's name.

Zorn, McPherson and others have steadfastly refused to reveal the financial backers of the bill although they admit more than \$5000 has been spent in its promotion. Surely anyone who sincerely believes that he is performing a service to the state by backing the moving scheme would not be ashamed to have his name known to the voters. Under present conditions the whole scheme smacks of a downright attempt at stealing and smells so badly that no doubt the voters will banish it at the polls in November.

WHO PROFITTED MOST?

When we think of being liberal over war debts owed to us let's remember that our chief debtors are Great Britain and France. Both acquired vast wealth in colonial empires from the war in which both would have been defeated but for our help. To cancel their debts and load the burden on the American taxpayer is asking too much. We received less from the war than any European nation so it should not be our lot to pay for all the fighting. We paid rent for the stables our soldiers slept in and the trenches they fought in France. Now they want us to forgive their ammunition bills. They've got nerve.

Since there are no known owners of the school consolidation bill petitions Lawyer Brownell, of Portland, evidently thought they were as much his as anybody's—wild horses loose on the range for anybody to take up.

European sportsmanship is not of the same brand as ours. Witness the blocking of Ralph Hill, Oregon boy, in the 5000 meter run at the Olympic games.

Jack Dempsey is still staging a comeback—coming back for money.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D. POISON IVY

In most rural communities this spiteful plant is in evidence. It gets in its baneful work on tourists, vacationists, native ruralists, all in warm weather, and it is a very painful guest to entertain. I have seen skins literally on fire and eyes swollen shut—fever, sometimes delirium from Ivy poisoning.

Look out for it, with its three-in-group leaves of lance-head shape, growing vigorously over blighted trunks of trees, upon old fences and in neglected places. It is easy to know—and avoid, if one tries.

I don't pretend to take the work of the skilled physician and try to place it in amateur hands. But the pointers here are worth while for my friends to know. Bear in mind that this is an acid poison, and it takes "alkalies" to neutralize acid.

My best success with Ivy poisoning has been with equal parts of alcohol and lime-water. The alcohol, with its affinity for water, rapidly depletes the inflamed skin; the lime-water counteracts the acid. Apply on cloths continually, until the trouble is corrected.

Never treat poison ivy with ointments or "salves"; they simply hold the poison in the tissues. Sugar of lead is dangerous—lead poisoning, you know. No ivy remedy should be permitted between eye-lids. It has been said that ivy poisoning gets well in a few days of itself—and the last remedy used gets the credit. That nothing is "specific" remedy in such cases. I have taken the swelling and pain away in 24 hours, with the mixture of pure grain alcohol and lime-water, equal parts. The alcohol is hard to get—but that's another matter.

MAN MADE THE TOWN by RUBY M. AYRES

Fourteenth Instalment

Diana, a young English girl, in love with Diana Westman, a married man, undergoes a nervous collapse and is sent to the country to recuperate under the care of Dr. Donald Rathbone, who lives near the cottage where she stays. She finds herself falling in love with the doctor, but still trying to hold Diana's affection. Linda, Diana's wife, tells her that she would have loved to have been married to Diana. Diana's love for Doctor Rathbone is interrupted by the return of a woman named Rosalie, who lives in the doctor's house. At last Rathbone finds that he is in love with Diana, but she confesses to her that Rosalie is his wife. He had married her in secret, but Rosalie was hopelessly insane. Diana and Rathbone, under a letter comes from Aunt Gladwyn calling Diana back to London. Diana comes to see her. She discovers that she is all wrong with him. As she is leaving for London a letter comes from Dr. Rathbone, expressing his love. Back in London she learns that Linda Waterman, Diana's wife, has been for years in love with an insane man whose wife has just died in a hospital. Life seems a frightful, passing affair. She goes to a party, expecting to be invited by the doctor, but the door announcing the incoming guests, calls out: "Dr. Donald Rathbone."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Diana had been idly watching the scene before her, her thoughts far away, but at the sound of that name her slender body stirred, and her face went as white as her gown. "No... no... no..." Her heart cried out in passionate protest even as her dilated eyes met Rathbone's across the long room.

And she had been afraid that she was beginning to forget him! "Forget him!" Forgive his big, powerful body against which she had once been held in such perfect happiness and peace? His grave steady eyes, and the mouth that looked as if it rarely smiled?

He did not smile now, though a little flash passed across his sombre eyes before he turned to greet his hostess.

It seemed an eternity to Diana before Rathbone began to make his way across to her. He seemed to know a great many people, many of whom stopped to engage him in conversation.

Rathbone was beside her now, but he made no attempt to take her hand, as she did not offer it.

"Good-evening, Miss Gladwyn." Diana raised eyes that were infinitely pathetic, because they fought so hard for indifference.

"Good-evening, Dr. Rathbone." "A great rock in a stormy lane..." How silly to think of that now, and yet—oh, how wonderful to feel once again the peace and safety of his presence!

"I hope you are well?" he said formally. "Yes, thank you." "Quite well?"

She tried to answer, but now that suffocating feeling had mastered her, and she could only nod silently.

Then someone came and took him away.

At dinner he was a long way from her; he sat on Mrs. Foster's left hand with the great newspaper magazine on her right; evidently Rathbone was the second most important guest.

The dinner was endless; to Diana's overwrought imagination, the long table seemed to grow longer till Rathbone appeared to be separated from her by miles; course after course followed one another in terrible monotony. How could people go on eating for such—hours!

She almost said, "Thank God," when at last the ordeal was ended.

Rathbone would come and talk to her now, she was sure; he would find some way of shaking off all the other people, and he would come to her, and he would say something that would stop this dreadful pain. He would know what she was suffering; perhaps he was suffering equally himself.

But though she watched the door of the great unfriendly drawing room with strained eyes till the men began to appear, Rathbone was not among them.

Then she learned that Rathbone had been called away suddenly on an urgent call.

He had gone without even saying good-bye to her.

CHAPTER XXI Anna had been waiting up for her. She said with unusual kindness in her voice: "I should go to bed and try and get some sleep."

"I couldn't sleep," Diana said. "Let me give you something to make you sleep—some of that draught you used to take before you were ill. You must sleep, Miss Diana."

Anna came back with the sleeping draught and Diana took it and allowed herself to be put to bed.

"I'll be close by, if you want me," she said.

Something in her tone of voice made Diana think suddenly of Miss Starling, and an almost childish longing for her and for the peace of her little room at the cottage awoke in her heart.

How amazed the Creature would be if she could know!

SCHOOL CLERKS ASKED FOR MONTHLY REPORTS

The state school fund this-year will amount of \$1.20 per census in comparison to \$1.48 last year and \$1.52 the year previous it was announced this week by Laurence C. Moffitt, assistant county school superintendent.

Mr. Moffitt has just mailed out statement blanks to clerks in each district urging the directors to hold regular meetings every month and to keep the business of the district up to date. The report which will show all necessary information about the condition of the school district will be prepared by the clerk and submitted to the directors at each meeting to assist them in understanding the exact condition of their respective districts.

FOOD PRESERVATION GUIDES ARE AVAILABLE

"Home Drying of Fruits and Vegetables" and "Directions and Time Tables for Home Canning," are the names of two new bulletins just issued by the home economics extension division at Oregon State college. These are small, practical bulletins intended to serve as a guide to food preservation work in

Diana sat up in bed, rocking herself to and fro. She wished she could cry, but her eyes felt too hot and burning to allow the relief of tears.

Were other girls made to suffer like this, or were they too wise to allow themselves to care very much for anyone?

With a terrible feeling of restlessness she got out of bed and began to walk about the room.

If only she had had her good-bye at Mrs. Foster's. Shown some affection for her.

If only she could sleep!... Her head was throbbing so.



If only she could sleep!... Her head was throbbing so.

was throbbing so; it reminded her of that night at the Savoy with Dennis, when the world had seemed to be filled with a million demons, all of whom were conspiring together to torment her.

Anna's sleeping draught had been useless; it had only excited her and racked her nerves.

Perhaps if she took some more... She looked round the room eagerly; yes, the bottle was there on the dressing-table.

Diana crossed the room. She was a childish figure in her white night-gown with her bare feet and disordered curly hair.

Her hands shook a little, making the bottle rattle against the glass as she measured out some of the drops. It had a nasty bitter taste.

"That's because I haven't put any water with it," Diana thought vaguely. "I don't care; perhaps it will really make me sleep this time."

She shivered and made a little grimace as she crept back to bed. Why were all the things that were supposed to be good for one so nasty?

CHAPTER XXII Jonas was putting the pony and trap away in the stable when Mr. Shurey came down the yard, a giant figure looming out of the gray mist.

"Don't ee put her away yet," he said. "There's some things for Rathbone's."

Jonas turned round. "I'll be difficult to get to far in this fog," he said rather sullenly.

The farmer frowned. "When I was your age I didn't argue about things being difficult," he said bluntly. "I did 'em. If you go up to the house the missus'll give you what's to go."

Jonas shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. He did not really object to the fog, but he was in no mood to do. There was a dark spot in his mind whenever he thought of Donald Rathbone.

He felt as if, during the past weeks since he first met her, she had unconsciously been giving him broken pieces of a puzzle, which had slowly and carefully formed themselves into one, until this morning, he suddenly realized that it was complete. And it was Rathbone's face that he saw in the finished picture.

The love Jonas felt for Diana was the kind of love which Dante had felt for Beatrice. He had been content to love on his poet's dreams of her, asking nothing more for himself than that he might be allowed to continue to dream.

But that she should be unhappy was more than he could endure.

It was nearly midday before Jonas reached Rathbone's. The big gates were wide open—a most unusual thing in his experience, and as he neared the house he saw that the front door was wide open also, regardless of the damp fog that swirled in.

He drove round to the side door and got down.

Nobody answered his repeated knock, and presently he turned the handle and looked into the kitchen.

Nobody about. He set his basket of eggs and butter down on the table and had turned to go when Hobson, the chauffeur, suddenly appeared.

"Where's everybody?" he asked. He indicated the basket. "I've just brought that. Isn't there anybody about?"

"We've got something else to do besides hang round waiting for you."

Continued Next Week

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FAITH... buys farm land

One of my farmer neighbors called on me the other day. He wanted to buy forty acres of my land to add to his hundred and sixty.

"How do you expect to pay for it?" I asked him. "I didn't know any of you dairymen were making any money, with milk down to four cents a gallon."

"We're not," replied my neighbor, "but things can't get any worse, so they are bound to get better. I figure on buying twelve or fifteen more head of cows in the spring, and I'll need more pasture. A lot of the folks around here are selling off their cows and throwing up their hands, but I've never seen the time when the fellow that sticks to it and does the best he can didn't come out all right in the end."

I told John he could have the land, and I complimented him on his faith in the future. It has always seemed to me that the real backbone of America is that quality of confidence. Our recent troubles have largely been due to loss of faith in the realities of life. Too many people are too far removed from the soil, but the man with his feet on the ground and the courage and ability to work is the one who is going to pull us out of the hole.

SILVER... watch developments

As I have been predicting in this column, the re-monetization of silver has become a topic of world-wide discussion by governments and economists. The proposal to put the Indian rupee back on a silver basis and to restore the silver content of the subsidiary coinage of the British Empire is being hotly debated at the conference in Ottawa.

At the International Economic Conference called by the League of Nations for October, the United States has insisted that the position of silver as money be given a place on the program.

I think it is quite probable that we shall eventually see a small percentage of silver added to the gold reserve of the world and used as an additional basis for money which will be acceptable everywhere. If that is done, the effect will be to increase the volume of money and so increase the value of commodities. This will help every debtor, who must pay his debts either in labor or commodities, produced by labor, and it will not injure any creditors except those who are trying to take advantage of present low commodity prices to grind their debtors.

CAMERA... to doctor's aid

I was in the office of a medical friend the other day and noticed for the first time a hole in the wall, almost concealed by the pattern of the wall paper. I asked the doctor what that was for.

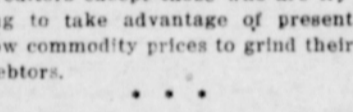
He took out of the file on his desk several cards, one each of which was a photograph of myself.

"That's the latest idea for a busy specialist," he said. "I don't see my patients every few days, but only once a year or so as I do you. I cannot remember what each one of them looks like, and, besides, it is of importance in my specialty to have a record of any change in a patient's posture or appearance from year to year. So I have a camera rigged up behind that partition, and every time you have been in here for the last five years you have been photographed. Take a look at the pictures. Don't you think you look better than you did?"

TAXES... the Beloit way

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PENDLETON ROUND-UP TO BE GALA AFFAIR

With the prospect of several thousand additional visitors this year as a direct result of the National Convention of the American Legion to be held in Portland, officers of the Pendleton Round-Up are making preparations for what they think will be one of the greatest shows of their history.

They estimate the number of cowboys and cowgirls will exceed 350 and will include such prominent names as Richard Merchant, Carl Arnold, Hugh Strickland, Dick Traitt, Peter Knight and E. Pardee.

In addition to the bull-dogging, roping and bronco busting contests the show will assemble 2000 Indians of the Umatilla range in full war dress to form a colorful background to the exposition.

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What about this summer? Electricity will do your cooking for CENT per meal per person It is no longer necessary to roast yourself in order to cook the food. Winter or summer the kitchen should be the same temperature as the living room and it can be if you have an electric range. But why stay in the kitchen while the food is cooking? Electricity will cook and watch your food automatically, perfectly, while you spend most of your time as you please. See your hardware, furniture or electrical dealer today about an electric range. It will save your money, your health and your time. MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO. ASK YOUR DEALER ELECTRICITY IS CHEAP