

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THE WORKING MAN AND HIS CAR

The boast of many states of the union that they have an automobile for each three, four or five citizens is doomed for a setback if the federal government is going to invade the gasoline tax field heretofore occupied by the states. With continued taxation the automobile will soon be operated only by the well-to-do as in Europe.

In Oregon if a workingman has a car and runs it on the average of 1000 miles a month he will soon find that his license fee, four cent gas tax, oil tax, rubber tax, accessories tax and other indirect taxes on parts, will surely mount to \$100 a year.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS CLEARLY

President Hoover spoke clear enough in his acceptance speech that all might clearly understand his position on all problems confronting the American people. No one can now say they do not know where the president stands or what he has done or is trying to do if they have taken the trouble to read his speech.

OPENING A NEW COUNTRY

Pushing on construction of the Willamette highway above Oakridge by the bureau of public roads is received in Lane county with satisfaction by many people interested in a direct connection with the Klamath basin.

The new road will put Odell lake within an easy two hour drive from Springfield and open up the lake country on the top of the Cascades now served with poor dirt roads.

GIFTS TO SCHOOL WILL BE LOST

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have come to the University of Oregon through gifts in past years most of which will be lost if the school is moved to Corvallis.

The kind of economy the Zorn-McPherson bill preaches is that for a man who has spent his savings for a home to burn it down and live in a tent, thus lowering operating expenses.

WHAT AN ENGINEER THINKS OF THE BUS BILL

Some pertinent remarks on the West "Freight Truck and Bus Bill," is made in the Oregon Voter by W. B. Dennis, distinguished engineer and author of the state motor vehicle license laws.

What the country needs once is a president and congress of the same political faith.



SOMETHING SIMPLE

I wish to ask that no more plans for solving the economic situation be sent to me. My quota is completed; my files are full. My mental decision to retire from Plan Reading was reached some time ago.

An earnest gentleman with a gleam in his eye got in anyhow the other day: He asked me to read a book in which a new prophet sets forth a new religion.

While we talked I turned the pages of the book, and after about a minute I assured him that I should not need to read it in order to know that it would have no influence.

"Not at all," I said. "I happen to know what kind of words move the world. I'll give you an example: 'The Lord is my shepherd,' etc.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers founded on this continent," etc.

"Contrast these simple words with a couple of phrases from your book," I said:

"The definitely 'anticipatory' value of the self-protecting mechanism of covenant obligations..."

"Expanding consciousness obtainable through the direct application of the method of cyclic evolution..."

"Unless he is able to make his ideas understandable even to a little child. Second-raters are always obscure. But the head man in any department of life, I care not whether he be medicine, theology, science or what, he can make a talk that will fascinate a kindergarten."

John Bunyan explained to his readers that he might have adopted a "style" much more fancy but he wanted his book to be read by common people everywhere.

Lincoln's style grew steadily clearer and simpler as he grew in years and wisdom.

"What harm can a book do that costs a hundred crowns?" Voltaire exclaimed. "Twenty volumes folio will never make a revolution; it is the little pocket pamphlets that are to be feared."

I do not know what Plan will lead us to new heights of prosperity or whether, indeed, there will be any one Plan.

But if there be, it will consist of things that everybody can understand, such as "the less you hamper trade the more trade can expand."

MAN MADE THE TOWN



by RUBY M. AYRES



FIFTEENTH INSTALMENT

Diana, in love with a married man, Dennis Waterman, is sent to the country to recover her health. She falls in love with Dr. Dennis Rathbone, whose wife, Rosalie, is a hopeless lunatic.

He turned to retrace his steps to where he had left the trap when suddenly a muffled cry broke the silence. It sounded weird and unearthly, coming, as it did, through the stifling fog blanket, and Jonas felt his skin rise in little pin points as he waited for it to be repeated.

It was not exactly a call for help—it was more like a frightened wail, but it urged the boy on till suddenly he pulled up sharply, only saving himself with difficulty as he found he was on the river bank.

A sloping, muddy bank, broken away by much rain and weather; but now the cry was nearer—almost at his feet, it seemed—and he answered it with a shout, cupping his hands round his mouth to make it carry further.

His own sense of helplessness was appalling; one might as well have been imprisoned by walls as by this blanket of increasing darkness. He shouted again with all his strength of his young voice, and then, suddenly, as if by a miracle, the fog bank seemed to break for the smallest fraction of a moment, like a curtain being slowly raised by a mocking hand in order to show him the thing he sought.

She was in the river... its width away from him... a half-drowned piteous thing, clinging with frail hands to the overhanging bough of a rotting willow, her white face upturned, her flaming dark hair dank and horrible, her mouth wide open as if to give utterance once more to that walling cry.

Jonas caught his breath; instinctively he began to tear off his coat, when the fog came silently down again shutting her out, leaving him there, shivering and helpless, on the muddy, slippery bank.

It seemed a lifetime before he could nerve himself to fresh action. Everything was unreal, uncanny; the silently flowing river like a half-dead poisonous snake creeping by at his feet, and the strange impenetrable menace of the fog-enveloped world.

Jonas seemed suddenly to see Diana's face; her blue eyes, her sensitive mobile face... "Little head running over with gold..."

He was shivering from head to foot, as with his whole body strained forward he started and stared into the fog to where she had been.

Of what use was her life? What did her happiness matter that another's, so much more precious, should be sacrificed to it?

In the few seconds of his hesitation it seemed to Jonas that he argued the whole question out with cold calculation before, with an effort that seemed purely physical, he pulled himself together and turned deliberately away.

Let her die... nobody would ever know. "I would do anything in the world for you."

He had told Diana that more than once, and he had meant it with every fibre of his being. He was conscious of a queer sense of triumph to think that even though Diana would never know, he was fulfilling his promises.

Then the cry came again; strangled, weaker, more despairing, the cry that might have come from a child or from one of the lost lambs which he and Shurey had sought for together one bitter March month after a heavy fall of snow.

For one second still Jonas hesitated, standing rigid, his head craned forward in strained attention; then he turned back with quiet deliberation, scrambled down the muddy bank, and plunged into the icy river.

Anna was perturbed. Half a dozen times she had been in to Diana, and found her sleeping always in the same position, lying on her side, her face turned against the pillows, an arm flung above her head.

Half a dozen times since the early morning when Diana had come home, and now it was past five o'clock. Mrs. Gladwyn had been into the room once before leaving for another bridge evening.

"Has she been asleep all day?"

she asked. "Yes, madam—she seems thoroughly worn out."

"I suppose she's—all right?" she asked uncertainly. "Oh, yes, madam—just sleeping heavily," Anna said quickly, with a faint feeling of discomfort as she remembered that once in the past she had been severely admonished for administering a sleeping draught to Diana without doctor's orders.

Mrs. Gladwyn sighed. "She looks very like her mother," she said. "And her mother died when she was quite a girl." She pulled herself together and took up her gloves and handbag. "I should let her sleep it out," she said vaguely. "It will probably do her a lot of good."

When she had gone Anna quietly replenished the fire and went back to take another look at Diana. She was very pale—even her lips and hair seemed colourless; and in sudden alarm Anna laid a hand on Diana's arm.

It was icy cold. For a moment she stood petrified with fear; then she turned and ran from the room. "Miss Diana is ill—you must fetch a doctor at once. Run down and see if Mrs. Gladwyn has gone. If not, bring her back quickly."

The girl ran, returning breathlessly. "The car has just driven away," she said. "But Anna was not the sort to lose her head in a moment of emergency. 'Tell Markham to call a taxi and to go at once for Dr. Rathbone—I'll give him the address.'"

She had made a mental note of it yesterday morning when she dispatched Diana's letter to him, and knowing that Rathbone had attended Diana during her illness, she thought he was the most suitable one to summon.

To expediate matters, she went down to interview Markham herself. But Anna's evident anxiety whipped him to swifter action.

"If Dr. Rathbone is there, bring him back with you. If he is not there, bring the first doctor you can find, but don't come back without someone, or it will be the worst for you."

She ran back to Diana and pulled the curtains, opening both windows wide.

The fog was not quite so bad, one could see the lights in the street below now, like beary yellow eyes, staring upwards.

As Anna turned away her glance fell on the bottle she had left on the dressing table.

She caught it up, holding it to the light; then her face whitened, for it was nearly empty.

Anna permitted herself the luxury of one moment's emotion. "Oh, poor lamb!" she said pityingly.

She knew a great deal more about Diana than the girl had ever dreamed—knew all about the affair with Waterman, and understood that it had ended with Diana's illness, on his side, at all events, but she had never been able to make up her mind with regard to Diana—until now, when she believed that the girl had done this deliberately in a moment of overwhelming wretchedness.

She lifted her gently, laying her flat on her back, and began to chafe her cold hands.

Ann had only seen Rathbone once, when Mrs. Gladwyn had sent for him after the girl's breakdown; but she had been impressed by his personality and quiet strength, and she found herself almost praying (though Anna considered prayer "old-fashioned rubbish") that he would come.

She had always been rather contemptuous of Diana's weakness, realizing how easily, during her

short life, the girl had allowed herself to be handled about, the victim first of one and then of another, in the vain, unsatisfying search for something real and lasting, but there was only pity in her heart now as she tried by every means in her power to rouse Diana from her dreadful unconsciousness.

One of the maids came presently, with scared eyes, to know if she could do anything to help, but Anna shook her head. She would not admit it, but she believed the time was already past when anyone could help Diana.

"Hasn't Markham come back yet?" she asked. "Not yet... I think that's a taxi now."

More breathless moments, Anna watched the door with strained eyes. If Markham had come back alone...

The door opened, and she gave a little sob of relief as Rathbone strode into the room. He came straight to the bed and bent over the girl lying there.

Anna, watching his face—always watching him, as if she felt he was the only hope left to her—asked a broken question: "Oh, sir... she's not dead, is she?"

Rathbone shook his head. "No... what is it? What have you given her?"

Anna explained as well as she could. "I only gave her four drops; she seemed so worn out, and yet she couldn't sleep; but I left the bottle on the dressing table, and the poor lamb must have taken some more. It's nearly empty now."

Anna turned her face away and wept, and she would not have believed it had she been told that her tears were not so much for her self or for Diana as for the broken-hearted look she had suddenly surprised in Donald Rathbone's eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV Diana was so used to dreams. Nearly every night lately, half awake and half asleep, she had imagined with one part of her senses, even though the other part knew it could not possibly be true, that she was back at the Creature's cottage, in the little room with its chintz wall paper and muslin-petticoated dressing table, with Rathbone sitting beside her.

It wasn't such a bad dream until one quite woke up! She wished she could make him smile. Down at the cottage no matter how cross he had been with her, or how grimly he had looked at her while she hurried her silly little troubles at him, in the end she always managed to make him smile before he went away.

Diana said, "Thank you," in a little whisper, and closed her eyes. The tears couldn't get through if she kept them tightly closed, and Donald hated to see her cry.

"Things always turn out badly if people take—what you and I might take..."

Donald had said that after she had asked if he would let her live with him. She supposed he must have been horribly shocked really, though he had only looked at her with eyes that seemed to understand.

Funny that people, especially those whom the world called good people, should think anything physical such a deadly sin, much worse than anything else.

She moved restlessly, and Rathbone spoke her name gently: "Diana!"

Her eyes turned to his face and rested there for a moment. "I'm so thirsty," she whispered. Her mouth felt all dry and hot.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SIMPLE GERMAN REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

The simple German remedy, Adlerika, reaches the UPPER BOWEL, washing out poisons which cause stomach trouble. One dose stops gas bloating. Planery's Drug Store.



COMFORT... despite the heat I called on President Hoover the other day. Outdoors the thermometer stood at 88 in the shade. In the President's office it was a comfortable sixty-eight. That is one of the reasons why Mr. Hoover is able to stand up under his heavy task and still keep in first-rate physical condition.

I went with the president to the opening of the exhibition of the Pantheon de la Guerre, the world's largest painting, commemorating the war. This is shown in a circular sheet metal building which might be expected to have the characteristic of an oven. But the same air-conditioning system used in the president's office made it comfortable even under a blazing sun.

I went up to the Capitol to call on a congressional friend, and found senators and representatives debating in an atmosphere of fresh, cooled air in which it was difficult for even the most fervent orator to work up a perspiration. And I came back from Washington on an air-conditioned train of the Baltimore and Ohio, the most comfortable railroad journey I ever made.

Mr. Hoover believes, with many others, that this air-conditioning process, still in its infancy, is going to develop as big as the automobile industry.

BONUS... at the front line I half expected in Washington to find squads and detachments of the "Bonus Expeditionary Force" panhandling all over town. I traveled pretty well over the District of Columbia and except in the vicinity of the B. E. F. camp on the Anacostia Flats I saw nobody who could be identified as a member of the bonus seeking army. I talked with one man who had been active in getting congress to appropriate \$100,000 to send these men back to their home states.

"Most of these chaps are decent fellows out of jobs, with no resources, who just came for the lark," he said. "A few of them are rather simple-minded people who really think the government owes them a living. But in the center is quite a strong corps of Communist agitators, who have been hopeful that there would be some sort of a military or police demonstration that would give an excuse to start shooting. The Communists are looking for martyrs, but the Washington authorities have not permitted themselves to be trapped into anything out of which inflammatory propaganda could be made."

POMERENE... his appointment I used to know Atlee Pomerene years ago out in Ohio, when he was lieutenant-governor, and active in Democratic politics. Even then he had the reputation of being one of the ablest minds in the state. A lot of people didn't like him, but even his Republican opponents respected him. People said that Pomerene was one of the few men in politics whose word could be absolutely relied upon.

The comment has been made that in appointing ex-Senator Pomerene as chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, President Hoover has placed at the head of the greatest banking institution in the world a man who is not a banker. But remember that long before he had risen to political heights, Atlee Pomerene, although a lawyer by profession, had organized what turned out to be one of the soundest small banks in the state, in his home city of Canton. And the fundamentals of banking are no different, whether one is running the reconstruction finance corporation or a small town savings bank.

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