

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H. E. MAXEY, Editor

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## RE-ROUTING THE HIGHWAY

Communities along the Pacific highway between Cottage Grove and West Springfield organized last week an association to promote their section of the great highway and also to prevent a needless change of alignment which would mean ruin to them and an exorbitant road bill for the taxpayers to pay.

Some county-seat people have hastened to say that the fears of these communities over the change of route is unfounded and that Alder street road is merely a market road and a by-pass in case of flood. This explanation might be taken with some seriousness but for two facts.

Delegations have appeared twice before the highway commission asking that the Pacific highway be re-routed over this new route and falling in their mission have gotten it put on the secondary highway program. Members of this delegation included men who once told Springfield that Eugene did not covet the car shops and Roseburg that she was not trying to move the soldiers' home.

Further it is unusual to spend \$12,000 or \$14,000 a mile on market road grade construction to serve a few hill ranches. A check made by the committee reveals that most of the people living on the new route are not in favor of the road and will expect the county to pay heavy damages for right-of-way when the road passes through their tillable land.

A study of this new road situation over a period of many months have convinced people living along the Pacific highway that a change in location is a purely selfish move and they are determined that the taxpayers' money shall not be so wasted and their own property and business values depreciated without a strenuous fight.

## PUTTING CITY MEN OUTDOORS

The great value of President Roosevelt's plan for putting a quarter of a million young men at work in outdoor labor, of a kind which is somewhat vaguely referred to as "forestry," seems to us to be that it will probably save most of these men from becoming bums, even if they do not perform much actual work in the forest.

As we understand the plan only those between 18 and 25 years old and having some dependent relatives were accepted at first. They applied at an army recruiting station, armed with a letter from some recognized local relief or welfare association, testifying to their worthiness as objects of relief. They were then put through a physical examination at the recruiting station.

Those who passed these preliminary tests were required to enlist for six months, signing an agreement to perform whatever duties they might be assigned to and not to destroy any Government property. They then went at once on the payroll, at the rate of one dollar a day with food, clothing and shelter included. Each recruit, however, was required to sign an assignment of part of his pay, approximately three-quarters of it, to the dependent wife, mother, sister or brother, to be paid direct to the beneficiary.

The recruits of this Army of Peace were then sent to the nearest military post for a period of "conditioning," which includes regular exercise and drill, instruction in taking care of their bodies while living in the open, amenability to discipline and the building up of their physical stamina. This conditioning was expected to take from four to six weeks. When completed, the men are sent in squads to the places where they are to labor on public works.

Precisely where this work will be done and what it will consist of is not fully explained as yet. Presumably it will be in the various National Forests, though there is talk of the government buying a million acres or so of unclaimed land and putting these men to work on that.

It seems to us that the actual work accomplished is of less importance than the building up of the men who do it, getting them into the habit of hard work, enabling them to contribute something, however slight, to the support of others, and taking them off the city streets into the wholesome outdoors.

We shall watch this experiment with interest.

## HIGH TARIFF AND CHEAP MONEY

A year ago there was wide spread complaint that the high tariff wall in this country had ruined foreign trade. But depreciated currency in foreign countries has changed all this. Foreign goods now pour over the tariff walls like water over a dam. Consequently our paper industry, fishing, and farm products are at a standstill while low priced labor paid by this depreciated money causes a great supply of goods to come to this country.

To lower the tariff wall now would but increase the flood and would spell total ruin to a great many industries in this country.



**The FAMILY DOCTOR**  
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD  
LARYNGITIS

I am struggling today with an attack of laryngitis. It occurs to me that my readers may be interested. You may get an attack, you know.

The larynx is the "vocal box" where the sounds of the voice are moulded into words. The "itis" signifies inflammation of the vocal cords. The first symptom is hoarseness, and is very pronounced. Not much pain, necessarily, at first. Pain indicates a more violent attack—see the doctor at once. My voice today sounds like that of an old hen with a grain of corn lodged in her wind-pipe!

It is weakening, sickening, disgusting. My work as a physician, takes me out in all sorts of weather, and at most all hours. There is much exposure—we call it that—and you must guard against it.

What am I doing for this distressing condition? Well, I have my neck wrapped with woolen,—with turpentine and oil of eucalyptus equal parts sopped on the cloth. The vapor from this dies good. I keep the neck warm on the outside. I keep my feet extra warm. I take antiseptic such as Aspirin—and those containing a small percent of formaldehyde—and let them dissolve in my mouth—five or six times a day. Of course, I attend to the regular function, good food, plenty of water, and take the best care of myself that I can. It has been most severe weather, and the climate in my state is treacherous; besides, some of these things are communicable—we must not forget that.

I admit that it takes courage to endure such attacks and remain on foot and at work. The patient who does as he should do, will go to bed, call his physician—and get well in half the time. Bear in mind that laryngitis may be a very dangerous condition. Better attend to it early.

# THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES

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## Fourteenth Installment

It was a happy evening, and yet—nothing was settled. It was like going round and round in a circle, Dennis thought savagely when they were back again in Barbara's flat and she was telling him it was time to go. He looked at her as she took off her wrap, and suddenly he said, "Are you ever going to choose between us all, Barbara?"

She turned. "What do you mean?" He laughed unhappily. "Well—there is Barnett and your husband and myself—we all want you."

The delicate colour tinged the whiteness of her face.

"But I only want one of you, Dennis. You know which one."

He answered doggedly that she could have him if she wished.

"You have bewitched me, Barbara. I seem to be nothing but desire for you. I can't—God forgive me—even be sorry for Pauline." He went close to her and looked down at her with passionate eyes. "Let me stay, Barbara. Something seems to tell me that if you send me away tonight I shall never come back. Oh, my dear—don't you love me well enough? If I'm willing to throw everything away for you—"

"But—are you willing?" she whispered. "Isn't it only just for tonight, because we are alone? And to-morrow—"

"Tomorrow may never come." She turned away, and for a moment there was a breathless silence. Why did she hesitate? Barbara asked herself desperately. She was not generally scrupulous; as a rule she took what she wanted of life and let tomorrow take care of itself, but now, when Dennis would have touched her, she gently repulsed him.

"Wait, let me think." He moved away from her impatiently and began pacing the room. Barbara stood very still, looking into the heart of the fire. Her pulses were racing, and she put a hand on the mantelshelf to steady herself, and it was at that moment she saw the letter addressed to herself in Pauline's writing.

She took the letter and hid it in the folds of her gown; then she returned. "Come here, Dennis."

He came at once and took her in his arms. He could not speak, and his lips burned as they touched hers. After a long time he whispered: "Do you want me?" She could feel his heart beating against hers. "Do you want me—as I want you? May I stay?"

Barbara closed her eyes, and her whole being seemed to clamour just one passionate word in reply, "Yes, yes, yes—" But something—she never knew what it was—kept her from speaking it aloud.

"Dennis—if—to-morrow—you still want me—"

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow never comes," he broke in almost violently. "How do we know what may happen before to-morrow? Don't send me away, my dear. I love you so much. Barbara for God's sake—" She disengaged herself from his arms.

"Tomorrow, Dennis, if you still want me—I swear—"

In the end she sent him away, how she never knew, and when he had gone she stood against the door that shut him out, her eyes closed, utterly exhausted, and the tears raining down her face.

She loved him so much, and yet she had sent him away. Why? Why? God alone knew.

She was roused by a little sound in the passage, and she looked up to see Mrs. Mellish, in a drab gray dressing gown, watching her with kindly eyes.

"Come to bed, my dear—I've got you something hot to drink." Barbara laughed sobbingly. "I've been a fool, Mellish," she said. "I've been a silly damned fool. I've sent away the only man I ever loved."

Mrs. Mellish took her hand and patted it.

"He'll come back," she comforted. "He'll come back tomorrow." Barbara broke away from her sobbing.

"Tomorrow never comes," she wept. "Tomorrow never comes."

She read Pauline's letter sitting up in bed long after Mrs. Mellish had gone comfortably away, believing that Barbara slept.

and at last with an effort Barbara picked up the letter that had fallen from her hand and went on reading. "If it's a boy..." She closed her eyes with a dreadful feeling of weakness.

Of course it would be a boy! a boy with eyes like Dennis' and a smile like Dennis', like the man they both loved. Oh, Dennis—Dennis!

She was very cold; suddenly Barbara realized that her hands were like ice and that she was shivering violently. She slipped out of bed, leaving the rest of Pauline's letter unread, and crouched down by the fire.

"There is still tomorrow!" It was as if a voice whispered those words into her ear as she crouched by the fire, and suddenly her cheeks flushed and her pulses quickened.

Tomorrow! It was not yet too late. He would come back, and just for once, if never again, she would know the perfect happiness of his love, and then...

Across the warm, beautiful room

her cheeks flush, Dennis! and so early.

Barbara leaned on an elbow and stretched over to her watch. Half-past ten. Something must have happened to bring him so soon, or wait just that he found he could not do without her any longer? She listened intently.

"Not up yet—very tired after last night. Sleeping soundly." Then Dennis' voice again, impatient, obstinate. He would wait—if she would tell Mrs. Stark. Then the sound of his steps going to the sitting room, then the shutting of the door, and Mrs. Mellish tapping gently on her own.

"Come in."

Mrs. Mellish entered, calm eyes, undisturbed as ever. "Mr. O'Hara. He says he will wait. I told him you were still sleeping."

For a moment she could not answer; then she said with an effort: "Oh, yes."

"I'll get up. Please get my bath ready."

Barbara got out of bed and look-



"I've sent away the only man I ever loved."

she caught sight of her reflection in a long mirror, and it seemed to her overstrung imagination that a shadow Pauline stood behind her, a smiling, happy Pauline, with loving trustful eyes.

Her best friend! Barbara fell forward on the floor, her face hidden, her hands clenched as she moaned over and over again in utter self-abasement:

"I can't—I can't... to be such a beast—such a vile beast!"

And yet in her heart she knew it was not so much for Pauline that she was willing to make her sacrifice as for the sake of a child she had once held in her own arms.

Such a little life it had been, but it had yet left something indelible in Barbara's heart, some memory which, recurring now, would not allow her to hurt the child of another woman.

Barbara woke from a troubled sleep late in the following morning to the sound of voices in the little hallway outside her door. Mrs. Mellish she knew—the quiet, unemotional tones that never varied, and then another—the only voice that had ever had the power to make her heartbeats quicken and

ed at herself in the glass. She did not look her best in the early morning, and she knew it.

"I look old," she thought with a pang, and hurriedly turned away. Barbara had never dressed so quickly before.

Why had he come so early? What was he doing now?

She looked in the mirror a hundred times, and at last she went to him without paint or powder on her face.

Dennis was standing looking down into the fire, and he had not taken off his overcoat.

"You are an early bird," she said, trying to speak lightly, and Dennis turned.

"He has heard from Pauline—he knows about Pauline," Barbara told herself, and her hand went to her heart.

"I'm so sorry to come so early. I ought to have rung up, but I—somehow I couldn't. I—" He broke off; then with an effort he pulled himself together again and said constrainedly: "You look tired. Won't you sit down?"

Barbara laughed. "Don't you mean I look old?" she asked bitterly.

"Old!" He did not understand;

**THE WOMAN PAYS**

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then, seeing the pain in her face, he said vehemently: "No—good God, no!" Then again the unbearable silence fell. Barbara took a cigarette from the mantelshelf and lighted it.

With a supreme effort she controlled her thoughts and turned to him. "I had a letter from Pauline last night." Was that the lead he wanted? Every pulse in her body seemed to stand still awaiting his reply.

Dennis said, "O, did you?" And then suddenly he plunged forward and took her hand. "And I had a violet from Barnett," he said.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**OREGON WILL OFFER STATE FAIR IN 1933**  
The annual Oregon state fair will be held as usual this year despite the fact that the state legislature cancelled the \$37,500 appropriation for this purpose it was stated recently at Salem by Max Colhar, director of the state department of agriculture and in charge of the fair.

September 4 to 9 have been set as the dates for the exposition. It will be financed partially by parliamentary racing as legalized by the legislature and by another racing event to be held on the fairgrounds July 3 to 8.

Premiums will be reduced by about half this year and admissions will be cut from 50 to 25 cents.

Blow a whistle behind a New York pedestrian and he'll instinctively turn—so accustomed has he become to walking with traffic signals determining his direction.

## EXPERT HANDS

Before you take to the highways this summer, let us give your car an expert once-over. It may need nothing more than a change of oil, or a few minor adjustments. In any case, the cost will be held to a minimum, and you will be assured of safe, worry-free driving.

This is the home of General Ethyl, Violet Ray and Motogas.

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5th and A Streets Springfield

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There may be a lot of plans for farm relief but no one has thought of a better one than to buy the farmers' products. If he can sell what he raises he needs no other relief.

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