

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by THE WILLAMETTE PRESS M. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice, Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE

One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months \$1.00 Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months 50c

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1933

COUNTY UNIT CUTS SCHOOL COSTS

If the county unit plan of school operation were adopted in this county it is estimated that Springfield would have to pay a 10 or 12 mill levy instead of the 23.2 mills being collected this year.

Under the proposed plan all Lane county except Eugene school district 4, will be placed in one large school district and will be under the direction of five directors.

Savings are expected to be made by closing smaller schools and transporting pupils to larger centers, and by more efficient operation.

Better schools for less money has resulted where the county unit plan has been adopted. From an economy and educational standpoint the county unit plan has merit.

An emergency plainly exists in Lane county schools. The way tax collections are shrinking inside of two years more than half of the schools in Lane county will be closed.

In Klamath, Cook and Lincoln counties where the county unit plan has been adopted it is reported to be working satisfactorily.

There are some things about the county unit law we do not exactly like, but schools run under this plan are better than no schools at all.

A FASHION NOTE FROM THE BIBLE

We read a report in a New York paper of a convention of beauty shop people a few weeks ago. According to this report the most interesting things in the exhibits were removable lips, demountable eyelashes, devices to change the shape of the nose, apparatus to hold the ears back, artificial eye-sparkle and little pictures for fingernail decoration.

We began to wonder how women could be so foolish as to think that such artificialities, make them attractive to men. But before we had got to the point of raising an outcry against this degenerate modern age we happened to think that we had read something of the sort before.

We looked it up and found it, written more than two thousand years ago by a prophet named Isaiah.

"The daughter of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go and making a tinkling with their feet. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains and the bracelets and the muffers, the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the ring and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils."

Perhaps it wouldn't be any use for us to try to talk the girls out of their finery. Apparently Isaiah's threats didn't change feminine nature, which seems to be about the same now as it was in Old Testament days.

We've always heard that alcohol and gasoline would not mix but here come the "new deal" chemists advising the government that a certain amount of alcohol will pep up gasoline to the benefit of the grain and fruit industry.

Now if the administration can mix oil and water they will have accomplished the unattainable.

The generation that is voting liquor in all over the county is not altogether the one that voted it out since those eligible to vote the first time now were only six years old when prohibition was adopted.

The Democratic administration must be accredited with a certain amount of political wisdom. The people are advised that if the 18th amendment is repealed it will not be necessary for congress to pass a sales tax on all the people.

The Egyptians built the pyramids to give men work during a depression. They have stood through the years as a monument to that ancient country's foolishness.

J. P. Morgan Jr. says that a man who takes a 20 million dollar loss in one year should not pay an income tax. But most folks believe that it is worth something to have the privilege of losing that much.

AWAKENED WOMAN by ELINORE BARRY

First Installment

Even before she opened her eyes, Joyce was aware of being in a strange place. For the moment, however, she was still too drowsy to make any effort to move.

Then other sensations asserted themselves. Her fingers, moving languidly, sent to her drowsy brain the message of some sort of cool silken material under their sensitive tips.

She kept her eyes shut while she tried to think things out. She remembered perfectly now. . . . She was in a taxi going to the Hotel Blackstone in Chicago. It was sleeting, and in the traffic another machine skidded suddenly and crashed into them.

It didn't smell in the least like a hospital. And the bed was softer than any cot she had ever felt.

Suddenly she was afraid to open her eyes. Completely awake now, she lay tingling with curiosity, filled at the same time with a foreboding of some strange, frightening revelation to come.

Where could she be? At last she could stand the uncertainty no longer. Without moving she opened her eyes and stared straight ahead of her.

Oranges! She had never seen oranges actually growing. Still without moving she rolled her eyes from one side to the other.

She could never tell which shock was the first to register; the circle of tiny diamonds on the third finger of her left hand; the rumpled condition of the other side of the bed; or

the cheerful masculine whistle coming from somewhere in the house close behind her!

A hot wave flooded her face and neck. But gradually her heart quieted down. She relaxed a trifle, breathed deeply, and tried to bring her whirling brain back to normal.

"It's the most incredible thing I ever . . . ever heard!" she thought, desperately, fighting against a feeling of faintness. "It must be a dream! . . . I land in Chicago in November on a dark, cold, snowy afternoon; get in a taxi and . . . something bumps into the taxi and . . . I wake up the next morning and find that it's summertime, and that . . . I'm . . . I'm married! How could it have happened? How?"

The whistle seemed to come a little nearer. Joyce clutched at the bedclothes in a suddenly renewed panic of terror. If it were not a dream now, this instant, then what had happened while she was unconscious?

Suddenly a telephone bell rang. The whistling stopped abruptly. She heard the click of the receiver being lifted. . . . then "Yes?" in a deep, pleasant voice. She listened tensely.

"Oh, Laurine! Hello. . . . She's still asleep, I think. No. Doc says it's nothing serious, but it sure was sticky it wasn't worse. . . . Yes, you're absolutely right—What? . . . Well, I ask her last month not to ride that brute, but you know how she is. . . . I'm leaving in a few minutes. . . . Yes. Got to get to Chicago for a conference. . . . Come over sometime today and see how she is, will you? I hate to go off like this but I'm just going to have time to make the date. It's something I can't sidestep. . . . Yeah? Well, tell Paul to be a good boy while I'm away. So long, Laurine. See you all in 'bout two-three weeks."

Click. Steps across the floor. The sound of steps approaching her bed sent her pulses hammering. Curiosity and fear mingled in her feelings as she looked up. She was frightened that it did not occur to her to pretend to be asleep.

She saw a man of medium height . . . thirtyish . . . ruddy . . . blue eyes and blue tie. . . . tan face and tan suit . . . light brown hair, combed back smoothly. . . . face rather wide across the jaw . . . short nose . . . mouth set in clean curves like a girl's. . . . Nothing villainous in the man's appearance.

"Hello, honey! How do you feel this morning?" He was smiling down at her with complete kindness.

Joyce swallowed hard, unable to answer. Under the sheet she clenched her hands trying to still the trembling of her body.

A worried look dimmed the smile on the man's face. He sat down on the side of the bed and leaned toward her, putting his hands on her shoulders.

"Why, what's the matter, dear? Head pretty bad? Oh, I say, did I hurt you? You poor kid!"

He drew back a little. Joyce had involuntarily flinched when his hands touched her.

The thought flashed into Joyce's confused mind that if he fancied she were really ill, he might after all not go away. And she must have time to recover from the shock and decide

what to do. She must be left alone. She would have to speak; everything depended on her making this effort.

"Oh, I'm . . . I'm all right," she stammered hardly above a whisper. A look of relief came into the face above her.

"Whew, but you gave me a scare. Frills," he exclaimed. "Sure you're all right? Doc's coming over today to take another look at you. Better stay in bed and get a rest. If you're really all right, I've got to dash to the city to get my train for

Chicago. But I won't go if you're not. You don't seem just right."

"Oh, no, really, I'm all right," she said hastily. "I just have a headache. It'll be all right."

"You're sure? . . . Good! . . . Well, good-bye, honey. Take care of yourself. You can always reach me at the Blackstone, you know. I'll expect to hear from you."

He leaned over, took her face between his large firm hands and kissed her. After he had kissed her twice, while Joyce tried furiously to recall the blush she felt burning her face, he added, hesitatingly, "Look her, Frills, I wish you'd . . . go a little easy while I'm away, will you. I'll be worried about you all the time if I think you're . . . pulling any more reckless stunts, you know. And—"

"Oh, no, don't worry about me!" interrupted Joyce, wishing he would stop kissing her and go away. "I won't do a thing, I . . . I know I'm going to feel like being very quiet for . . . for awhile."

This sort of answer was evidently unexpected, Joyce decided, when she saw the surprise in his face mingled with relief. In speaking before, his voice had revealed a note of apprehension, as if he were afraid of the way his words would be received.

"What sort of disposition can I have had?" she wondered.

"Well, good-bye, honey," he said once more, and kissing her again, he stood up. "I've got to hop off, I'll wire today from somewhere along the line."

Joyce lay and listened to his steps receding inside the house. Then she drew a long breath and sat up suddenly. "So that's my . . . my husband. He has a very nice voice, and I don't feel exactly afraid of him. I think he's got a kind, pleasant look on his face. . . ."

Her thoughts paused in confusion. What did it mean? Gradually her sense of dizzy panic gave way to puzzled curiosity. Lying there in the sweet scented sunshine her mind grew clearer and she tried to fathom the situation unemotionally. But it was no use; the pieces didn't fit; she had nothing to go on.

Swinging her feet over the side of the bed, she found a pair of high-heeled satin bedroom slippers which she put on, and then stood up and stretched cautiously. She felt somewhat stiff and lame, especially all down the side, shoulder, elbow and knee.

"Ouch! That must be the side! I fell on. To think that I always wanted to learn to ride horseback and now I've done it and had a bad fall besides—and I don't know a thing about it!"

She went over to the big window with flowered cretonne curtains and cushions . . . ivory-tinted wicker furniture . . . a little pile of silk underclothes at the foot of the big smooth bed . . . luxurious dressing table with a low seat in front of it . . . a partly-open door at the right giving a glimpse into a closet full of clothes . . . at the left a wide-open door into a spacious white tiled bathroom.

Suddenly, as she stood motionless on the threshold, feeling like an intruder entering some one else's bedroom, she caught sight of a girl with short wavy hair, clad in a delectable mauve pyjama suit. With a gasp of surprise she realized it was her own image reflected in one of the two full length mirrors which flanked the dressing table!

"Well! . . ." She moved hastily up close to the mirror and examined herself with interest. Fascinated, she examined her face more closely and smiled suddenly with pleased surprise at the image in the glass. "You look really a whole lot . . . prettier than you ever did in Philadelphia, I must admit! The bathroom was another exciting discovery. It was a large, square room, elaborately tiled, with magnificently modern fittings and fixtures. Joyce gasped with pleasure as she looked.

Through the big open window at the left, the sun was streaming in, bringing with it that indescribably sweet odor which had greeted Joyce on her waking. Part of it must come from those acres of trees in bloom beyond the garden, part of it from the waxen blossoms of the orange tree.

In spite of the mystery, in spite of the complications she was about to meet, it was impossible, after a two-year-long diet of Mrs. Lowrie's boarding house, for Joyce not to feel a thrill of pleasure at finding herself in these lovely surroundings. With a little hop of sheer excitement, she crossed the big bathroom and pushed open another door which she noticed stood just slightly ajar.

"Oh? His . . . his dressing room, I suppose," she murmured, hesitating on the threshold. She entered shyly, crossed to the dresser, and took from it a large photograph in a heavy silver frame. Her own face smiled out at her.

It was her own; but Joyce felt, nevertheless, that she must be looking at her double. "Of course, it's touched a lot, and the shorn hair and the pearls and the evening gown make a difference. But I don't know . . . there's something so assured and sophisticated and daring about it that it doesn't look like me not like Joyce Ashton!"

Continued Next Week.

O. S. C. COMMENCEMENT ARRANGED FOR JUNE 4-5

New York Pastor to Deliver Baccalaureate Sermon to Graduates Sunday, June 4

The sixty-fourth annual commencement at Oregon State college is announced for Monday, June 5, when, according to the tentative list, degrees will be conferred on 489 members of the graduating class.

Dr. Mervin Gordon Neale, president of the University of Idaho, will deliver the commencement address, with Dr. W. J. Kerr, chancellor of the Oregon system of higher education, presiding for his 26th annual commencement on the state college campus.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, minister of The Community Church of

Springfield a year ago as a representative of the Gilmore Oil Company.

In need of money, a New York woman decided to rent her phonograph records. She is doing well.

There are 200 chiropractors in New York.

SAYS HER HUSBAND LOST 16 POUNDS IN 4 WEEKS

"I have never found a medicine that 'peps' you up like Kruschen Salts and better still, leaves you 'pepped up.' I take it two or three times a week—not to reduce but merely to feel good and clean. My husband took it to reduce, he lost 16 pounds in 4 weeks." Mrs. E. A. Ferris, Washington, D. C. (December 29, 1932.)

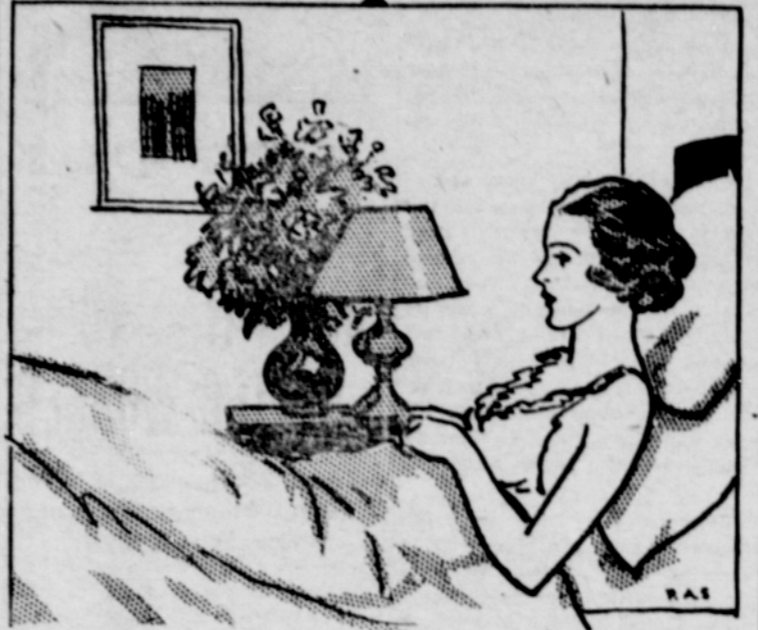
To lose fat and at the same time gain in physical attractiveness and feel spirited and youthful take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning.

A jar that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle at any drugstore in the world but be sure and get Kruschen Salts the SAFE way to reduce wide hips, prominent front and double chin and again feel the joy of living—money back if dissatisfied after the first jar.

INFORMATION SOUGHT ABOUT PROPERTY HERE

Two requests for information about property near Springfield have been received during the past week from distant points. I. M. Peterson, city recorder, has received a request from Texas for information about property, and another request has been received by Thelmer Nelson, as secretary of the Lions club, from Nebraska for information relative to farming in this vicinity.

The Nebraska request was sent at the suggestion of Captain Frank Winch, who visited in



"The sound of steps approaching her bed sent her pulse hammering"

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These "Staples" are the printing that you are using day after day, week after week, and month after month.

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- LETTERHEADS ANNOUNCEMENTS STATEMENTS BUSINESS CARDS ENVELOPES PAMPHLETS BLOTTERS HANDBILLS RECEIPTS TICKETS FOLDERS TAGS

The Willamette Press

Business Printers Springfield



Save His Health And Your Pocketbook WITH ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

"I really don't see how we managed," remarked an electric refrigerator owner. "It wasn't until we got our electric refrigerator that I began to wonder how on earth we'd been getting along without it. I know Baby's milk is fresh and pure now and that no chances are being taken with his health. Then the money we wasted in spoiled foods alone seems fantastic now. We wasted money by buying in tiny quantities because I knew it wouldn't keep well. Now, I never have to worry about food being tainted and unhealthy. And how I do appreciate the new convenience!"

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY