

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1933

### RE-LOCATING THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY

Because of high water every three or four years that holds up traffic for a day or so and because the federal government grab bag is open whereby some money can be gotten and charged to the future, we are asked to submit to a change in the relocation of the Pacific highway between Eugene and Cottage Grove.

The question, however, is even broader than that—it is a matter of policy also. The question is: "Are we going to build roads to serve the people of this state who daily pay into the highway commission funds gas tax and license fees or are we going to build roads for transit motorists, who make daylight-to-dark flights through our state enroute to California and Washington, buying a tank full of gasoline here once perhaps in a life time?"

The local residents do not want this section of the Pacific highway changed. Six hundred of them signed their names to petitions against change. They want it left substantially where it is now, straightened and otherwise improved. Most of these signers travel this road every day in the year.—The tourist travels it but once. The state of Oregon likely has a million dollars invested in this piece of road it is proposed to abandon. The governor of this state is asking that we vote a sales tax to keep the state and counties from bankruptcy. His highway commission is preparing to throw away a million dollars worth of state property. Such is the inconsistency of the way democratic government functions.

The promoters of this new scheme want to re-locate the whole Pacific highway in Lane county, with the exception of one section. This one section they do not plan to rebuild (Walker to Divide) is the poorest part of the road in Lane county.

Down in the Siuslaw river canyon the highway department spent a million dollars changing the railroad tracks and preparing a water grade—cutting into the mountain side where rocks will fall on the road and bad slides occur for the next hundred years. Here in the valley it is proposed to abandon a scenic road and easily traveled water grade for one over the hill tops where it will take hundreds of thousands of dollars to make fills and cuts. Such is the common sense of highway engineers who are here today and gone tomorrow.

When will we begin to use common horse-sense in Oregon in the conduct of our government?

### FAIR COMPETITION TO BE OUR CODE

A day when price cutters would be no more and all wholesale and retail trade would cooperate together in a fair code of fair competition has long been the dream of most business men. Now they have such a condition stronger than they ever hoped for, enacted into law without their request and carrying severe penalties for those who do not conduct themselves accordingly.

It has long been said that competition is the life of trade but in actual practice it has been discovered that cut throat competition is also the death of trade. When his books are finally balanced the cut-throat competitor has rendered no service to the country at large—usually he robs one and gives to another. This President Roosevelt seeks to remedy in the Industrial Recovery act, designed primarily to raise prices, and increase employment.

Whether this new law will work remains to be seen. People must buy before steady employment is provided for industry and business. Business people will tell you that folks buy most when prices are rising. If this psychology holds true perhaps the circle will start rotating again and all will find their place. This coupled with the fact that there are low stocks in all goods should make increased business immediately.

This is what has happened with the lumber business. Yards are buying heavily because their yards are depleted and mills are starting everywhere. However, there has been little increase in consumer buying of lumber but with more people at work there will soon come repair and new building. When we get the ball rolling again the thing to do is keep up the momentum and everyone will try harder if he is going to get fairly awarded for his efforts.

### CUT THOSE TAXES

The demand for lower taxes has become well-nigh universal. Governments, national, state, county and local, went wild in the fat years before the crash of 1929, in creating new jobs and finding new ways to spend public funds. We grant that many of the objects for which taxes have been steadily increased are desirable—if we had the money. But in these days, when individuals and their families have to count every penny and get along without most of the things they would like to have, public officials who persist in extravagance should be summarily removed.

The difficulty in the way of getting taxes reduced is that the tax-eaters are organized and the taxpayers are not. We think it was Mr. Cleveland who coined the phrase "The cohesive power of public plunder." It is natural for those who are feeding at the public crib to desire to keep their jobs, and to put every possible obstacle in the way of those who would oust them. But this is, in theory at least, a "government of the people by the people and for the people," to quote another famous president. And the indignation of the people at the impudent defiance of public opinion by the tax-eater is already beginning, in some communities and sections, to approach the boiling point.

The process of reducing taxes is simple enough. Lop off the unnecessary frills and fads with which we have bedeviled our governmental functions. Reduce the administration of public affairs to the bare essentials and see that honest men administer them. We do not think we are exaggerating when we say that the nation would be better off if half of the bureaus and departments at Washington were abolished. We think most states are in the same fix and we are sure that there are savings to be made in the operations of most local governments.

Iowa, Connecticut, and New Hampshire are the latest states to join the prohibition repeal ranks by polling large majorities. Iowa long regarded as very dry has slipped. The question is now "how rolls the Oregon?"

The dries have to get but four states to prevent repeal this year as nine states have made no provision to vote on the matter. The question is which four can they get. They count on Oregon as one of them.

The writer was honored this week by being elected to the school board. He is pledged to no particular program except one of economy. It seems evident now that if the schools are to be kept running that expenses will have to be cut materially.

After a shut down of nearly two years the Booth-Kelly mill will resume operations after the Fourth of July. Sound of the old mill whistle again will be music to everyone's ears. After all it is more than a noise for workmen to go to work by. It is a symbol of progress.

Too many bosses or too many politicians seems to be the trouble with the United States delegation to the world economic conference. It seems that too many cooks spoil the pie.

# AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY

### Fifth Installment

#### SYNOPSIS

One bleak November day Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, was in a skidding taxi-cab in Chicago. Next thing she remembered was two years later when she woke one morning to find herself in a luxurious house in California, with a wedding ring on her hand, and a pleasant young man, addressing her as Frills, telling her to be careful after her fall from her horse the day before. Her husband was Neil Packard, rich fruit packer. Confused and troubled, she tried to find out more about herself and from letters in her desk found that she had been a heartless, grivulous young woman and had become involved in a serious affair with a man named Maitland. Later, when he came to see her, he was hurt and surprised when she tried to repulse him, but he finally left her.

"I don't care who comes, I'm going out!" she decided recklessly. "On a glorious day like this it would be a crime to stick indoors. If this isn't a pleasant change from Philadelphia in November! It's all so marvelous!"

She went down to the dining room buoyantly, careless of whether or not it had been Frills' custom to appear so early.

After serving breakfast, Roxie lingered. "Will you be home for dinner, Mrs. Packard?" she asked. "Marcia would like to know if there'll be guests, and how many to expect, and what you'd like to order."

"Yes, I'll be here for dinner, but I'll be alone. And tell Marcia to have anything at all, it doesn't matter what, just so I don't have to decide myself."

She went out immediately into the garden and made her way around the dining-room wing of the house in the direction of the garage, sniffing delightedly at the exotic fragrance of the orange blossoms.

She was amused to notice a head checked back behind the yellow checked curtains as she passed the kitchen. "I just know they're wondering what can have happened to Frills," she thought, smiling. "Well, they'll have to keep on wondering. I hope at least that they won't find the change too unpleasant. Now, let's see—Oh, there's somebody! I wonder if that's the 'Sam' Neil mentioned?"

"He looks young and somehow not like an ordinary servant," she thought as she approached. "I wish he'd look up. Shall I say 'good-morning' to attract his attention? I don't dare call him Sam till I'm sure he is Sam."

Her impression that he was not an ordinary servant was confirmed when the young man suddenly turned around, and seeing her, broke off in his whistling and exclaimed, "Good morning, Mrs. Packard! Good, I'm glad to see you out. How are you? Feel all right?"

His attitude, though deferential enough, had nothing servile in it. He spoke in an easy manner, as if questions of varying social levels had never disturbed him.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," replied Joyce, feeling relieved that this was going to be easier than she had expected. "I did get kind of a bad crack on the head, though it's better today. . . . Is Fire Queen in the stable?" (She had one thing to thank Maitland for—he had told her the name of the horse.)

There was just the hint of a grin on the young man's face as he answered, "Mr. Packard gave orders before he left for me to take her over to MacBready's ranch yesterday."

"Oh?" Joyce frowned, not, as Sam probably thought, in anger at this news, but in baffled annoyance at having to stop and consider every remark before she dared make it.

"Mr. Packard had me bring Rosita over from MacBready's for you in case you want to ride. She's one fine little mare, lively as a kitten, without the mean streak of Fire Queen. Want me to saddle her up?"

Furnished with a plausible excuse for not riding, this would have been an excellent chance for Joyce to have remarked angrily, "no, if I can't have Fire Queen, I won't ride at all!" Instead she answered, "I'm not going to ride today, but I'd like to see her."

"Sure, I'll bring her out," and Sam disappeared into the stable where she heard him speaking in low clucking tones with a soothing not in his voice. Sam was a nice young man, but she fancied he had looked a little disappointed at the quiet way she received the news of losing Fire Queen.

Sam came out leading a daintily stepping chestnut mare, with a white star on her mild forehead. She muzzed against Sam's shoulder with her soft nose, while he explained to Joyce, "Rosita's always been a pet at MacBready's and she's used to being made much over, aren't you, baby?" He stroked her fondly, pushing her off when she playfully nipped his sleeve. "Here, get out, girl, pick on some one your own size. Isn't she a beauty? Look at her lines, she hasn't got a fault anywhere."

"She is a beauty," agreed Joyce, with enthusiasm, coming closer and patting the horse's neck timidly,

She looks as gentle as can be, went on Joyce, wondering whether Frills wouldn't have been disgusted with this very mildness.

"Sure she does," agreed Sam, "but say, get on her, and she's got all the life you want and don't you forget it. Say, that mare's got one on the fastest trots of any horse around here, and the smoothest canter you ever saw."

Joyce stepped back a little. In spite of Rosita's good character, she seemed disconcertingly big, and Joyce had a foolish fear of being stepped on suddenly. She lingered while Sam led Rosita inside again.

There was a varnished wooden station wagon standing on the gravel drive while inside the garage she could see a long low car, very sporty-looking with brilliant canary-yellow body and disk wheels.

The upholstery was a bright lavender leather, and there was a great deal of shiny nickel about it. "I wouldn't be found dead in a thing like that," thought Joyce.

Sam, returning at the moment, caught sight of her expression. He looked puzzled and asked, "what's the matter, Mrs. Packard? Anything wrong with the car?"

"Nothing — except that it's all wrong," retorted Joyce, continuing to smile. She felt recklessly inclined to go on and tell him what she really thought about it.

"Well, I'd get tired of those jazzy colors myself after a bit," said Sam frankly, "but it's a darn good car. Shall I back her out for you?"

"No, thanks, I'm not going out today." She still lingered, however, as if she were not quite sure of her decision.

Suddenly she remembered something she had wanted, and forgetting everything else, she asked eagerly, "Do you know where I could get a dog?"

This time the astonishment on Sam's tanned face was so unmistakable that Joyce realized that she had at last really surprised him.

"But gee, Mrs. Packard, I thought you didn't like dogs," he exclaimed. "Well, I've changed my mind," returned Joyce, embarrassment making her speak so shortly that Sam seemed to take her answer as a rebuke.

"Well, I don't know exactly what I do want," said Joyce uncomfortably, wishing she had given the matter more thought before getting into it this way.

"Why don't you go to Allen Kennels and pick out something you like?" suggested Sam after a moment.

"Oh, I don't want to be bothered," she replied, hoping this would sound enough like the capricious Frills to pass. "Can't you get me one somewhere around here, so I can have it today?"

"Well, I know a dog I think I could get you," exclaimed Sam suddenly. "It's the cutest little white and black Boston bull you ever saw, about two years old and smart as a whip. Belongs to people named March. They're going to China and don't want to take the pup. Like to have me see if I can get him for you?"

"Oh, yes, do," said Joyce. "Do you want . . . had you better have some money? I can write you a check."

"I don't think they'll take any money. They'll be glad to find a good home for the dog."

"Get him as soon as you can, will you?" asked Joyce, smiling at Sam gratefully. "I'm crazy to see him. Now that I've decided to have a dog, I want it right away."

"Sure, I'll go right away, Mrs. Packard. I was just going to drive down to get the day's orders."

Joyce wished she might ride with him while he did his errands but realizing the inadvisability of such an outing she turned away reluctantly and went back to the house where she found that the morning mail had arrived. She sorted out the ones addressed to "Mrs. Neil Packard" and carried them down to the far end of the garden to a secluded corner hidden from the house.

The first one was a short note, carelessly scrawled in a handwriting she seemed to have seen be-

fore. "Sorry you didn't feel like seeing any of the gang honey, I can't stand this any longer. Thank God, Neil is away for some time. I can't get over your look this morning, Frills. Call me up tomorrow, dearie, C."

"That's the same 'C' who wrote about the house party," thought Joyce, "and it must be the Mrs. Emory who telephoned yesterday."

The next letter on heavy masculine stationery began: "Star Baby!" Joyce grinned to herself at this poetic opening. "How lovely!" she murmured sarcastically, and read on with interest.

"I'm sitting in my room at the window that faces where you are, and think of you so hard that I can't settle to anything else. I'm bitterly disappointed that I can't be with you now, this minute. I had been living for it all day, and now I'm lonely as the devil. You've got to be better tomorrow, afternoon, sweetheart, I thought I'd see you in all your different moods, but you had me guessing today. I never felt so puzzled about you before. You seemed to have slipped away from me entirely. I can't quite get it yet. It makes me restless now and I'm tempted to try to get to you tonight in spite of everything. I'll be worried until I find you looking more like yourself."

"Why are you keeping me off like this? I'm pretty rotten at writing, you know, beloved, but when I'm with you again I'm going to tell you all over again—and demonstrate it—how I adore every inch of you. Won't you call me up right away? I want to know how you slept and how you feel now. All my love to my Frills, from her adoring Mait."

"Too much fervor!" murmured Joyce critically. She felt only a detached sort of disgust, as if she were reading a vulgar love letter addressed to another. She shook the letter impatiently. "All your fine passion is wasted on me, Mr. Maitland!" She said aloud.

"Well, let's see what else I have here? After Mait's passionate composition everything else will seem tame."

The next letter made her sit up with a jerk. There was no address, and Joyce hastily turned the envelope over and examined the post mark curiously. "New York, N. Y.," she finally made out.

In an angular, precise handwriting, in pale ink the astonishing letter read:

"My Dear Florence: Although you seem to lack interest in hearing about the baby, I feel it no less than my duty to keep you informed of her health. She is a most engaging little mite, showing, even at her tender age, a decided personality and charm."

"Although truth compels me to admit that you are probably not the most suitable person to bring up a child, still I cannot understand how you can possibly feel that the sort of pleasures which fill your life are more important, more satisfying, than the care and bringing up of this dear little baby. I will send you a few lines each month. Please extend my faithful greeting to Neil, Sophie."

Spellbound, Joyce read this letter, which flowed along without a single paragraph to break its smooth stilted sentences. The significance of its contents came as such an unexpected blow that she felt weak and shaken.

"A baby! It can't be true! . . . I never even heard of that. . . . Could Frills have had a baby in that time? Let me see, yes, it could have happened. . . . the baby could be now be as much as five or six months old! . . . Oh dear, Oh dear, to think of me having a baby. . . ."

She sat and read the letter again and again trying to realize the incredible fact that she, Joyce Ashton, was a mother.

Joyce glanced up and saw a man coming down the path toward her. She took a deep breath to restore her courage and looked him over with surprising calm as she hastily put the letters aside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



### CURTIS . . . . . used talent

There are just as many opportunities now as there ever were for the right man to achieve independence by the use of his own talents and not much else. Of course, he must have the talents and the will to use them.

That is what I think of in thinking of my old friend, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who died the other day at 83. He started his business career with three cents, which he ran up to nine cents the first day, buying and selling newspapers in his native Portland, Maine. He died leaving an estate of many millions, owner of the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal and three daily newspapers.

Mr. Curtis prospered because he had the essential qualities of success in himself. He was honest, industrious, modest, religious, quick-witted, sober, generous and cheerful. His life was a complete disproof of the notion many lazy folk have, that men only get rich by robbing the poor. He gave the people of America more, in the shape of wholesome good reading, than he ever took from them.

### CONSTITUTIONS . . . . . the spirit

I confess to a lack of sympathy with the idea that our nation or any nation must always be fettered by the dead hands of the past. I am willing to admit that the Constitution of the United States is the greatest charter of government ever set down on paper, but greater than any written document is the spirit of the people, and when that changes it is time to change the document or discard it.

The best thing about the British Constitution is that it is not written. It includes all the fundamental laws that have been enacted since Magna Charta; the Act of Succession, the Bill of Rights and a few other basic statutes that must not be violated, and that's all.

The best state constitution I know of is that of my own Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It sets down a few things which the General Court may not do and says, in substance, that the Legislature can do anything else that may be necessary to be done. And the worst constitution I have ever read is that of Oklahoma, which tries to prescribe every detail of government.

### TEXAS . . . . . and foreign affairs

Anybody who thinks the American people are not concerned about foreign affairs had better not say

that too loud in Texas. Peter Molyneux, editor of the Texas Weekly, has been making Texans understand that the prosperity of all of them depends directly on international trade.

Few people think of Texas in connection with foreign affairs, but that big state ships more goods abroad than even New York. About 90 percent of Texas cotton goes abroad, and a third of the population is well off or poor, depending upon the foreign price of cotton. Texas oil is another big item in foreign trade.

Peter Molyneux believes, and is getting other Texans to believe, that we've got to compromise the war debts and reduce our tariffs if we want to continue selling our goods abroad. Europe can't buy from us unless we buy from them, he says; and I think he's just about right.

### KING . . . . . speaks to world

George the Fifth, the most popular king England has had for more than a century, opened the World Economic Conference in London with a speech which was heard by radio around the world. Every nation on the globe, 66 of them, was represented there. No monarch ever presided over such a truly world-wide gathering.

The conference was called by the League of Nations, supposedly the most democratic organization in the world. But the man who presided is the only authentic and powerful emperor who remains upon a throne.

One secret of George V's popularity is that he doesn't act as if he were a monarch. He knows that he is King only so long as the English people want him to be. He is said to have intimated that the heir to the throne, the Prince of Wales, stands a much better chance of becoming president of the British Republic than King.

### STOCKS . . . . . the flurry

Anybody who thinks that speculation in stocks can be stopped by law has another guess coming. There is no limit to the desire of human beings to gamble. Most of the transactions on the Stock Exchange in normal times are on behalf of legitimate investors, who have bought and paid for their stocks and sell only when they can make a material profit by doing so and not always then, if the dividends continue.

Investors buy intelligently and sell carefully. But the ordinary person who does not make a business of looking after his money thinks he can beat the stock-market game while still carrying on his ordinary business. It can't be done, and it is nobody's fault but his own when he loses.

Just now there's a new wave of speculation in the market, because investors are buying in order to protect their money against depreciation. But anybody who "plays the market" on margin in simply foolish.

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