

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1933

BEST ROUTE BY COUNT

The section of the Pacific highway from Springfield to Eugene is the most traveled of any on the whole highway in Oregon outside the metropolitan area around Portland...

Since this is a section of road that it is proposed to move out Alder street or somewhere else to avoid high water once every four or five years, let us analyze this traffic to see who uses this road and how many would use another route.

When this count was taken it was found that out of the 4,155 motor vehicles passing only 2,367 traveled south of McKenzie Junction or in other words nearly half the traffic turned over the Springfield bridge.

So on June 16 there would have been about 1500 vehicles traveling between Walker station and Eugene on the Alder street route if it had been Pacific highway...

It has been the contention of the Lane-Pacific highway members that two or more local automobiles travel the Pacific highway in Lane county to one tourist.

It is also their contention that when the Pacific highway is rebuilt in Lane county that consideration be given these two local cars along with the one tourist car.

The Willamette highway (50 or 60 miles shorter to California) is the coming road for north and south traffic in Oregon. Any re-location of the Pacific highway that does not take this into consideration is not wise.

As to federal aid money there is no ruling that would preclude its use on the present route. And even if there were the half million dollars we might get should be weighed against the two million dollars we have already spent on the Pacific highway in Lane county...

A NEW WAVE OF LAWLESSNESS

The recent epidemic of kidnapping seems to us to be a direct outgrowth of the lawlessness which was bred under the prohibition laws. Thousands of men found it easy to make big money quickly by violating the liquor laws.

We have not the complete record before us, but since the tragic Lindbergh baby case there have been at least twenty and probably more cases of kidnapping for reward, and something like a million dollars, or even more, has been paid to these criminals for the safe return of their victims.

One of the worst features of kidnapping is that the friends and relatives of the victim generally do not notify the police or the sheriff. They have been warned not to do so, on penalty of the death of the person who has been kidnapped.

We have a great deal of sympathy with the effort which the federal government is making to put an end to racketeering. We believe however, that in the present state of the laws it is very difficult to punish such crimes by legal means with sufficient certainty to make them effective.

STRIKES ILL ADVISED

Strikes in sawmills and lumber camps are very ill advised at this time. On the eve of the new lumber code going into effect and the question of minimum wages and hours to be in the hands of the government and not to be determined by the individual mill company...

Lumber workers are going to get substantially more money than is being paid now when the new code is adopted. Obviously no wage agreements can be negotiated as long as the code is under consideration.

WE HAVE WOOD TO SELL

The Pacific Telephone company, which has not seen fit to reduce its rates throughout the depression although it has cut the pay of employees and limited the hours of work greatly, goes about our city patching up rotted off telephone poles with stumps.

Postmaster Farley has his democratic postoffice seekers in consternation. He has ruled that anyone eligible to be appointed a postmaster must be able to read and write.

AWAKENED WOMAN BY ELINORE BARRY

NINTH INSTALLMENT

Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago, suffered loss of memory. Two years later she woke one morning after a fall from her horse to find herself under the name of Frills, married to Neil Packard...

Now go on with the story— In San Francisco, where she went while her husband was away on business, she met Robert Ainsworth, a poet whose work she had always admired.

"Can you stand it to have only me for dinner this once?" asked Joyce.

"Whoopee! Just ask me, can I!" he replied. "You know that, Frills old kid. I'll go up and wash and be right down again."

When Packard came down the stairs Joyce divined his intention to kiss her again, and she moved toward the dining room immediately, saying "Dickie eats with us."

"Where do you want his chair?" inquired Packard politely. "Here you are, boy, get up and let's see how good your table manners are."

They sat down opposite each other at the small round table with Dickie between them. Joyce was struck by the lingering bewilderment on Packard's face.

"Ges! It's good to be home again," he began. "I sure hate Chicago."

She asked politely, "Was the conference a success?" Packard stared.

Joyce flushed. "Oh, is it something I'm not supposed to ask about what happened so long as you mark which occurred to her in an effort to cover her embarrassment."

"Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed hastily. "Only... only..." he hesitated. "I'm sorry, Frills, I can't keep up with you. You've jumped me so hard about talking shop and said so often you didn't give a damn about what happened so long as you didn't have to hear about it that—"

"Well, I don't want to know everything that happened. I just wondered if you had a successful trip in general," said Joyce. She began to wonder if Frills had ever had a decent word for anyone.

"Oh, sure, we fixed up what I went for and got the new branch office planned out and ready for business," he said.

"Sam said there was a fire at the plant here," remarked Joyce casually, "but almost no damage done. Had you heard about it?"

"Yes, I called up from the city, before I came down. But, tell me what you've been doing with yourself, Frills. How's every one in the gang? Doc been in much?"

"Don't know. I just got home today myself," replied Joyce. "I haven't seen anybody I know for nearly two weeks. The first two days after you went they wouldn't let me alone, and I wanted to be quiet, so I walked off and went up to the city alone."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Packard at for a few moments with his eyes fastened on his food. Joyce understood without doubt that he didn't believe she had spent all that time in San Francisco alone.

"Why should he? Suddenly she knew that she wanted him to believe it. It was perfectly obvious to her that he loved Frills and that he was a little afraid of her."

Joyce wondered with a sudden thump of her heart how he would like a baby around the house. If she could only ask him about the baby in New York.

"I promised Dickie to throw a stick for him," she said as they left the table, "if you care to join us, come along," and she ran across the terrace and down the wide stone steps to the stretch of lawn at the top of the garden, without waiting for reply.

Packard followed her more slowly. By the time he joined them she was racing around with Dickie, having a lively game and secretly amused to wonder what he thought of the unusual sight of Frills enjoying a childishly simple pleasure of this kind.

She turned to him and asked very abruptly, "Are you very tired after your trip?"

"Good Lord, no!" he answered, evidently startled. "Why?"

"It's going to be glorious moonlight in a few minutes. Let's go for a horseback ride." His look of blank amazement at this suggestion caused her heart to sink for a moment.

"What's the matter? Afraid it'll cause a scandal if any one discovers you've been out with your own wife?" she demanded.

"Hell!" grinned Packard. "I should worry about that. But you can't blame me for... for wondering if I'd heard you right. You— we haven't spent many evenings together lately."

There was something in his voice which hurt Joyce a little. She had not found him exactly interesting so far, but she already liked him enough to be sorry for the way Frills had been treating him.

"Well, it's up to you," she replied. "I'm going for a ride and if you want to come, all right." Secretly she quailed at the idea of going out alone for the first time.

But Packard accepted without further questioning. "I'll tell Sam to saddle up while we get into our things," he said. "Run on in, darling. Let's light out before any of the gang shows up."

"Take Dickie with you and leave him with Sam," said Joyce, and, trembling with excitement she raced into the house and upstairs to her big closet, where she proceeded to kick off her slippers and pull her dress over her head as rapidly as possible.

Scarcely five minutes later they were hurrying downstairs and out to the stable.

She noticed as they rode off slowly that Neil kept eyeing her in an apprehensive fashion.

"Want a cigarette, dear?" he asked once, holding out his case toward her as they rode close together on a short level stretch along the hills.

"You light it, please," she handed it back to him.

"That gives me permission to kiss you," he remarked, smiling as he handed her back the lighted cigarette.

"But who wants to kiss his own wife?" retorted Joyce, urging Rosita into a quick trot.

"Here's one man who does," he replied, easily catching up with her. Riding close to her horse he put his arm around her and tried to draw her toward him.

"Oh, please don't!" she exclaimed hastily. "you make me— you had been about to say, 'you make me nervous,' when she was struck by the absurdity of Frills Packard saying anything like that."

Packard looked surprised, but he obediently fell away a little. Joyce was undecided whether to be contemptuous of him for his lack of spirit or to conclude that his experience with Frills, when he crossed her, had probably been so unpleasant that he had learned his lesson thoroughly.

Try as she would, Joyce could not keep Robert Ainsworth from her thoughts. The beauty of the night brought vividly to mind his delightful personality.

Joyce wondered most of the way back if her silence puzzled Neil very much. She would have chattered willingly enough, but nothing except dangerous remarks seemed to occur to her.

"Oh, sure, only it's... it's not exactly like you."

Joyce, torn between impatience and amusement, answered, "Well, whatever I do is me isn't it?"

Packard made no reply to this, but a little later on he said earnestly, "Look here, sweetheart, I stopped to see mother today on my way down. She'd like awfully to... be friends with you. Won't you, please? I'd give anything in the world if you'd go to see her and just be nice to her a few minutes. You needn't go often or spend much time there, but if you... she's so anxious to have things friendly, it's tough on her, my being her only son and my wife never going to see her. She's getting old, you know."

Before Neil stopped Joyce felt a lump coming into her throat. His voice was so pleading and so anxious. She remembered the sweet-faced woman whose picture she had found in his desk drawer, and how she wondered if his mother were still living.

"Well, all right, I'll make a date with you to take me to see her tomorrow. I won't go alone," and she was a little pleased with herself for her diplomacy.

Her prompt acceptance surprised him, she saw, but he seized upon it gratefully. "Thanks a lot. We could take a run out there before dinner. Could you be ready at about five? Or would that interfere with anything you're doing? We don't have to go tomorrow, you know."

"No, we'll go at five. If you forget or let any business interfere you'll have hard work making any more dates with me—for anything," retorted Joyce.

"I'll be there, I'll tell the world. Gee, Frills, that's sweet of you. You know how much mother means to me."

Joyce rode on in silence thinking fast and furiously. If she could do things like this for Packard surely she needn't feel that all the giving was on his side, even though she refused him herself. She could give him more of her company than Frills had; she could eliminate all causes for jealousy with Maitland; she could make his house more of a real home. Or was it too late to do that? And could she follow out such a plan without misleading him as to her feelings?

Well, she had made enough concessions for such a short time! The future must somehow take care of itself.

As, on foot once more, they approached the house from the terrace side, Joyce heard voices; and when they entered the living room they were immediately surrounded by a welcoming group who had evidently been waiting for their return.

"Well, what do you know? Frills's been riding in the moonlight with her husband! Hot stuff! Somebody telephone the scandal to the papers."

The company consisted of Doc Ellison, Ross and Clarice Emery, Charlie Bates, and Art Belmain. Joyce wondered where the other women were.

"Don't suppose you got any golf while you were east, did you, Nell?" asked Art Belmain.

"Not a round," replied Packard. The men proceeded to talk golf and business.

As the party broke up, Dr. Ellison said in an aside to Joyce, "Say, Frills, you're looking much better than you did two weeks ago. Has your head bothered you any lately?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



ditions about the house which caused the fire. "Make the Best Safer" is going to be the motto of Lane county's 2700 4-H club members during the 4-H Club Fire Prevention campaign.

POULTRY PROBLEMS ON CONVENTION PROGRAM

Fair Code, and Other Major Problems Listed for Discussion by Leading Specialists

Many of the most practical phases of the poultry industry are concerning poultrymen of Oregon at their tenth annual convention this week at Oregon State college, Thursday and Friday, July 27 and 28. The "home-made program," as it is termed by A. G. Lunn, head of the poultry department...

In addition to college poultry specialists on the program, are Miss E. B. Reed, manager of the Pacific Cooperative Poultry Producers of Portland, and Floyd Oles, manager of the Oregon Feed Dealers association, who agreed to discuss the new government codes of fair competition.

The first morning session starts at 10 o'clock and the second at 9 o'clock, while afternoon sessions are at 1:30. Dean W. A. Schoenfeld

is the speaker at the evening meeting of the first day, which starts at 7:30. Two business sessions of the Oregon Poultrymen's association are scheduled as the concluding feature each afternoon.

Considered one of the chief features of the entire program is the opening number on the Friday afternoon schedule, when Dr. W. T. Johnson sums up the results of his work to date in coccidiosis control. He is recognized as a world authority in this field.

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