

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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## INCREASING EMPLOYMENT AND PURCHASING POWER

The national recovery act program has one major purpose and that is to increase employment among the unemployed. It is proposed to do this by shortening working hours of help now employed and the general raising of wages. In other words full time employees are expected to share their job with the unemployed and employers are expected to pay more wages in the lower brackets. The public is expected to stand the increase cost of goods and service brought about by these arrangements.

President Roosevelt has summed up the situation in these words.

"We can make possible by democratic self discipline in industry general increases in wages and shortening of hours sufficient to enable industry to pay its own workers enough to let those workers buy and use the things that their labor produces.

"Without united action a few selfish men in each competitive group will pay starvation wages and insist on long hours of work. Others in that group either must follow suit or close up shop. We have seen the result of action of that kind in the continuing descent into the economic hell of the past four years.

"If all employers in each competitive group agree to pay their workers the same wages—reasonable wages—and require the same hours—reasonable hours—then higher wages and shorter hours will hurt no employer."

"On the basis of this simple principle of everybody doing things together, we are starting out on this nation-wide attack on unemployment. It will succeed if our people understand it.

"Abolishment of child labor makes me personally happier than any other thing with which I have been connected since I came to Washington.

"We are not going through another winter like the last."

"Opinion and conscience are the only instruments we shall use in this summer offensive against unemployment. But we shall use them to the limit to protect the willing from the laggard and to make the plan succeed."

"If I am asked whether the American people will pull themselves out of this depression, I answer, 'They will if they want to.'

"I cannot guarantee the success of this nation-wide plan, but the people of this country can guarantee its success."

## HOW SHALL WE SPEND IT?

The difficulties in cutting down federal expenditures, and the ease in starting extravagant expenditures, are suggested by public reaction to proposals for expenditures in the states. Title II of the National Recovery bill encourages this editorial in the High Point, N. C., Enterprise:

North Carolina, second largest federal taxpayer, may not maintain that relative place in the list of contributors to the proposed \$3,300,000,000 public works appropriation, but the state will be drawn upon for a considerable share. It has a legitimate interest, therefore, in the question of how it can participate in the distribution of the money. Senator Bailey estimates the state has an expectancy as great as eighty millions from the public works budget.

Assuming the Government could be induced to spend eighty millions of the \$3,300,000,000 in North Carolina, upon what should the money be spent?

The field of speculation is open. The question before the state is what to do with eighty millions.

When we as individuals spend money, the questions are: Do we need it? and How much would we have to pay for it? and Can we afford it?

But when we collectively, as the Federal Government, propose to spend money through the states, the questions are: How much can we get? What can we spend it for? —Better Business.

The long asked for secondary highway from Mabel to Holley, connecting the Mohawk and Calapooia valleys, should be built this year. The opening of the Dollar Lumber company sawmill should hasten this work. This company has holdings on both sides of the divide and there is other commercial traffic which is calling for the completion of this road. It makes the Calapooia and Santiam valleys tributary to this section and its construction is well worth the cost.

The Redmond Spokesman published an extra edition when the Central Oregon Alsike clover growers won first, second, fourth and fifth prizes at the Regina, Canada, world's Grain Exposition. It was a grand recognition for Central Oregon and the Spokesman told the world about it.

The president of one of Portland's banks is quoted in a speech: "We are now in the golden days of low taxes." He thinks that all the public works now being done will have to be paid for some day. How strange?

There's rumblings of a special session of the legislature. Haven't we troubles enough without starting the old mill grinding out more.



## The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.  
PERSONAL

I cannot help passing along to my friends the things I find out in the day's busy routine—things that may prove useful, and are always worth the telling. Things that PAY, if you can adapt them to your individual case.

I've found out that a colon—yes, you have one—that is over fifty years old—maybe forty-five,—such a colon must not have harsh food or harsh medicines. You want no irritating pills—pills that "gripe." I used to think a pill did no real good unless it hurt! Had no sense. A pill that hurts is dangerous—else it wouldn't hurt. I devote all my effort, now that I'm wiser—to finding laxatives that act without distress.

If you have a colon past middle age, you want to avoid "dead-wood" in food products too. After middle age, a patient is actually going down-hill. You may be forty-five, the prime of life; but, chances are, you'll not reach ninety—so few do. You'll never be quite so good tomorrow as you are today. . . . sad, but it's the mathematics of it.

Then, why fool with worthless food—or, say, bran—that isn't a food at all—just the husks—the weather-boarding of grain? Quite as well get up a brand of red cedar sawdust and serve with real food, sugar and cream. Just as much sense in it. No you've got to respect a colon that's over forty-five. Give it soft, non-irritating nourishment; treat it fully and it will treat you well. Be nice to a lazy colon. Why not try drinking a good half gallon of water each morning and afternoon?

Oatmeal mushes are soft. Baked rice is soft. Finest starches imaginable. Then, if you're working, mashed potatoes. Baked meats are soft, and agree with most folks. Try 'em.

# AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

## Installment Eleven

Synopsis — Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, suffered loss of memory in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago. One morning two years later she woke, after a fall from her horse, her memory restored, to find herself, as Frills, the wife of Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. She determined to tell nobody of her predicament but set about learning what she could of her life in the interval. From the conversation of her friends and letters in her desk she gathered that she had been a heartless, pleasure-loving young woman. One letter that troubled her was from a woman signing herself, Sophie, blaming Frills for not giving a home to a baby Sophie was caring for. Could it be her baby, Frills wondered? She also found herself involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. In San Francisco, where she went while her husband was away on business, she met Robert Atmsworth, a poet whose work she had always admired. When Joyce returned home, she decided to be pleasanter to Neil than Frills had been. But this line was dangerous, too, for Neil was pathetically anxious to win back Frills' love. NOW GO ON WITH STORY.

At last they were all gone, and Packard, closing the front door, came back to the living room and began to put out the lights. He yawned widely. "Gee, I'm sleepy. Got to be up early tomorrow, too. Going to bed now, Frills?" he asked, pausing with his hand at the last light.

"Yes, I am," replied Joyce. She couldn't get the words out which she meant to say casually. Turning, she went upstairs, closely followed by Packard, who switched on the bedroom light for her.

"I sure have missed that sleeping porch. Seems as if I never had any real air in those hotel rooms," remarked Packard when they were in the bedroom. "Once you get used to sleeping out anything else seems stuffy."

This hardly seemed an appropriate time to announce that she had decided to sleep in the house hereafter and Joyce, in an agony of embarrassment and indecision wandered over to her dressing table where she sat down and lighted another cigarette.

If he would only go to his own rooms and let her alone! But Packard lingered taking off his tie and unbuttoning his shirt while he talked.

Neil was now taking off his shirt, and Joyce, catching sight in her mirror of the white top of his sleeveless underwear felt a wave of color burn her face and she sat rooted to the spot. To her great relief, however, he went off to finish his undressing elsewhere and she jumped up and hurried to the closet. Just as she had stripped her last garment off and was reaching for a kimono she heard him again in the bathroom. She had left the door of the closet a trifle ajar so that she could keep track of his movements and the bathroom door stood wide open.

"Shall I run a hot bath for you?" called Packard, "or are you going to take a shower?"

Joyce hastily called out, "No tub, thanks. I'll take a shower when you get through."

"You needn't wait. I'm not using the shower," he called back cheerfully. "I want a real soak after being on the train two nights!"

She sat huddled on a chair in the closet and listened tensely to the process of his bath. He splashed and whistled and to poor Joyce it seemed as if he would never finish.

Suddenly the whistle stopped abruptly and she heard him ejaculate, "Damn! There goes the

soap!" Then raising his voice he called, "Say, Frills, be a good kid and get me the soap, will you? I dropped it out and it skidded way over into the bedroom!"

Joyce was petrified by this simple request. She was so startled that she even failed to take refuge in what had been her salvation in other awkward moments, the conveniently temperamental disposition of Frills.

"Well, wait a minute, I'll . . . I'll get it," she returned, and holding her silk Coolie coat tightly about her she emerged from the closet, found the cake of soap innocently lying on the blue carpet, picked it up, and entering the bathroom, hastily thrust it into Packard's wet outstretched hand. Then she hurriedly and left the room in a turmoil of emotions.

"I wish he'd hurry," she fumed, with a sigh of relief that that awkward moment was over, though her heart still thumped violently. "I'm tired. If that shower didn't have a glass door I'd go and take a bath now. I simply can't do it, though." She sat down again and listened anxiously.

Presently she heard him rubbing himself vigorously and a few minutes later he appeared in the bedroom in blue pajamas and slippers, his hair sticking up in damp rumpled confusion. How funny a man looked without a collar, she thought, and the pajamas seemed so loose and baggy! Lowering her eyes she went past him into the bathroom. She shut the door after her and very quietly and carefully turned the little catch that locked it.

When she opened the door again she found the bedroom empty, but from the porch Packard implored her, "Say, Frills, bring me a glass of water, like an angel, will you?"

Joyce wanted to retort crossly, but her naturally obliging disposition automatically asserted itself and getting the water she went to the sleeping porch which lay in the shadow. The moon made it light enough, however, to see Packard's face vaguely.

He sat up in bed and took the glass which she handed him. As he did so she said hastily, "Good night! I'm . . . I'm going to sleep inside for a while." She turned away as she spoke, but she scarcely finished the sentence before Packard put down the glass and jumped out of bed. He stopped her at the door and drew her into his arms, not roughly but with a gently firm movement which she could not evade.

"Oh, say, sweetheart," he protested, "not my first night home, Frills? I've been so . . . so lonesome for you, dear."

Packard bent his head quickly and kissed her eagerly, not once but several times, then drew her closer still and kissed the hollow of her neck several times. "Oh, sweetheart, won't you love me a little?" he whispered, his cheek laid against hers. "Won't you love me? Somehow to night you were so sweet, going out with me alone that way and I got to hoping you might . . . Oh, Frills, what can I do to make you come back to me?"

"Oh, let's not talk tonight," she exclaimed impatiently, "I'm dead tired, I tell you." To her relief he did not follow her, but she heard his deep sigh as she went on into the other room and shut the door, her knees trembling a little.

Once in bed with the door locked, she lay and thought over what had happened. This victory was hers, but she did not feel quite

the satisfaction in it that she had felt in circumventing Maitland.

Waking the next morning at her usual hour of seven o'clock she heard Packard whistling as he dressed and she debated whether to get up and have breakfast with him or to let him go away without seeing her.

She got out of bed and listened. It was so quiet that she concluded Neil had gone downstairs. She had just taken a dress from a hanger and had come out to put it on in front of the long mirror when she was startled by Packard appearing. "Good morning, wife!" he exclaimed, "how's the world?"

"Oh! . . . Good morning," she responded, hastily pulling the dress on and watching him apprehensively in the mirror as she fastened her collar and tie.

"Gee, this is great. Are you going to eat breakfast this morning?" he asked, leaning against the foot of the bed.

"We'll give Roxie a surprise, eating breakfast together," she remarked, as they entered the dining room. "Good morning Roxie, where is my blessed Dickie?"

"Out with Sam," responded Roxie. She too smiled, but there was a puzzled look about her face as she did so.

"Oh, then I'm going out to get him," exclaimed Joyce, "you start eating, I'll be right back," and she dashed out through the kitchen and called to Dickie, whom she saw lying with a bored expression outside the stable door.

"I wonder if he'd get too tired to go along with me if I go out to ride on Rosita. What do you think?" asked Joyce as she began her breakfast.

"Well, I wouldn't take him if you're going more than a short ride. I doubt if he's used to long runs." "By the way, I heard that Malt has a new horse," remarked Packard toward the end of the meal. "What sort of a cayuse is it? Did he get it from MacBready?"

Joyce's heart thumped. Now was her chance, and she determined to take it. She spoke casually, though the knowledge that she was changing color disconcerted her slightly. "I'm sure I don't know," she replied, "I haven't seen Malt for nearly two weeks."

When she raised her eyes from her plate she encountered a look on Packard's face which filled her with sudden anger. It had always infuriated Joyce to realize that her word was doubted.

Suddenly her pleasure in the day was spoiled. A hurt feeling of resentment against him for ruining her happy mood seized her. She forgot his side of the affair and the things which Frills had done to make his reaction so natural.

She said nothing until they had left the table and were in the living room. Then suddenly she faced him and with flaming face said, "Look here, I want you to know that I wasn't lying just now when I said I hadn't seen Malt for two weeks."

Packard started at her. He looked bewildered. An expression of eager hopefulness dawned in his face, but it was the cautious hope of one who has been hurt and disappointed too many times.

After fully five seconds' silence Packard said dully, "God knows I want to believe you, Frills, but after . . . that New Year's thing . . . He hesitated as if he were referring to some painful incident he could scarcely bear to mention.

Joyce was quivering all over. It seemed to her that nothing was

more important than to make him believe her. She gaped desperately for the right words to convince him. "But I'm telling the truth," she insisted, "you can ask Clarice . . . or ask Malt himself if you won't believe me."

Neil still looked as if he dared not believe and Joyce, exasperated at his obviously unconvinced manner, exclaimed, "Perhaps I was mistaken, perhaps you . . . you don't really care what I do—"

But at this Packard suddenly woke up. His face went white under the tan and taking a step forward he gripped her shoulders with his hands and said, with an intensity of restrained force that frightened her, "By God, Frills, I won't stand for that! When have you ever cared what I thought? When have you ever done anything but give me the most careless sort of

response? You've lied to me before. You know it and I know it. How can I help doubting you? I've done everything I could to try to make you happy. I've given you every bit of freedom and fun I could just so you might have a good time. I've protected you more than you knew against open scandal. I've stood so damn' much for you that I sometimes wonder what kind of a weak fool I am. But I can't help loving you in spite of it all. I've stood for this business with Maitland . . . I've stood, for all sorts of things—for your sake, and partly for my mother's. And when . . . when you've been a little nice to me, what has it ever meant? Some devilish scheme of yours to put something over on me. I don't know what your game is now, but even you can't tell me I don't really care what you do."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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## Going Too Far!!

By Albert T. Reid

