

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 \$0.50

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1933

A SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANT

We sat in utter amazement and listened to Dr. Frederick Stricker bluster and threaten this city if a sewage disposal plant was not constructed at once from government funds. He not only exhibited colossal ignorance as to city finances but made ridiculous statements when his plan backfired on him. He did not even have his facts right in regard to conditions in the upper Willamette river.

He said we had no right to dump our sewage into the stream from which Eugene got her water supply. Evidently he had never heard of Eugene's million dollar McKenzie water system—the model of all municipal enterprises. Such ignorance is unexcusable coming from a public officer drawing a large salary.

We doubt if he can prove his case that there is any appreciable sewage contamination of the Willamette river above Salem in the face of engineering studies to the contrary. A mighty lot of water runs down the old Willamette river in a year, compared to which city sewage is an infinitesimal part.

When reminded that if our sewer outlet was boarded up or the law enforced by the state, 2500 people here without sewage disposal might all take typhoid fever and die, he said we all deserved to die if we did not have enough sense to quit dumping our sewage into the Willamette river. He sure told us without tact or diplomacy. If there is a genuine need for sewage disposal plans in the Willamette valley, then the state health officer is the poorest man that could be selected to convince the people of that fact, and to vote bonds to build them.

The law he speaks of merely says that "no municipality shall discharge sewage into any river from which a public drinking supply is taken."

When a city's bonds are in default and half of its taxes delinquent, naturally councilmen are slow to take on any new indebtedness, especially on projects that are still in the experimental stages. It does not seem the right thing to do to lay further tax burden on the small home owner when so many of them are facing probable loss of that home, especially on a project that we have gotten along very well without all these years.

The national public works law never contemplated that further tax burdens should be placed on the people to build municipal plants. In fact it prohibits it. The plan is to get around the law by levying a tax on toilet connections, which amounts to the same thing as a property tax.

According to the doctor's own figures (\$3.55 per capita) it will cost Springfield nearly \$9,000 a year to operate and pay off the indebtedness of a sewage disposal plant even with cheap government money. That is money we might better pay in direct taxes to relieve our heavy indebtedness and to get rid of the \$13,000 interest we are paying yearly. After that it will be time to talk of sewage disposal plants.

REFORMING BUSINESS

By adopting a new set of rules which will make it very much more difficult for the little fellow with a few dollars to speculate in stocks, the New York Stock Exchange has gone a long way toward curing the worst evils of speculation. In rigidly limiting the possible fluctuation of the price of grain to not more than five cents a bushel in any one trading day, and pegging the price of wheat at 87 cents, below which it is not to be permitted to fall, the Chicago Board of Trade has at least set up protection for the producer against a speculative collapse in values and makes gambling in the staff of life less alluring to the professionals.

Both of these great exchanges have acted as they did only under pressure from Washington. It has dawned upon the Federal authorities that no organization or group can be trusted to purge itself of the evils which it has countenanced and which its operations involve. The purging must be done from without. That is true of every human institution. We cannot recall one that ever reformed itself. Reform has to be forced upon humanity.

The greatest effort ever attempted by our Government to reform business practices and bring about a better distribution of products and profits as between employer and employee is now being made. It was quite natural that many, perhaps most of those accustomed to doing business under the old scheme of unrestrained competition should not like the idea of being reformed. A great many still do not like it; but are accepting the President's code and organizing into trade associations under NRA codes because there is nothing else to do.

We are like the majority of Americans, we believe, in hoping that the New Deal works as it is planned. If it does accomplish its ends of putting people back to work at better wages and so restoring prosperity, we think that most of those who are grumbling now will forget that they didn't like the idea. And if it doesn't work—well, we'll not be worse off than we were.

BUILDING IS SLOW

Speculative demand for lumber still continues but consumption is low. Without the new deal stimulates consumption soon the outlook in future is none too bright.

For the second consecutive week production of lumber at mills reporting to the West Coast Lumbermen's association has shown a sharp decrease from the previous week. The peak of production was reached the week ending July 22 when all operating mills produced a total of 120,500,000 board feet. The following week the cut was 113,900,00 feet; the latest week, 107,700,000 feet.

Shipments continued heavy during the latest week. Unfilled orders stand at 35.2 per cent of stocks. Inventories are 12.9 per cent less than at this time last year. The volume of new business received has decreased steadily since the week ending July 1, the loss in the latest week being but 2,700,000 feet. However, the total reported by 186 mills is approximately half the amount of orders received in the week ending July 1.

The state of Oregon through its banking department is demanding payment of city delinquent warrants held by the defunct Commercial State bank. The state of Oregon through its health officer is demanding that Springfield go into debt to build a sewage disposal plant "even if you are broke." These two departments should get together. They can't have both.

The chairman of our school board tried to find out how the schools were run in other places when he was to the Chicago fair. His report on one district was that 99 teachers and 33 janitors were employed. Education seems to run more to janitors farther east.

One way to assure the peace of the world would be to arrange that a nation couldn't have another war until it had paid for the last one.

AWAKENED WOMAN  
BY ELLINORE BARRY  
Illustration of a woman riding a bicycle.

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

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 Almsworth, a poet whose work she had always admired. When Joyce returned home, she decided to be pleasant 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.

Far in the hills Joyce had found a little group of pines on the edge of a towering redwood grove. When she lay down on her back in the warm sunshine and looked up through the pines at the blue sky, she felt as if she were floating in space.

She lay thinking of Neil, and with a little thrill of satisfaction she decided that he showed no evidence of missing the old Frills.

She had now met practically every one who moved in their circle in Manzanita and had found out enough of their history and circumstances so that she could get by safely in most cases.

The month was not yet up but Joyce summarizing her impressions and the knowledge she had gathered, felt that she had given her environment a fair study and was entitled to draw her conclusions and plan her future course without further research.

First, as to Neil. She had made a number of enlightening and cheering discoveries concerning him. He was devoted to golf but did not care for dancing; he liked liquor but never drank to excess, and he disliked risque stories more than most of his acquaintances guessed. He believed in taking one's part in the life of the community but he would have been happy to stay at home four evenings out of a week to enjoy the quiet pleasures of private life.

On her return from San Francisco she had once more been forced to face the problem of her relations with Maitland. He had telephoned and called several times the first day while she was out, and on the second morning, just as she was ready for a ride on Rosita, he had appeared and caught her. . . . Joyce let her thoughts dwell dreamily for a moment on Maitland and instinctively she found herself comparing him with scorn to two men—Robert Almsworth and Neil Packard. Measured by Almsworth's standards, Maitland had no chance at all—it was almost unfair even to compare them.

Maitland had once or twice attempted to reopen the subject of their love, but Joyce had continued to treat him with such unmistakable coldness that he was baffled and finally let her alone.

In her thoughts she now came back, with a quickening of her pulse, to the problem of her relations with Neil. They had gone out together the evening before and cooked a camp supper high up on a hillside overlooking the valley. They lingered until it was dark, watching the stars creep out into their places. Joyce, hugging her knees, sat and breathed in the peace and quiet, while Neil stretched out close to her, smoking a pipe and playing gently with Dickie's ears.

Suddenly Neil had rolled over toward Joyce, and, putting his arms around her waist, laid his head on her lap. Joyce leaned back resting her weight on her hands behind her and did not touch him. She had lately avoided even the slightest demonstration of affection toward him, for she had come to the disconcerting conclusion more than once that Neil was finding it harder and harder to keep his feelings in check.

She could not help realizing that it was both unwise and unkind for her to slip her hand in his, to smooth back his hair, to lean against him when they sat together, to do any one of the dozens of little caressing things which she found herself, in her liking and pity for him, involuntarily and quite innocently inclined to do.

The slightest motion of this sort sent a flame of hope leaping into Neil's eyes.

How long could this go on? It was becoming more and more difficult for them both. Joyce trembled a little to recall the tenseness with which Neil had finally released his hold on her the previous evening.

Joyce had been curious to see Joyce Abbott, the one woman Neil seemed to like, and the meeting with her had come two days after

her conversation with Ethel about the dinner for Rhoda Maitland. It was nearly five o'clock and Joyce, dressed in riding clothes, was waiting for Neil to come home and take a ride with her before dinner.

She had just left the mirror in the living-room when she heard a motor and looking out saw a small shiny black roadster drive up to the door.

The girl who got out was dressed in white linen with a white felt sport hat and white buckskin oxfords. She was certainly rather pretty, with her big blue eyes and small neat features. . . . Joyce wondered who she was and nerved herself to the ordeal of meeting another stranger who was not a stranger.

"Sorry to bother you, Frills, but I'm out on business this afternoon," began the girl, smiling in a half-apologetic, half-defiant fashion, "and your name is on the list I had given me to call on. We want to raise a lot more money this year for the Orphans' Vacation camp up in the Sierras and so the committee is planning a big fair and entertainment. We want to find out what you'll do for it. Will you enter the horse show and take on one of the acts in the evening?"

Joyce listened to this appeal with mixed emotions.

"Of course, I'm . . . I'm interested in it," began Joyce slowly, feeling her way and smiling pleasantly as she spoke, "but I'm not riding any more in shows and I'd rather not take part in any entertainment, but I'm . . . I'd like to help in any other way?"

Her acquiescence was received with gratefully effusive thanks. The girl then rose, hesitated for a moment and said, with a little wistful air which Joyce felt instinctively was not wholly genuine, "I wish we might be friends. I do so like to be friends with every one. If there's anything I can do . . . I'm so sorry."

Who was this girl anyhow? wondered Joyce, slightly exasperated by her meek manner. There had evidently been some unpleasantness between Frills and her. But before she had to speak she was saved by the arrival of Neil.

"Well, look who's here! Hello, Joyce, how are you?" he exclaimed, shaking hands cordially with her. Joyce Abbott, of course!

"Well, why not sit down? What's your hurry?" went on Neil in his heartiest manner, "what do you know? How's the new car working?"

"Oh, it's just fine! but I must run along now. I just came to ask Frills if she'd help on the affair for the Orphans' Vacation camp. Good-bye and thanks ever so much."

"Good-bye," said Joyce. She spoke shortly, more because she could not think of anything to say than because she wished to be disagreeable. Neil accompanied the caller out to her roadster. Joyce, watching surreptitiously, was again amused to see the interest with which Neil listened and the appealing little glances Joyce Abbott threw at him from her expressive blue eyes.

"I've got her number," thought Joyce, "she's the ultrafeminine sort who clings and makes the men feel big and strong and masculine."

Thinking over the past month, Joyce was conscious of a baffled feeling of dissatisfaction when it came to her knowledge of Frills' own past.

In another direction also Joyce felt herself checked. She was no nearer accomplishing her purpose of getting back her baby than she had been when she received the first letter from Sophie. A second letter had arrived that morning—exasperatingly vague, very short and again minus an address. Joyce tormented herself trying to solve the problem, but her determination did not weaken.

Her thoughts swung around again to Neil. What was she going to do? To continue indefinitely living in the same house with him as they had been doing was impossible. She had not known what she was undertaking when she made that decision.

"I suppose I should have gone away in the first place," she thought discouragedly; "I can't realize inside of me that I'm married to Neil Packard and I keep having the feeling that there's something all wrong about living with a man so intimately and yet not really intimately. I'll never lose that feeling of uncomfortable shyness and strangeness. I know, until . . . unless—oh, dear!"

There might be among them a few congenial spirits but she did not feel any too hopeful. Yet after all, what did it matter? She reproved herself sharply for allowing the standards of Robert Almsworth to influence her. He was nothing to her, she told herself.

As she sat there motionless, she was startled to see a man appear. With a little gasp of amazement Joyce recognized Robert Almsworth. "Do you remember me?" asked Joyce.

"Oh Lord, how like a woman! Of course I remember you, worse luck!" he added with such profound gloom that Joyce giggled. "You're my public, you know!" He looked at her quickly and broke into a smile. "Here—please let me take your horse and turn her out into the corral."

"But . . . I was just thinking what a nice place this was to eat my lunch," said Joyce doubtfully.

"Oh, but wait till you have tasted my coffee," he protested, starting to lead Rosita away. "I'm just going to eat lunch myself and I really can make good coffee."

He was back in a surprisingly short time and said, "I never eat anything except bread and butter and fruit and coffee for lunch but I have plenty of truck in the shack and I can make anything you like. Orders taken until two-thirty."

"Oh, please don't think of getting anything for me except coffee," protested Joyce quickly, "I have my sandwiches which I really must eat or Roxie's feelings would be hurt."

"Well, the coffee will be done in a few minutes. Sit down or stand up or do whatever you feel like doing. Just let me present to you the keys to the city."

He put the coffee pot on as he spoke and Joyce asked, "Do the keys of the city include permission to ask questions?"

"On all free admission days, yes. Except, of course, when Claud Alfred is around. He's just a little bit queer that way. Ever since he threw the mother of five children into the brook because she asked him whether he thought a man's necktie should match his socks, I've had to warn casual visitors not to ask him questions."

"Well, I'm glad he isn't around because I want to ask—"

"Oh, I know. You want to ask how I happen to be here. You want to say how extraordinary it is that we should meet here, after meeting in an equally extraordinary manner in San Francisco. You want to get personal. You're perfectly charming Joyce Ashton, and I'm terrified of you. If I seem to be talking a lot and at random you've only yourself to blame. My well-known pulse is shattered—"

He broke off abruptly, and Joyce dropped limply into a chair. Nothing could have surprised her more than to hear Robert Almsworth talking to her in this manner.

"Well, go ahead and tighten the clamps," he continued, "you've heaped coals of fire on my head by your sunny acceptance of everything—haul me over them!" He smiled, but Joyce knew he was in deadly earnest.

"Sentence suspended!" she gravely retorted. Their eyes met with mutual approval for a moment, and then Joyce lightly turned the conversation to the world of books.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAN'S HEART STOPPED, STOMACH GAS CAUSE  
W. L. Adams was bloated so with gas that his heart often missed beats after eating. Adlerika rid him of all gas, and now he eats anything and feels fine. Flanery's Drug Store.

COBURG MAN PASSES AT HOME, AGED 72

Harkins Funeral Services Held Monday from Veatch Chapel in Eugene; Poindexter in Charge

W. A. Harkins, resident of Coburg for the past 12 years, died at his home last Thursday at the age of 72 years. He was born in Michigan on August 17, 1861 and migrated to Oregon in 1889.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Kate Harkins; one son, Walter Morgan, of Walla Walla, Washington; one daughter, Mrs. Ole Pickle of Yakima, Washington. Funeral services were held from

the Veatch chapel in Eugene Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Dean C. Poindexter officiated, and interment was made in the Coburg cemetery.

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week marriage licenses have been granted to the following: Leslie Walpole and Lilly Webster, both of Eugene; Dorance Hayes and Hazel Hemenway, both of Eugene; Ralph Cushing and Rae Johnson, both of Eugene; William Potter and Marjory Schorenberg, both of Eugene; C. J. Barber and Floy Conroy, both of Eugene.

HOP PICKERS BOOKS—Printed at the News Office.

Popular Maid O' Cream  
Maid O' Cream Ice Cream is good in any form—brick or bulk. Rich and creamy it not only tastes delicious but looks tempting—a real dessert for any hostess to serve—especially popular these hot days.  
Ice cream was never cheaper. We're always ready to serve you.  
Ask your dealer in Eugene or Springfield for Maid O' Cream Butter  
Springfield Creamery Co.



Food at Less Cost

FAMILIES which do not have adequate refrigeration are compelled to pay too much for food.  
An electric refrigerator makes possible two effective ways of cutting food costs. It saves by keeping food fresh that would otherwise spoil. It saves by permitting you to buy food in the larger, more economical quantities and to take advantage of special sales.  
The operating cost of an electric refrigerator is but a few cents a day—the cost of owning one was never lower. Just a small down payment, with plenty of time to pay off the balance, will put any model you desire in your home. See your dealer today.

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY

Last Call  
To Buy at Low Prices  
● FLOOR TAXES ARE GOING ON MERCHANDISE.  
● WHOLESALE PRICES ARE RISING EVERY DAY.  
● THIS MEANS THAT THE PRICE OF GOODS MUST BE RAISED.  
● WE ARE GIVING YOU FAIR WARNING THAT YOU WILL SOON BE COMPELLED TO PAY MORE.  
Our Prices are Right Yet  
but we will soon be compelled to raise greatly. Under the national recovery act it will be against the law to sell merchandise for less than cost. Whether we want to or not we will soon be compelled to raise the price of our merchandise.  
We wish that you would understand the situation for your own sake. Drygoods, shoes and clothing that you must have can be purchased now for less than in a few weeks from now.  
We are in business to sell goods and to serve the people of this community. We can serve you best and with greater savings to you if you  
BUY NOW!  
Fulop's Dept. Store

