

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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M. E. MAXEY, Editor

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1933

LUMBER INDUSTRY WILL CONSOLIDATE

Under the new lumber code some of the small sawmills are not going to be allowed to run. In many cases this will not be as severe a blow as it would seem on the face of the situation. Some small sawmills should never have been started. They have never adequately paid their labor, have received no return on their investment, slaughtered the timber without repaying the country for a depleted natural resource and are not able to pay their taxes. Besides this they engage in ruinous competition that sooner or later breaks both themselves and their competitors.

This does not mean the day of the small saw mill is over because there are many timber tracts so situated that only the small mill can operate on them profitably. The adequately financed small mill in good timber in the hands of experienced operators may better now justify itself than ever before. The tendency now, we believe, will be for fewer and better sawmills.

ALL TOGETHER!

Many people have been enrolled in this city under the Consumer section of N. R. A. by the house to house canvass. All are a part of the plan to create more employment and whatever each one does is his or her bit toward driving depression from our doors. It is necessary that everyone cooperate to the extent of their ability, at least until it is proven whether the new experiment will work or not.

It has long been conceded in warfare that a "poor plan well executed is better than a good plan poorly carried out." So whether you believe in the president's plan or not it is up to you to give your best cooperation until it is definitely established on what track the country is running on.

The era of "rugged individualism" is not over. In fact it is more important that each carry on to the best of his ability but under the new deal the rules of the game are being changed. We might say that if the new plan is successful the era of "ruthless individualism" is over.

While this new theory of democracy is not fully in action as yet it has already shown some progress. The success of the undertaking depends upon sound thinking and close cooperation of everybody. Hard work and patience is necessary.

THRIFT . . . FEW PRACTICE IT

How many men of fifty past would be glad to have a fixed annual income, for which they did not have to work, of a third of their average earnings during their working life? Say fifty dollars a month for the man who has averaged \$150 a month since he first went to work?

We all know that, or something close to it, is possible for the thrifty ones who put away ten per cent of their incomes religiously, investing them at compound interest for their old age. But most people are not thrifty, hence the distress among the unemployed and the aged poor, and the huge drains on the taxpayers and the purses of the charitable to take care of them.

Some predict that, when the new social order becomes firmly established, there will be some general scheme worked out whereby ten per cent of every worker's salary or wages will be withheld and invested for him, under Government supervision, in some sort of endowment insurance. There seems to be no other way whereby the sacrifice of individual initiative can be compensated for or justified.

MANY CHANGES IN FOREST

The Civilian Conservation corps working in the Oregon woods have advanced the forest service road and trail improvement program eight or ten years. Soon there will be no place in the forest not in a few hours walk of a good road. On both forks of the McKenzie and on several branches of the Willamette new roads are being pushed back into the timber toward the mountain tops. There is to be another summit crossing on the old Willamette military road farther south on the Cascade range as well as other major changes we are told.

The greatest recreational playground in the west is to be opened up in all its phases.

SPECULATION

Everybody now realizes that there were a lot of causes for the depression out of which we are beginning to emerge besides the inflated prices and the wild speculation in stocks. But those had a lot to do with our troubles, and the spark that touched off the explosion was the collapse of the speculative boom in Wall Street in October, 1929.

There was a period this spring and early summer when it began to look as if the lesson of the boom had been forgotten. Speculators rushed into the stock markets and the commodity markets and began to bid up prices on nothing more substantial than hope. Tens of thousands of amateur gamblers saw a chance at easy money and prices began to mount as rapidly as they had gone up in the wild days of 1927-1929. Securities and grain were bought and sold at prices which had no relation to real value.

The crash came when one of the boldest and most irresponsible speculators himself was unable to meet his margin call on his commitment in corn. That three 13,000,000 bushels of corn on the Board of Trade with no support under it, and the whole grain market crashed, carrying the stock market down with it. Hundreds of millions of paper profits were wiped out overnight, but no legitimate interests were affected at all, so far as we can see. Investors who had bought sound securities outright for cash still have them, unless they were frightened into throwing them overboard, and with the gradual rise in prices with improving conditions, now under way, they will be worth all that they cost, and more.

The real sufferers are the speculators, the "suckers" lured by the hope of getting something for nothing, and trading on margin. We cannot profess any sympathy for them. There isn't any way yet discovered to keep gamblers from gambling, but the country is better off with the gamblers out of the market.

SENSE ?

A saving of \$400,000,000 at the expense of war veterans was necessary to balance the federal budget, we were told. Yet Congress continued in effect \$400,000,000 of new special taxes enacted last year and added \$220,000,000 of additional new taxes and authorized the issuance of \$8,560,000,000 in new government bonds and securities which cause our interest-bearing public debt to exceed by \$5,000,000,000 the peak of our public debt during the World War.

One appropriation bill alone carried \$3,608,915,000 which, according to Representative Snell of New York, was \$600,000,000 more than the entire cost of running the Government for the last fiscal year, not including the interest on the public debt and the sinking fund. By a stratagem of bookkeeping, for use of which in private business an auditor would be fired, the Government claims the "ordinary budget" is balanced, that consisting purely of operating expenses, the other billions going into an "extraordinary budget" consisting of major expenditures labeled "emergency" or "capital investment." Does all this make sense to you?—Oregon Legionnaire.

The pastor of a New York church declined to take up a collection. He said the members of his church needed their money.

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

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 Ainsworth, 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. At his request they call on Neil's mother, whom Joyce finds adorable. Later, she met the poet, Robert Ainsworth, and several times stopped for lunch at his cabin when she was horseback riding. One day he started to make love to her. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Do you know, dear, I haven't had a ride with you in a dog's age. I think I'll cut out the golf today and go with you. Take me on, will you?" Neil spoke with smiling carelessness but the look in his eyes gave him away.

"Of course, what time will you get here?" She spoke casually. Neil would never guess the turmoil of unhappiness under that calm. Did men ever divine things the way women did? One man perhaps . . . Robert? as the name stabbed her she turned away quickly, scarcely hearing Neil's answer. "I'll come home to lunch, I think. Then we'll have the whole afternoon together."

Even in her pain Joyce heard the change in Neil's voice. That last word was spoken with so touching confidence and happy a note.

"All right, I'll be ready. Good-bye," and she ran upstairs and shut herself in her room. There she sat down on the edge of the couch-bed and clenched her hands, staring dry-eyed out of the big window to the distant mountains.

Joyce was wrapped in a mood of warm compassion for Neil. She felt she could not add another unkindness to the many that Frills had inflicted upon him. His eyes haunted her, and she felt more utterly miserable than she had at any time since she had awakened to find herself occupying another woman's shoes. She could not contemplate falling Neil and his mother that way.

Riding off with Joyce that afternoon Neil was in high spirits, with an elation in his manner that filled Joyce with shame. She rode in silence, hardly answering his questions, and not looking at him.

Neil soon fell in with her mood as they rode along and no longer bothered her with conversation. Gradually then she began to feel remorse, and wished she could be less surly with Neil. He tried so hard to please her in everything, to adapt himself to her moods. It struck Joyce suddenly how much of that sort of thing he must have been doing in his married life.

"Sam says McBready has a new lot of horses in," remarked Joyce, "did he tell you there's a man from Salinas who would like to buy Fire Queen?"

"Yeah," replied Neil, eyeing her sidewise, perhaps to see if her general expression matched the friendly casualness of her voice. "I said I'd like to get rid of her myself but I'd have to consult you about the matter. I hate the sight of the damn brute after what she nearly did to you, dear."

A flash of amusement curled the corners of Joyce's mouth for a moment as she remarked, "You needn't consult me, I'm quite satisfied with Rosita, thank you."

"Really? Gosh that's great. Sure relieves my mind."

A little later they dismounted and sat down on a slope overlooking the valley to eat the package of sandwiches and fruit Joyce had brought. To her relief Neil talked about Manzanita topics: his mother's condition, Paul's departure, Sam's progress in the correspondence course, plans for the new subdivision north of Manzanita, and so on.

He finally stretched out on the ground and put his head in her lap. Joyce had just stroked back a lock of hair from his forehead, thinking absently that Neil ought to be doing something about the increasing thinness of his hair, when the thud of a horse's hoofs in the distance caught her ear. She stiffened and glanced up with an apprehensive fear clutching at her heart and stopping its beat for a moment.

Then his look dropped to the figure of Neil lying with his head in her lap. A quizzical shade passed over his face.

"Hello, Joyce!" he shouted. His horse leaped forward under the spur of his heel, and they galloped up the slope. Before Neil could stumble to his feet Ainsworth was drawing rein nearly upon them.

"This precise situation," he said easily, "demands a galloping retreat on my part, but I'm too inquisitive to be so gallant. I prefer to advance and see what happens instead!"

Joyce's self-possession left her entirely. She stared numbly at the two men, miserably aware that they were both looking to her for explanation, and even more miserably aware that she knew not how to begin.

Neil was the first to come to Joyce's rescue. "I beg your pardon," he said courteously, "you seem to know my wife?"

The quizzical smile deepened on Robert's face. "No, I seem rather to have made a mistake—" he began. A new, almost insolent note in his voice whipped Joyce into anger. All at once she knew what her course must be. It mattered little to her what the outcome of this meeting was; she was determined not to be led into further deceptions.

"No mistake at all," she said quickly. "Neil, he's lying if he says he doesn't know me—"

She looked from one to the other of the men. Neil's expression was that of the same partly-repressed hurt that he had shown when Maitland's name had been mentioned. She knew at once that he thought Robert had taken Maitland's place in Frills' life, but that his value of decency and dignity was holding him in check. Neil's immediate, unconscious reaction to this situation did not surprise her; he was showing no reversal of his personality.

Robert, however, had suddenly become a stranger to her. Was this her "perfect companion," was this the man whose subtlety and sympathy she had so deliciously counted on? He sat on his horse coolly and looked down on them with an expression of amused cynicism. If this attitude were a cloak for his hurt feelings, Joyce thought swiftly, it was a less lovely one than Neil's!

These valuations passed through Joyce's mind in one galloping second, while she stood there helplessly, wondering where to begin.

"May I have the pleasure of meeting your husband?" Robert asked smiling.

Joyce looked at him. "Get off your horse, please," she answered. "There's a lot to be straightened out and it'll take some time . . . Robert Ainsworth, this is Neil Packard, my husband . . ."

The men acknowledged the introduction, Neil curtly, Robert with the same hard amusement that so offended Joyce.

"Charmed," said Ainsworth lightly.

"Oh, don't talk that way!" Joyce cried. "I don't know you at all in this mood—you're making it terribly hard for me—"

Robert threw back his head and laughed. "Think, Joyce, what a lot I'm going to learn from this meeting! Think of the value of it all to a novelist! Why, I wouldn't be missing it for anything! I only wish I had the pen of an Elinor Glynn to write it up adequately—"

Neil drew forward. "I don't think my wife and I have time to stop and listen to that sort of damn' drivel from you—" he began hotly, when Joyce interposed.

"Oh, this is all so fantastic! Please, please, don't begin a fight over it, when neither of you knows a bit what it's all about . . . Neil, I've been trying to make up my mind to tell you—Robert, there's a good deal due to you, too! I hadn't expected to tell you both at once, but since it's happened this way, for Heaven's sake don't make it so difficult for me! I want to tell both of you the truth!"

She turned to her husband. "Neil, you never heard of Joyce Ashton, did you? Answer me that, Neil?"

"You don't mean Joyce Abbott, do you Frills?"

"No, no, I don't . . . Tell me this, Neil, what was my name before you married me? . . . Don't look at me as if I were crazy! What was my name before you married me?"

"Why, Frills, this is nonsense! Don't you know your own name? It was Florence Hilton, of course. What's that got to do—"

"Oh, will you please let me tell you? Sit down, both of you, this is going to take a long time. Please don't begin by thinking I'm crazy. You've both heard of amnesia victims, of course? Did you know you'd married one, Neil? Did you know that Florence Hilton was a girl without a past, without a life? You've got to help me tell this story, Neil, because I remember nothing before the morning after Fire Queen threw me on my head!"

Neil was staring at her dumbfounded. "You're not serious, Frills? Why—what—when—"

Robert Ainsworth said, "Lord! Tell us what you're driving at, Joyce!"

Joyce suddenly found it possible to talk to these two men. It was as if her mind had for some time been preparing the story it had to tell, so that the words came swiftly, tensely, dramatically. She told them of being born Joyce Ashton, of her early life in New England, of her aunt and uncle, of her work in Philadelphia and then of her start toward the coast in search of adventure.

"I remember getting into the taxicab in Chicago in the snow—that sort of light snow when the streets still aren't quite wet, but the dirt makes them sticky. The taxi skidded violently—there was a crash—and when I woke up I was in a bed, on a sleeping porch, looking out at a tree on which oranges were growing. A man came onto the porch and asked me how I felt! That was you, Neil, whom I in my first appalled state fancied to have been my kidnapper!"

"Why on earth—say, how on earth have you kept this all to yourself? How long ago was all this, Joyce?" It was Ainsworth speaking. Neil seemed too stunned to take in the significance of it all.

"I don't know just how I have kept it all. Of course at first I was so terrified I couldn't think, much less act. Then I've always been awfully reticent—hated scenes—and I usually followed the line of least resistance. Neil was just leaving to go on a business trip to Chicago. He kissed me good-bye while I was still in that paralyzed state, and I was left to figure things out for myself! It was all terrible, of course, but in some ways it was fascinating. Your house, Neil, is so lovely, and the outdoorsness appealed to me—it all was so different from the pinched, dark, meagre life I'd been leading in the Philadelphia boarding-house that I hung greedily on . . . And then, of course, I found out about Frills . . ."

"Frills was the vicious imp that had taken possession of my body while I was an amnesia victim. I found out that as well as having gotten Joyce Ashton a good husband and a beautiful home, she had made that husband desperately unhappy, been a cross little beast."

Neil looked up. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't remember having married me?"

"Yes, Neil, just that. I'm trying to tell you that I remember nothing between the time of the taxi accident in Chicago two years ago, and the recent accident on Fire Queen!"

"Humph." Neil looked closely at his wife, as if trying to fathom some hidden reason she might have for making a fool of him.

"Neil, haven't you noticed that I've been different lately? Look back to your return from Chicago that last trip. Haven't I been less reckless, less troublesome generally than the Frills you married?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TOMATO DRY ROT SHOWS LACK OF SOIL MOISTURE

The dry, slightly sunken blossom end rot of tomatoes that frequently appears at this time of year is an indication of lack of moisture in the soil, says A. G. B. Bouquet, vegetable crops specialist at Oregon State college.

When the moisture becomes depleted in the soil the most distant point on the fruit is the first to suffer, he explains. The trouble frequently appears first on vines that have grown exceptionally thrifty and thus have a larger leaf surface to be supported.

Irrigation, of course, will correct the trouble, but the water should be applied liberally and not merely sprinkled on until the surface of the soil appears wet—a mistake frequently made by "back-yard" gardeners.

When You Reach Home Chilly and Wet
The HUMPHREY Radiant Heating Gives Instant Warmth and Cheery Comfort
You should enjoy the comfort of a Humphrey Radiant in your home. When any member of the family comes home chilly and wet, it is always ready, day or night, to give an abundance of beautiful penetrating radiant heat—dry kind of heat you get from the sun—Nature's perfect heater.
See the beautiful period models for fireplace installations and grates for any corner of a room on our display floor today.
Our No. 330 Fireplace Model shown below.

Northwest Cities Gas Company

Sets Atlantic Crossing



Above is the new Queen of the Seas, the Italian liner Rex, which set a new Atlantic crossing, Gibraltar to New York, in 4 days, 15 hours and 58 minutes. She averaged 28.90 knots per hour, equal to 22 1/2 land miles per hour. The former record was 4 days, 15 hours, 56 min., by the German line Bremen.

OPENING DATES, HIGHER EDUCATION SCHOOLS SET

Reductions in Tuition, Dormitory Fees for Year Made By Board of Higher Education

The University of Oregon, Oregon State college and state normal schools at Ashland, Monmouth, LaGrande, will open for the coming school year on September 18, according to a bulletin on entrance information just issued by the Division of Information of the State System of Higher Education. All freshmen will report to the university and the state college for "freshman week" at this time. Old students will register at the university on September 20 and at the college on September 23.

All normal school students will report on September 18, with the first two days given over to placement tests and registration. The Medical school in Portland will open September 30.

The bulletin, which may be obtained from the registrars of any of the institutions, contains full information on freshman week, placement and other examinations, admission requirements, fees and deposits, board and room, housing regulations, student costs, prospects for self-support and student loan funds.

Expenses Are Reduced
Realizing the financial plight of the majority of students, the State Board of Higher Education has reduced the registration fee at the college and university \$6 a term or \$18 a year. This is a reduction of about 15 per cent and comes on top of a \$5 reduction in the deposit for breakage and loss which was ordered by the Board at a previous meeting. The total student fee at the college and university during the coming year will now be \$32 a term instead of \$38, and the deposit will be \$5 a year instead of \$10.

The Board also approved a reduction of \$3 a term at the three normal schools, reducing the tuition and fees from \$17 a term to \$14 a term.

In addition to the reduction in fees, student living costs have been lowered during the past year until at the present time the dormitory board and room charges at the college and university are about \$30 a term or \$90 a year lower than they were a year ago, and about \$20 a term or \$60 a year lower at the Oregon Normal school.

DON'T SLEEP ON LEFT SIDE—AFFECTS HEART
If stomach GAS prevents sleeping on right side try Adlerika. One dose brings out poisons and relieves gas pressing on heart so you sleep soundly all night. Flanery's Drug Store.

It's Easy to Serve Ice Cream for Dessert
Your family will welcome a change for ice cream is everybody's favorite . . . you will have more leisure, and the experiment will be a delightful success we are sure.
Eggmann has all flavors and plenty to select from at all times. Ice Cream now is a year around dish.
EGGMANN'S
"Where the Service is Different"

The ALL ELECTRIC LivingRoom
More GOLDEN HOURS OF FREEDOM
The Perfect Servant
PROPER LIGHTING comes first in the "All Electric" living room and should be so distributed that the various activities of every member of the family are possible without discomfort or dangerous eyestrain. At least two floor lamps and two table lamps are necessary in addition to the general room illumination. The radio, because of its educational and entertainment value, belongs in the living room. An electric clock, because of its economy and accuracy, will also prove its value here. A sunlamp to supply the health giving rays the winter sun often fails to do will do much to build happy, healthy children. A fan to furnish cooling breezes and much needed ventilation for hot summer days and evenings should also be included.
These few inexpensive appliances can be operated for a ridiculously small sum each month and the additional comfort and health enjoyed by every member of the family will be invaluable. By all means make YOUR living room "All Electric!"
Northwest Cities Gas Company
MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY