

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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WORDS FROM THE LIPS OF GREAT MEN

"There Is No Happiness With Responsibilities Which Cannot Be Met."—Jacob Abbott.

SHALL THE STATE HAVE A SHARE IN THE O. & C. MONEY

There is much argument now as to whether the state is legally entitled to a share in the Oregon and California Land grant refund money. The state may be legally but not morally. The state of Oregon makes its levy in dollars and cents or in other words tells Lane and other counties how much money they shall pay the state.

Counties of the state have facing them delinquencies of from 3 to 10 per cent but that makes no difference to the state it must have its money in full. A hardship is thus worked on the counties as when there is a delinquency it not only is short in the county's fund but doubly so because the county must make up the state delinquency from its own funds.

The state has never suffered any loss of revenue because of the Oregon and California land grant not being assessed. The only difference that has been made is in the distribution of amounts to the various counties. Theoretically this is supposed to be done on the basis of property valuation of the counties. And if it is done strictly this way then land grant counties would have paid more and non-land grant counties less. But tax valuations are fixed by counties themselves, except in cases of utilities. Most of the land grant counties have had a rising tax value while some of the non-land grant counties have not.

Counties with a low valuation simply have a higher tax levy to raise their own revenues but by so doing they get out of paying more to the state.

While the above facts may not always work together consistently they are sufficient to show that counties are more or less arbitrarily assessed by the state which pays no part of the cost of tax collections but demands its money in full. The long and short of it is the state has lost nothing. The taxpayer in the non-land grant county may have had to pay a little more but the taxpayer in the land grant county has had a double burden to bear because large portions of the taxable wealth of his own county have been withdrawn from taxation.

CHARTER CHANGES FEW

In reading the old charter preparatory to revising it to come before the people for a vote, councilmen found out that they had power that they were not aware of. For instance the old charter provided that the council could buy or construct a water system or an electric light plant for the town and bond accordingly without putting it up to the people. This has been cut out of the new charter. When the town gets ready to own its municipal utilities it will be when the majority of the people instruct the council at an election to bond the city for that

purpose, under the new charter.

In revising the old charter there has been no radical changes made from what the city is operating under now. While a great portion of the old charter is obsolete it was already not in effect because it had been made void by state laws. These sections have simply been re-written to conform with modern laws and practices.

New sections have been substituted to conform with the state budget law, the initiative, recall and referendum, county assessment and collections of taxation as well as other new ways of doing things. Legislation governing saloons, hitching racks and city fire wells have been left out of the new charter.

THE OREGON NORMAL SHORTAGE

Even with the establishment of the Ashland Normal school the Oregon Normal school at Monmouth has increased in enrollment and there is claim by students and faculty that it is largely overcrowded. Its plant is said to be run down and outgrown. Enrollment has increased four times since 1920 but income has remained practically the same. The board or regents believe that two new buildings are necessary for the school and the coming legislature will be asked to provide the same.

While the establishment of an eastern Oregon Normal will likely take care of much of the future increase it is not likely enrollment at Monmouth will shrink. We cannot afford to be stingy with institutions training teachers. If we do we can expect it to reflect in all the elementary schools in the state. Legislators should give the request of the Normal board or regents serious consideration.

Some interesting statistics that point to why the Monmouth normal will continue to grow is shown in a study of her territory:

Seventy per cent of Oregon's population is in a zone 100 miles in diameter with Monmouth as the center.

Sixty-four per cent of Oregon's assessed valuation is found in the same zone.

Sixty-two per cent of Oregon's elementary school teachers are within 100 miles of Monmouth.

Sixty-nine per cent of Oregon's elementary pupils are in schools within 100 miles of Monmouth.

MRS. ANDREWS HAS HER SAY.

Mrs. Lincoln C. Andrews, wife of the national prohibition director is evidently not a staunch prohibitionist. From reading what she has to say in the Chicago Tribune we imagine General Andrews got his job because he was a thorough-going, hard boiled disciplinarian in France during the war and not a dry. Mrs. Andrews is quoted as follows:

Neither Mr. Andrews nor myself was eager for prohibition. While in office he will enforce the law as long as it remains a law. When the people prove they no longer want it Mr. Andrews will gladly step down. His has been a thankless job from the first.

Vicious rings of bootleggers are the staunchest supporters of prohibition and make repeal of the act ever more difficult. The richer and more powerful they grow, the harder it becomes to get rid of Volsteadism. Neither myself, my husband, nor our son has touched liquor since the law became effective, but that does not mean we would not welcome the day when non-intoxicating beverages could be brought into our own home without fear of breaking some law.

The army faces a corned beef shortage. All-together boys let's give 'em a cheer.



THE NEW LOVE

It was late one Saturday afternoon. I was preparing to leave the shop when I realized that Thankful had not gone home. Occupied with ordering some new books for the Fall, I had failed to notice that she was not in her usual place on the floor. If she were in the shop it was possible that she was in the small room we used for a private office, or occasionally as a place to rest, as it was comfortably fitted up with an antique couch and a few overstuffed chairs.

I locked the front door, as it was well past closing time, and going back to the little room marked "Private" in small gold letters, I tried to open the door. It was locked from the inside.

"Thankful," I called.

There was no answer.

I rapped upon the door, first with my knuckles and then with both hands, becoming more and more alarmed. Then, with my ear close to the panels, I listened and was quite certain that I heard sobs.

"Thankful, dear, please let me in," I urged.

After a few moments of labored breathing she appeared at the door, but hurriedly turned away to bury her tearstained face in her hands and to resume her former position on the couch. She continued to sob.

I knelt beside her and smoothed back the hair from her pale, white brow. "Why, Thankful, what on earth is the matter? I thought you were so happy here."

"Oh, I am, I am!" she cried, "and I'm an ungrateful wretch to give up to my feeling like this when you've been so sweet and kind. I don't see how I could," she wailed.

"Listen, Thankful. Try to calm yourself. Because I want you to tell me everything. You know I'm your friend, don't you, dear?"

"The best I've ever had," she said, struggling to regain her usual poise, "and I WILL tell you, though I want you to know I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself for letting go." She scrambled to a sitting position and brushed the last trace of tears from her great brown eyes. I sat beside her and patted her hand, as if she were a child.

"Can't you guess what it is?" she asked.

"Why, no, dear, I don't believe I can. Is there some trouble at home?"

"Oh, no. Things are going splendidly there. Kitten's going to marry young Stuart Ames, and she says Abbe and Mother will live with her in the Ames beautiful home which he inherited from his parents not long ago. He's awful well off and a fine chap. Kitten loves him too."

"And you're hurt because she has, well, sorter left you out? I think I begin to see."

"No, No, it isn't that. She offered me a home there too. Really, Sallie, that isn't it?"

"Well, what is it, my dear?" She hesitated for a full moment, then straightened herself. "I'm in love, Sallie," she announced.

I drew a breath of relief. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "is that all?" Well, I must say, I can't see anything so terrible in that. In fact, I think it's rather nice. I thought you had committed some terrible crime. Who's the lucky man?"

"Sallie, don't you really know?" she asked, and there was a twinkle in her eye for the first time since we had begun to talk. "I know you aren't the gossip, prying sort, and I adore you for it, but I don't see how you could fail to guess who it is."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I knew some change had come over you," I replied. "I thought surely some fairy wand had touched the little Thankful of the old days and converted her into a woman of new beauty and charm, but as for noticing who the object of your affection is, I must admit I'm absolutely at sea." But even as I spoke my sub-conscious mind broke in upon the words and, suddenly, as if a curtain had been drawn, the situation of the last five months was revealed.

"Of course I know!" I cried, "how perfectly dumb of me! It's Captain T."

A hundred little episodes came tumbling in my mind. The gentle camaraderie which had existed between them almost from the very first.—The change in Thankful, which could only have been brought about by love. And Captain T's day dreaming, which I thought was grief. I smiled.

"But I can't imagine anything more ideal," I declared, "He told me himself that he had long since secured

out. "Listen, Thankful," I said, "I'm bored to death of this shop anyway and if your Captain T will take it over he can pay me back any time he gets far enough ahead. It's operating on a paying basis now and I'm delighted to get out. I only bought it, as you know, for a lark. I'm through with it now and if your handsome fiance will take it off my hands I'll be the happiest of the three."

I don't think I've ever seen such joy as gleamed in the eyes of Thankful Brown. It covered her face like a veil. This was the especial event of her life. Finally she spoke.

That would solve everything as far as we are concerned, for it was only a question of finances which made us both sad, though I wouldn't think of taking the shop from you, Sallie, dear, unless I didn't feel that.

"That I haven't any business here?" I interposed.

"Well, I do think your place is with Curtiss, for I know how he dislikes the whole idea."

"Yes, so do I," I agreed, "and he's been a perfect brick all the way through. Never mind, I'm going to be the most domestic person from now on that you ever saw. I guess Curtiss was clever enough to know I had to get it off my chest like a complex the psychanalists talk about. He always did have more sense in a minute than I'd have in a thousand years. You and your Captain T. can get married right away. Why here he is now!"

In less than an hour my proposition had been accepted by the two lovers who could scarcely hide their joy. Captain T. insisted that he should have the proper papers drawn up to protect my interests but I

(Continued on page 7)

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