THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1932

A CUT NECESSARY

The efforts of the council to reduce the running expenses of the city should have the cooperation of the peo-A city, like an individual, can not run continually behind without calling a halt some time. If it does not stop spending beyond its income necessarily its credit will be curtailed and it will be forced to suspend some of its activities. The move of the city council is to head off such drastic

The city budget and the amount of money received from taxes must be recognized as two different things when it comes to actually paying bills. Especially at this time, when taxes are slow, is this difference greater. Springfield operated last year well within its budget yet there was not sufficient money to pay the bills by several hundred

The changes made by the council effect a saving of \$2700 a year and if carried out with other expenditures as budgeted should bring the city within its tax revenue.

President Hoover is about to recommend consolidations and sweeping changes in the federal government in order to cut government costs, meet the federal deficit and lower taxation in the future. Democrats indicate they will block this sort of legislation because it might give the president too much prestige on the eve of an election campaign. Theirs has always been government by denunciation. About time they brought something constructive to the forefront as a substitute.

Purebred livestock and improved methods of farming are more in demand now than ever before, according to the federal department of agriculture outlook report. These recommendations are the same as in other lines of industry. It is necessary to cut cost of production to the bone in order to make a profit at the existing prices and those promised in the future.

On the time given Harry Wright in the Obsidian ski race by Eugene sports writers, we nominate him for the Olympic games. Swedes and Norwegians might as well stay at home if such phenomenal time is being made here in Springfield.

In some respects this dog control business looks more like a racket than a legitimate function of the county government. We can not see where the legislature bettered things by taking the responsibility out of the hands of the county court with the formation of dog districts.

If all the democrats are going to run for office, they should try to get along better so as to vote for each other.

STARTING UP THE HILL

In every mail this newspaper receives enough neatly mimeographed sheets of paper which, if placed side by side and end to end, would paper a fair sized room.

Each of these sheets is supposed to be disguised as news but the disguise is very thin, so thin in fact that even the office boy can tell that hopeful manufacturers are seeking thereby to obtain valuable advertising without paying for it. And so the huge waste paper barrel fills rapidly.

Occasionally these mendicant "advertisers" have a real pearl hidden away in a labyrinth of words. So it was this morning for at the very end of some six pages of closely typewritten "puffs" received from a tire manufacturer appeared thte following paragraph:

"In 1930 according to statistics, 20% more tire mileage was consumed than was sold and approximately the same was true in 1931. We feel, therefore, that this vacuum must be filled and that we can look forward to a considerably greater volume of business in 1932.

Right there, in those few words, is the history of this depression, part of the real reason for it, and a prediction of business recovery based on sound premise.

Just insert the word "clothes," or "shoes", or "automobiles." or "furniture." or "building materials" in place of "tires" in that paragraph omitting the word "mileage" or substituting one more appropriate, and you have the correct picture so far as those other industries are concerned.

Retail stocks in all lines are at low points. Goods in the hands of consumers are being used to the last ounce of good but must wear out eventually.

Roger W. Babson, noted statistican and economist, whose comments on what we may expect for 1932 were published in this newspaper Saturday, points out that as soon as retailers are convinced that commodity prices have reached the low mark, stocks will be replenished and the wheels of industry will begin to turn. When industry becomes active and wages are paid new buying power is created and we start up hill toward another prosperity peak. Economically speaking, this is the gloomiest protent and the brightest future that we have faced in many, many months.-News-Review. Roseburg, Ore.



Now let's not talk about vitamines and calories and modified milks and adenoids and all that; leave it to the specialist to theorize on the fine-spun; let's talk about the

baby-YOUR baby. First: Baby is supremely selfish. He's too busy attending to his own affairs to bother about the comfort of any one else-and, he's exactly right; if more people attended to their own business we'd soon have a better race of peo-

Second: A baby is just a digestive tract, an air compartment, and a minute, nervous bundle, with a water-cooled motor. So long as he is comfortable he will not kick up a row. No respectable baby will tolerate a safety-pin boring into his umbilical region, nor will he fail to resent rough seams that grind his arm-pits or groins; remember, if he is comfortable that he will be peaceful. No baby enjoys howl-

ing any more than you do. Treat him with sense. Third: Baby will cease feeding when he has enough, and he'll do it every time; but don't urge him to take more; whenever he lets go is the instant for closing the seance. Of course he's just like you, and would over-stuff himself just as you do; then trouble comes. The keenest of judg-Of course he's just like you, and would over-stuff himself ment is in knowing when to stop.

Lastly: Maybe you have one of those cute, idiotic Pomeranians; if so, turn it over to the maid, and take care of baby yourself. It's a religious duty of yours to care for your own flesh and blood. A worth-while parent will entrust the baby to no alien hands.

First Installment

When Joycelyn, forgetting what her music master had taught her |old as that?" played music, her own mother, Marcella, was alarmed. It was like the you are, Miss Joceiyn.' voice of a stranger in the house.

She rose from the prie-dieu in an first-option?" questioned Jocelyn alcove of the long Spanish-looking with her eyes down. vening massive furniture to look at warm curtain, sheltering, darken- room with Felix Kent. the player.

There she sat, the daughter Marsleek golden girl, eighteen years trust her to, Felix.'

and different in every fiber from pletely, as before. Marcella? "But, Mr. Kent, you are not s

Marcella left them alone.

extraordinary incandescence.

gether. You know I love you."

"I don't know monsieur."

"Do you think you can love me?

Jocelyn, please.'

and looking down.

drew closer.

oveliest?"

and wet.

"I am nineteen years older than and pulses. "And my mother did give you a

room, difficult to recognize as the Kent stared and laughed delightliving room of a New York apart edly and drew in about her as tention. She did not know that she diamond as splendid as a star. ment, and came forward past inter-though he had become for her a had been left unchaperoned in the "You shall be married in the

"She did, really. She said to m cella had put into a foreign con-that day in Paris. 'There isn't a severity of evening dress he looked when Felix' new role of restraint vent twelve years before, a smooth man in the world I'd be so glad to

old, full-bosomed, narrow-waisted | Kent laughed. But he was giddy and round-hipped. She used, when and filled with instant fear. There her eyes met her mother's, a slow had never in the world been a lovesmile. She did nothing, quickly, ly child like this one, so frankly But when she played this music of hungry, so ignorantly passionate. her own there was a change. Mer and so untaught; with not a jot of and her slow, unchildrish smile. cella was quick to recognize it. the deep cold wisdom of experience



and there was in her eyes, when her to her next partner. the slow smile left them, the dif- Kent sought out Jocelyn's mother ference between June sky and thun- and bending his fair lean height der sky.

Then Marcella thought of the con- talked. tents of that little crypt above her prie-dieu and of Julian . . . and of all the things that this daughter tions. must never know.

"I want her to be safe." she murmured to a nun when twelve years more waxen and more frail, "Oh, to quiver. dear Sister Delice, how shall I keep

Joeelyn Harlowe's first ball-gown girls go on, Mother." it was for a costume ball-was ably should be. Standing sheathed you become like them." herself had a look of sleek brilliance which did not express her age, her simplicity or her profound lack and tightened sternly. of all worldy experience.

It was not the convent child's fault that she looked so unconven- touch. tual. She was really ignorant, a a swift rebellious maturity to which be managed quickly before Jocelyn manufactured conversation with an "Your mother gave me her con was fully awakened to reality. She older man. must be made to long for it ignor-

antly as a release. If marriage, if this man, could be presented to her as an escape, as the opening rather than the closing of life's doors. .

Before Jocelyn's return from France Marcella had been busy waiming chilled social contacts. melting the edges from metallic connections of one sort or another. She had once a great position in the city and it was not too difficult, in spite of what had once shattered her life, to make herself remember ed. So when she brought Jocelyn into the ballroom she was able to obtain for her, aided by her own exotic charm, a sufficiency of fantastic partners-to Jocelyn they all seemed Romeos and the ballroom an iridescent bubble of delightand at last even to attract for her the supper-partner Marcella had desired. This was Felix Kent, dressed as the Jack of Diamonds, and with his regular Saxon face and large eyes curiously resembling that conventionalized gentleman of

"But you don't look it," he said. seating himself beside flushed Juliet at the small palmy rosy table they had taken for themselves. "You don't look it and you don't act it and you don't-yes, you do speak it. You have a delicious little French accent. And, well, something about the way you move your lips and use your eyes is different, conventual. Perhaps I'm not going to be disappointed after all."

This was the address altogether different from any Jocelyn had ye received. An older man, evidently. He condescended to her. Well, that was of course to be expected.

"Mr. Kent," she said, "you have really no right to any disappointment, have you? Because you can't have had an interest in me (there was shadowy delicate drum-roll on the r) ever before tonight." \

"You're wrong. I've had an interest in you for-let me see-twelve

"But you are just seel-y," scoffed Jocelyn at her sweetest. "And I have not any French accent at all." "Twelve years ago I saw you in a bank in Paris, And I said to your mother, 'Give me a first option E

Marcella was wise.

She declined innumerable invita-

An occasional theater party she accepted. Several of these were and of a sky colored like the petals given in Jocelyn's honor by Felix of dark pansies. before she had left the little girl Kent. But Marcella brought her trembling in the dim waxy-smelling charge home after the play, forbidparlor of the convent. And greeting ding any extension of gayety for Please do forgive me." He felt as her only two days ago on the wharf Jocelyn. She was not to be whirled though he had been sent back in a of her native city with all the wharf off to the cafe or restaurant of dream to play the part of a Victortall towers stretching up behind after midnight joy. Jocelyn was lan lover. Phrases came to him them Marcella had said again to meek, had suffered a long discipline from half-forgotten old romantic the same nun, twelve years older, in meekness. But her nerves began Rovels: "I won't do it again. You

a sort of flerce timidity, "the other "You are not like the other girls,"

white, as all first ball-gowns prob-said Marcella, "and I will not let up there as though for an instant in all this purity of color Jocelyn Jocelyn murmured. "They're very dark city of refuge beyond the

> Marcella's hand fell upon hers "I am the judge of niceness."

veritable novice in living, but there them. During his visits in the living across her eyes and smiled. was in her blood and in her brain room Marcella was a constant cha- "Then it's all right?" he asked peron. Jocelyn would play her her. her body had subtly shaped itself. plano or sit with her eyes down "I think so. Yes. If my mother A husband in her mind. It must listening to her mother's hard . . .

She had never before studied a when I was the Jack of Diamonds."

above her he talked and talked and

went back against the window lighted towers and silver smoke parent,

"Darling, I'm sorry. I beg your you'd be made . . . of fear-I used pardon. I know I frightened you. = may take your own time. I want "The other girls," she said with you so: I want you to marry me.

"Oh, no," she whispered. "Oh . .

no . . . no . . . no. I can't.

After a considerable silence Jocelyn composed herself. But she stayed against her window, drawn spring backward into the great window panes.

"You won't do that again?" "Not until you wish it. Please, Jocelyn, give me just the tip of And Jocelyn sat still under that your silly little convent fingers." She let him take her hand and Often Felix Kent came in to see kiss it. She brushed the other hand

sent at that same costume ball man at such close quarters. Felix "Do you mean that I will marry

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you . . . you are asking?"

He had kept her hand, was holding it close to him in both of his own.

"May I have a piano?" whispered

The question sounded so like mere childishness that Felix laughed out, and again, but very careful ly, put his arm about her. She came ! Kent was a man shapely and hard to him but not so softly, so com

her thrilled self. The convent child "You shall have everything. felt this difference in all her nerves promised the Jack of Diamonds.

The engagement of Miss Jocelyn There came an evening when of New York to Mr. Felix Kent of Chicago with all possible other de-Jocelyn was at her plano dutiful- tails of information was presently executing a commanded melody. in due form announced. And Joce-It was intricate and held all her at- lyn wore upon her third finger

spring after a four months' engage He came and stood close to her ment," Marcella promised. Later eaning on the piano. In the slim there were evenings, however sleek and attractive, like a panther, was difficult to maintain. On one His eyes were now filled with their such evening he left Jocelyn abrupt ly with a manufactured excuse. She went back into the room and

"Stop playing - - - just a minute. sat down by her piano, brooding. She obeyed, let her hands fall The door from the passage which and gave him her meek child's look led back toward the bedrooms opened softly. Jocelyn whirled about, "Your mother has left us to surprised. She could see no one. But the door had moved. "Yes," said Jocelyn, trembling She was startled.

Then she saw him, coming round a great throne of a chair which had interposed between He laughed in soft delight and them. The cripple. The little bent man, sidelong, with bright eager "May I put my arm around you, eyes.

Jocelyn would have screamed but

She made no movement nor he arrested her with speech. sound but he, interpreting her sil "Don't be frightened, Jocelyn, ence, did draw her to him and she he said gently in a voice full of came softly suddenly so that all of pleasantness, "I wouldn't scare . . her young body seemed to be his I wouldn't hurt you for the world. own. Then he kissed her mouth. You see, you poor little child, I am At that she was up and at the your father.'

far side of the room. Never had he And Jocelyn recognized him. een a living creature move so For years Jocelyn had had a swiftly. Both her hands were press photograph in her possession, sec ed against her lips. Her bosom retly. All other pictures of Nick panted. Her eyes were distended Sandal had been destroyed, clipped into splinters of cardboard and burned to black feathers, by his wife. When the bent man came Kent came toward her, not close, round the corner of the chair and for her arms were stretched out to spoke to her, Jocelyn was therefore

keep him at a distance. She even able to identify him. "I'm not afraid of you," she said which held an amazing picture of -a queer first speech from child to

"I'm glad my daughter is not afraid of me. I thought by this time

call you 'Lynda.'

He lifted her hand to his lips. "I came to ask you . . . are you

"Yes. And thr-rilled." (TO BE CONTINUED)

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