

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, March 17, 1932

THE HIGH COST OF GOVERNMENT

The total cost of government in the United States averages about \$400 a family and has been climbing steadily in recent years. It has now reached a point well past one-seventh of our national income from trade and is becoming a matter of vital concern both local, state and national. It is not alone Governor Meier's problem but also to be considered by mayors of cities, school boards and others who have administrative duties.

In Springfield both the city and school district have lined up by reduction in costs. The savings they will make next year are greater to us local people than either the state or nation could make even if they levied no tax.

The following figures were given out recently by the government as to national income and total government costs:

Table with 2 columns: NATIONAL INCOME 1930, TOTAL COST OF GOVERNMENT 1927-28 (National and Local). Rows include United States, United Kingdom, and Japan.

Figures of government costs for other countries were not given but these three are enough. That a country should spend more than 40 per cent of its income on government is almost incredible, yet that is the figure given for Japan. More than one-third of Great Britain's national income is being spent by government and her recent troubles are laid to that fact.

How far are we from danger when the cost of government for 120 million men, women and children is more than 12 billion—more than \$400 a year for every family?

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The most frequent comment we hear about the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby is that "hanging is too good" for the perpetrators of this heartless, brutal crime.

We are inclined to agree, not only in this instance but in general, that our present methods of punishment for crime are "too good" for the criminals. We have tried being tender-hearted with criminals for a good many years, in most parts of the country. The net result is an enormous increase in crime, overcrowded prisons conducted at heavy cost to the taxpayers, and the belief of every "smart" crook that he can "beat the rap" if he only gets a lawyer smart enough and crooked enough to find the loopholes in the law.

Certain facts seem to us incontrovertible. One is that the death penalty is no deterrent of murder where it is not promptly and certainly enforced. Another is that imprisonment does not reform criminals nor the fear of it frighten them. Other methods of punishment, other means of preventing crime, must be discovered and applied.

Let sociologists deal with the causes of crime, the influences that make criminals out of boys. But let us all take a practical, common-sense view of the punishment for crime. At all costs let us back up our law-enforcement agencies, let us clear the statute books of the laws which protect the criminal, let us speed up our criminal trials and place men on the bench who will show no mercy to those who deserve none, and then let us consider whether the old-fashioned whipping-post, the stocks and the pillory, which held the convicted criminal up to public disgrace and shame, may not be as effective deterrents of crime as the gallows, the electric chair or the penitentiary.

The outstanding characteristic of the modern criminal gangster is his vanity. Destroy that and you have destroyed his chief incentive to crime. "Two-Gun" Crowley went to the chair a hero in his own eyes and in those of his child-minded admirers. Gerald Chapman, murderer, is a figure of greatness among youthful crooks because he smiled when the trap was sprung. Would crime seem heroic, criminals heroes, if Crowley had been flogged in public contempt in the stocks? We think not. We think that punishments to be effective should be so shameful that dread of their disgrace will deter even the most hardened.

THEY RECEIVE, BUT NEVER GIVE.

A candidate for county office picked 100 names from the registration list in a Eugene precinct this week and went out to call on the people. He found only 48 living at the addresses as registered. The remainder had moved away and of these people who took their places in the houses listed few had registered.

A county official has been checking up the \$2 a day relief workers and finds that very few of those receiving aid are registered voters.

Those persons who do not register and vote receive the protection of orderly government, the right to live peacefully, own property and go in pursuit of happiness in this land of the free just the same as those who vote. They take for granted the things that thousands of our forefathers have laid down their lives to gain. Compared with other parts of the globe they have received a priceless heritage which they are not protecting. They give only when the tax collector compels them to contribute to government.

Of course their forefathers fixed government so a person has a right to vote or not to vote. That's the freedom of democracy. But democracy can not survive and government will become increasing corrupt in about the same proportion that people do or do not take an active part in it. Imagine what a sorry condition this country would be in if nobody voted. Then if you are a non-voter get registered!

BRIGHTENING SKIES

A hundred and fifty million hoarded dollars have already been put back into banks, bonds and other places where they are useful. Col. Frank Knox's committee on hoarding reports. The procession of failing banks has about come to an end. Railroads and other industries have saved themselves from receiverships by loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Business credit is already easier because of the Glass-Steigall bill amending the Federal Reserve Act. Thousands of factories which have been shut down are starting up; thousands more have gone back to almost full-time production.

There is still an enormous unsatisfied demand for every kind of manufactured commodities, wise men tell us. As fast as money and credit begin to circulate freely again people will be able to buy. We are not all going to get rich in a hurry, but the pessimism of a few months ago has given place to optimism almost everywhere, and we believe it is safe to say that the economic skies are getting brighter.

We needn't listen to the Democrats deploring the tariff with an example here at home of its working. At the Booth-Kelly mill the sawmill is closed but the planers are working, and have been most of the time for the past year. The last congress placed a tariff on dressed lumber but not on rough. Consequently there is little market for rough lumber except as it finds an outlet through the planing mill.

Think how industry would hum if we could sell a Ford car to each five Chinamen or convert Mahatma Gandhi to wearing pants, coat and vest.

RAPTURE BEYOND by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Fourth Instalment

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn returns to New York in her characteristic mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent, her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

Lynda visits her father in his dingy quarters. She finds four men playing cards when she arrives. One of them, Jack Ayleward, her father tells her, is like a son to him, but warns the girl he is a trifter. Lynda pays a second visit to her father in Jack's hole-in-the-wall on the way stopping with her at an underworld cabaret. Jack asks her to dance.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY. She rose. He took her into his arms so tightly that she could hardly breathe. "Don't! I can't dance . . . that way—please."

"Oh, I forgot. Let me see. Sure. This is the way, isn't it?" And he moved with her out on the floor, dancing with the ease, the pride and the smoothness of a gentleman. And he danced beautifully.

Abruptly, irrelevantly, she found herself thinking that she was glad he was young. Really young, supple and quick, not dry and stiff like Felix Kent, with his strong wooden body and thick hot mouth.

Jack had his eyes upon hers. He must have felt their sudden change to gladness for his gray eyes were ardent, bold. They came closer. She drew back her face. He was erect again. She glanced nervously over her shoulder. They were far from the small table, dancing with three other couples at the larger end of the room where it opened into a sort of alcove or bay.

"Aren't there some very queer sort of people here tonight?" asked Lynda.

"Are there? I hadn't noticed it. Look now, that big man with a white scar, dancing with the woman in—shoulder straps. They're far from sure in and out of 'em, eh? Well, yes, you might perhaps call him queer. He's Toni Padrona. Just out."

"Of the hospital? That's why he looks so gaunt perhaps?" "From up the river. He got off with two years."

Lynda stopped. Her hand fell from that supple shoulder. "Oh, I can't stay here, Mr. Ayleward. I can't stay in a room with—with criminals!"

"Hullo!" said Jack. "Go easy. If Mr. Padrona heard you he might resent it."

"My father," said Lynda ready to weep, "would certainly not want me to be here, Mr. Ayleward."

He gave her a queer long glance and took her back to the table silently. He called for his check. Lynda was distressed.

"I haven't asked you . . . you've told me nothing about Nick."

"Maybe you'd better leave it to him. He would like to tell you himself perhaps."

Lynda looked at him gravely and coolly, resting her chin on her hands in imitation of other women in the room.

Jack shrugged. "Apologies. You won't dance just once more?" Lynda was tempted. "If you will promise not to let me touch that man."

"Not touch the jailbird, eh?" She shuddered. "Yes."

"All right." But he looked so queer and hard and so dangerous that she found it difficult to keep herself held by him. It was, however, the most guarded and careful dance she had yet had. He seemed to shield her from all the other dancers by making himself something less than human than a living man.

"We'd better pull out of this," Jack muttered.

He tried to steer her back along and across the room. A hand touched her. "Lend me the girl!" Jock-in-the-Box," said a hoarse voice, "just for the end of the walk, see?"

"Sorry, Toni, she's tired. We're cutting out."

"Oh, no, we are not. Come on, Baby."

"I will not dance with you," Lynda's voice, her face, her spurning lips were altogether too expressive. The big-faced man stepped back from her with an audible intake of his breath and a black flush. One second later Jock struck him in the face.

Lynda did not know what he had done. She could not understand what he had said. She knew only the sickness of fright and shame—to be standing there alone in the excited shouting room while these beasts fought for her.

Luckily Toni had no great desire for publicity. He graciously allowed himself to be held back from a murderous-looking Jock who did not come to his senses until he had been forced back by two waiters and held for a minute against the wall. Then he shrugged and grinned and promised peace and came over to the scared girl. Together they hurried out into the street.

Pessimist—I told you carpenters wouldn't continue to get \$11 a day. I know several persons who have offered Bill Sawyer no more than \$5 a day.

Optimist—You're crazy. Why Bill would never work for less than \$11 a day. That's what his last job paid him.

Pessimist—When was that? Optimist—Oh, a little over a year ago.

A moment later she found him in the taxi with her and her head was on his shoulder. She cried there like a child.

At the corner of her own home street she told him to leave her and said a shaken good night. "I am sorry I was so rude and so ungrateful, Mr. Ayleward. It was not really your fault."

"Yes, it was," he answered grimly. "I won't offend again. Good-by." In her own small bedroom, safe, she knelt beside her bed, and there, trembling all over and in tears, she thanked her God for the news that since she was born for the great,

You've still got me guessing in lots of ways. You belong, for all your Apache get-up, you belong to a world I've come close to forgetting. Although," his face looked bewildered, "although it hasn't been so long."

"You are a gentleman. I saw that at once."

"What is a gentleman?" he demanded bitterly. "I have known very few. Felix Kent of course."

Jock sprang away from her with a movement so abrupt and startling that Lynda made an exclamation of alarm.

Lynda wondered at the change that had come over him. He did not seem like the same man at all. Perhaps more like the man he had looked on the stairs, hard and haggard. During their little talk this hardness had melted from him.

"I'd rather you stay with me now, and go when Nick gets back. Surely you have no business on hand at this hour." And she added with a quaint air of interest, "Has business been good lately?"

"I am a professional gambler, Miss Sandal," Ayleward announced abruptly. "Does that put me into your criminal class?"

Lynda felt startled and drew her eyebrows together and studied.

"I don't know," she admitted. "Is it a crime to gamble?"

"Let Nick advise you as to the social and moral status of a gambler."

"No. He's not got the hands for it." Jock was in the doorway and he suddenly turned his back and went out.

Then, as it was growing late she decided she had better not wait for Nick any longer. She went home singing to herself.

A few days later Jocelyn wrote a note to Nick Sandal in which she told him she would be all alone on Thursday night and that she wanted him to come early and spend the evening with her. There were some things she wrote him, that he must explain to her.

Mary had been sent out early that Thursday night, so when the doorbell rang Jocelyn started forward to answer it herself.

She stared unrecognizingly at the man who stood there in the handsomely empty little vestibule of the apartment building. During that moment, seeing him in outline for the strong light was back of him, she thought this figure of a stranger noble, patient and proud.

She recognized Jack Ayleward. Vexation, anxiety, alarm in swift succession sent all her pulses jumping.

"My father is ill? He sent you?" "He is ill—not seriously—but too ill to come. An attack of pain and fever; the exertion of moving perhaps. We're very respectfully quartered at present."

She saw that his eyes had swiftly taken in all the detail of the apartment—the entrance to the bedrooms, the glass doors of leather opening to the small alcove which held Marcelia's shrine.

He looked again at her. "May I stay just for a little while? It's been a long time since I was in this sort of place talking to this sort of girl."

She played for him, fascinated by his face, which she watched stealthily. As he turned at the end of her playing his shoulder struck against a framed picture and he knocked it down to the floor. He hastened to pick it up and stood still, with a changed face, staring at the photograph of Felix Kent.

If the young man had met Marcelia he could not have more terribly suffered an alteration. Youth and the peace of his listening were smitten into the likeness of demonic hate. He controlled the convulsion, set down the picture and moved down the full length of the room to stand at the window, his back turned.

MANPOWER With all of the unemployment, good men, really first-rate men who



SOUSA

When I was a young fellow in Washington the girl I used to call on (and whom I afterwards married) lived two doors from the Sousa family, and I used to see a lot of "Old Man Sousa," a fat old gentleman of Spanish-German stock, whose customary remark after breakfast was: "Vell, der night was made for sleep and der day for rest—I guess I go back to bed." He pronounced the family name as if it were spelled Sowsa, but his son Johnny gave it a European twist and called it "Soosa."

Johnny Sousa died the other day at the age of 77, the most famous band leader and composer of marches the world has ever known. He began playing the violin when he was seven; he was a cornetist in the U. S. Marine band, where his father also played, when he was still a boy, and was only 26 when he was made the leader of that great band, which furnishes the music for the White House and for all other great occasions in Washington. As a boy in the Washington High school cadet corps I remember marching behind the Marine band on our annual parade up Pennsylvania avenue, while the musicians played Sousa's latest composition, his still-popular "High School Cadets March."

I have heard all of the great bands and have known many great bandmasters, Gilmore, Innes, Seid, Creator and a dozen more, but I never expect to hear anyone produce such authentic thrills from brass and drums as could John Philip Sousa.

TELEVISION There has been a lot said and printed about television—seeing things at a distance. Many people are expecting that before long they will be able to install television receivers and watch baseball games and other events without leaving their own firesides. I have been trying to find out, from engineers and others in the radio industry, what the real prospect of practical television is, and I do not get much encouragement for the belief that it is "just around the corner." Many of my technical friends say that the experimenters so far are barking up the wrong tree, and that some entirely new method will have to be discovered or invented.

It is possible today, with a good deal of expense and trouble, to send a motion picture by radio over a short distance, so that it will appear, somewhat flickery, on a very small screen. But that is quite a different thing from long-distance transmission of a view of something which is actually occurring.

I would not advise anybody to buy stock in any television outfit just yet.

BEAUTY I attended another exhibition of "modern" art the other day. The pictures and statues were mostly terrible. They did not look like anything ever seen by human eye, and they decidedly were not beautiful. But that, I was told, was the secret. Beauty is out of date, and things are not what they seem. True art must show the ugly side of life!

How much of that attitude on the part of aspiring young artists is pose and how much real I cannot determine. I think it is a passing phase, and that the end of art ways will be, as it always has been, to achieve the beautiful. Nor will the standards of beauty change in a thousand years any more than they have changed in the past two thousand years. What was beautiful when built or carved or painted by an artist in ancient Greece is still beautiful and always will be.

Continued Next Week



THE ROAD OF REMEMBRANCE

By Lizzette Woodworth Reese The old wind stirs the hawthorn tree; The tree is blossoming; Northward the road runs to the sea. And past the House of Spring.

The folk go down it unafraid; The still roofs rise before; When you were lad and I was maid, Wide open stood the door.

Now, other children crowd the stair, And hunt from room to room; Outside under to the hawthorn fair, We pluck the thorny bloom.

Out in the quiet road we stand, Shut in from wharf and mart, The old wind blowing up the land, The old thoughts at our heart.

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