

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by THE WILLAMETTE PRESS H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice, Springfield, Oregon.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE One Year in Advance \$1.75 Three Months .75c Six Months .50 Single Copy 5c

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1932

SAVE THE UNIVERSITY!

Regardless of what may or may not be the attitude of other parts of the state toward the recent radical ruling of the board of higher education we in Lane county must save the University of Oregon. The two million dollars the university brings into Lane county each year, the educational and cultural influence, it has upon this community can not be sacrificed as our magnificent contribution to so-called economy.

We would be utterly foolish and regret it the rest of our lives if we stood idly by and watched the university divided up between Portland and Corvallis. Yet that will be exactly what will happen if raids on the institution are permitted to continue. There is ample proof in the hands of those who have been studying this recent move of the board of higher education closely to indicate what will be done just as soon as those politicians behind the move dare do it.

There have been many sins committed in the name of economy and it is easy to take advantage of the people when tax reduction is desired. But the biggest sin ever committed in Oregon will be the mutilating of the higher educational structure in the name of economy while \$15,000 jobs are created and plans made for huge office and traveling expenses necessary to carry out the new order.

The State of Oregon is unfortunately indeed to have members of the board of higher education who are actuated in their decisions by purely selfish motives. One member of the board is trying to build up a political organization, another member is "out to get" the president of the university and one or two others have questionable aspirations. Surely it is a sorry condition for higher education to be judged by such a crowd. The best interest of the state will not prevail when such a condition exists.

It is highly important that strictest economy be practiced by government and all public activity at this time. Even if the cost to the taxpayers of higher education has only increased one per cent in the last ten years in the face of great increased enrollment (while our public schools have increased costs 50 per cent), the expense of operation should be kept down. Economy might better be brought about by reduction in salaries, building expense and the curtailing of extension work—not by experimenting with new and radical methods.

No doubt but there will be a battle in the next legislature over the higher education problem. We should elect no man to the legislature who does not stand for the protection of the University of Oregon. Lane county's interests can not be sacrificed on the altar of false economy.

Editorial Comment

BROKEN MEN

It is only a few years ago since we sent the cream of our young men to serve under the flag on a distant shore. Only the best were accepted.

Most of these returned home, but some may almost wish they had died on the field of battle at a time when death was everywhere. Many of these young men are now broken men, although hardly more than in the prime of life.

We can not look upon these who marched away so bravely, but who now go about in casts or suffer from gas poisoning or some other ailment that is the result of their service, without being convinced that war is a dastardly thing. Their suffering is tragic, although they do not complain much. We pension them, and the government cares for them, but that does not bring back to them the health they once had. That does not bring back to them the ability to do things that other men of their age can do, that does not give them the physical ability to enjoy sports and other things that other men of their age may enjoy.

War must go or civilization will go.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.



A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND

When I was fifteen years old my father took me into his study and gave me a talk about life insurance. He was a preacher, with a large family and a small salary. "Paying my premiums has kept me poor, and often in debt," he said, "but I am well rewarded. I can lie down and sleep soundly at night." In order to bring the lesson home, he applied for \$3,000 of life insurance on the twenty payment plan for me, saying that he would carry it until I had graduated from college and I could go on with it from there.

Twenty years seemed longer at that time than a hundred years seem now. I wondered if I would ever live to the ripe old age of thirty-five, when the policies would be paid in full. Well, I have lived that long, and these policies, and some others, are all paid up. Father himself lived long and, having educated his children and seen them all started, he cashed in his insurance and was comfortable in his old age.

Remembering this lesson, I have signed my checks for premiums very cheerfully, but never with so much satisfaction as during the past two years.

In a period when almost everything one owns is tumbling it is great to know that one investment, at least, is just as good as it promised to be. Nothing has happened to any of the big insurance companies, and nothing will.

I was reminded of this the other day when I attended a convention of insurance salesmen. They were full of human interest stories. Said one: "A business man walked into my office and asked for an application blank. He said that two years ago he was worth \$200,000, and thought that he and his family were safe from financial worries forever. Now the \$200,000 is less than \$50,000. His only hope of independence is through systematic savings as represented by payments of life insurance premiums."

Another told of a man who asked: "I am thirty-five and have to start all over again. What kind of a policy can you offer me that will insure me a competence at sixty?"

We were all carried off our feet by the new theory of investments in 1929. Bonds and insurance were out of date. Common stocks were the one sure way to fortune.

Now the pendulum has swung back. The old-fashioned ideas are in style again. It is a time when insurance companies ought to double their advertising, and insurance salesmen their efforts.

When we were prosperous we sometimes regarded these salesmen as a nuisance. Today their wares are "as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

THE RAPTURE BEYOND by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Sixth Instalment

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially select mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sanderson, enters the girl's room one night. He tells her he used to call her Lydia Sanderson. The gutter teen by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

Lydia visits her father in his dingy quarters. She tells him of her engagement. Her father tells her, in like a son to her, that it causes the girl to be a trader. Lydia pays a second visit to her father and Nick takes her home, on the way stopping with her in an underworld cabaret. Nick gets into a fight with a gangster who insists on dancing with Lydia. He then takes Lydia home. Later she mentions Felix's name to Nick and Nick's face betrays his demoralized hatred of the million.

Nick tells Lydia that Felix caused him to be sent to jail unjustly by fixing up his report on a mine. Lydia says she doesn't believe his story. She pays another visit to her father and goes to a cabaret with him and dances with Nick, who suddenly stops and tells her she is to take her home. He had seen Felix dancing with another woman.

Nick goes on with the story. A few moments later she stood outside on the pavement with Nick. He hailed a taxicab. At the door of Nick's lodging house Nick let her in and in spite of her repelling attitude, sort of instinctive protest against her own confused submission, he mounted with her. As Nick turned to rejoin Nick, Lydia approached him and offered him her hand. It was an unconscious gesture of trust and forgiveness. Over her hand, his fingers closed strongly.

Lydia felt a rapture of body and of blood. It was sweet as honey. She felt more heady than red wine. She felt his lips moving, she heard him say, "I love... I love..." And she was conscious of what he said, of its meaning, of the havoc that it caused. She lifted her eyes as though for help. They met Nick's eyes. He had followed them from the cafe instantly. And now in, and had seen them and now throwing himself on one painful contention across the room, his torn hands upon Nick's collar and, using all his strength, jerked him up and back. The young man fell and was forced into a chair by Nick, who shouted at him:

"You dare to take my daughter here, to make love to her. My daughter! Kiss her with your mouth of a convict, touch her with your hands of a card-sharper." Nick fairly roared. His face looked dazed. He quivered at the two words as though Nick had used a lash upon him. Then carefully, not to hurt Nick's hands, he freed himself and went out into the night.

Nick went over and laid down on the couch, exhausted. "You did wrong to come to me," groaned Nick. "No matter where I live my life defies your fingers." Speaking, he was caught by a paroxysm of physical agony which kept Lydia there in pitiful and sacred attendance until nearly morning.

At last she was driven to summoning Nick Ayleward. Her father had gasped out a number and almost at once after the receiver had rung down the receiver Nick answered. "Nick's suffering terribly. I have to leave him."

His reasonable cool voice answered instantly, "I've been expecting it. I'll be there." In fifteen minutes Lydia admitted him to Nick's bedroom. He passed her and went to Nick. The sick man's contorted face smiled crookedly. Nick passed his arm under the writing desk and seemed at once to give it greater ease. Neither of them said good-by to Lydia nor even seemed to notice that she went away.

When she climbed in at her bedroom window she was scared by the brightening sky. As she slipped into her nightgown, she heard a movement somewhere beyond the bedroom passage. At its end the door stood partly open and a faint and golden light shone from the room.

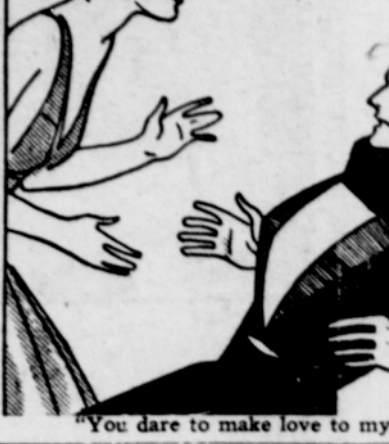
Jocelyn came as far as this door. She could see then that the leather entrance to her mother's little sanctuary had not been closed, that its curtain, too, had been pulled aside. The two tall candles burned steadily and a figure crouched before its altar, surely the figure of a stranger. With a chill upon her back Jocelyn then recognized Marcella.

Marcella spoke breathlessly and harshly. "Go back to your own room. What are you doing there?" A few moments later there came a knock at Jocelyn's door. She opened it and stood aside. She was trembling. But the woman who entered in a long red dressing gown was now Marcella, her usual self, stern, perhaps, prepared to deliver a reproof.

"Did you feel ill, Jocelyn?" "No, Mother. I heard you moving about. I wondered who it could be." "You might have known that at this time I should be at prayer. It's nearly morning. You disturbed me." "I'm sorry, Mother. I—I did not

think that you were at your prayers. You were holding something. I thought that you were..." "You must have been dreaming. Perhaps you walked in your sleep. I shall have to lock you in. Go to bed now. You're cold. If you hear such sounds again you will know better than to disturb me?"

Seeing the girl upon her pillow, Marcella bent over her for one of the dry kisses and went out. The clock in the living-room chimed five. Chimed six. Jocelyn's suspicion, her curiosity, had become a fever, pain that she



could not endure. Ghost-softly she crept again out to the living room. Almost instinctively her hand rose to the velvet drapery behind the altar. She lifted it. A small deep-set door with a lock, he key still in it, lay behind that altar-piece. Marcella had been startled, had moved away quickly, had left her key.

Jocelyn tightened her lips and spoke to her uneasy conscience: "She will not let me know her secrets. She knows I love me. I must learn the truth of my own life by my own efforts." She turned the little key and pulled open the thick small metal door.

Behind it lay a leather box and this she drew out and set upon the top of the prie-dieu. She raised the lid. The glory that had lain hidden there glittered across her eyes like a mesh of living stars. Jewels as rich as a queen's. Rubies, emeralds, sapphires and white diamonds cut into blazing angles and set in a heavy intricate web of dark gold. The barbaric Slavic splendor of this ornament made even the ignorant convent child catch at her breath, it was so beautiful. Two long earrings to match were cradled at either end of the old leather box which was decorated with a worn golden coronet. The value of these jewels in such a setting must be fabulous.

She returned them to their hiding place. All other thoughts and fears were obliterated by the shock of her discovery. She knew that she had indeed been living with a stranger, that she was motherless. She knew that Marcella was a sombre unrelenting in a black gown with a silver cross against its breast but within a blaze of jewels, an emerald and a sapphire. Marcella and she were strangers. No explanation could move her toward the woman who had crouched, greedily absorbed, above those jewels.

The shock and the excitement of the long night were suddenly too much for her. She fell down and wept in a sort of helpless spiritual agony. When Felix Kent came to see his young fiancee the next morning, which was a Sunday, he found her so white and heavy-eyed that not only his pride of a possessor but his lover's tenderness was roused, startled.

He suggested a day's trip to the seashore. So they drove down. Felix proved so sympathetic that Jocelyn was encouraged to ask him if he had ever known a man named Ayleward. Felix turned his head to look at her more sharply than ever he had turned or looked before. His condemnation which was so integral a part of his really great desire for her—the little innocent girl—was momentarily shaken.

"What the devil! Now where did you ever dig up that name, child?" For the first time, to keep Lydia's secret, Jocelyn made use of an invention: "Cousin Sara Mullet once knew a clergyman of that name..." who had a son.

"And who kicked the son out and changed his own name in order not to share it with a convict. Wasn't that it? Yes, I knew that unlucky parson."

"What did the son do to be sent to prison? A clergyman's son — it seems so dreadful."

"Clergymen's sons are a proverb, darling. This one took a bribe and handed in a false report on a zinc mine. I lost a good lot of money myself through that report. Ayleward junior got away with his profit all right, I guess, but I was lucky enough to catch him out and I had him sent up."

"I was sorry for his father and his two sisters but if ever a man deserved what he got it was that fellow, the dirty trickster!" "You don't think there could have been any mistake, that the owner of the mine perhaps deceived him? I mean... I feel so sorry for that



clergyman." "Be sorry for the clergyman by all means but don't waste your pity on the young one. I knew that boy, knew him from the time he was a kid. He was always a pretty slick young customer. Queer how it came out in him. He had a crafty gift for sleight of hand. He could make a pack of cards do anything. He'd pull coins out of the air. Got a circus chap to show him how to throw a knife. I got this little scar on my cheekbone — letting 'em practice knife-throwing on me. I certainly did trounce him for that. And his father gave him a bigger whipping afterward. The old man was always trying to beat some virtue into him."

"He was a no-account entry from the starting post. Seemed to settle down at college and came through the mining school with honors. But that yellow streak was there; and when it came to riding life — he didn't put his spurs in straight and well—he bit the dust."

Jocelyn schooled herself to believe him. By ten o'clock of that Sunday morning Nick's fever, with the worst of his pain, had left him and he lay still with a white racked face and looked sanely at Nick. The young man had not yet changed from his evening clothes.

"You'd better go and get some sleep," Nick whispered. "Business good last night." "Pretty fair. We lost Judson." Nick's eyes began to beg.

"I'm a great one to call you a convict and a card sharper. When I taught you most of the game myself and live on what you make from it. Why don't you chuck me, Ayleward?" "Got the habit of holding on to you."

"Last night—when I came in... you and Lydia, why I'd like you to understand why I—why I—flew out the way I did. When I saw you making love to her, I thought of other women I'd seen you with—and of myself—and—"

Jock swore softly. "Why not shut up?" he suggested. "You were right at that. Only it was a superfluous exhibition of paternal chivalry. I don't love your daughter, Nick."

"What were you doing, saying then—on your confounded knees... holding her hands?" "I was teaching her something about an automatic pistol. I lost my head for a second; but she doesn't lose hers. I tell you I don't love her."

Nick looked at him hard but could make nothing of the cool set smiling face. But, between them, they agreed they must move and hide from the girl, for her own good. A few days later, spurred by an impulse, Lydia hurried to her father's home. She opened Nick's door and found herself looking down upon Nick Ayleward. In the midst of a great confusion of things, of scattered clothing, of trunks and boxes, he knelt busy with packing. Lydia went weak and breathless. "Is Nick here? I thought — I thought—" she closed the door, faltered over to the old sofa and sat down there as though her legs refused to hold her up. "You thought we'd give you the slip? We were foolish enough to think so, too."

Continued Next Week

SAVE CASH ON PLOWING, SAYS JACKSON OF O. S. C.

Among ways for Oregon farmers to cut down cash expense in operations this year, E. R. Jackson, farm crops extension specialist at O. S. C. mentions particularly the possibility of saving in plowing.

"Plow shallow," says Jackson, "Particularly if you use tractor plowing this spring, as the deeper you plow the more money it costs. This may sound like agricultural heresy, but results at the experimental station show that if you disk first, then five-inch plowing results in yields exactly as good as 8 to 11 inch plowing. So for the present it is good policy to disk first and then plow shallow."

For eastern Oregon farmers he makes a similar suggestion by pointing out that by disking all the stubble first one can then take his time about getting it plowed and thus save putting out cash for hired help.

"If I couldn't afford to hire help I'd disk all the land and then come back and plow it, extending the plowing into June if necessary," says Jackson. "June plowing if the

land is disked first isn't so bad. It is not as good as April plowing, but it beats June plowing without disking and beats it badly."

LOCAL U. S. MARINE BOUND FOR SHANGHAI

A tour of duty in China is in prospect for Robert Linn Lockwood of Springfield, whose name is listed with a group of U. S. Marines who sailed from San Diego, California, recently on the U. S. S. Rochester, bound for Shanghai, where he will be attached to the Fourth Regiment of Marines.

The Fourth Regiment has been on duty in Shanghai since early in 1927, and in recent weeks has been especially active in guarding American lives and property in the International Settlement, while Japanese and Chinese forces were engaged in a series of battles nearby.

Recent reports from China indicate that the fighting at Shanghai is virtually over, and that while the U. S. Marines are on the alert, their duties are likely to be less strenuous in the near future. Lockwood made his home with his mother, Mrs. Clara Siemsen, in

Springfield, before he joined the Marine Corps at Portland in 1927. He recently re-enlisted at Portland, and has since been stationed at San Diego, a point of embarkation for many Marines assigned to duty in the Far East.

CARELESS TREE CUTTING AROUSES CRITICISM

Ruthless destruction of trees bordering the highway in front of the H. W. Eyster place near Thurston has been the cause of a great deal of criticism recently.

The trees, many of which were Douglas fir, were cut down by neighbors when they believed them to be the cause of poor telephone communication with the Springfield exchange. Practically all of the trees were ruined, in several instances the limbs were partially cut and allowed to hang suspended from the main trunk, and in others all but one awkward limb were cut off.

Visitor from Waltherville — Mrs. Leland Shrode of Waltherville was a visitor in Springfield Friday.



Washington, D. C. March 31.—The effort to "balance the budget"—that is, to increase the nation's income and cut down its expenditures until they are approximately equal—has resulted in some strange proposals and in what promises to be a serious split in both party groups in congress.

One point on which everybody is agreed is that the budget must be balanced. How to do it is the point on which disagreements exist. The government must raise more money by taxes. But how? The sales tax seemed to be all agreed upon when a bunch of Democrats announced that they wouldn't play if the sales tax were kept in the revenue bill, and a lot of Republicans followed suit.

This being a presidential year, politicians whose popularity is to come to the test next November prefer some kind of taxes which the ordinary man can't see. The sales tax is too obvious. They'd like to find some way to take money from the rich and nothing from the poor. There are some men in congress who still believe that can be done, that there is some kind of taxation which is not paid by the ultimate consumer. There are more men in congress who don't believe anything of the kind, but who pretend to believe it because they think it will "make votes."

So we may have the sales tax, and we may have income taxes so high for people with incomes above \$10,000 a year that it will remind them of war times, or we may have neither of these. One thing, however, we can be sure of—the federal taxes which will be on the law books when this congress adjourns will be the highest we have ever had except in time of war.

The same applies to the proposals to cut down government expenses. Nobody can predict as yet where the cuts will be made, but it is in the cards that all federal salaries above \$2500 a year will be reduced; 25 per cent reductions for those getting \$10,000 a year or more, lesser percentages for the lower-priced "help." This will affect half a million men and women on Uncle Sam's payroll. Most of them are greatly underpaid now. They work here in Washington at low pay for the sake of security, for the sake of being able to send their children to college, to avoid worrying about the future. Washington is the cheapest large city in the world to live in, because everything has to be geared to the low wages paid by the government.

A good many people, in and out of congress, are asking why the government doesn't borrow money enough to pay up its deficits and quit worrying in these hard times about paying off the national debt. The eagerness with which recent government note and bond issues have been taken up by investors seems to prove that the public is willing to lend its funds to Uncle Sam, even if unwilling to invest at this time in much of anything else. Now that Mr. Mellon has gone to be an ambassador, people are saying that he was too much a banker and not enough of a statesman. Bankers believe in paying debts. Statesmen believe in never paying them, but in funding them and paying interest on them. We have been paying off our Liberty loans, without getting back from Europe the proceeds of those loans which we lent abroad. It would not be surprising if a plan to stop taking up these bonds, but merely to continue interest payments, would be seriously broached. That would cut down our annual government expenditure materially.

The prohibition question will not down but becomes more intense as the time for the national conventions approaches. Senator Bingham of Connecticut has introduced a bill to permit the manufacture of beer of 4 per cent alcoholic content and its sale in bottles, not to be drunk on the premises. The senate subcommittee to which it was referred favors the bill. It is contended that it will bring in a large revenue, by a heavy tax on each bottle of beer, that it will set a lot of men to work operating breweries, and that it will provide a market for large quantities of barley and hops. Nobody contends that legal beer will satisfy the demands of drinkers who want what President Hoover calls "hard liquor." And if beer, why not wine? It is too soon even to guess what will happen to the Bingham bill, except that it will make a lot of talk and stir up new hopes in the breasts of the wets.

The efforts to "smoke out" President Hoover and get him to declare himself for or against the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states is participated in by both sides. The wets contend that he must now recognize that what he referred to in 1928 as "an experiment, noble in purpose" has failed, that prohibition cannot be enforced by the federal government and that it ought to be left to the

states, as before. The dries say that he, as a personal dry, ought not to countenance any change in the prohibition law, whatever he thinks about it as a practical question of enforcement.

There is a growing belief that the Republican wets in the national convention will be able to force a resubmission plank into the party platform, in which case the Democratic convention will be compelled to do the same thing, and that would have the effect of removing prohibition from the national election. Wets and dries would line up again as Republicans and Democrats, which is regarded here as desirable. What Mr. Hoover's personal stand might be on a resubmission plank nobody now pretends to know.

One important field in which constructive legislation is looked for from this coalition government relates to railroads. It seems reasonably certain that there will be amendments to the Interstate Commerce Law which will give the railroads a chance not only to make money, but to keep it in their own reserves instead of having to turn all profits over to the government. There seems to be in congress now quite a general realization of the injustice of limiting the railroads to a low profit in good times and then giving them no help in bad times.

EARWIG PARASITE TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN OREGON. Communities in Oregon troubled with earwigs may get a colony of the earwig parasites now being used effectively in Portland for release this spring. Through an arrangement made by the O. S. C. extension service with the Portland Insectary, some 70 colonies of the parasites may be distributed through Oregon on a cost basis.

The Portland Insectary is financed by the city and operated by entomologists of the experiment station who have developed highly efficient methods of multiplying the parasitic flies that prey on the earwigs. They do no harm whatever to any other insect, animal or plant. Communities interested in getting a start of these parasites may make definite arrangements through any county agent or deal directly with the extension service at the college.

LUKA CIRCLE SPONSORS BENEFIT CARD PARTY. Members of Luka circle, number 37, Ladies of the G. A. R. will hold a benefit card party at the home of Mrs. Hobart Carr Friday evening, April 1. Mrs. Carr lives at 124 Main street. Tickets are being sold this week by members of the Circle.

Advertisement for 'Perfection... Truly Eggimann's candy is the aristocrat of confections—made with consummate skill of the finest, purest ingredients. It is a candy with the old-time goodness made with a modern appearance. Whether in a handsome gift box or in bulk our candy is welcome in every home. EGGIMANN'S "Where the Service is Different"

Advertisement for 'Attend Our 2nd ANNIVERSARY ...SALE... Bargains In Every Department The Golden Rule Rulers of Low Prices 1015 WILLAMETTE EUGENE

Advertisement for 'DEVOURS DIRT but it's kind to your rugs. DIRT is its favorite diet, of course, but it doesn't balk at dust, lint, dog hairs or ashes. No moths can settle down in your rugs for a long rest. The modern Electric Vacuum cleans perfectly... yet will not injure your finest rug. Your dealer will gladly show you why an Electric Vacuum Cleaner is essential to the well kept home. Mountain States Power Company