

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1932

SENATOR STEIWER

There would seem to be no real reason, other than someone else wants a job, for recalling Senator Fredrick Steiwer from Washington.

Against overwhelming odds, Senator Steiwer has consistently battled for protection on Oregon lumber from Canadian and Russian competition.

On veterans' legislation Senator Steiwer has stood for everything the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars have asked.

About election time, we frequently hear criticism of the Oregon delegation in Congress, in that our members have not done sufficient for the state.

When it comes time for strict economy the states of the union that are paying the high appropriations to Oregon naturally are going to look sharply for some place to cut.

IS ROOSEVELT PHYSICALLY FIT?

The American people are entitled to know if Franklin D. Roosevelt is physically able to fill the office of president of the United States.

A COUNTY FLY-SWATTER

We have dog catchers, truck chasers and demonstrators of all kinds on the public payroll.

C. A. "Tom" Swarts is receiving encouragement in his candidacy for sheriff from all parts of the county.

There are 700 more Democrats registered to vote in Lane county than there were two years ago.

The Way of Life by Bruce Barton

Looking back, the record would be something like this: Unbounded optimism; "new era"; everything's going to be all right.

Fear compels thought. "The fear of the Lord," says the Bible, "is the beginning of wisdom."

Congress was thoroughly scared when it convened last December, and it has been the most sensible congress in a long time.

The greatest impression that this experience has made on me is a fresh realization of the rhythm of human existence.

It swings too far to the left, bumps its nose, and swings back, too far to the right.

But most of us fail to sense the rhythm. We are looking for a fixedness, a finality which does not exist.

In these depression periods we question everything. We probe with doubts. We react. And the reaction is beneficent.

For twenty-five years we worshipped "scientific progress." Now we wonder whether a lot of this so-called progress did not consist merely of filling up the world and speeding it up.

In education we have been devoted to the practical, to training men and women to do things.

In government we have multiplied laws and bureaus and taxes. Now the worm is turning.

We had a great period of misdirected idealism, a passion for educating everybody, "improving" everything, enlightening the world.

Action and reaction, ebb and flow, trial and error, change—this is the rhythm of living.

RAPTURE BEYOND by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Final Instalment

"But you?" "They thought that we had quarreled over the swag. Lord, how they tore my house to pieces looking for them."

"And she didn't tell? I mean at the trial she didn't try to help you by telling the truth?"

"She didn't speak at the trial or afterward," he said. "But you must remember that I had killed her lover."

"Since I met you again, I hated her afresh. And so, because I thought that it would tear away her mask and expose the background of her piety, I stole her jewels."

"Oh, Nick, Nick, Nick!" "Do you blame me so much?"

"I don't blame you only why couldn't you have trusted me?"

"The house of cards has fallen, Nick, and in my silly clothes I have come back to you."

"A wedding must be canceled, all its gifts returned, its guests dismissed. Cousin Sara Mullet, arriving from New Jersey, was invaluable for these unpleasant urgent matters."

"It was not until several days thereafter that the papers began to blaze the story of a certain Felix Kent."

"Where is he?" Lynda whispered. "Not far away. I found he didn't have the stuff so I got Fuji to call you. Don't yell. I got him in a closet outside there."

"As he stepped from the door, Lynda's courage flared up. She darted after him so unexpectedly, so closely at his heels that she was through the door before he could lock it."

"Well, I was about to suggest an adventure. Will you come with me to France?"

"What is your intention, Nick?" "To return to the Marquise de Montree her jewels."

"That's what I meant to do, some day." Josiah's lawyer at Jocelyn's request took charge of her affairs.

Lynda, all dressed for travel and holding in her hands a leather case which contained her toilet articles, her money and the jewels, sat down beside her window to wait for Nick.

Startled she saw that it was already nine, that Nick was very late. She began to be alarmed.

She phoned the desk but was told that there had been no call.

She had hardly hung up the receiver when shrilly the mechanism rang. She knew Fuji's queer little voice.

"Please, lady come see Miss-tair Sandal. He say, Velly sud-den sick. No can come. No can get to 'phone. Please, lady come his room now."

Ladies in limousines, dressed for parties, wear French heels and décolleté gowns.

One man I know came to New York recently and looked at a suite of four rooms in one of the largest and most fashionable hotels.

Perhaps the example which Mrs. Hoover set of wearing a cotton gown to a formal party, will help dispel the idea that to be taken for a lady a girl must always wear silk.

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She hurried down and got herself and her bags into a cab and gave the address.

She got out quickly at the door, told her driver to wait and, keeping the small case with its priceless contents in her hands, ran up the steps.

She climbed up the three well-remembered flights and hurried in at Sandal's unlocked door. He was in the striped front room. The battered sofa, however, held the fresh imprint of a body. His suitcase, open, its contents all thrown

about, stood on the floor. She called him and went through the bedroom door. That room was empty, its bed dismantled and unoccupied.

Quayle, a man she had seen with her father, stood against the entrance door. He was smiling stickily.

"Don't yell," he warned her. She saw that in his pocket a lump thrust upward, threatening her.

"Look a-her, girlie, I'm on to Nick and you. You got the lady's sparklers and you're going to beat it to foreign parts. A neat job too."

"Where is he?" Lynda whispered. "Not far away. I found he didn't have the stuff so I got Fuji to call you. Don't yell. I got him in a closet outside there."

She shook her head. He took the case from her, opened it and quietly pocketed the gems. Then he began to back toward the door.

As he stepped from the door, Lynda's courage flared up. She darted after him so unexpectedly, so closely at his heels that she was through the door before he could lock it.

Quayle scuttled down and out past Fuji who had the front door open. Lynda lay crumpled near the banister over which she had leaned for her intended outcry.

Helping herself up by the railing and moving shakily down she found Nick Sandal, his hands still tied behind his back.

There was, with her shortened wailing cry, a shock of sound. Quayle scuttled down and out past Fuji who had the front door open.

She sat there on the step and held his peaceful head upon her arm.

The police found them and took them away and next morning, the Harlowe family lawyer having been summoned, the police delivered them to Marcella's apartment.

THE END

STARTING

NEXT WEEK

A

LOVE

STORY

"MAN MADE THE TOWN."

RUSSIAN PROFESSOR SEEKS TEXT BOOKS

Dr. Roger J. Williams, professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon, has recently received a request from Alescia Dimitriew, an assistant professor in Russia asking for copies of two text books written by Dr. Williams.

PHOENIX HOMEMAKERS USE OREGON PRODUCTS

Homemakers of the Phoenix extension unit won the Oregon label contest by turning in 484 varieties of labels from Oregon products which they had used since March 25.

MANY LADIES ATTEND MEETING AT SILVERTON

Ten members of the Home Mission society of the Methodist church attended the district meeting at Silverton on Friday and won the honor of having the second largest number present and of having come the farthest to attend the gathering.

He had looked down as though he could see, through earth and ebony and the dust that would go to dust, some beloved spiritual body with happy resurrected eyes.

Lynda spent her dusks near the window. Alone in the broad saffron sunset light she would sit, remembering. And her sad and bitter love kindled in her slowly like the lights until it glittered up and up into a pillar of pain.

She could think of no one else presently, remember no one else, every look of his noble face was

hers, every turn of his strong and graceful body. The hands she had called a trickster's kept their touch upon her. A clean touch. Honorable hands. It was Jock's turn now to climb up out of the dust, to mount and to rise. But why must it be away from her?

She saw, turning, stiff with trouble and with weariness, that he was in the vestibule.

He came toward her, looking tall and grave and white. The saffron evening sky made him visible to her, but in his eyes she must have been a dark outline, silent and inexpressive. She could not speak.

"Have you read the papers, Lynda?" "Her 'no' was inaudible. She had tried to read them. The names had made her feel faint. She had not been able to go on."

"I've got my verdict. I'm cleared. Don't try to speak, Lynda. I won't stay. I know what you must feel toward me. I've spoiled your life. . . or you think so. And I've dared to come here to thank you for giving me the power to do it. Since I last saw you you've been hurt horribly. And I went away and left you to go through with it alone. It's beastly. I'm ashamed. But," he held out his hands, "but no one will call them a thief's fingers again. Nor my mouth a convict's mouth. And . . . I love you, Jocelyn Harlowe. Life is ahead of us, although there has been so much pain behind, and I have a mania for hugging."

For an instant Nick's irony gleamed in Lynda's face, a happy resurrection.

"It's too bad we're not in sympathy, Jock. I haven't any mania for hoping and very little patience at all with pain. Your talent will be wasted. And I think it was never Jocelyn Harlowe that you loved. I am Lynda Sandal. I'm tired of unhappiness. And I've been lonely. Can't you have a mania for being happy here and now?"

At that they were together and out of reach of fear. The little Master, completely conquered, vanished into thin air and it seemed to Lynda that in his place was the sure promise of splendid happiness.

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PHOENIX HOMEMAKERS USE OREGON PRODUCTS

This Week in WASHINGTON

Washington, D. C.—There is increasing encouragement for the belief that before this session of congress adjourns there will be an actual material reduction in the expenses of the federal government.

Whether it will be precisely along the lines proposed by the president, or whether his political opponents in congress will succeed in putting over some other method of economy for which they can claim party make very little difference.

credit, is still uncertain. It will average taxpayer who gets the political credit for reducing expenses.

The one sure thing is that every member of both houses is being literally deluged with letters and telegrams from constituents demanding radical economies in government expenditures.

Under the president's program, instead of a horizontal cut in government salaries and wages, he would keep all the present employees on the payroll, but those on annual salaries would be required to take a month off in the year without pay, and those on daily wages would be given five days work a week instead of six.

That is in line with the White House policy, announced at the beginning of the depression, that there should be no reduction in wages.

Congress has not as yet acted finally upon any of the appropriation bills, and until the last vote is counted it is too early to predict with accuracy what is going to happen, but there is apparently a very decided sentiment in favor of giving the president authority to consolidate bureaus and to cut off the free services which are now being rendered to individuals at public expense.

In the Department of Commerce, for example, thousands of specific inquiries are received every day from business men wanting information about business conditions, costs and sources of raw materials, commodity prices in different parts of the world, etc., etc.

Also, thousands of industrial concerns every year send specimens of materials to the Bureau of Standards for testing, and call upon its technical experts for a wide variety of free services. The proposal is to charge for such services according to their cost, which appeals to business men generally, but which some politicians think might lose them a few votes.

President Hoover said, soon after taking office, that one of the troubles with the country was "too much government by emotion." It is as true of one party as of the other that a large proportion of the legislation enacted on Capitol Hill in the past has been solely for the purpose of catching votes and not for the real interest of the nation.

This year there is going to be less of that, although some of it will be manifested when the proposal to pay off veterans' war service certificates immediately in cash comes up. Probably much more than a majority of senators and representatives will vote for this because they think it will please the veterans; but they will vote for it with the certainty that it will be vetoed by the president, and that it cannot muster the necessary two-thirds majority in both houses to be re-passed over the presidential veto.

That is the way politics is played on Capitol Hill.

The political sensation of the week is the widespread interest in Al Smith's open break with Frank Roosevelt. It pleases the Republicans as another evidence of a breach in the ranks of the Democratic leadership, and it pleases the anti-Roosevelt Democrats as a good chance of nominating somebody else, though nobody as yet expresses much confidence in the idea that Smith himself will again be the party nominee.

Ex-Governor Smith took the view, in his Jefferson Day speech, that this is no time to talk cheap demagogic politics. He made it clear that there is no way to put the wage worker back on his job if those who pay the wages are going to be put out of business by excessive or ill-advised taxation. In other words, Mr. Smith exhibited his belief in the fundamental Democratic principle of equality, which, in theory, makes no distinction between rich and poor, and does not legislate against one class for the benefit of another.

Perhaps the most far-reaching effect of Mr. Smith's Jefferson Day speech, however, is his very frank statement that we might just as well give up the idea that we are going to collect any more on account of war debts from Europe. Hundreds of political leaders reached that conclusion long ago, but

none in a position to be heard so widely has dared to voice it. Now that Mr. Smith has said it right out in meeting it is surprising how much agreement is being expressed with that belief. It would be hard to find anybody in Washington to day who seriously thinks we shall ever get any more money from the other side in payment of what the nations of Europe borrowed from us for war purposes.

As to Mr. Smith's suggestion that we give foreign nations credit on their war debts for a percentage of their annual purchases of our commodities, there is less agreement, but there is a growing sentiment in favor of the idea, not original with him, of a large new issue of government bonds to be used for public works in order to put more money speedily into circulation and provide more work for the jobless.

Washington is using a new word to express this idea of increasing currency. We have been going through a process of currency deflation, but nobody likes the word "inflation," so some bright mind coined the word "reflation" and it is on the cards that something will be done to insure a larger volume of currency, by one means or another.

As to the tax bill, as Andrew H. Brown frequently remarks: "Ain't it a mess?"

AXE SLIPS, FINGER IS ALMOST SEVERED

Mrs. P. C. Scott, route 1, Springfield, nearly lost the index finger on her left hand Saturday when an axe with which she was cutting wood slipped. A local physician dressed the injury taking several stitches.

Colonel Alfred E. Clark, who is seeking the Republican nomination for United States senator, is the man who was chosen as legal counsel for the Dairy Co-operative Association of the state of Oregon and his efforts in their behalf has resulted in stabilization of the price of milk paid to the dairymen by the distributors. This result was accomplished at a time when a large majority of the milk producers of the state were on the verge of ruin. (Pd. adv.—Clark for U. S. Senator committee, 829 Yeon Bldg., Portland, Ore.)

Vote for J. O. BAILEY

(State Senator) FOR Supreme Court Judge

Position No. 3 Qualified—Vigorous—Progressive He is conscientious and has the confidence and respect of all the people. —Paid Ad.

EARL C. BRONAUH JR.

for Attorney General REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

Fifteen years legal experience in Oregon. Three sessions in Oregon Legislature. Born and educated in Oregon. World War Veteran.

MY PLEDGE: FULL EFFICIENCY WITH STRICT ECONOMY (Paid Ad.)

W.C. Hawley

Republican Candidate, born and raised on an Oregon farm. Member of Joint Committee that framed the Federal Land Bank system. Has supported the Joint Stock Land Bank legislation and intermediate credit system, and other bills for the relief of agriculture. Supported the special federal tax on oleomargarine and legislation protecting butter from unfair competition of oleomargarine. Agricultural schedules in present tariff act afford higher rates of protection than any previous act. Rendered special service to Oregon cherry growers, bulb growers, nut growers and various other producers of the State of Oregon. Placed duty on baby chicks and other duties protecting poultry producers; increased duty on milk products, such as butter and cheese; also duty on flax and its products, on field and garden seeds, on meats, hops, lumber and practically every product of the farmer. Supported legislation for disposal of surplus crops. Has obtained more than \$50,000,000 for Public Improvements in District.

HE IS CLEAN, CAPABLE, EXPERIENCED, FAITHFUL, SUCCESSFUL. Read his Record of Successful Service in Voter's Pamphlet. (Pd. adv. by Ronald C. Glover.) (M 5 - 12)

ONE CENT per meal per person

NEVER in the history of all the world has electricity been so cheap and never before has electric cooking equipment been priced so low. It is no longer necessary to envy your neighbor's freedom from her kitchen because she has modern electric cooking equipment. You can enjoy the same comforts and conveniences with time outside the kitchen for recreation and improvement as the rest of the family. Expense need no longer stand in the way of your own electrical kitchen. A small down payment will place an electric range in your kitchen with no charge for installation or wiring. Inspect them in hardware, furniture and electrical stores.

Mountain States Power Company

ELECTRICITY IS CHEAP