

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H. E. MAXEY, Editor

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1932

TICKETS AND SLATES

This is the period of ticket making and every organization from the ladies aid to the bar association is being asked to endorse this or that candidate. It is indeed an unusual candidate that has not one or two of these endorsements pinned on his banner.

While freedom of action and speech is one of our sacred rights in this country this custom of organizations to endorse candidates from dog catcher to president is to our mind a pernicious practice. The only reason there is not more harm done by it is that the organizations are not able to deliver the promised support which is generally given by a handful of officers.

Nearly all these organizations that dabble in politics exist for some reason of selfish interest. The very fact they place their label on a candidate is because they think, or because he has promised he will serve their purpose which too often is not the public's interest. Give us a candidate who has not any strings tied to him by the moral responsibility of doing the right and fair thing for the public regardless of who it benefits or harms individually.

Voters should go to the poles and vote for the man whom they think is best qualified for the office and who has the moral stamina to serve the people—not because of these endorsements but in spite of them. Who is it that is so much better to pick a candidate than you or I.

MORE AND MORE FOR LESS AND LESS

With shrinking industrial payrolls the state accident commission continues to double and treble the rate the employer must pay for workman's accident insurance. Like most commissions it has a big overhead which must be met. But unlike industry the state commission does not decrease prices in hard times but increases its rates. In effect the state is penalizing the employer who is operating the best he can under difficult conditions.

It would seem that with less people employed there would be fewer accidents and less claims to pay. But that isn't the way state socialism works. We recommend to Governor Meier and Treasurer Holman they learn how to run the state rather than so much instructions to the people on how to run local governments.

If nature opens the McKenzie pass this year it probably will be the fourth of July before we can travel to eastern Oregon. With little effort the highway department might open it a month earlier. In fact those who have been to the snow believe that a rotary would be able to plow it out in a week. While the snow is deep there is said to be practically no ice. Several hundred cars a day would use the pass right now if it were open. We believe traffic is sufficient to justify the state opening the pass immediately.

From the calibre of some men running for office we wonder if they are not actuated more by the salary attached to the office than by a great desire to save the country.

The younger generation has turned the tune on the old folks. The theme song of this generation is "Where are My Wandering Parents Tonight."

There's one thing this depression has practically put a stop to—signing on the dotted line.

Family life may be breaking down. But it isn't noticeable around meal time.

No one ever made any money sitting around in loafing places and finding fault with the country.

PENSIONS

The United States has always been the most liberal country in the world in providing pensions for the men who have served in its army and navy. Recently, there has been a good deal of discussion of this pension situation, which is costing the taxpayers of the United States considerably more than a billion dollars a year.

We have no quarrel whatever with the principle that a man who has been wounded or disabled by illness while risking his life for the defense of his country should be taken care of, so long as he needs it, at the expense of his country. But we have no sympathy for the able-bodied, self-supporting man who thinks that he is entitled to a pension merely because he was under arms for a while in a training camp. And we have still less sympathy for the man who tries by fraudulent means to obtain a pension by special act of congress.

President Hoover put his finger one one of the weakest spots in our pension system when he vetoed the Omnibus Pension bill. This is an annual affair which usually has a great many meritorious claims in it, but frequently also contains claims of would-be pensioners who are not by any stretch of the imagination entitled to be supported by the public. As Mr. Hoover pointed out, the people of the United States should not be taxed to pension a man who was court-martialed for drunkenness and conduct prejudicial to good order and was finally discharged without honor for the good of the service, or for a man whose injuries were incurred in attempting suicide, or for a soldier whose only injury was the loss of a leg by being run over by a street car when he was lying on the track intoxicated. Those are only a few of the fraudulent claims for pensions which were included in this year's Omnibus Pension bill.

By all means, we think, every man who has ever proved his willingness to die for his country has a special claim upon the nation's gratitude. But we feel, also, that the greatest care should be taken at all times, and especially now, to protect the nation against fraudulent pension claims.

Man Made the Town

(Continued from First Page)

on or the moors, or down in the country.

At twenty-two the only thing in the world which Diana really desired was another woman's husband.

Diana, a little nervous in spite of herself, entered the "top man's" consulting room.

He was big and rather clumsy looking, with grave steady eyes and a mouth that looked as if it rarely smiled.

It did not smile now, but his eyes seemed to pierce through all the bravery of her carefully reddened lips and make-up, right down through her artificiality to the trembling weakness of her.

Diana said nothing—she felt as if an ordinary greeting would be wasted on this man. She just stood and looked at him with an unconscious appeal in her eyes, till he said quietly:

"Won't you sit down?" He indicated a chair close to his own and facing the window, so that the light fell full on her face.

Diana obeyed, her hands clasped in her lap, and her heart beating in a queer, frightened manner. He seemed to realize this, for he said more gently:

"Don't be frightened. I am not going to eat you." She flushed scarlet through all her pallor, and her eyes grew angry. Speaking to her as if she were a silly child with a cut thumb.

She gave a little high-pitched laugh.

"I'm not really ill. I feel rather a hump coming here at all, but my aunt insisted. I've got rather thin, you see—but then, I was always thin. It's the hot weather, I think, and I don't sleep very well. London's always rather trying at this time of the year, don't you think? We generally go away, but this summer—"

She broke off, feeling suddenly very young and foolish and hating herself for it. It seemed so long since she had felt either young or foolish, and because the experience was strange she also hated this grave-faced man who was responsible for it and who looked at her so searchingly.

After a moment she rattled on. "I thought if you could give me a tonic. . . I fainted last night—not that that's anything, is it? But my aunt was nervous." The little high-pitched laugh came again. "As if fainting is anything important."

He spoke then. "It depends entirely on the cause of the faint. Will you take off your hat?"

She obeyed, holding it on her lap, and for a moment there was silence.

In Diana's mind she was saying to herself dully:

"I wonder what he is thinking. I wish he would tell me what he is thinking of me. Why doesn't he tell me? I hate being looked at like that—as if he were driving gimlets right through me?"

He said something then. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

His eyes said plainly, "Is that all?" and Diana blanched.

Her glass had told her often enough that she looked worn and ill and older than the hated Linda, who could not be more than twenty-six, seeing that Aunt Florence had been present at her christening.

But Linda was happy and healthy and care-free and had always enjoyed her life, while she. . .

Suddenly the room began to grow dark and to swim about her, and though she clenched her teeth and pressed her feet hard upon the floor she could not control it or herself, and then for a little while everything was blank. . .

"Lie still. You'll be all right in a moment. Just drink this. No, lie still and keep your eyes shut."

She was glad enough to obey. She felt as weak as if she had just struggled through a long illness, weaker than she had felt last night when she fainted so suddenly in the middle of a crowded hall room. Even the attempt to raise her head left her so exhausted that she felt almost dead.

But the potent drink this man gave her was wonderful—it seemed to open fresh life and energy into her body, and presently she opened her eyes and smiled.

He ignored that.

"Better?" he asked. "Yes. Quite well, thank you. It was silly, I'm sorry. It must have been the heat." She tried to laugh. "Your consulting room was very hot," she said.

"That was brandy, I suppose."

"No."

He kept away from her a moment, then, seeing that she had raised herself and was half sitting, half leaning against the cushions of the couch where she had placed her, he came back and looked down at her steadily.

"Do you like plain speaking?" he asked abruptly.

She raised her eyes, very blue against the pallor of her face.

"Why, of course."

"Very well, then I am going to tell you that you are very ill, very ill indeed, and that if you wish to get better you must do exactly what I tell you—and at once."

"Yes. Yes of course."

"Well—for the present I am not going to worry you with anything but just the simplest prescription, and in a week's time I will see you again. First of all, you will go away

into the country."

Her eyes dilated, and her hands gripped the cushion on either side of her.

"The country?—when?"

"At once. To-morrow—if possible today, and when I say country I mean the very heart of the country—a cottage on Dartmoor or in the Surrey hills, where there are no theatres or night clubs or picture houses. You will go to bed early—seven o'clock—and you will stay in bed till lunch-time every day till I see you again. You will be allowed no visitors—except your aunt, of course—and you are to do nothing except read and sleep. You'll not write letters or receive any—and you will sleep with your window wide open. You will have the very simplest food and no alcohol at all except what I order. As I said before, if you carry out my instructions you will get well again, but if not—" He broke off, for Diana had risen shakily to her feet.

"I can't do that. I can't go away from London yet—not just yet. I will later on—perhaps next month. I promise. Can't you give me some medicine just to go on with? I promise to take it regularly."

"It's not medicine you want, it's rest and sleep and quiet. Why can't you leave London? Surely it's not such an attractive place in this scorching heat? I only wish I were free to leave it. I do for every moment I can snatch. It's a poisonous place this weather, and to anyone in your nervous state—"

"I hate the country."

"You hate the country?"

He moved suddenly, laying a hand on her shoulder.

"Be a sensible child," he said gently. "Do as I tell you. Go right away for three months, and you'll come back a different being, able to enjoy life and laugh again."

She raised passionate eyes to his face.

"I'd rather die," she said, and he answered, suddenly grave:

"You may even do that if you refuse to take my advice."

Diana picked up her hat, which had fallen to the floor, and began to put it on, by force of habit hunting in her handbag first for a little mirror and the inevitable lipstick.

"It's very kind of you, Dr. Selfe," she began with a return of her artificial air—the lipstick was giving her back her poise. "But—"

He interrupted bluntly.

"I am not Dr. Selfe. I thought the secretary had made that plain to you. Dr. Selfe is away ill—I am taking his place for the time being. My name is Rathbone."

"Oh!" So this was not the "top man"; how annoyed Aunt Florence would be, and yet Diana herself was conscious of relief. If he was not the "top man" it would account for the nonsense he had talked, of the way in which he had almost succeeded in frightening her; it had been most unprofessional when one came to think of it. She looked at him with different eyes.

A big clumsy man, not a bit the orthodox Harley Street specialist; even his hair was rough, as if he had forgotten to brush it. . . she looked away from him quickly, meeting once again his piercing regard.

The country! Ugh! Spiders and other nasty crawling things, and no hot water or soft beds.

She drew on a glove.

Rathbone said, "I hope very earnestly, Miss Gladwyn, that you will take my advice."

"You are very kind." But she did not look up, and it was he who held out his hand.

She took it after the barest hesitation; a strong, kind hand—capable and secure. One little sigh escaped her—she had never known what it was to feel really secure, life had always been such a hectic scramble.

"If you would care to come and see me again, later on. . ." he said, and his voice was kind—the voice of a friend.

Diana said with a sense of help-

lessness. "But I can't go to the country. . . I hate it, and surely it can't be good to do a thing one hates very much."

"It's not possible to hate a thing you've never tried," this strange man said quietly, and then, "Do you know that line—"

"God made the country, and man made the town?"

"No."

He released her hand.

"Well, that's just the difference," he said.

In the car Mrs. Gladwyn woke up sufficiently to ask questions.

TO BE CONTINUED



Washington, D. C.—Old-time observers of governmental activities say that they have never seen such an earnest and serious effort on the part of everybody concerned to do the right thing in this national crisis. Evidence of the strain under which congress is working is found in the large amount of illness, prostration from over work and several deaths among the members of both houses since this session began.

The public does not realize the amount of work that is done by members of congress, because most of the reports are only of the public sessions. A good deal of time and energy is spent on the floor of each house in making speeches which convince nobody, but which have as their ulterior motive possible use for political purposes. The real work of congress is done in the committee rooms and in conferences with officials of the executive branches of the government.

And in these days the earnest thought and study that is being given to the problems of government by everybody, Republicans, Democrats and insurgents, is more intense than it has been at any time since the war. It is no unusual thing for a committee chairman to work all night, or for an entire committee to sit in earnest discussion until the late hours in the morning. Both the house and senate restaurants are serving more breakfasts than ever before.

Speaker Garner is at his office every morning at seven o'clock, although the sessions of congress do not begin until noon. He puts in five hours of hard work before ascending the rostrum, and is frequently at his office until late in the evening, after the session is over.

It is beginning to be doubtful whether congress can actually finish its work and adjourn for the year by the 10th of June. The major appropriation bills will have to be out of the way before June 30, as the government's fiscal year ends on that date, and nobody would have authority to spend a cent after July 1st, unless the appropriation bills were passed. Those are the measures which are giving more trouble than even the tax bill.

There is no mistaking the sincere desire of everybody concerned with the operation of the government to cut down governmental costs. On many of the items where economies are proposed there is no serious difference of opinion. The differences occur where the amount that would be saved by a particular measure is a matter of opinion and not of demonstrable fact. It is easy enough to prove on paper what the effect would be of reducing government salaries. It is not easy to prove what would be the effect of making a charge for government services which are now rendered free. It is only guess work as to how many people would continue to take advantage of those services if they had to pay for them. And opposing every specific economy is a strong lobby representing the par-

ticular group of employees, or bureau or department which would be affected if this, that, or the other item were cut off.

It means a good deal harder work to find ways of cutting expenses which will do the least harm politically than it is to find new sources of taxation to balance the budget. And the tax bill is presenting harder problems than the country has ever faced. The senate committee has done a great many things to the house bill, and by the time the tax bill finally passes the senate it won't look very much like the one which was passed by the house. The result will be a long and perhaps stormy session of a conference committee, to whip the new tax legislation into shape that both houses will stand for.

It looks now as if there was little chance of the general manufacturer's sales tax becoming law, although a strong and vigorous new drive in favor of it is being felt on Capitol Hill. There are very serious doubts arising as to whether the excessive high taxes on large incomes and inheritances will yield anything like what they have been estimated to yield. The extent to which incomes of the supposedly very rich have been cut down in the past couple of years is just beginning to be realized, as the income tax returns for 1931 are being analyzed by the treasury. Not only individual incomes but corporate incomes have fallen off so much that this situation is furnishing new ammunition for the advocates of the sales tax.

President Hoover in his address to the conference of governors called sharp attention not only to the necessity of cutting down governmental expenditures, but also to the need of finding new and less burdensome methods of taxation. He pointed out that local and state expenses have increased in far greater proportions than federal expenses, and that total expenditures for all governmental purposes now represent probably more than twenty per cent of the national income. Before the war, he pointed out, every man worked twenty-five days a year for the national, state and local governments, while today's taxes take sixty-one working days out of every worker's year. Too much of the local and state tax burden is carried by real estate and its improvements, he pointed out, and too many state and local taxes draw from the same sources as the federal government does.

One reason why a late summer session of congress now seems probable is that our government budget includes as expected income, payments on account of war debts due us from Europe, while the European budgets so far adopted do not make any provision for such payments. The moratorium on war debts expires July 1st. In July England should pay us about \$5,000,000, and the same amount again in January, but the British government has left this out of its esti-

mates and Europe generally seems to be relying upon the Lausanne conference to be held in June, to cancel or modify these debt obligations.


Talk of some means of currency inflation gets stronger. The feeling is growing here that some measure which will raise commodity prices is essential. It may be the remonetization of silver, which is more likely than the issuing of a large volume of government notes unsupported

by a metallic base. In one way or another it seems likely, however, that some means of reflation will be found.

CALL FOR WARRANTS
Notice is hereby given that School District No. 19, in Lane county, Oregon, will pay at the office of clerk of said district, all warrants to and including 2145, dated February 29, 1932. Interest ceases after May 14, 1932.
C. F. BARBER, Clerk.

Donald Young

Candidate For Democratic Nomination District Attorney FOR LANE COUNTY



I am forty-two years old. Have practiced law in Lane County for twenty years. Served three years as deputy district attorney. If elected, I expect to personally supervise and attend to the duties of the office, including the trial of cases, giving efficient and economical administration.

—Paid Adv. by Donald Young.

C. A. 'Tom' SWARTS

Republican Candidate For Lane County Sheriff



MY PLATFORM

1. Economy—Cut Sheriff's Office costs and keep within county budget.
2. Efficiency—Put personal energy and capable organization into law enforcement and tax collection. Hire less help; do more work.
3. Cooperate closely with the state and city police to avoid duplicated effort.
4. Strictly and impartially enforce all laws.

—Paid Advertisement By C. A. Swarts Springfield

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CLINTON HURD

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR Re-election Lane County Commissioner

(Paid Adv. by Clinton Hurd)

Nominate FREDERICK STEIWER FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR REPUBLICAN



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PRIMARY, May 20th

Paid Adv. Steiwer for Senator Club, Pacific Building, Portland, Oregon.