

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1932

THE COST OF GOVERNMENT

We have always felt that taxpayers do not object to paying reasonable taxes, provided they get something for their money. Lately there has arisen a widespread outcry against the steady increase of taxes, Federal, State and local. We think that outcry has its roots in the general feeling that our government units are not giving us value received for the taxes we pay.

Almost all of our government units have been taxing, borrowing and spending beyond the means of the people to pay. Taxes are remaining unpaid. That causes forced sales of property and destroys values. Nothing but drastic retrenchment can possibly restore our government units to financial health. And one way to retrench—the best possible way as we see it—is to stop spending money on fads, on things which benefit only a few, and particularly upon the effort to regulate everything by law.

As a nation we are dedicated to the principles of individualism and a minimum of governmental interference in private affairs, and yet we have built up the biggest and most expensive governmental machinery ever created. We object to government in business, and yet we spend more money on governmental promotion and regulation of business than any other country in the world except Russia. We talk loudly about the vast expenditures for armaments in Europe, and yet we spend more on armaments than any country in peace time in the world's history. Likewise, we spend more than any other country in the attempt to enforce the laws, and at the same time we have more crime of all kinds than any other nation.

If the editor of this paper knew the perfect answer to all the problems of government and finance, he would not be running this paper, but might be running the government. We think that there is an answer, but we think also that the answer will only be found when everybody who contributes a cent in taxes to local, county, state, or national administration devotes a lot more time to thinking about these things and expressing his thoughts than most people do now.

BLIND VOTING

Initiative petition circulators make extravagant promises on every hand. Many of them show gross ignorance of the petitions they are peddling. The Oregon law states "it is unlawful for any person circulating an initiative petition to make any false statement to any person who signs or inquires concerning its contents, purport or effect." Making law by an uninformed electorate is poor business to our mind even if it is a fine democratic theory. Who wants to vote on something they know nothing about or have someone also ignorant or irresponsible to do it for him? Yet at the November election the voters will be called upon for decision on a flock of measures that not one man in each hundred voting will be familiar with all the measures on the ballot.

Now that county and state officers have been nominated we might as well start thinking about school director and city officials. A director, mayor and councilmen are needed. Men who know how to run local government without money are in demand.

If all the charity cases were to march to Washington, D. C., it would greatly relieve all the cities and counties of the nation. And since congressmen have not taken a cut in salary they might well worry about this problem.



IT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

A young man burst violently into my office. His face was somewhat haggard, and his clothes disheveled, as though he had been up all night, which, in fact, he had.

But there was electricity in his walk, and sunshine in his eyes.

"Have you heard the wonderful news?" he cried. I told him I had not heard any wonderful news since 1929.

"Well, you're going to hear some now," he exclaimed. "I have a boy. Yes, sir, seven and a half pounds, born at five-thirty this morning. Think of it . . . me . . . a son."

Whereupon he became almost inarticulate, waving his arms and emitting sounds that were half laughter and half tears.

At length he gained sufficient self-control to impart the information that the baby had blue eyes. (I hadn't the heart to say that all babies have blue eyes. He wouldn't have heard me anyway.) "When I looked down at him the first time, the little rascal looked up and smiled. And he reached out and grabbed my finger, and say . . . well, I don't know how to express it, but when I felt him grip my finger, so trusting and everything . . . well, say, if I were worth five thousand dollars to my boss yesterday, I'm worth ten thousand today."

Did I treat his enthusiasm seriously? You bet I did. Any man who has passed through that experience and does not feel a reverent sympathy for a younger brother in the same situation has some serious lack in his soul.

One night in 1856, Thomas Huxley, the great scientist, sat alone in a quiet room awaiting the birth of his first child. His spirit was on fire with great new resolves:

"In 1860 I may fairly look forward to fifteen or twenty years," he wrote in his diary, "and with the comprehensive views my training will have given me, I think it will be possible in that time to give a new and healthier direction to all Biological Science."

"To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done—are these my aims? 1860 will show."

"Half past ten at night."

"Waiting for my child, I seem to fancy it the pledge that all these things shall be."

"Born five minutes after twelve. Thank God." Every night, somewhere in the world, hundreds of thousands of men sit waiting for their children. Thoughts come into their young minds, which never were there before. New purposes; new earnestness.

Not all of this impulse is permanent, of course, but a part at least remains of the urge to do something and be something worthy of these children.

It is a greater force than personal ambition. It makes the world go round.

MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



Fifth Instalment

At twenty-two the only thing Diana really desired was another woman's husband. A nervous wreck from the excitement and strain of her life, she is taken by her aunt, Mrs. Gladwyn, to a famous specialist's office. The physician orders her to the country for a long rest. She rebels, but the doctor is handsome and sympathetic. She learns that he is not the great man himself, but his assistant, Dr. Rathbone. "God made the country and man made the town," he tells her, and she agrees to go to a rural retreat.

Before she leaves she goes to Dennis Waterman's Bar where they are surprised by Linda, Dennis's wife, who takes the situation quite calmly. "I suppose she wants you to marry her?" she asks Dennis. At the night club where she goes with Dennis, Diana comes and registers her consciousness in a little cottage, with a nurse, Miss Starling, bending over her. Dr. Rathbone's name was close by. Miss Starling told her. After three weeks Dennis Waterman calls. He tells her he will have to go away, and his manner, as he leaves her, suggests that his love is waning.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VII And then Miss Starling came home, and scared half out of her wits, Jenny told her part of the truth—that there had been a gentleman to see Miss Diana, and that ever since he went away she had been like this, crying and sobbing, and would not be quiet. "I told you nobody was to be allowed in," the Creature said in cold anger. "However, the mischief is done. Stop howling and go over to Dr. Rathbone's. If he is not there, and I am sure he will not be, leave a message and ask him to come over as soon as possible. Stop howling, do you hear?" Jenny fled, with the sound of Diana's bitter sobbing singing in her ears like the cry of a lost soul.

CHAPTER VIII

"Nothing," she said stonily. "It's what people do to me. Oh, it's like that, is it?" He sat down beside her and took her hand—her pulse was terribly weak. After a moment he laid it gently down on the quilt.

"Why Normandy?" she asked. "It's a much more beautiful." "Normandy has associations for me," she said. "I have never been there, but a great friend of mine who died is buried there, and I have always promised myself that some day I will go and see his grave."

"Oh—the man you told me about?" "Yes, the man I told you about." "How did he die?" "He was drowned, saving the life of a little boy."

"That was brave of him." "He was brave—the bravest man I ever knew."

"There was a little silence. "That's the kind of thing Dr. Rathbone would do," Diana said thoughtfully. She felt a little surprised that the Creature should prove to be so human. "Give his life for somebody, I mean."

"Dr. Rathbone won the Military Cross in the war," Miss Starling said unemotionally.

Diana was silent for a moment; then she said, "I wonder he has never married."

"We can't all marry, and it isn't the only thing in life." "I must be lonely for him."

"I think he is too busy a man to trouble about loneliness."

"All the same," Diana said obstinately. "I wonder some woman hasn't managed to catch him."

"To catch him? What do you mean?" "Marry him. I suppose he's quite rich."

"Hasn't he got a sister, or a niece, or anyone who ever stays with him?" Diana persisted.

"I have never tried to discover. It is not my business."

"I think you must try and get a little nap before you have your supper," Miss Starling said practically.

"I can't sleep to order," was Diana's fretful reply.

"You can try," the Creature insisted. "And if Dr. Rathbone comes, wake me—even if I am asleep," was Diana's parting shot. It would be so like the Creature to insist that she was not to be disturbed.

But Rathbone did not come, though Diana lay awake for a long time listening for the sound of his car down the lane. He always sounded the horn when he turned from the main road, and she had grown to know and recognize it.

CHAPTER VIII The doctor came on the Saturday afternoon in the middle of a thunderstorm.

Diana had been busy thinking about Dennis, who had called that he had arrived in New York. She was torn with her emotions at knowing he was with Linda.

"Oh, indeed. We must see what Dr. Rathbone has to say about that." "He's said it already; he said I wasn't fit for the journey. I hate Aix, anyway; people there think of nothing but illness. We went once; last year, I think it was. I was bored to death."

The Creature smiled. "I have yet to hear you say anything you have thoroughly enjoyed yourself anywhere," she said.

Diana considered the point. "Well, I don't know that I ever have," she admitted. "You look forward to a thing, and then when it comes it's disappointing."

"The noise of the thunder had drowned the little sounds of Rathbone's arrival, and when he spoke to her she looked up, her face drenched in tears.

"Oh . . . Dr. Rathbone . . ." She would have been less pleased to see an angel from heaven. In her eagerness she threw the bed coverings from her and sprang up to greet him. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come."

He laughed and took her hand. "Glad? Do you always cry when you're glad?" he said. He strode across the room and pulled the window down. The rain was coming in and had made

"Half the pleasure of life is in looking forward to things," Miss Starling said, carefully folding one of Diana's silken garments.

"What do you look forward to?" Diana asked.

"Some day I hope to go to Normandy, but it's more than I can afford at present."

"How much would it cost?" Miss Starling hesitated.

"I should think every penny of twenty pounds," she said at last. "That would be if I stayed a fortnight, of course."

Twenty pounds! Not so much, as Diana often gave for one of her frocks.

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Washington, D. C., June 9

With the political conventions getting closer and closer, the two big questions everybody is asking and nobody knows the answers to are:

First, what is the Republican national convention going to do about prohibition?

Second, who are the Democrats going to nominate for president?

The first question is important, because it is the only question on which can stir up a semblance of a controversy in the Republican convention. Mr. Hoover's renomination is definitely assured, with the likelihood that Mr. Curtis will also be nominated for the vice-presidency.

Therefore, the only thing that it seems possible to start a quarrel over in the convention is the prohibition plank in the platform.

These things can be set down as definite:

First, there will be a prohibition plank.

Second, it will be a plank which will open the door for action by the next congress looking toward a constitutional amendment superceding the Eighteenth or Prohibition amendment.

Whether this plank will call for a popular referendum, or will pledge the party to the submission of a new constitutional amendment, through the usual channels, for ratification by state legislatures or conventions, whether it will promise a liberalization of the Volstead Act, or however it will open up the subject of prohibition, is still undeterminable. President Hoover has been in conference with dry leaders and wet leaders of all shades of opinion. Very careful political efforts will be made to avoid alienating the so-called "moderate" dries. Also, there will be pussyfooting in the convention to avoid offending the wets.

How important the prohibition question seems right now is indicated by the fact that many leading dries have been trying to organize a third party, and that so eminent and able a statesman as Senator Borah of Idaho has been taking part in these conferences, until Washington gossip has it that Borah may run for president on a third party ticket, if neither the Republican nor the Democratic convention adopts a prohibition plank which is satisfactory to these dry leaders.

Just the bare threat of a third party in the field sends politicians of both of the old parties into consternation fits. The Republicans are afraid that a third party would draw voters from its candidates, and the Democrats are equally afraid that a prohibition party with Borah at the head would steal a lot of ordinary Democratic states in the election. Senator Borah undoubtedly knows this, and it would be surprising if he did not use that knowledge to exert a very strong influence in the framing of the Republican prohibition plank.

It almost goes without saying that the Democratic party, whose convention comes two weeks later than the Republican, will try to be a little more wet than the Republicans, without being so wet as to alarm the dry states of the South, which happen to be also the normally Democratic states. That, at least, would be the natural thing for the Democrats to do, in order to gain whatever party advantage there may be in "wet" support. There is a suggestion, however, that leaders of both parties may agree upon an identical plank. None of the political leaders wants to get into a prohibition fight. If both parties made exactly the same declaration on the subject there couldn't be any fight and the campaign would be devoted entirely to actual issues of candidates and economic principles.

"Al" Smith's strength as a party leader is becoming more apparent from day to day. Reports from the country at large indicate that Speaker Garner's prestige is not quite so great as it was. If and when Governor Roosevelt is beaten for the nomination which is the principal aim now of a large but scattering group of Democratic politicians, it seems more and more likely that ex-Governor Smith will name the candidate. In that case it will not be Mr. Garner. It will not be Owen D. Young because he has taken himself out of the contest. It might be Newton D. Baker, but then again it might be another Ohioan, Governor George White.

Governor White will come into the convention with the solid Ohio delegation behind him. He is not widely known outside of Ohio, but his record is good, his ability is said to be very great, not only as an administrator, but as a vote-getter; he is the Democratic Governor of a state which has gone Republican often than it has gone Democratic, and he might turn out to be the dark horse at the Chicago.

Nobody knows, but it is all very interesting speculation.

Leave for California — Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rivett left Saturday for their home at Oakland, California, after having spent some time visiting relatives in this city.

FIRE PREVENTION TO BECOME CLUB PROJECT

Launching of a state-wide campaign to educate Four-H club members in fire prevention is being started in Lane county this week with the mailing of a bulletin, "Fire Hazards of the Farm and Home," to all Four-H club workers and members.

The bulletin is prepared by the State Fire Marshall's office at Salem, and the Agricultural Engineering Department and Extension Service of the Oregon State college at Corvallis. It lists and illustrates ten of the most common fire hazards and gives instruction in methods of elimination.

Each club member is given a chart listing the most common fire hazard and is asked to examine his home to determine the number of which exist there and also to list

the method and date on which these conditions are remedied.

Chimneys, fireplaces, flues, matches, smoking, hot ashes, and coalstubbish and litter, clean roofs, lighting equipment, electric wiring and equipment, kerosene, oil and gasoline, grass and brush, and spontaneous combustion are listed, as the most common hazards in the bulletin, copies of which may be obtained by addressing the county Four-H club leader.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL ELECTION Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in School district number 19 on Monday, June 20, 1932, at the Library for the purpose of electing one director for three years and one clerk for one year. Polls will be open from 12 noon until 8 P. M. All candidates' petitions must be filed with the district clerk by June 10.

C. F. BARBER, Clerk. (June 9-16)