

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

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THE VETERANS' BILL OF COST

Extravagant statements about veterans legislation costing a billion dollars a year and powerful American Legion lobbies brow beating congress is being hurled by careless writers at the American public both through newspapers and magazines. The truth is that World Veterans legislation cost the government last year \$356,233,000 and that the Legion has but two men in Washington, D. C. in charge of Veterans legislation.

The amounts are:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Compensation for service connected disability \$204,620,000, Disability Allowance—non-service connected 104,277,000, Emergency Officers Retirement Pay 11,046,000, Compensation for Service Connected Death 36,280,000. Total \$356,223,000.

Of the above amount the American Legion is not responsible for the \$104,277,000 for non-service connected disability. That law was enacted by congress of its own free will and accord and against the advice of the American Legion. The American Legion has always fought for adequate care of the veteran disabled by war and has always had the public on its side. But for the political non-service disability allowance congress has itself to answer for.

TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT

We saw some startling figures the other day. If they are correct, and we have every reason to believe that they are, since they were compiled by the New York Sun, a responsible newspaper, then we have reached the position in this country when one tenth of all the people are on the public payroll.

One hundred persons out of every thousand are taxpayers! That includes national, state, county, municipal, township and village employees. Add to those the number of pensioners and persons being supported by old age relief funds, in poorhouses, prisons, and insane asylums, and it is easy to believe, as Senator Metcalfe of Rhode Island asserts, that every six people in the United States are carrying a seventh on their backs.

That is the penalty we are paying for our easy policy of letting "government" do everything. It is because of this enormous host of taxpayers that the burden of taxation has become almost too heavy to bear. There must be public officials to enforce and administer the laws, of course. There is no escaping from a certain percentage of public employees. But the inescapable tendency of our willingness to let professional politicians run our public affairs is to increase the number of jobs at public expense. Politicians hold their power by "taking care" of their supporters. We think it is foolish to expect them to change their own methods voluntarily. But we also think that unless there is a speedy curtailment of the cost of government, state, national and local, there is going to be a general uprising of indignant taxpayers who will throw all the politicians, of all parties, out of their jobs and compel them to go back to earning an honest living.

THE SPURT IN THE STOCK MARKET

We do not know, because nobody ever knows, all of the causes for the recent noticeable rise in prices of securities on the New York Stock Exchange. Neither do we know how long this beginning of a bull movement is going to last. We say those things by way of warning to such of our readers as are inclined to speculate, that they have no assurance that Stock Exchange prices are going to continue upward. We strongly advise everybody who is not in a position to lose money not to take any chances in the effort to win money by gambling in stocks. We think a great deal of the financial difficulties the nation has been going through came from the fact that millions of people who had no business to gamble were playing the stock market in the hope of getting rich quick without work.

Nevertheless, this new activity in the stock market is an encouraging sign. It signifies, primarily, that capital has got over the worst of its fear of the future. Fear has been the principal deterrent influence operating against a speedy recovery in business and industry. There is more free capital in the United States today, the economist tells us, than there ever was before. But it is owned principally by people who have been afraid to do anything with it for fear that something worse might happen than had already occurred. Now this money is coming out of hiding. It is one thing to express such a belief in words, but it must be taken seriously when it is expressed in money.

BACKFIRED

It is an old saying that "people who live in glass houses must not throw stones," yet that is what Franklin D. Roosevelt seems to have done in his Ohio speech. He said that he proposed to regulate banks more closely if elected president. Some of the biggest and shadiest bank failures in the country have been in his own state and operating under its charter yet he has done nothing as governor to remedy the condition. He yelled at the stock exchange yet Wall street is on New York property and is more amenable to state than federal laws. The governor fired the campaign cannon before he had the breech-block closed.

MILADYS GARMENTS AND WAR IN CHINA

Japan it seems was about to call off the war in Manchuria and other parts of China until young American womanhood came to the rescue. Paris has decreed woolen garments for this winter's dress, but dressmakers in this country think it does not sound fashionable enough so they have developed a material that looks like wool but is made of silk and cannot be made of rayon. Consequently the Japanese silk mills, closed because of rayon competition, are now receiving large orders and money is available to fight the war in China. Blessed are women's vanity.

PROPERTY QUALIFICATIONS TO VOTE

The first measure on the November ballot is the "taxpayers Voting Qualification Amendment," which limits voting to taxpayers on questions of special taxes and public bonds. Oregon cities and school districts are staggering under bonds voted by the people and in many cases those voting the bonds will never contribute any tax money to pay for them. The bill provides that if further obligations are to be placed on property that the owners themselves shall do it. A position which is perfectly fair.



PICCARD

up he goes Professor Piccard has been higher above the earth than anyone else ever went and came back. He thinks he can go even higher to explore the stratosphere.

If the Professor went high enough beyond the layers of gasses which travel with the earth in its revolutions, he could stand still in space and let the earth revolve under him, coming down thousands of miles from where he went up. He would have to go at least sixty miles up, however, instead of ten, and even then his balloon probably would still be within the range of the earth's attraction and would travel with it.

It is not beyond the realm of possibility, however, that travellers of the future, wanting to get to the other side of the world in a hurry, may just go up a hundred miles or so and let the earth move under them at the rate of a thousand miles an hour until the spot they want to reach is under them.

That sounds fantastic now, but no more so than any kind of air navigation sounded a hundred years ago.

MARCONI

another achievement Senator Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, announces that he has been successful in developing an ultra-short radio wave which follows the curvature of the earth.

Marconi, unlike some other inventors, has always been careful in his public statements. He never announces that he has something until he has actually tried and proved it, and he never makes predictions unless he knows they are going to come true very soon.

This new discovery is of importance because it means that radio communication is going to be more reliable and less expensive. The shorter the radio waves, the less interference there is from static and other causes.

Marconi told me several years ago—we have been friends for 30 years and more—that it would not be long before radio reception would be perfect at all distances and under all atmospheric conditions. His newest discovery is a step in that direction and probably what he had in mind.

TELEVISION

on its way One of the experts of the Bell Laboratories, who is working on the problem of television, told me the other day that he thought scientists and engineers are getting very close to the day when it will be possible for anybody to see the person one is talking with over the telephone. It is being done now, as a laboratory demonstration, and the problem is to reduce the cost.

As for radio television, broadcasting on a screen events actually in progress, that is a long way yet. It would be interesting if anybody who had a proper receiving set could see the next Olympic Games without having to travel across a continent or an ocean to do so. Nobody who has even a glimmering of what is going on in the research laboratories is willing to say today that anything is impossible.

POLITICS

how its done I asked a small-town official the other day why he had favored a measure which clearly would benefit only a few and would not do the town as a whole any good.

"I don't like it any better than you do, but I have to get myself re-elected, don't I?" was his frank reply.

It is the desire for re-election that makes most office-holders careless with the taxpayer's money. Since most of the voters in most communities are non-taxpayers, what difference does it make? That is the politicians' way of looking at public questions.

The movement to give men longer terms in office and make them ineligible for re-election does not seem to be making much headway. It is worth thinking about. I believe it would be a good plan for all office-holders, from president down.

BEAUTY

at Washington Work on the enormous project of improving and beautifying that part of Washington which lies between the capitol and the Washington Monument has so far progressed that it is now possible for the visitor to grasp the scope of the whole work. Between the two main avenues radiating from the capitol, Pennsylvania and Maryland ave-

MAN MADE THE TOWN by RUBY M. AYRES

Final Instalment

He slipped an arm beneath her head and held something to her lips. He had done this before too, only that time it had been tea—tea which Jenny had brought upstairs. This time it was a different stuff. Perhaps the kettle hadn't boiled properly. Nothing annoyed the Creature more than to be given tea when the water hadn't boiled properly.

The nice Creature! Diana hoped she might manage to fall asleep again and go on dreaming if she was very careful.

It was wonderful how real voices sometimes sounded in a dream; she found herself listening with strained attention to hear it once more, but everything was silent, and a sigh of bitter disappointment escaped her.

The other half of her senses was waking up now: the half that told her that she was only dreaming, and Diana knew only too well what that meant. It meant that presently she would hear Anna drawing the curtains, their rings always made such a nasty little rattle, and she would have to yawn elaborately and pretend she had slept well before she opened her eyes to the world of emptiness.

She turned again to where in her dream Rathbone had sat beside her. He was still there, leaning a little towards her, his dark eye on her face. Diana kept very still. Perhaps she might manage to fall asleep again and go on dreaming if she was very careful.

She wished he would hold her hand, but you couldn't do that in dreams. It would be like the dream you had sometimes that you were falling down a great hill. A dream in which you knew that any moment you might reach the bottom and be killed, only you never did.

She began to whimper faintly: "Let me go... let me go..."

"Diana..." she was sinking away, but she did not mind. There was no bed under any more, but just fogs—soft, feecy fogs that were letting her down with infinite gentleness into oblivion.

But a voice called her. She forced her heavy eyes to open and to look into eyes that were bent above her, compelling, almost praying to her, it seemed.

"Diana... listen... listen to me... Oh, my beloved, try to understand... I will never leave you again... Can you hear me?... I will never leave you again... Diana!"

It was Donald's voice, though she had never before heard it with that note of agony; something must be the matter; he was in trouble—unhappy, and that was not like him; he was always so ready to bear other people's troubles and forget his own.

But she could not help him now—she was too tired to try any more to make him smile. If he would just let her alone—she was quite happy...

"Never leave you again... never leave you again..."

She turned her face fretfully from him; she didn't believe it, it was just another... ruse... to keep her from going to sleep; the sleep she had longed for so wearily and tried so hard to capture—he might leave her alone now she had so nearly won through at last.

"Diana..." It was as if he were fighting her for every step of the ground over which she was slowly slipping away, and at first she knew contentedly that he was Gladwyn, and that in spite of her weakness and his strength he would not be able to hold her back.

Funny, that seemed—for a great big man to be conquered by a little girl. She began to be faintly interested, to wonder why it should be. Life was happy, and that was never like him; she was always so ready to bear other people's troubles and forget his own.

She said so presently, half crying, feebly, but he was relentless, he would not let her go.

For a moment she fought him with the last remnants of her strength; then suddenly she gave in, with a little sigh and a half smile. "You've got your own way, then..."

She had said that to him once before—long ago—and he had answered, "I generally do in the long run."

She waited now to hear him say it again. The dream wasn't coming right, somehow...

She opened her eyes with a last effort, trying to see his face, but now she couldn't... he was hiding it from her, against her hands, as he had done that night in the train...

He was unhappy—and she hated him to be unhappy; she knew so well how it felt.

She gave a little sigh of weary capitulation.

"You always get your own way," she whispered.

The last word was lost as she fell asleep.

It was nearly five o'clock in the morning when Anna, who had steadily refused to take any rest, slipped again into Diana's room.

Rathbone was still there, standing at the foot of the bed, his eyes on Diana's quiet face.

Anna crept up to him. "Is she—better?"

Rathbone nodded silently. "Is she—will she—live?"

Anna closed her eyes for a moment; then she asked: "Can you leave her for a moment, sir; I'll stay."

"Clasped in each other's arms they were—as if she'd clung to him and dragged him down. I'd have given my life, sir, rather than anything should have happened to her..."

Diana stirred a little in her sleep, and Rathbone turned his head slowly and looked at her. Better Rosalie's life than this child's, if one of them had to go.

If it had been Diana... the last six weeks rose before him, a nightmare panorama.

He had tried to do the best thing for her, and he had done the worst. He had meant to be kind, and he had

only succeeded in being brutally cruel.

In an aching imagination he saw her again sitting at that long dining table in her white frock—so far away from him and so brave. He had not guessed that it had been as great a torment to her as it had been to him.

Supposing he had still been away? He knew that the chances were that Diana would have died. This night had settled all question of the future; not again would he let her go away from him... He would have to find some way... Then suddenly he remembered—the river—and Hobson's broken story.

He was free, but at what a cost. The life of the woman whom he had cared for and sheltered for so many years, and the life of a boy who as yet had known nothing of life. Perhaps in that Jonas was fortunate; he was a dreamer, and dreamers suffer.

Rathbone knew that now the story of his marriage would have to be made known; something fresh for the claws of gossiping tongues to tear to pieces. Not that he cared for himself, but it hurt him inexpressibly for Diana's sake, and in a lesser degree for Rosalie's. She had meant nothing in his life, and yet he knew he would never forget her, the pitiful, unreal thing that she knew that if ever a man had fought for a woman's life he had fought for Diana's.

It was as if by sheer will power he had kept her from slipping away...

Of course, he was in love with her. He found an odd satisfaction in a discovery of which she was certain that everybody else was as yet ignorant.

Mrs. Gladwyn had refused to come into the room at all; she had taken cowardly refuge in a fit of hysteria when she was told that by mistake Diana had taken an overdose of morphine and might die.

It had given Anna some satisfaction, also, to be free to smack her face with a wet towel and tell her to have; Anna had never liked Mrs. Gladwyn, and this seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to repay the many little indignities she had suffered at that lady's hands.

She was half dozing, holding firmly to the bed rail, when Rathbone came back, it might have been five minutes or half an hour later; at five o'clock in the morning it is difficult to keep track of time.

Anna started awake, smiling in nervous apology, a smile which quickly faded as she saw Rathbone's face.

"Why—sir?" she stammered. He waved her away impatiently. "It's all right. You can go. You had better go to bed. I shall stay till the morning."

"If you would like me to stay..." Anna ventured timidly.

"No, Markham's up if I want anything."

Anna crept away, closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XXVI Rathbone went back to his old place beside Diana.

There was a curious gray look in his face, and he sat for a long time, his hands clenched between his knees, his eyes staring blankly before him. He kept seeing nightmare pictures of a river, of a woman and of a boy—a boy who had given his life in an unavailing attempt to save her.

Hobson had broken down and sobbed as he told how they had at last found them.

THE END



Rathbone bent and just touched her lips with his own.

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