

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THE LEGION CONVENTION

Those who attended the American Legion conventions in Portland, both state and national, above all other things recognize the fact the legion is in good hands—that its policies and undertakings are being guided by men, inspired with self to the community, state and nation, who know what self-sacrifice means.

While the foremost job of the Legion is, and always will be, the care and general welfare of the disabled ex-service men, it has many and varied activities mostly civic and humanitarian. The Legion is now in its fifteenth year and is the greatest service organization the world has ever seen. Never once in the fifteen years has it made a mistake. This is acknowledged by national figures both in and out of the Legion who spoke before the larger gatherings.

The Legion never retreats but marches on and on, each year getting stronger and stronger as its aims and purposes become better understood. No radical will ever head the legion either in state or national departments. Its leaders must be patriotic, cautious, and wise. The rank and file demands this high type of leadership of men who are not afraid to "combat the autocracy of both the classes and demands that every man have a chance to work and are the masses."

Selfish interest and political racketeers who live by exploiting the common people fear the Legion, which is becoming more and more insistent in that demand every day. The Legion has secured directly through its own efforts jobs for more than a million men this last year, and is organizing now for a still stronger fight on unemployment.

The country at large can have faith in the American Legion to do the right thing always despite the propaganda of the selfish interests and the jealous. It will carry on until death cuts down its ranks.

PRICES ARE GOING UP

The upward movement in commodity prices has begun. That is what all the economic authorities have been saying must happen before prosperity can come back. Cotton is up, wool is up, hogs are up, rayon is up, and silk went up so high and so rapidly on the Japanese Silk Exchange the other day that the authorities closed the exchange to prevent a riot.

With raw materials rising, it follows that the prices of goods manufactured from them must speedily rise, and that brings the matter right home to everybody in this town.

Now is the time to buy.

Commodity prices are not going any lower. They have touched bottom. People who have been waiting to make their purchases until they were sure that the bottom had been reached had better dig into their purses now and buy while the merchants' shelves are still stocked with low priced goods. They are not going to remain on the shelves very long, and the next lots which our local dealers buy are going to cost them more and will have to sell for more.

We have a distinct feeling that we have turned the corner on hard times. We find that all over the country almost everybody shares the same feeling. We all want prosperity back, and we want it back as quickly as we can get it. Dollars are going to get cheaper, as goods go higher in price. It has been many, many years since the dollar would buy as much in clothing or fabrics or groceries or hardware, in shoes or household goods or furniture, as it will today. It will be many, many years, we hope, before it will again be possible to buy such bargains as are available all around us today.

By buying now you speed the return of prosperity.



The FAMILY DOCTOR
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

Say what we will—try out what we may—the fact remains that our old friend IODINE remains, the cheapest, most reliable, best antiseptic. The tourist with a couple of ounces of tincture of iodine in his kit, may feel absolute assurance that he has the best emergency application known for possible recent, open wounds. Indeed, no tourist-kit is complete without this time-honored, time-proven enemy of dangerous bacteria.

Let us remember that the skilled, modern surgeon, preparing to do a "capital operation," first cleanses the site of incision with soap, and water; then he swabs the entire field with tincture of iodine; then, a dash of pure grain alcohol to remove the stain—and the operation proceeds boldly and safely for the patient. Nothing can be better than perfection in antiseptics.

The uses of iodine are many. Internally, iodine ranks among our first agents as a blood-alterative. It purifies bad blood by destroying the contaminating agent or agents. Iodine in the form of iodides combats the most serious of blood toxemias. I would think of iodine first, if I were to name humanity's greatest benefactor in the way of medicine.

This week I was informed by a friend of a new use for iodine. He had acquired an acute case of sunburn, amounting almost to blisters. In agony, he took the first agent at hand. He put a teaspoonful of tincture of iodine into a glass of water and bathed the affected skin freely—"furiously," he said. He obtained immediate relief. He tried it again and again in similar conditions, always with perfect relief. Isn't that worth a trial?

I am very slow to abandon old reliable remedies for the new commercialized products.

This Week in WASHINGTON

BY RADFORD MOBLEY

Washington, D. C.—Not since the early days of the century, when Theodore Roosevelt was president, has so much violent criticism of governmental methods and public men appeared in print as has been coming out in the past year or so. It is the sort of stuff which President Roosevelt denounced as "muckraking." Nobody in Washington is exempt, from the president down. There is hardly a member of congress, or a public official above the grade of bureau chief who has not been bitterly attacked and criticised by one or another of the group of Washington newspaper men who are writing books and magazine articles.

The latest of these exposures is a book which gives the record of the expense bills and mileage charges collected by numerous senators and representatives. Few people realize that, under a law enacted more than fifty years ago, every member of both houses is entitled to collect forty cents a mile from the treasury at the beginning and end of each session of congress, as traveling expense. That dates back almost to the stage coach days, when traveling was really expensive and necessarily slow. A member from the Pacific Coast, who pays about \$275 for his railroad and Pullman fares in going to Washington and returning home, draws more than \$1300 for those expenses, under this forty-cent-a-mile law. And if a special session follows immediately on the heels of a regular session, as is often the case, the government pays each member a round trip expense allowance of forty cents a mile, even if they don't leave Washington between the two sessions.

Such revelations as these are stirring up a lot of questions back in the home states and districts, and it is no secret here that a great many statesmen in both houses are considerably worried.

A very interesting list has been compiled of senators and representatives who have put members of their own families on Uncle Sam's payroll as secretaries, committee clerks and the like. That is another old Washington custom. The statement has been made here that at least twenty-four men of both houses have failed of renomination because of these exposures.

Bonus Again in December?
Washington is wondering what will happen next winter when congress reconvenes and the American Legion, as an organization, makes its demand for immediate cashing of the veteran's bonus certificates. With a majority of the state conventions of the Legion having endorsed that demand, it begins to loom as one of the major problems which the authorities in Washington must face.

The congress which meets in next December will be the same congress that adjourned in July, since the new members to be elected in November will not begin their terms until March 4th. Nobody in or out of the administration is able to advance even a guess as to where the money would come from to pay out \$3,000,000,000 in immediate cash.

It is pointed out that the immense sums handled by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other agencies for the stabilization and recovery of business do not call for any cash at all, and are in no sense gifts or appropriations of public money. They are loans of credit made on the best possible security. But it would be impossible to satisfy the demand of the bonus seekers in any form except actual cash, and that would mean either a practical doubling of all federal taxes, or the offering of an enormous public loan and increasing the national debt.

Cheering Mortgage News
Perhaps the most widely cheering news that has come out of Washington in a long time is that there is to be a let-up in the foreclosure of mortgages. It started when Franklin Fort, president of the newly created Federal Home Loan Bank organization, persuaded the comptroller of the currency to telegraph instructions to all receivers of national banks ordering them to suspend all foreclosure proceedings. This was followed by an appeal to the various state bank superintendents, and practically all of them have agreed that forced sales under proceedings for the realization of assets of failed banks will be suspended for sixty days or more while the Federal Home Loan Bank is being organized.

The Home Loan Bank expects to be in a position to lend up to 40 percent of the appraised value on home properties, and so make it possible for home owners who are in distress to retain their homes.

Youngwed—I learned to cook while my husband was abroad.
Friend—And what did he say when he returned?
Youngwed—Nothing—he went abroad again.

Goforth—Heinbuck won't let his wife smoke cigarettes.
Comeback—Why not?
Goforth—He says her throat is healthy enough already.

Third Installment

SYNOPSIS: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who had spent all of his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat, slipped and fell near New York, in which he sank the tug, drowned his mother and the man he called father, ignorant, uneducated, and full of fear, he drags himself ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a huge covered truck—only to be kicked out at dawn—and into the midst of a tough gang where he is trapped, exhausted, he falls asleep, and he is trapped. Exhausted, he falls asleep, and he is trapped. Exhausted, he falls asleep, and he is trapped. Exhausted, he falls asleep, and he is trapped.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

"No Becka, it's too hot."
"You're afraid. That's what. You don't dast to go."
"All right, come along," and John and Becka strolled casually from the front stoop of the tenement as Becka called, "So long! We're going for a walk," to Mrs. Lipvitch who sat on the basement steps with the twins and Mrs. Yartin, while Mr. Lipvitch argued with a customer within.
An hour later, in the dark of early evening, the girl and boy, arm in arm, strolled far from the crowds about the Clothing Emporium.

"Have you got any money?" Becka asked this frankly.
"Lipvitch—your father," he corrected, "gave me a dollar today." His hand gripped it in the bottom of the large trouser pocket, the one without the hole. He showed the bright silver coin to Becka.
"Say—" Becka clasped his arm with an insinuating pressure, leaning toward him in front of John, as he looked up into his face, for he was a head taller than the girl.
"Say what?" he asked, shoving her back somewhat roughly in his embarrassment.

"You're green," she laughed nervously. "Say you are green," she affirmed, as if a great truth had just then been disclosed. "You don't have to work for nothing," she added hastily. "Pa should have—"
John looked up into his face, still holding his arm, but refraining from closer contact. The boy walked straight ahead and failed to answer.
"You should get a dollar a day," Becka continued, "and board too—he would have to give it—I will make him," she said positively.

Late that afternoon the dollar in his pocket had been given him grudgingly, guiltily, by Channon Lipvitch. And this only after an argument with Becka.
"All right, don't give it him," she retorted to his repeated protest. "When he finds out—you look out. You ain't so smart," she warned. "John can sue you for damages, for back wages, some day. Give him something now—five dollars," Becka had argued.

"No! No! Lipvitch knew the danger, also the expense."
"You got to. You got to pay him something today," Becka was insistent, and, as John entered the Emporium on his return from an errand a few doors away, Becka bent a parting glance of warning on her father, her eyes threatening exposure as she nodded meaningly at John. Lipvitch had his hand in his pocket. He fingered a coin, a half, then in a prudent flood of generosity he delivered it toward him.
"Here, Chon," his throat was husky. "Here, Chon, I got something by you."
He spoke rapidly. "A dollar—you earned it—vages. Chon—remember, vages," he repeated, handing the boy the large coin, thrusting it toward him impulsively, as if afraid John would not accept. "Ant remember, Chon, I don't charge you nothing, nodding a tall fer board. You ged id all fer nothing."

Then, after an interval of pregnant silence, Becka having again linked John's arm through her own, doing so with a small laugh, a friendly, forgiving laugh, they walked out on Broadway at a point where its wholesale commercial aspect stretches northward. To America, New York was Rome, and still is; the feudal city of the Western World, taking tribute from the ends of the earth. Other cities may attempt to dispute this, but New York, true to its name, keeps rising new and fresh and more powerful from its own continuous disintegration, shafts of steel and stone springing up out of the dusty demolition constantly under way. The wrecks and mistakes of the past ambition, daring to higher and dizzier achievement.

Never was the town so young and bright and hopeful as on the summer night when John and Becka, far from their environment, walked on air, and literally rode on it, as they sped up town on the West Side L. The smudged green-bellied steam locomotive puffed and wheezed blowing its whistle as it approached the curves, where Becka with an "Oh!" clung close to John, they sat in a cross seat by an open window.

Descending at Fifty-ninth Street, Becka led him eastward to Columbus Circle. The tall shaft in the center, the different aspect of the people, the absence of motor cars, and the death of children, puzzled John. Dodging the whirling steam of cyclists, they entered the shaded walks of Central Park through a rustic arbor. The dusty white macadam drives were lively with the prance of foam-flecked turnouts, and the "clank" and "clink" of fashionable harness trappings.
And with the black art of this night window.



Forgiven—With the cool moist lips of Becka pressing eagerly against his own.

of swift unusual motion and of rare sights, with Becka, soft and confiding, clinging closely on his arm, with the dread of Grogans forgotten in the distant alleys of the slums, the boy expanded to an influence beyond the measure of his understanding. He felt the secretive whispering of the dark. Far to the North, from the direction of the Mall, band music filtered through the leaves, for the air was still, and presently captured moonlight, imprisoned in a lake, was discovered through a parting of the trees. John and Becka turned toward this, to the lower walks, the perfect ones planned long ago by a master gardener. Finding a secluded spot they sat down, the still surface of the reflecting pond almost at their feet. They were close together, a lilac bush screened them from the walk; they talked idly. Suddenly the light of the lake went out as a cloud drifted across the moon.

"You do, John, I know you do. Lilly Firkin says you are green," she said, putting banter, was accusing John. Suddenly he found himself forgiven, forgiven for things he had never done, for lapses he had never committed, for things he had never even thought about, forgiven with the cool moist lips of Becka pressing eagerly against his own, stilling all protest of innocence, or of revolt.

His voice rasped. He choked and struggled, vibrant with the contact, holding Becka with a convulsive strength. The first drops of rain found them oblivious to the coming storm. The boy, ill clad, hard in body, with few ideas but of class of strife, released the girl; her sudden "Oh!" coming with the return of breath almost crushed out of her. John jumped up, picked up her straw hat, and pulling her by the arm led her to the bole of a huge sycamore whose broad leaves promised some shelter from the rain. Quick flashes of lightning, followed by harsh, rumbling peals of thunder, were punctuated by the puny cries and screams of women running from the park as sudden swirls of cool air and rain whipped about the trees. Then John and Becka, like Paul and Virginia of the story, naked, not of body but of mind raced beneath the trees and the lashing of the storm for the park gate at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. They took the East Side L., down again into the familiar closeness of the slums.

The end of September, in the city of perpetual change, brings with it the first refreshing whisper of cooler air; a new vitality springs to life among the heat-weary dwellers in the city. Sol Bernfeld had come back from the road after questionable success in providing crayon enlargements of family album portraits, with the Paris "Spicy Tack" as a side line. The spicy package being a bulky surreptitious envelope, sold sealed "Against the law, you know, to show it," to be opened by the purchaser "Strictly in private." It was a suggestive package, retailing at twenty-five cents, or two bits, and sold wholesale to candy choicers on trains at seven, flat, a gross. Sol sold few of the crayon enlargements but did get rid of his entire stock of spicy packages to the farmers and their hands, even disposing of them to women by the simple process of refusing to even tell them what he was selling.

On his return to the city, Sol found Becka in a receptive frame of mind and John Breen pursuing his way in

doedged silence. Becka's efforts, balked by his awkward inexperience, had at least served to place him upon a meager wage, in the size of which she evinced small interest. She soon walked out with Sol, then earning, as she beautifully confided to John, the princely salary of twenty-five dollars a week as runner for a Bowery burlesque show. And, furthermore, she was to appear in the chorus, of a leg show, "in tight"—a secret carefully kept from Channon Lipvitch, but whispered slyly to John. And to prove it Becka showed John a photograph that



brought a hot flush to his face. "Silly," she cried, "I'm an actress, you know." But for all that a coolness sprang up between them, and John refused tickets to the show.

And, as another side line, Sol Bernfeld began to match John against likely boys in clandestine boxing bouts of the lower city, taking him from hall to hall on Saturday nights, acting as his manager. These adventures were a relief to the growing dislike he felt for the Clothing Emporium and its closing sameness. Fighting had become second nature to him. He liked the heat of combat and his craving for the excitement of the fight grew with his success.

It was late in November when Sol Bernfeld matched John against "Rasputin" Jorgan, known to the Greenpoint section as the "Polack Wonder." The boy was to weigh in at one hundred and thirty-three, ringside, and go ten rounds in one of the preliminary bouts before the famous Samson Sporting Club. It was the most ambitious bout yet secured by Manager Bernfeld, and the purse, so Sol stated, was to be twenty-five dollars, to the winner. If John won he would split with John, taking ten dollars for his share, and John Breen, glancing curiously at the typewritten letter from the trainer of the Samson Sporting Club, wondered at the queer kind of printing, for he had never seen a typewritten letter before and he was ashamed to admit that he could not read a word, a deficiency of which he was fully aware.

FIFTH AVENUE
Let us go back, in an orderly way, and sketch the story of the Van Horns as generally understood; the myths of the new city are its "old families," running back two or three or even four generations.
Gusbert Van Horn, great-grandfather of Gilbert, was a man of hard common sense and the son of no less a man than Peter Van Horn, who came over from Holland as a young man, preferring an English colony, with Dutch traditions, to life at home.

Gusbert was a man of frugal habits and of strong religious convictions, well calculated to prosper in the new New York. His son, Van Winkle Van Horn, proved a true son of New York. Born in 1800, he married a Lambert and determined to found the Van Horn fortune on the future of the city. He believed New York would eventually grow northward, in spite of its width from river to river. In the face of much contrary advice he bought cheap land far to the north in the tract of Greenwich Village, and he held on.

The only son of Van Winkle—the Van Horns ran to only sons—was Brevoort Van Horn, father of Gilbert. So this family tree had its simple roots back in the rocky soil of Manhattan. So at the time we make the acquaintance of the last of the Van Horns, as he was generally called, Gilbert Van Horn was forty years of age; his hair was iron gray and he might easily have passed for a well-preserved man of fifty.

Continued Next Week

Bosch—So Mrs. Lipton doesn't speak well of anybody.
Josch—No, she has an impediment in her voice.
The other day in court in New York a woman was unable to remember the names of all her eleven children.

Standing the Test

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