

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H. E. MAXREY, Editor

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1932

POLITICAL DEBATES OLD STUFF

Democrats have challenged the Republican central committee to meet them in a series of community debates throughout the county. This method to our mind went out with the horse and buggy and at recent sectional political meetings held in the county only a handful of people have been present. With the voice of nationally known orators discussing the platform and principles of the two major parties over the radio every night there is no incentive to hear local people talk about even local issues on which most people either are informed or can be if they so desire. If all the county candidates should appear on a program it would be too long and boring and result in more candidates being present than listeners. It takes more than candidates to put on a successful political rally.

BELIEVES PEOPLE HAVE RIGHT TO VOTE

James Mott's stand on the eighteenth amendment is logical to those who believe in a democratic government even if it does not satisfy some of the most ardent prohibitionists. In his race for congress he holds that the constitution of the United States is the people's instrument and as such they have a right to vote on whether they want to change it or not. Since congress has nothing to do with the constitution therefore no congressman has a moral right to prevent the people voting on the constitution any time there is a wide demand to do so on any pertinent issue, he declares. Therefore he favors re-submission of the eighteenth amendment.

ROGUE RIVER FISHING

The people of the Rogue river district are out to close the stream to commercial fishing. This time they are out backing their argument up for the closing bill in November with some figures that most people can understand. They declare that a salmon caught by a net brings the state of Oregon about 40 cents while one caught on hook and line usually brings the state about \$10 if taken by a tourist. It is a foregone conclusion that fish nets and hook and line cannot both continue to operate on the lower Rogue. We have previously opposed this bill on the grounds it was destroying an industry but recently we have come to realize that it is a small unprofitable industry that benefits only a few itinerant fishermen.

NO REVOLUTION

These are turbulent times. From almost every part of the United States we get reports of groups of distressed and indignant citizens taking the law into their own hands for various purposes. Bonus-seeking veterans march on Washington to demand relief from congress. Farmers of the Middle West blockade the highways leading to the cities to maintain the price of farm commodities.

In this country we understand such manifestations. They occur whenever we have a serious industrial depression or whenever the return to the farmer for his produce continues below the level of profit for any considerable time. It does not take a long memory to recall the tobacco war in Kentucky when the "Night Riders" destroyed the seed beds of planters who would not join the equity. Coxey's army of 1893, the Pullman strike of the same year and, going farther back into history, the "Molly Maguires" and their riots in the Pennsylvania coal and iron country, were alarming manifestations of unrest in their time.

European observers read reports of these things in the cable dispatches and conclude that the United States is on the verge of revolution. Revolution, to the European, means only one thing, the forcible seizure of the government by a desperate populace. What Europe does not realize is that in the United States, where every citizen has an equal voice in the government, it has never been necessary for any group with an honest grievance to resort to armed rebellion.

In one sense, we are in a constant state of revolution in America—that is in the sense that our governmental policies and methods are constantly undergoing change. One has only to read the political and economic history of the United States intelligently to realize that we have advanced, by this process of social evolution, faster and more certainly in the direction of universal liberty than any other nation has ever advanced by revolution.

In the last twelve months Attorney General Mitchell has convicted 50,000 people of violation of the liquor laws in federal courts and has collected \$8,000,000 in fines. Surely we cannot say that prohibition enforcement is lax even if drinking is rapidly increasing.

Well they are not going to have a bull fight in Salem after all but they still have their board of control meetings. Humane authorities can't stop that, even with sufficient grounds.



WARNINGS AGAINST

I heard a blithering charlatan the other night, hawking a well-known nostrum, and for every imaginable, trumped-up reason, urging the simple listener to buy it. You have heard this ballyhoo many times, delivered in a solemn, almost ministerial voice. I imagine they sell millions of bottles of the stuff—nothing certain about it but the pay for it.

This nostrum, you are assured, is good for everything from snake bite to gangrene! It was being exploited as a cure for ivy poisoning, common at this season. Somebody in despair had "swabbed the infected area—it acted like magic." The exploiting dramatist said the victim had accidentally touched "poison oak." That name is as ancient as the nostrum racket. Poison oak indeed!

Absolute ignorance was shown in the reference to "the infected" area. Ivy poisoning is not an "infection." No more than a burn by fire is an infection. It is simply an intense acid irritation—no infection-germs involved in the process. I have an idea that ivy acid would destroy many infecting micro-organisms. There is no "infected area" in rhus poisoning.

Carbolic acid is one of the deadliest poisons on earth; it needs no "germs" to aid it in killing folks.

The commercialized huckster that tells you his stuff will make wholesale slaughter of "germs" in so many seconds—is good to be wary of; he probably never saw a germ in his life; he is simply out to do a million dollars worth of business, and, you pay the freight, dear reader. Ask your family physician, who has been trained by the best methods known.



FUNDAMENTALS for families

I met an old friend the other day in a little New England village. The last time I had seen him he was earning \$15,000 a year—and spending it in Chicago. The slump broke him; he lost his job, his home, everything but what little he could raise as a loan on his life insurance.

"I've bought a little farm up here," he told me. "I'm the luckiest man in the world, because my wife has sound common sense. It was her idea for us to get back to the soil and live on next to nothing until things get better.

"We're raising a lot of our food, wearing out our old clothes, working from sun up to dark—and the funny part of it is that we like it. The children think it's wonderful. Our health is better than ever, we don't owe a cent, and while we're not laying up anything yet, and haven't any luxuries, we've got all the fundamentals of comfortable existence. And what else does anybody need?"

"That man has the world by the tail."

BOOKS

good friends
A publisher friend sent me the other day, twelve books. "I'm getting these out to sell for fifteen cents a copy" he wrote. "I've got an idea that millions of people have never had a chance to read the great works of the great writers, and I'm going to try to supply them."

Whether he makes a business success or not, he is doing a valuable service. He has shown good judgment in selecting the books to reprint. "The Way of All Flesh," is, I think, the greatest novel ever written in the English language. And the list includes many others which are as interesting the second or the tenth time of reading, such as "Green Mansions," "Alice in Wonderland," "Tom Sawyer," "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Treasure Island" and the New Testament, to name but a few.

Good books were never cheaper nor more widely available than they are today. And there is no better companion, no sounder source of culture, no keener stimulus to the imagination than a great book.

"JIMMY"

still popular
Mayor Walker's resignation under fire has not affected his popularity with the average New Yorker. New York people take a cynical view of political graft. The man in the street honestly believes that every public official from the president down is in politics to make money for himself, and the disclosures of huge sums paid to the mayor of New York just makes the average voter think that he is a pretty smart guy.

EXILE

there's Typhoid Mary
In a little cottage on North Island in the East River, near New York, lives a woman in her sixties who is kept in seclusion because she is a menace to the public health. She herself is in perfect health, but she is a "typhoid carrier."

"Typhoid Mary," as this woman is known, was a cook. Wherever she worked, people who ate the food she handled came down with typhoid fever. Fifty-seven cases, some of them fatal, were traced directly to her.

Individualists who think nobody should be restrained for any cause sometimes protest against isolation of "Typhoid Mary." She objected, at first, but now is reconciled to living the rest of her life in comfort at public expense. Her case illustrates the fact that the good of the whole social organization is more important than the liberty of the individual.

OYSTERS

here again
Oyster farmers are expecting a bigger and better crop than ever this year. The oyster of the Atlantic Coast is always a surprise to the visitor from the Pacific, who is familiar only with the small native oysters out there. It is also a source of amusement to European visitors, who have nothing like it. It is related of William H. Thackeray, the famous English author, that on his first and only visit to America he was served with oysters on the half shell and didn't know what to do with them. He asked his host how to eat them, and was told that they should be swallowed whole.

"I feel as if I had swallowed a live baby," he said, after he had gulped the first one down. Some kind-hearted ladies are trying to get the oyster dealers to use



Fifth Installment

SYNOPSIS: Johnny Green, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard Hudson river tugboat plying near New York, is tossed into the river in a terrific explosion which sinks the tug. He is washed ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a covered truck—only to be kicked out at dawn and into the mist of a rough gang of boys who beat and chase him. He escapes into a basement doorway where he hides. The next day he is rescued and taken into the home of a Jewish family living in the rear of their second-hand clothing store. He works in the sweatshop store—and is openly courted by Becca—the young daughter. . . . The scene shifts to the home of the wealthy Van Horns—on 5th Avenue, where lives the bachelor—Gilbert Van Horn—in whose life there is a hidden chapter. That chapter was an affair with his mother's maid, who left the house when he was accused of a crime.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Harriet had left with a man, her father or brother, Simmons did not know. They walked down toward Park Avenue, and beyond, to the river, and the Cavalier. Tom Green was glad to get her at any price.

As Gilbert left home his father gripped him by the hand. "Well, Gilbert, you are a Van Horn, not a Hallett, thank God. The girl may show up again. I suppose she knows how to take care of herself." The words, then as now, held a familiar ring. "But, let this be a lesson to you."

At the club, Brewster, in the utmost confidence, pouring out a liberal highball of Sherwood, tossed it off and told the whole story to Marvin Kelly, a gentleman who mingled politics with law. "I recall the girl, Marvin, a handsome wench, a fighter, if you follow me, and a way with her. Think of leaving my boy closeted with that."

"He's a Van Horn, all right. Well, here's luck to 'em both."

"How!" and the men tossed off their drink.

"The affair never got outside of the Van Horn home. Servants in those days, were loyal; it was still in a time when servants talked, but not for publication."

Gilbert Van Horn, in the fall of 1907, sat in the window of his Fifth Avenue club.

Marvin Kelly, judge of the State Supreme Court, man about town, gray, genial, came in as the long afternoon shaded into night.

"Gilbert, old boy," Marvin Kelly drew off his gloves and tossed his cane and hat on a vacant chair. "I'm having a bit of fun tonight on the Bowery, down at McManus' place. What are you doing?"

"Having a whiskey sour; what else?"

"All right. Dine with me at Martin's, and then for the mixed-ale scrappers. Malone has a string of terriers, he's trying to make me a cold stater."

"All right, Judge—Ah, Josephine. I want to tell you about her."

"Well, you know, I'm rather lucky about that. Getting to feel like a family man, home, you know, laudator, and a bit of responsibility. She's entered at the Misses Filters. Sort of has the crowd guessing. Gad, I met her the other day, out walking with a class. Really, I felt as if I was responsible for the whole lot of them. A female gave me a cold stater when I bowed to my ward."

"Gilbert, all you need is a hint, and you'll be a family man yet."

"I'm thinking seriously of getting an automobile. They talked idly, picked up a Fanbar the other day, just brought over. The foreign makers are years ahead of us in that."

"It's a dangerous thing," Judge Kelly had ordered his drink and was considering it. "Joseph, Muldoon, a child of seven, was killed on 51st Street last April by one of the new vehicles. There'll be dozens killed every year before we know it. Don't take any chances, Gilbert."

"Depend on me being careful, Judge—here's looking at you!"

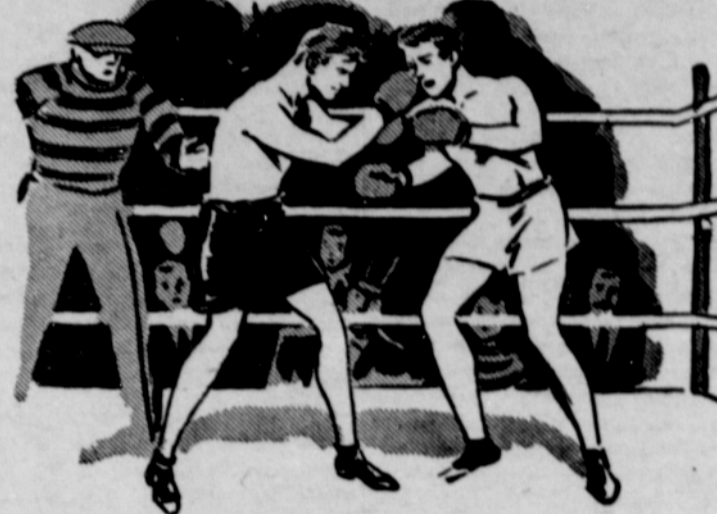
"For a while they continued to look out on Fifth Avenue."

"Come, Gilbert, let's walk up to Martin's."

"I feel like a good scrap tonight," Van Horn stood and flexed his arms. "Wouldn't mind mixing in it myself. Justice, you're a life saver."

The two friends strolled up the avenue in the dusk.

ish clasped over their evening dress, stepped from a red wheeled hansom. They had dressed the part, a bit of convention in the old city, for the Bowery, and the bums, expected it of the quality.



They were off, shuffling above the resin canvas.

and here he might earn fifteen. "But you got to win to see the big money. John and Sol were being pushed along a narrow aisle to the ringside as Gilbert and the Judge took their seats, chatting with the McManus. Blue smoke lifted in the air, drifting in flat veils like unsteady saucers of mist. A hum of talk rose between the scraps. It was a male audience; it was a time of hard heroic

fighting. A hush fell over the hall as the announcer appeared. John had climbed into the ring, and a million fierce little eyes, terribly close together, in pairs, seemed to be boring at him from all sides of an endless void.

Immediately about him, under streaming light, was stark reality.

"The next bout, gentlemen, an I hope it will be a bout,"—there was a slight pause filled with hoos and jeers—"is between"—and the stout man under the floodlight in the center of the ring brought a piece of paper closer to his eyes—"is between Rasper Jorgan."

He waved his hand toward a corner of the squared circle—a dark-skinned muscular youth rose to the introduction, grinning at the crowd, "known as the 'Polack Wonder,' and"—his other hand pointed accusingly at John Green—"and Fighting Lipovitch!"

The fighters had their handgags examined. The gloves were adjusted. The stools were pulled from the corners. All but the referee left the ring. The fighters shook hands. The gong sounded. They were off, shuffling above the resin canvas. The cold white light pelted down on them. Their bodies glistened, like animated specimens on some monster operating table. The calls of the crowd rose more violent than ever. The Polack Wonder was picked up and carried to the ring. "Knock him up! Knock his block off! But him up! Mix 'em! Kill him!" interspersed with oaths, greeted the senses of John, reeling backward from a hard blow on the nose. The warm salty blood trickling over his lips, sucking into his mouth, filled him with an ungovernable rage. Dancing before his narrowed eyes he saw the thing he had after, a cruel fighter who, in those red moments, epitomized the enmity of man.

During the first minute of the round, as the fighters, by their actions, revealed a lack of science, many of the audience turned their backs to the ring, preferring to discuss matters of greater interest while awaiting the main event of the evening, a much touted bout between third-rate heavies. But, as the Rasper drew blood, and the fighting kyke showed spunk, the fans, alert on the instant, turned back to the ring. The tiered seats and the gallery bent over, glued to their chairs and benches. The mephitic air, heavy with stale tobacco and foul with the fumes of whiskey breath, vibrated under the impact of tight-fitting gloves pummeling human flesh.

The Rasper landed again and again, then John, seeing an opening, drove his hard right to the chin and laid bare the lower teeth of the Polack. Dark blood oozed from the cut lip in a sluggish stream. A quick left to the jaw, partly blocked by the Rasper, splattered blood over both fighters; the gong sounded the end of the round. Cheers rose from the ringside, cat calls and boos mingled with the din. The stamp-

ing of feet and the dust and smoke that lifted above the crowd attested their approval. They were getting blood and action for their money.

Stools were shoved into the ring and the Rasper was rushed to his corner. A towel tasser, gulping large mouthfuls of water from a bottle, sprayed the contents over the face and body of his man, while two others massaged his arms and legs, and advisers from the Greenpoint section whispered breathless instructions for the continuation of the battle. Bets were being laid on their man, and partisan fans shouted encouragement. "Ya got him, Rasper. Kill him in the next! He's white—he is! Plug his wind! Look out for

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GRANGE TO HOLD OPEN MEETING

September 30 is Fall Rally and Booster Day at Watterville Hall, Public Invited

Watterville Grange will entertain with an open house program at the N. O. W. hall Friday evening, September 30, as a part of national Fall Rally and Booster day it was decided at the meeting last week.

Members of the Willakenzie grange will provide the program and many entertainment numbers. This will be followed by a social time and refreshments.

The Fall Rally and Booster day is set aside by the Grange as a national event and all persons interested in the work of the grange are invited to attend at that time.

Vote Dependable Service Ticket

Our platform in appeal for patronage has always stressed the single plan, "Dependable Service." We are registered pharmacists dispensing only nationally known guaranteed products. Your health often depends upon us and we always do our utmost to deserve that trust.

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"We Never Substitute"

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Fresh pure candy as tasty as expert candy makers ever mixed are here ready for you all the time. Fall is a time when candy is especially enjoyed. It gives you vim to face the snappy days of coming winter.

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Rooms: \$1.50 with bath; \$1.00 without bath
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3rd and Main St. Portland, Oregon

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13 SHOWS IN ONE—11 acres under one roof. Exhibits of pure-bred Livestock, Dogs, Poultry, Pet Stock, Wild Life, Land Products, Manufactured Products, 4-H Club and Smith-Hughes Vocational Education Works; and, for the first time in the Northwest, SPECTACULAR INDOOR RODEO.
\$75,000 IN PREMIUMS
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Your Old Lamp or Lantern is Worth 50 on a NEW Coleman
Here's a real bargain! Your old lamp or lantern (any kind) is worth \$1.50 on the purchase of a new Coleman . . . for a limited time.
See these up-to-date lamps and lanterns that give from 200 to 300 candlepower of pure white brilliance. The finest light for a penny a night! They're modern to the minute!
This Special Trade-In Offer and New Low Prices make it possible for you to have a high quality, genuine Coleman Lamp or Lantern at lowest cost . . . for as little as \$5.45.
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