

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE
One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months \$1.00
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months 50c

County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1932

BONDS MAKE TAXES HIGH

Oregon's public debt is more than \$200,000,000 or something like one-third of the total assessed valuation of the state. This is the chief factor in making high taxes for no matter what economy we put into practice there is always the interest and sinking fund on this huge debt to be met. This cost, contracted in good times, remains the same now when our ability to pay is greatly diminished, and no matter what we do we can not escape it.

In the state we are trying to pay off a \$54,000,000 bond debt.

In Lane county government we are levying \$138,000 for bond interest and sinking fund to pay on \$1,473,500 in road bonds for highways we should have paid for when they were built. For this bond scheme we have gotten 59 cents worth of road and are now struggling to pay 41 cents worth of interest on each dollar spent.

In the city of Springfield the budget next year calls for \$28,608 for bond interest, warrant interest and sinking fund while only \$12,800 is allotted for running the city government—What a lopsided situation. The bonded debt of the city is \$146,550, including Bancroft bonds.

When the school budget is made we will likely find some \$7,000 more devoted to interest on public indebtedness. School bonds outstanding in this district are \$69,000.

If we ever again have prosperous times this bonded indebtedness should be a lesson to us. Let's pay as we make any public improvements. Bonds are not necessary as we once thought. If we can pay the \$38,000 or \$40,000 worth of debt interest and sinking fund which faces us in state, county, city and school district, this year in times of depression, then WE COULD HAVE MADE ANY ONE PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT the city now has WITH A SPECIAL TAX LEVY IN ANY PAST YEAR OF PROSPERITY.

WHEN A PRESIDENT GOES CAMPAIGNING

Under a law enacted after the assassination of President McKinley, it is a capital offense, punishable by death, even to threaten the life of the president. Nevertheless, the protection of the president's person is one of the chief worries of the secret service men. It is also a good deal of a strain upon the president to have to limit his movements, outside of his own home, within the narrow range wherein the secret service men can accompany him.

When the president of the United States goes campaigning, or moves anywhere out of Washington, he is guarded and protected by secret service men every inch of the way. The presidential special train has the right of way over everything else on the railroad line. Secret service men and railroad officials go ahead of it and see that every switch is spiked in place before the presidential train passes, while a squad of government secret service operatives precedes the president to his destination and takes command of the local police situation to see that the crowds at the station and elsewhere are handled in such a way as to insure the maximum safety of the president's person.

The personnel of the president's train is selected from the most trustworthy railroad employees, from the engineer down to the waiter who serves meals in the presidential dining car. The president's personal tastes in food are consulted, naturally, when the dining car is stocked. On one trip made by a certain president the refrigerator contained thirty-six dozen oranges and two dozen lobsters, these being delicacies of which the president was particularly fond.

DESTRUCTIVE EFFORTS

The promoters of the school moving bill have not only made out a bad case for the state but have placed themselves in much disrepute. Try as they may to conceal their financial backers the facts are bound to come out and to the everlasting discredit of these men.

There is nothing economical or constructive in the Zorn-McPherson school moving bill either now or in the long run. It is a blow at higher education and a breach of faith with Lane county.

If right ever prevails then this bill should be snowed under on election day with many thousands of 317 NOS.

No one can guess how Springfield will vote on some candidates but everyone knows that Swarts, Moffitt and Poole will carry the local vote by large majorities. This is one place where the home boys are going to get the "break."

James Mott's chances to become the next congressman from this district are very good. He is the type of intelligent and aggressive young man that will get things done at Washington. He should be truly representative of his state.

The greatest howl about the bonus comes from those who sold the government \$10 articles for \$100 during the war.



The FAMILY DOCTOR
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD
STAYING HEALTHY

For a long time I have been thinking that there is more praise for the man or woman who prevents the invasion of disease, than for the people who claim the credit of curing diseased conditions. I believe most diseases are preventable; then, why not devote a good measure of our energy to keeping disease out, and, thereby, not becoming ill?

Your family doctor will tell you that he would gladly seek some other means of making a living, if by so doing he could banish sickness from the land. He devotes much of his time to "preventive medicine," thus seemingly trying to work himself out of a job. No "cult" that I know of spends much of its time that way.

When I tell you that leaf-vegetables, lettuce and such like, are the best "roughage" for your digestive tracts, I am trying to ward off the possible evils of commercialized products.

When I advise a soft, and varied diet, of good, nutritious, plain food, with temperate habit of eating, I am advising against disease. When I assure you against the awful six-o'clock dinner and the no-breakfast plan, I am giving advice that will bear fruit in length of days. I have spent many years in close observation.

When I write you that excess of certain vitamins produces a condition much like hardening of the arteries, you may as well quit trying to select vitamins that you think you need—you may be doing the seller of that particular "vitamin" a favor, but yourself much harm.

And, when I tell you that the food you like,—the sorts that "set well" on your stomach, eaten in moderate quantity, with plenty of saliva—are best for you, and will give you all the vitamins you really need—you may depend upon it without worry.



THE BOWERY
by FELIX RIESENBERG

Ninth Installment

Synopsis: Johnny Breen, 15 years old, who has spent all his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat plying near New York City, is made mad by an explosion which sends the tug and tosses him into the river. He swims and crawls ashore where starts a new and strange life. He is ignorant, cannot read, and knows nothing of life in a great city. . . . He is picked up by a young doctor, who is a Jew, and is taken to a room in the rear of their second-hand clothing store. . . . Here he is openly courted by the young doctor, who is a Jew, and is taken to a room in the rear of their second-hand clothing store. . . . and soon is picked up by an unscrupulous manager of a saloon fight club, attracted to the boy, takes him under his wing. . . . On the other side of the picture are the Van Horns of Fifth Avenue. There is a Gilbert Van Horn, last of the great family, a bachelor, in whose life it is a hidden chapter to be lost in the city life—when Gilbert is accused. . . . It was reported the maid married an old captain of a river tug. . . . rather than return home—and was soon a mother. . . . Under Malone's guardianship young Breen develops fast. . . . "Pug" discovers the boy cannot read starts him to night school and the world commences to open for Johnny Breen. . . . Malone, an old-timer, is backed in a health-farm venture which Breen watches. . . . There they meet and come to know each other. . . . Learning John's desire for an engineering course at Columbia University—he advances the money. John comes to know Josephine, Van Horn's ward. Now we find John at school.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

You become a driver, or an ass, and possibly both. You attempt to impose your ideas upon human beings, you show them how to lay a thousand bricks where formerly they only placed half as many in the same space of time. You develop systems of efficiency and mass production, but none of you has the slightest conception of the underlying problems of human life. Does life become more bearable or more productive of happiness? By heaven, we know more about teaching in the kindergarten than we do in the schools of applied science. Science—a great word, John, a word to conjure with, especially when applied. The rigorous application of science to the world would lead—"Harboard stopped and looked closely at John. The face of the student was white, drawn.

"What would it lead to?" John was eager.

"Christianity, John. To tolerance."

When Harboard left, John thought long and earnestly upon the things the older man had criticized. Mentally he was far less able than when he entered the schools of higher learning.

Midnight came and John still sat full-eyed. His pipe had gone out and he neglected his books. The task before him loomed like a mountain of lead.

Of a sudden John Breen lost his hold on the job ahead. He tore off his green shade, slipped on his cap, caught his cap and started out of the door, walking down the stairs as if in a trance.

Out through the black wicket of the avenue, down the long, wet black-paved sidewalks, below the naked, windswept arches of the great cathedral rising faint and dim against the dim range of the midnight sky, lit by a million distant city lamps, reflected downward from the cloudy vault. It was raining, and this seemed to fit his mood. On, and on, away from books, away from tasks and tasks, grinding self, he trudged. He turned down Fifth Avenue, and ran easily on the hard gravel, close to the low coping of granite. At Forty-ninth Street he turned east to Third Avenue, and still doggedly toward the south. Policemen, flattened in doorways, took him for a home-bound watchman, or night worker, running to escape the rain.

As he neared the Bowery, a strange fatigue came over him. He slowed to a walk. Chills seized his frame. His teeth chattered. He began to run again; pain in his joints filled him with torture. He continued his pace, doggedly, passing below the deep shadow of Cooper Union, where he had spent such marvelous nights, where his soul had glimpsed the bigness of the universe. For a while he forgot the shooting pains and rushed ahead, wild with sudden desire.

It was after one-thirty when he passed the Clothing Emporium. He searched for the name of LIPVITCH in faded letters. He thought of knocking at the door, stopped for a moment, and then in new gilt letters he saw the words, Aaron Levy, Successor, beneath the old sign in the Emporium. New and Second Hand. His bearings were gone. Where was Channon Lipvitch? Where was he? Now the city was driving him back again to the slimy waters of the harbor. The whole world began to totter; the dark span of the Brooklyn Bridge towered like a massive threat, magnified by the wet mist as he had seen it once before. Cars clanged, vessels bulked high above him. He walked across the wide river-front street. He was playing a game with himself, and in it he forgot his misery.

Suddenly John Breen stumbled. His hands shot out before him as he fell, something yielded, and in an agony of realization he clutched desperately as he plunged head foremost through the door of a night-owl lunch car, back against the head of a slip. Light instead of darkness, warmth, and the steaming aroma of a coffee urn, not the slime and cold of the river! With a bound his senses came to him. A look of terror froze upon his face.

"Wodeyouhave?" The sleepy lunch-car watcher roused himself suddenly and removed a pair of brogans from the counter. He eyed John suspiciously.

out with case-hardened skulls that crack if they get ideas. Few of 'em ever crack," he added dryly. "What about him, doctor?" Harboard asked anxiously. The maid was tucking John in, and one of the hall attendants came up with some warm milk.

"Needs rest, I should say; nursing—a change. But what a body! Best all round specimen I've come across in a long while. Nothing overdone; smooth as silk. What is he, anyhow?"

"Been a scrapper. A regular knock-out," Harboard explained, lowering his voice. "Something fine about the boy, though. He has ideas, that's



The whole world began to totter; the dark span of the Brooklyn Bridge towered like a massive threat.

"Coffee," John uttered the word in a hollow voice. His head felt queer. The stuffy warmth of the car was grateful.

The man in the lunch car rubbed his eyes, shuffled over to a small cupboard, stuffed out a heavy china mug with a handle. He dashed some white fluid into this from a can with a spout, and placed the cup under the tap of the urn, running it full. Suddenly John realized that he had on an old suit, saved for evening study, that he had left his room with a rent in his pocket. Even his vest, in which he sometimes carried change, and his watch, had been left behind.

"Wodeyouhave, doughnuts or pie?" the man asked.

"Hold on," John hastened to warn him, "I'm flat. Haven't a red cent with me. But—"

"Thought so," interrupted the man behind the counter, "but see'n yer so damn honest, here a couple simkers, and he passed the rings to John.

"Thanks," John munched the doughnuts ravenously.

"Don't mention it. Keep the change." The sleepy lunch car man settled comfortably on his perch.

"I'll send the money down tomorrow."

"Send it? Rats! I took this job at supper, an' I'm quittin' at breakfast. The guy what owns it's married an' home asleep, wid his wife. Damn glad you wa'n't no stick-up. Get the hell out of here an' let me sleep."

John Breen again went into the wet. He looked at the river. A shudder of terror came over him. He turned and ran westward, the warmth of the coffee gradually wearing away. But as he chilled he knew that he had to keep going, he caught his second wind, he knew that he was heading for the dorms.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when the grizzled dormitory maid entered John Breen's room. Damp clothing hung over the chair near his bed, and John, in fevered slumber, tossed in his blankets. He had returned at daybreak and throwing off his clothes and rolled into his bed half dead with exhaustion.

Harboard, on his way to an early seminar, stopped to investigate. John's door was open, the maid was talking volubly, the hall superintendent and a young doctor, a great bulk of a man, bent over the bed.

"Bad?" asked Harboard anxiously. "Fever and exhaustion." The doctor, a famous football coach, turned to Harboard, adding with non-professional candor, "I can't make him out."

He took in the disorder of scattered clothes and papers.

"Heart and lungs O.K. Know him?" the doctor asked.

"Well; we are rather good friends. He was all right last night, but—"

"Here, you mean?" The doctor tapped his forehead knowingly. His swift eye took in the disorder of scattered textbooks and papers.

"Engineering," explained Harboard. "Applied science." Rottenest cramming system in the world. Kills them off quick, or, if they hold out, nine out of ten are mentally strained. Come

LUKA CIRCLE CHANGES PLACES FOR MEETINGS

Regular meetings of Luka circle, Ladies auxiliary of the G. A. R. will be held at Taylor's hall hereafter. It was decided at the regular meeting of the organization last Thursday evening at the Armory. A new meeting night which will not interfere with the American Legion meeting will be chosen.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE PLAN HALLOWEEN PARTY

The young people of the Baptist church will be entertained at a Halloween party Friday evening at the P. B. Chase home in Chase gardens. It will be a masquerade affair. Appropriate games and refreshments will feature the evening.

RECOVERS AFTER OPERATION—Mrs. Lee Putman

Mrs. Lee Putman who underwent a major operation at the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene last Thursday morning is now recovering very satisfactorily according to her physician.

Newport Man Here—Al Smith

Al Smith arrived in Springfield Saturday to visit with his mother, Mrs. James Laxton.

LOST 20 LBS. OF FAT IN JUST 4 WEEKS

Mrs. Mae West of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm only 28 yrs. old and weighed 170 lbs. until taking one box of your Kruschen Salts just 4 weeks ago. I now weigh 150 lbs. I also have more energy and furthermore I've never had a hungry moment."

Fat folks should take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it's the SAFE, harmless way to reduce as tens of thousands of men and women know. For your health's sake as for and get Kruschen at any drug store—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money back.



HEAT
for Less Than
2¢ an Hour!

HERE'S a new, low-priced Coleman Radiant Heater that's just the thing for home, store or shop. . . . a hot number for cold rooms!

Makes and burns its own gas. Costs less than 2 cents an hour to use. Produces penetrating radiant heat that warms like summer sunshine.

Instant Lighting—no preheating, no waiting. Just strike a match, turn a valve and it's going just like gas.

New Instant-Gas Coleman Radiant Heater



Model No. 15
Price \$17.40 ONLY

See Your Local Dealer
THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE COMPANY
Wichita, Kans. Philadelphia, Pa. Chicago, Ill. Los Angeles, Calif. (BR377)

Continued Next Week

PRISCILLA CLUB MEET POSTPONED ONE WEEK

The regular meeting of the Priscilla club which was to have been held this afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Parker at 2 o'clock has been postponed for one week and will be held on November 3, it was announced this week.

LIONS COOKING CLUB WILL MEET ON FRIDAY

Members of the Cooking club of the Christian church will be entertained at their regular meeting Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Georgia Nettleton. Members will be held on November 3, it was of the club prepare the meals for the Lions club.



Present Assistant Co. School Superintendent
Laurence C. Moffitt
Republican Candidate for County SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT of Lane County
Qualified, Experienced, Competent
Economical, Efficient, Cheerful Service
Election November 8, 1932 Paid Adv.

Re-Elect
CLINTON HURD
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR
County Commissioner
Has given Lane County's business careful, personal attention. Continue his efficient and economical administration and
VOTE 53 X Clinton Hurd for County Commissioner
—Paid Advertisement

Delicious Candy FOR HALLOWE'EN
The occasion for a festive romp comes again with Hallowe'en, so we looked to it and our responsibility by stocking great trays of delicious candies and sweetmeats. . . . They are here, awaiting your inspection and selection, from many original molds and in appropriate designs to help make your party more enjoyable. . . . Fresh, pure candies as tasty as master candy-makers ever mixed. The prices are most reasonable.
EGGIMANN'S
Where the Service is Different

Prevent Sickness
As cooler days come on colds and sickness increase. You should be prepared with some preventative to ward off sickness and avoid loss of time and expense. We will be glad to advise you what to use for these emergencies.
KETELS DRUG STORE
"We Never Substitute"

Better Gasoline Needed
Cooler days makes the engine harder to start and increases gasoline consumption, especially of the poorer grade. Stick by Violet-Ray, General Ethyl and Motogas and you will have satisfactory performance.
This station can line your brakes and make other adjustments to put your car in condition for winter driving.
"A" Street Service Station
5th and A Streets Springfield

1¢ WILL DO THE AVERAGE FAMILY WASHING
MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY

"AVIATION GASOLINE?"
UNITED AIR LINES
largest users of aviation gasoline in the world buy it exclusively from
STANDARD
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Charles P. Poole
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR
Coroner
FOR LANE COUNTY, OREGON
Election Nov. 8, 1932
Never Before Held the Office of Coroner.
Both other undertakers have held the office for the last 25 years.
Member of the Firm of Poole-Gray-Bartholomew
VOTE 317 X NO -- Against Moving the University
—Paid Advertisement.

MANY PEOPLE
do not understand how cheap electricity really is. The average electric washer, for instance, can be operated from one hour, to two and one-half hours, for 1 cent. A large four-tub washing can be washed spotlessly clean in the modern electric washer in one, to one and one-half hours. Electricity is so clean, is so easy to use, operates so quietly and is so very efficient that many times we fail to realize how much service we receive for the small amount of money we pay.