

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1932

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

Roosevelt has been chosen by the people the next president of the United States. There are many of us especially in Oregon who did not vote for him. However, we must "give and take" in a democracy if we would have a stable government and peace and tranquility in the land.

Roosevelt offered no great constructive program in his campaign. It is altogether likely, since many of the democrats in congress had a hand in framing the reconstruction legislation by President Hoover, that he will embrace most of these instruments when he takes hold next March.

For the good of the nation it behooves all Republicans and Socialists as well to back up the new president for good government is more important than the success of any party or candidates in winning the election.

4 PER CENT BEER BY CHRISTMAS

The present prohibition law declares beer of more than one-half of one per cent alcohol to be intoxicating. The old fashioned beer that used to be sold so freely in pre-prohibition days contained about 7 1/2 per cent of alcohol.

But a very strong showing will be made to prove that 4 per cent beer is not intoxicating up to the limits of the amount of beer that an ordinary individual can drink at one time, and the brewery interests are very hopeful that they can get this percentage of beer legalized.

In that case, however, they do not anticipate the return of the saloon. Plans are all completed for the production of bottled beer to be sold mainly in drug stores, over the soda fountain, or delivered by grocers at residences.

We will probably see this legislation put over by the democrats in this session of Congress in December, and following that the democratic effort to repeal the eighteenth amendment by submitting it to the states for rejection.

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

We hear a lot of talk about American money that has been lent to foreign nations, and a good deal of this talk suggests that people think there was something wrong about the efforts of the United States government and of the international bankers to help those countries get on their financial feet.

Certainly during the war when the United States lent the allied nations something like twelve billion dollars with which to carry on the war, nobody thought our government was doing anything wrong. In the period since the war, a great many more billions of American private funds were lent to European and South American nations.

It looks as if the people who talk this way had forgotten all about the hundred years in which the United States government and the individual states and our big corporations were selling our bonds abroad, borrowing money from the more prosperous countries of Europe to develop our own backward country.

There is a good deal of criticism still in some circles in Europe over the failure of some of our states to pay back the money they borrowed from European investors seventy-five years and more ago.

The shoe is on the other foot now. We are beginning to realize some of the responsibilities and troubles of becoming a creditor nation instead of being, as the United States was for a hundred and fifty years, a debtor nation.



READING LAMPS

In winter, with the great supply of American newspapers and attractive books, most of our reading is done by lamplight. Let me offer a few valuable hints, drawn from long observation.

Some time ago, I sat in a busy hotel in the delightful region of the Missouri Ozark Mountains. The large lobby was artistically dimmed by shaded lamps—daytime, mind you—until the great room gave one the impression of being in moonlight!

It is fashionable to light homes in that manner; floor-lamps with beautiful shades adorn living rooms. Here children try to search out lessons and news from printed pages. They strain young, growing eyes to decipher the intelligence printed on the page.

But it is fashionable—the twilight effect in softened light. I see it in many homes, and I confess, sheepishly, that my own living room is lighted just that way—I am telling tales out of school. But, "an honest confession"—you know.

The best possible artificial light is that which approaches most nearly to DAYLIGHT. Ground glass globes, not muffled down to dimness, and not poised too near the eyes—the light coming over the shoulder, is best for young eyes. Parents should by all means be careful of the children's study.



NAMES . . . Saving the common

The same thing has different names in different parts of the United States. Thus, what is in ways a "gail" in New England is a "bucket" in the South. The George boy might throw a "rock" at a squirrel, but up North a piece of rock small enough for that purpose would be called merely a "stone."

The American Council of Learned Societies is beginning to collect these local names of common things. They are all good English, and many of them are survivals of old English words no longer used in England.

There are not many harbors in the world in which a thousand-foot ship can be safely docked. It is not likely that we will see much larger craft afloat in our time. These big ships are uneconomical, and are subsidized by governments largely for advertising purposes.

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Eleventh Installment

Synopsis: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard the Hudson river tugboat plying near New York City, is made motherless by an explosion which sinks his tugboat. He is taken in by a man named Van Horn, who is a member of the Hudson River Boatmen's Association. Van Horn is a man of many names, and is a man of many tricks. He is a man who is always looking for a way to get ahead.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Dammit, Breen, it's all hell to get these rodents to use their heads," the experienced engineer was speaking with authority. "We engineers got to hold 'em down," he added with conviction. John was leaving. "See you later," Malling called, and John left the exciting scene. "We engineers!" He felt a foot taller, and Monday morning seemed a year away. John was young.

He went to his new room, unpacked the photograph of Josephine, and looked at her image long and thoughtfully. He called up Van Horn and had also talked with Josephine. The moment over the telephone, she seemed glad to hear from him. Her laugh was familiar. John remembered nothing but the laugh. Her very recollection conveyed things that seemed bound to bring them close together again.

John remained in the city. He just refused to leave, and Josephine, in the dark cool house in the middle Flites, agreed with those millions who called it "New York is a splendid summer resort."

As many people were always in or about town, and as Josephine had several insistent problems confronting her, the city, in the summer, took on the proportions of an adventure. Josephine was frankly in the business of living successfully. She had no intention of being anything but a success, and not merely a social success, but to achieve freedom, and expression, and well, lots of other things besides.

And John had never asked anything. It puzzled her. Boys proposed to her, and she had turned them down. Rantoul had proposed, and was waiting for her reply.

Rantoul was wealthy, belonged to good clubs, had offices in the financial district, and had leisure and just enough contact with great affairs to make him an entrancing companion. He was constantly meeting important men. A word or two, a mere hint, gave Josephine the feeling of mingling in a consequential world. It was so different from Gilbert Van Horn's world, a place utterly divorced from business and occupied with stupid sports, or gossip, or mooning.

Women were attracted by Rantoul, women always had been attracted to him. Charming, handsome, Josephine knew, would take him in an instant, and be loved. She was certain of that, loved her intensely, with passion held in mastery reserve. He was a compelling figure. She often thought of him as a Richard Harding Davis hero, an engineer of great renown, decorated by foreign potentates.

Josephine laughingly told this to Rantoul. When they dined that night at the West-Hambletons', Rantoul wore a yellow and red sash across his breast.

Before dishonest but plausible speculators will again find themselves in a position to pose as men of honor and swindle the unwary. If I am right about that, then the net effect of the depression will have been good for the United States."

FRESHMEN PRESENT HIGH SCHOOL PROGRAM The weekly program presented at the high school assembly Friday morning was given by members of the freshman class. Their entertainment numbers included the following: harmonica solo, Lawrence Chase; tap dance, Vivian Scott; piano solo, Irene Anderson; novelty stunt, La Moyne Black, Jean Louk, Colleen Cornell, accompanied by Lillian Trinka at the piano; trombone solo, Roy Crandall; xylophone solo, Barbara Barnell, accompanied by Miss Ruth Morrison.

GERMAN TREATMENT STOPS CONSTIPATION Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, the German remedy Adlerka stops constipation. It brings out the poisons which cause gas bloating and bad sleep. Finery's Drug Store.



with a brilliant ten-pointed star. A sparkling order hung about his neck by a purple ribbon. On the breast of his evening coat, over his heart, was a row of overlapping medals. It was the night he proposed.

John had never proposed to her, perhaps never would, or perhaps had never had the chance. Van Horn was dining at the club. It was Friday night, a beauty night by the way, with so many people always eating fish, and Aunt Wen was in the midst of a book.

John had called up only an hour before. It was six o'clock. Perhaps he was still at his new quarters. She would call and would leave word for Rantoul, in his rooms, that she could not see him after all. Josephine could see Rantoul often, but that night she wanted to see John Breen.

They met, an hour later, at the saavy, and walked east, through Fifty-ninth Street to the Third Avenue L. It was a familiar station to John, in a reminiscent way, as indeed the entire city was reminiscent and crowded with surprises. The same old platforms and rails, but an electrified train carried them down through the close revelation of the East Side.

John secured a table on the balcony, ten feet or so above the crowded street, where they could dine, under the awnings, in the open air, and still in sight of the entrancing sights within.

Josephine sank into her seat with a sigh, they were very fortunate indeed in getting that delightful table. On their ride downtown, they had talked the common-places of their separation. But once at table, and alone, as if by magic, John and Josephine were again on the fatal plane of delicious intimacy.

Josephine smiled. John noted the merest suggestion of a dimple. A mood of perfect understanding seemed to permeate the air. The dinner was superb. She had asked for a cocktail and John joined her, and a bottle of St. Julien added flavor to the dishes. Café Boulevard, always famous for its coffee, outdid itself on that Arabian night. They ate their ices and lingered, while John smoked a cigar grandly, blowing fragrant clouds through the lattice as they leaned across the table tête-à-tête. Blue wreaths drifted slowly back across her hair.

"Do you mind the smoke, Jo?" He used the diminutive easily. "No, John, I love it." Her face was close to his, her hair gave back the faintest perfume. She was even lovelier than he had imagined her in his fondest dreams; she was an angel.

As John talked Josephine was glad, so glad, to be with him. He was ever, more manly, more handsome than ever. John talked as he had never talked before. His life at the University, in the atmosphere of recognized ideas, had broadened him. He unburdened great ambitions ripe for expression in that understanding night. His surer outlook and his burning belief in the great dignity of the career ahead, glorified him. He would be a builder, "like Rantoul. Yes, like Rantoul," a builder in the greatest city of the world!

Something from within smote Josephine. Doubt dropped away and, in her instant of surrender, her hold on John was of transcendent power. Rantoul vanished from her mind, and John Breen, so close across the table, clasping her hand, her pulse, her soul, was the finer man, wealthier by twenty years, rich full years she was to share with him, love with him. His grip tightened; he whispered, "Darling, will you marry me?" The question had been in his eyes. She heard the words, the fervent words carrying her beyond all thought of time or calculation.

"Will you wait for me?" his eager tones were tender. "Will you—sweetheart!" Their eyes met, swimmingly. She whispered "Yes." Rantoul was forgotten; her plans and structures tumbled and re-formed. They drove home in a taxi gliding quickly through dark enveloping streets. John helped her to the door, and Van Horn, who had entered a minute earlier, called to him. "Come in, John, glad to see you. Josephine!" he called, but his word had already disappeared in the upper hall. "What's up, John? Nothing wrong, I hope?" He looked at the young man quizzically.

"Josephine has promised to marry me." The words sounded unreal, almost as if he were uttering something sacrilegious. "Marry you?" Gilbert Van Horn steeled himself at a new post. "The devil you say? Come here, John." He gripped him by the hand. His eyes glistened, he turned away. "Here, Jules!" to the butler hovering in the hall. "some Claret, Jules! We'll have to drink to this. By gad! By gad! Kelly will like this, he will. I was afraid Rantoul had the inner track—too old, John—too old," he added, smiling and shaking his head. Gilbert Van Horn looked old, tired, as he led the way to the library. It had been a long pull. "You'll need a ring. Ring her, boy, ring her," he advised. Jules filled the glasses. "Here's good luck; Josephine and you." They stood and drank the wine in solemn silence.

"Thank you, Gil," John said simply. "How are you fixed? Money, I mean, the older man spoke with the ease of long friendship. "I've enough," John answered; "I'll make more." The talk of money seemed hateful to John. He was feeling let down from his period of exaltation; he wanted to get away, wanted to think. "Good night, John, I won't come down." Van Horn held out his hand. He too wanted to be alone, to think. "Don't worry about money," he called. Josephine will have enough. It's a partnership, you know—" He waved his hand as John left, to walk uptown under the stars, up through the southern part of the park where he and Becca had tarried, and on, up to the flat opposite the shaft site. The more John walked the less certain he was of what might happen next.

Continued Next Week

Now You Can Buy a Coleman ELECTRIC IRON for ONLY \$4.95 Think of it... a beautifully designed, Chromium Plate finish Coleman Electric Iron at this new low price. Lessens ironing effort at least a third. "Buton Bevel" sole plate. Lifetime Guaranteed Heating Element. Don't miss this big value!

phine; it came, a cold breath of doubt. She was losing ground, slipping in a mental panic as she compared her lovers. She missed the tight, high-colored skin of the older man, youthfully flushed at times, perhaps by wine. The crisp white hair of Rantoul was less silky, and less thick, than the youthful crop of Breen, and she missed that careful guarded manner, the habit of an older man, but which she then set down to cunning. John swept her along on a flood of emotion. His hunger demanded her; it was a terrible emotion. She dared not try to fascinate or charm. Love stabbed her with delirium.

Whipping for Fire Carelessness In 1676 the duke of York, brother of King Charles II of England, made the penalty in Pennsylvania for kindling a fire in the woods and permitting it to escape to cultivated lands, the payment of all the damages plus one-half more as a fine. If the guilty person could not pay he was liable to receive "not exceeding twenty stripes,"—in other words, be publicly whipped.

Sisters Mapped The Husband, the Wife, the Three Sisters, and the Little Brother are all shown on a new topographic map of a part of the Cascade range in Oregon recently issued by the United States geological survey, department of the interior. This area, which is called the Three Sisters quadrangle, covers 856 square miles in west-central Oregon, and lies within the Cascade and Deschutes national forests. Copies of the map may be obtained from the United States geological survey, Washington, D. C., for 10 cents, or from local book stores.

Daughter is Born—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Puderbaugh of Goshen are the parents of an infant daughter born to them on December 4, 1932.

EXTRA ROOM AT SCHOOL APPROVED BY DISTRICT The immediate building of an other room to the Mt. Vernon school to relieve the congestion there where one teacher, Miss Hazel Edmiston, now has 29 students, has been approved at a school meeting. Miss Helen Eyer has been employed as assistant teacher.

TURKEY DINNER FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1932 5:30 - 8:00 CENTRAL LUTHERAN CHURCH PARLORS 6th and PEARL, EUGENE ADULTS 35c - CHILDREN 15c

A Symbol of Thoughtfulness There is nothing like candy to gladden the hearts of those dear to you, especially if it is Eggmann's candy. We have candy for all occasions as well as for every day in the year.

EGGMANN'S "Where the Service is Different"

Who Will Have It Next? Colds now are so prevalent that one after another in a family is liable to have them. A little preventative remedy will often ward off colds that otherwise would cause sickness, loss of time and expense. We would be glad to suggest inexpensive remedies you might keep on hand to combat the least sign of a cold.

KETELS DRUG STORE "We Never Substitute"

Smooth, Swift, Sure Violet-Ray, Motogas and General Ethyl gasolines are leaders in their class. They are the balanced gasolines that give smooth, swift and sure performance in your automobile motor. Thousands of motorists use one or the other of these gasolines and nothing else.

"A" Street Service Station 5th and A Streets Springfield

IT IS NO LONGER A LIGHTBILL IT WAS IN 1890

BUT TODAY LIGHT is a very small part of it YOU USED TO CALL the monthly statement from the electric company your 'light bill'. It was a light bill then. It represented a few lights here and there about your home. But now... light is a small part of the total electric bill. Today electricity is used for cooking, refrigerating, washing, ironing, sweeping, cleaning and entertainment. Yes, indeed... the light bill disappeared with the pompadour and the beard of 1890!

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY