

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
M. 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 \$0.50

County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1933

A PLAN FOR RELIEF WORK

An expansion of the relief program without unduly increasing the cost to the taxpayers is needed in Lane county. The greatest need is to provide work and with the exception of road work this has not been done. This work should not be technical, or require much skill and no big investment for equipment by the county.

Our suggestion is that Lane county locate on some of its most accessible timber tracts, which have been taken for delinquent taxes, a wood yard where hundreds of unemployed men might work for a nominal wage taken from the county relief fund. Without having to buy stumps the wood cut in this manner should ultimately bring the county somewhere near cost of production.

In disposing of the wood cut by this method the county should as far as possible avoid direct competition with local retail wood dealers. There are sections of this and other western states where wood must be shipped in for hundreds of miles. These sections have their relief problems too. It is possible an exchange could be made with other counties of wood for Idaho or Washington potatoes, wheat, corn or other products which in turn could be furnished the poor in Lane county.

Then there is a possibility of wood being furnished state institutions, maybe in lieu of some of the millage taxes the state extracts from Lane county.

The third method disposal would be to wholesale wood to the retail dealers.

We have never been an advocate of government in business and we are aware that some of this wood business would be in competition with wood dealers. But the state has three large print shops and the federal government a large bureau of printing with many contract plants. These are in competition with our printing plant every day in the year and have lessened our volume of business by many hundreds of dollars. People seem to think that the printing situation is all right and we have never heard of any wood dealers shedding any tears for us, so we think that in this time of emergency we might permit the county to at least go into the wholesale wood business to dispose of its surplus after other means have been exhausted.

No one has a right to make any profit out of services of the poor at the expense of the taxpayer. The quicker we make some solution for more permanent relief the better it will be for us all.

This is our solution to relieve the situation partially. There may be others just as good or better. The important thing is that we do something rather than dole out to all comers.

TO TAX PRODUCTION IS SUICIDE

We would not mind so much digging for a little more taxes if we knew the five, seven and twelve thousand dollar state employees were going to take their cut along with the rest of us. Business and industry is about 40 per cent off normal and with that forty-percent net profits because it has been impossible to adjust overheads in anything like the same ratio especially with mounting taxes and falling prices.

Prices should rise on all products but not because of sale taxes or debts. A rise in prices should go to the labor producers and other productive source if we are ever to have good times. There must surely be improvement at the source of production if we are ever able to improve employment and create wealth to pay debts and taxes which are now demanding 50 per cent of our national income. To increase the tax and debt burden on property, consumption or business, at this time can mean nothing but suicide even for the purpose of balancing budgets. This method will defeat its own end.

Widening out of the income tax base to include more people who have some net income and increasing higher bracket rates seems to us to be the only solution to raise any additional demanded tax revenue at this time. The person with a net income can pay something after he has had necessary living expenses while those who have no net income can pay nothing no matter what kind of tax is placed on their property or the goods they must buy without severe hardships.

THE BUSINESS OF KNOWING FACTS

The deeper we get into the mire of industrial and business depression the more clear it becomes that one of the principal causes of our present situation was the reckless overconfidence of supposedly "big" men in the unsupported assertions of other "big" men.

Nothing could be more amazing than the facts brought out in the inquiry in New York into the affairs of Samuel Insull and his companies. He walks into a bank and asks for a loan of millions. Nobody takes the trouble to inquire whether the securities he offers are any good or not; they are being sold at a certain price on the Stock Exchange, and that is enough for the bankers. They loan him the money, and now it turns out that the securities represented nothing, or practically that.

Ivar Krueger, the Swedish "Match King," likewise built up public confidence, until the biggest bankers and investment houses lent him hundreds of millions on his word alone. They had no way of knowing, of course, that he had turned crooked, but they could have found out the facts about the worthless "securities" he unloaded on them.

We heard of one European representative of an American bank who nearly lost his job when he advised his boss to lay off loans to Krueger.

The very men who were trapped into parting with money entrusted to them by depositors and investors, by reason of their own misplaced confidence in men like Insull and Krueger, are the ones who were most loudly demanding that the public should have confidence in themselves and their institutions.

We are very much in favor of a complete reform of our banking system, which will make it more difficult for men handling other people's money to keep out of prison after they have parted with the money without knowing the facts. If that is lack of confidence, we confess to it. What this country needs is fewer banks and more real bankers.

The Soviet called on some of the Russian landlords to come in and give up a portion of their property. We would not transgress on property rights in such a brazen manner, when we can simply confiscate property for taxes.

"Let politics stand adjourned," the governor advised at the opening session of the legislature. Sounds nice but leadership seems to have gone out the window with politics.

They have invented a new electrical apparatus to tell when an apple is ripe. Functions somewhat like a small boy's stomach. Now for a machine to detect the worm!

Not one of those English teachers who picked out the ten most beautiful words chose "Incised please find check."

We're teaching the Indians to farm like white men. Soon they will be asking for a government loan.

Los Angeles claims a girl who runs a 110 degree temperature. No she isn't in the talkies.

This Week in WASHINGTON

BY RADFORD MOSELEY

WASHINGTON, D. C. — President

elect Roosevelt is already making his influence felt in Washington. Everything was set for the enactment of general manufacturer's sales tax law, with both the Republican administration and the Democrats in congress in favor of it, when word came from Albany that Mr. Roosevelt had different ideas—and that killed it. The belief is growing here, however, that there will yet be some cooperation. That belief is strengthened by the fact that Norman H. Davis, who has been Mr. Hoover's principal emissary in Europe, spent several days in conference with Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Davis is a Democrat, and an admirer and supporter of the incoming president. He is understood to have given Mr. Roosevelt a comprehensive picture of the European situation and the necessity for early action not only in the matter of consideration of the war debts, but also the disarmament conference and the international monetary conference.

Firm on Debt Stand
Political Washington hasn't receded a bit from the attitude held by both Republican and Democratic leaders that there can be no cancellation of the war debt owing by Europe to America. That there will have to be some revision of terms, perhaps in some case; a reduction of the interest rate, perhaps in other cases an arrangement which will benefit American industry in return for concessions, is quite generally admitted.

Washington is still applauding Secretary Stimson's reply to the inquiry transmitted from the new premier of France through Ambassador Edge. The head of the French government asked the Ambassador to find out from his government what steps were necessary to open up the discussion of distribution. Mr. Edge passed the question on to the State Department and Mr. Stimson replied, in effect: "The first necessary step is for France to pay us that \$19,000,000 that was due on December 15th. After they have paid that then we will talk about the rest of it."

The French government is very much concerned over the effect in America of its failure to pay. It is not going too far to say that England's stock is higher than it has been in many years, and France's is lower. Reports received by the Foreign Trade Bureau of the Department of Commerce indicate that something like a national boycott against French goods is being promoted among the women of America, that many millions of dollars of orders for French garments, ladies' underwear and the like have been cancelled, and that the tourist travel to France has been sharply reduced.

No Elaborate Inaugural
Mr. Roosevelt insists upon simplicity in connection with his inauguration. He has said that this is no time for the states to spend immense sums sending in National Guard troops to take part in an inaugural parade, and that he doesn't see the need of an expensive and elaborate inaugural ball. He probably will accept an escort of the Philadelphia City Troop, the impressive equestrian whose black horses and black horsehair plumes in their silver helmets were a picturesque feature of presidential inaugurations since Lincoln's time. The City Troop is some times called "The President's Own." Its function has been to escort the incoming and outgoing presidents as they ride together from the White House to the Capitol, and then serve as a bodyguard for the new president as he goes back to the White House alone.

It is quite likely, Washington understands, that the inaugural ceremonies will consist of nothing more than the incoming president taking the oath of office on the east front of the Capitol building, facing the Capitol Plaza, in which a crowd of 100,000 can easily gather. The oath will be administered, as usual, by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, attired in his robes of office, and some picturesque color will be added to the scene by the brilliant full-dress uniforms of the members of the diplomatic corps, and high officers of the army and navy and marines.

It probably will be the first time in history that one former governor of New York has sworn in another former governor of New York as president of the United States. Chief Justice Hughes was governor of New York from 1907 to 1911.

Look For Farm Veto
The domestic allotment farm relief plan will probably be passed by congress, and the expectation is that it will be vetoed by President Hoover. That is expected for two or three reasons. First, it is out of line with all his recommendations and beliefs in the matter of farm relief. Second, it is understood to be Mr. Roosevelt's pet measure, and the president's attitude is that he would rather have Mr. Roosevelt handle it. If it is passed promptly and the president vetoes it, it may be possible to muster a sufficient vote in both houses to re-enact it over his veto.



The Loves

by FELIX RIESENBERG

John had refreshed himself in the dressing room. He looked in the mirror appraisingly. The deep tan of the open was being leached out by the city of showers. He brushed back his still hair. He smiled out like Gilbert Van Horn. He hardly cared. What did Josephine want?

After dinner they sat in the familiar library. "I leased the house, you know, after Gilbert's death. They changed almost everything toward the fire. I love the room. A fire was crackling in the open hearth, a wide deep chair, Van Horn's chair, was near the glow of flames. John, standing till Josephine curled on the lounge, sat down. Tashi brought a tray and Josephine lit a cigarette. She jumped up. John had a cigar and she lit a match, cupped the flame in her hands and held it for him, bending close to him. Tashi had gone.

Josephine drew her feet up on the lounge, and propped by cushions, blew smoke wreaths toward the fire. Tashi returned with a tray. Both took cigars.

"John, you must tell me about your adventures, in South America."

For a long while they talked, aimlessly. The noises of the city were dim. Memories grew about the flames. John glanced up at the painting of Gilbert Van Horn, lifelike under the light. Then they sat in silence. Suddenly Josephine reached in a fold of her bodice and drew forth a package, handing it to John. "These belong to you. John—I've kept them, you see." The letters were in his hand, the outpourings of his fresh enthusiasm, the ones in which he told her of the aqueduct and of his plans. She had kept them through it all. She stood before him, against the firelight, a presence outlined, her shimmering dress aflame. An uneasy fear held his breath. "John," and then she was on her knees, her head buried in his lap, sobbing. Her soft breasts pressed against his knees, her hair glowed under him in the light. "I have always loved you—always!" She looked up, tears glistened like stars; oh, she was beautiful!

His cigar had fallen, he lifted her. Her face so close to his. The years sped away. Over the mantelpiece, Gilbert Van Horn looked toward them, while Josephine poured out her heart. John, caressing her, his hungry soul crying for love, held her close. Life, what is it? What are the things that count? Why are we here? In the subconscious half-light of the mind, under the tatter of love, he seemed to know. Josephine, in feverish impulse, poured forth her strong affection. She had jilted him, and now, at last, she had relented!

"I am tired of this place. We will leave, John, leave it all. We will travel, we will live in everything is changing, has much to offer us." Josephine and John sat on the wide lounge, he held her, her head on his shoulder, her hands clasping his. It had been a long, long road, but at last, at last—

"You know I've sold the house, they are going to build an annex to the hotel. I'll be back for my small trunk tonight. A motor trip. Hold my mail!"

John grew nervous, as the time came for his departure. He kept wondering what he would do. Josephine certainly was a superb woman. The experiences of the night before kept gripping him. He hardly knew whether he had captured her, or whether she had captured him. Several messages came for him at the last moment. "Tell everybody I'm gone, for a few days."

Mr. Wild of the old aqueduct fight came in as John was leaving. He had not seen Wild for years. It was with a genuine pang of regret that he hurried out, and walked up Fifth Avenue in the cool dusk. So he severed one of these vital ties of friendship transcending even love; love which demands so much because of its giving.

As he walked north, he gradually increased his pace. He would get to Josephine at eight o'clock. He was a splendid idea of hers to start the journey by night, in that huge luxurious chariot, rolling like a separate little universe across the smooth roads of New Jersey, under a clear moon. The curtains would be drawn. The driver and footman, automatons, efficient nonentities, looking ahead, might think their heads off, for all she cared. It was this flair for unusual adventure, which made her so entrancing. John wondered what she would wear. As he turned east, past the hotel, he stopped for a moment. His hand was in his pocket. He should have sent flowers, brought a ring, or have done a half dozen things that any competent lover would have attended to. His hand fished up an envelope. He remembered the note amid the crowd of things that came to him on leaving the club. With the sight and handshake of old Wild, in the flurry, he had forgotten it.

He stood in front of the Van Horn house. He was about to go up the steps. Then he thought. Perhaps there was something in the note he should know, before leaving with Josephine? He tore open the envelope, under the street light. His eyes followed the brief lines, they blurred and clarified, and magnified. His coat seemed very warm. He hooked his stick over his arm and stepped nearer the light. A huge black car had come to rest behind him, silently, a great car with curtains drawn. It was behind him with dimmed headlights, like great eyes, as if a monster cavedropper was trying to read the note also.

John glanced up at the lighted windows. He seemed to hear the notes of the piano. Josephine was evidently singing, playing. She was no doubt Mitchell, may be the only Democrat not in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet. The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, proposes to go back to his home in Missouri. Roy D. Chapin, Secretary of Commerce, who has worked as an official of the Brotherhood been very long away from his hood of Railway Trainmen.

The Letter Box

Wipe Your Specs Bro. Smith
Portland, Ore., Jan. 7, 1933

Dear Old Springfield News:
Just a little pleasantry from an Old Subscriber—only the change of a letter but what a difference.
I think we are always looking for something sensational. When we glance at the front page of the morning paper we look to see what happened yesterday that was startling. Who got killed. Who was held up and robbed. Who was sent to the insane asylum. Who ran off with an other man's wife. What are the Japanese doing to the Chinese? ad infinitum.

Well, when I get my Springfield News, of course I want to know what has taken place in Springfield that is interesting. So glancing down the front page I read "Church Membership Gives Gullit to their Pastor." Um, Um, I said, some pastor has gone wrong! Well, I bet it wasn't the Methodist preacher, for I know Dr. Pollard wouldn't stand for any thing like that. I bet he would give him a dose of medicine that would make him wish he hadn't. And Sister Van Valzah would give him a piece of her mind with no uncertain sound. And Dr. Emery would tell him when he came to have his teeth examined that some dentist in some former pastorate "has pulled your wisdom tooth, and you need to have it replaced." Brother McElhaney would refuse to bring him any more turnips. Bro. Chris. Hansen, he's a new one (I used to carry his mail on R. F. D. No. 2). He'd tell him, hens are not laying very well lately, so no more eggs until after the reformation.

Poor old fellow I said, he must have surely been careless. Let me look at that heading again. Oh my, what a mistake. I read it Gullit when it was Gullit. What a change it makes. The Good Ladies of the church had discovered that their pastor's wife was a little short on bed clothing, and at their last aid meeting, Sister M. arose and said "Dear Sisters, I move that we place them a quilt." Sister P. said, "I see and the motion." Sister E. chairwoman of the meeting, put the question, all in favor say Aye, and amidst clapping of hands everyone present shouted, "Aye." No quilt there, but a new quilt, under which the pastor and his wife could lie and breathe out prayers for the success of the year's work, and for a special blessing on the ones who had been so thoughtful.

Yours truly, R. W. Smith.

Client—What do you think of the idea of giving the money back to the bank and asking for a light sentence?
Lawyer—Rotten! How would you be able to pay me then?
"How did the detectives discover that the gangster was disguised as a woman?"
"He passed a milliner's window without looking in."
Lary—Is that fellow McFall all right to take on a fishing trip?
Wyo—Is he? Say, besides doing the cooking he'll think up lies for the whole bunch.

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MODEL No. 242 Retail Price \$5.95