

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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TECHNOCRACY IS OUT

Columbia university has kicked the technocrats out. Their attitude and conclusions were not justified by fact the Columbia professors evidently held. If technocracy has any value it has chiefly been that it has made people think.

The technocrats collected a lot of information and tried to chart the energy of Americans as applied to industry. They should have been satisfied to have given this information to the people and not tried to interpret it for them.

Machinery they said hal put a lot of people out of work. But machinery it must be remembered has put a lot of people to work and magnified the comforts of society hundreds of times. Any theory that starts with the needs and wants of society as a fixed amount is wrong. They is no limit in what people will want in goods, there is only a limit to their purchasing power.

History records that a lot of people were out of work 100 years ago in England and that the same reasons were given for unemployment as now. Horrible tools and inventions had done them out of labor. Yet what were the tools and inventions of that day? Very little that can be used now.

How we will come out of the present depression, no one knows. But it is altogether reasonable to think that we will come out of it just like we have come out of scores of other similar ones, gradually with the general betterment of all lines of activity.

We should not disillusion ourselves that there is any panacea for prosperity. The Columbia professors are beginning to tell us technocracy is quack medicine when a lot of people thought it was magic.

"WOODEN MONEY"

Not long ago one frequently heard the jocular admonition: "Don't take any wooden money." We have been reminded of this in reading about the successful introduction of wooden money or its equivalent in various communities in different parts of the country.

It is true that any money is good money which everybody will accept as money. In the early days of America the Indians used money made from oyster shells, which they called wampum. It had no value in itself, but it was accepted everywhere as money, and served all the purposes of trade.

Wampum wasn't any good in foreign commerce, and the paper money which is being used locally in various parts of the country isn't any good outside of the communities in which it is issued except to such people as have an opportunity to spend it inside of those communities.

The plan is working successfully so far, however, in providing a circulating medium of exchange for local purposes. The painter out of a job, for example, is perfectly willing to trade his labor for a pair of shoes, but if the shoemaker doesn't need any painting done but the blacksmith does, there must be found a way whereby the painter can work for the blacksmith and get something from the blacksmith which the shoemaker is willing to accept for shoes. And this local money, good only for a limited time and only within certain geographical limits, seems to answer that purpose.

To us this is a pretty good indication that American resourcefulness and initiative have not disappeared and that we are going to find plenty of ways of pulling ourselves out of the distress, of which we are now getting thoroughly tired.

THOUSAND UNEMPLOYED HERE

Gentlemen of Congress, the 1000 unemployed Americans in Port Angeles, the 120,000 unemployed Americans in Washington state; the 12,000,000 unemployed Americans in the United States are pleading with you to pass legislation IMMEDIATELY correcting the blight caused by foreign competition under depreciated currency conditions. Some of these men served in the army, the navy and the marine corps you sent overseas in 1917 to protect you and yours from a foreign foe. Couldn't you do the same for them now? Thank God, these men do not ask a dime. It isn't a sack of Red Cross flour or a pair of cast-off army shoes they want. They want their jobs back—the jobs they had before foreigners captured American markets—and they are not quibbling over wages, either.—Port Angeles News.

A ridiculous situation in the land of plenty: "Because people are unemployed they can not buy. Because people can not buy they are unemployed."

The state is sound but is temporarily pressed for cash. We are told. There is a lot of individuals that way too.

Rufus did not use good judgment when he threatened to slap Julius' face. He should have held his hands.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D. MORE ABOUT ALCOHOL

No good physician is a "wet" in the accepted meaning of the term. Yet there are people so unreasonable that they hold other opinions than their own in outspoken contempt. I am as "dry" as the driest of them, but I am not against anything that I can use for the benefit of my patients.

I overheard a United States senator say in a radio speech that, alcohol is a narcotic; that it is in no sense a stimulant; that it should be treated by law as opium is treated. He claimed medical authority for his statement.

When people tell me that whiskey is not a stimulant to aged and debilitated patients, they do not speak truth. I know better. It is a stimulant to nerves, heart and digestion. It revives the waning body when exhausted from any cause. It is a valuable aid in treating diseases of the aged. One would as well say strychnia is not a stimulant, but a narcotic!

We may be able to get along without alcoholic stimulants, or any other drugs, but we are better off with them. We could get along—and let folks die—without physicians; but we don't. There are no more deadly things than firearms, but the policeman must carry them for protection. The good physicians should have everything at his hand for dealing with the enemies of life and health.

Because some people haven't sense enough to use alcohol for its proper purpose, is no reason it should be felonious to use it sanely as God intended. Narrow-minded, fanatical people are responsible for as many of our troubles as any drug on earth. And I have no use for saloons, or for alcohol as a beverage.

This Week in WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOBLEY

Washington, D. C., Jan. 26.—The spectacle of a new Senator holding up all legislation by insisting upon his right to talk continuously has turned attention once more to the antiquated rules of the United States Senate, under which one man can hold the floor as long as he is able to talk, and two or three Senators working together can keep any measure at all from coming to a vote.

The new Congress will have more new Senators who want to show off than have ever been sent to Washington at one time before. If they all followed the example of Huey Long of Louisiana they could prevent anything being done. Democratic party managers are working with the level-headed Senators of their party in this effort to frame a set of rules for the Senate which will put a check upon such filibustering in the future. Whether the new Senate will adopt such a rule is another question. The Senate and the House make their own rules and no outsider has a word to say. The House rules put a time limit on debate.

Legislative Outlook Partly because of Senator Long's filibuster and partly because of a growing desire to leave everything to the new Administration, the outlook for any kind of legislation of consequence between now and March 4th is very doubtful. There seems to be little chance for any kind of farm relief legislation. There seems to be still less chance for any kind of economy legislation. It looks now as if all of the proposals for new tax measures were going to perish before the legal death of this Congress.

Curiously enough, the only two legislative proposals on which there seems to be anything like general agreement in both Houses, are two requests which came from the president. He asked for the enactment of a law giving the executive wider authority to prevent the exploitation of military armaments, and he urged a revision of the bankruptcy laws to give debtors who are in difficulties a better chance to work out.

An Inaugural Show Washington shopkeepers and hotel men are so encouraged by the increasing numbers of Democratic office seekers arriving in Washington since New Year's that they have decided to go ahead and put on an inauguration celebration of sorts, whether or no. Subscriptions are being taken now to a fund of \$100,000 to cover the expenses of building grandstands for the inaugural parade, the decorations and music for the inaugural balls, setting off fireworks down on the river front. Naturally, there will be a lot of people who will come to Washington to see President-elect Roosevelt take office, and if the merchants can properly advertise the event around the country as a spectacular show, a great many more people will come to town and the local business men will make a little money, which is decidedly useful in times like these.

As a matter of fact, Washington has probably suffered less from the depression than any other city of its size. Although Washington has about half of million population, it has no industries. Its commercial life is limited to the production and distribution of food, clothing and shelter and the congeniality to the people who get their living by working for Uncle Sam. While government salaries have been reduced, the reduction has not been anything like as great as it has been in most commercial concerns. It figures out a little less than 10 percent.

Still Good Times The average pay of government employees here is much higher than the average wages in any large industrial community. So a 10 per cent reduction has not cut the purchasing power of government employees down very much. The retail establishments at which they make their purchases are doing as good business as ever. The landlords are getting their rents—and incidentally, Washington is almost the only large city in which there has not been a great slashing of rents.

The people in Washington who have suffered from the depression are the ones whose prosperity depends upon the tourist trade. Surviving Presidents' Wives With the death of Mr. Coolidge the only surviving ex-President passed from the earthly scene, but there are still a number of Presidential widows. Oldest of these is Mrs. Thomas F. Preston of Princeton, New Jersey, who was Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, whom the former President married after he left the White House, lives in New York. Mrs. William McKinley is dead, but Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, now seventy-one, arrived in Manila a few weeks ago on a visit to her son, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor-General of the Philippines. Mrs. Taft is living in retirement in Washington. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is still an active and well known figure in Washington. She is a great traveler and goes everywhere. Mrs. Harding died not long after her husband,

THE OTHER MAN by RUBY M. AYRES

Second Installment

SYNOPSIS: Pauline, sentimental, trustful, sincere and loving love, becomes engaged to Dennis O'Hara in the belief that their blissful happiness will continue unchanged until the years. On her wedding morning she awakens with a strange premonition that maybe love does change, a thought buried in her mind by a letter from her closest friend, Barbara, the night before. Pauline adored Barbara who had been married, was the mother of a child which died, but now divorced and living a life which some of her friends could not understand. Between Dennis and Barbara is a seeming wall of personal dislike by both. Six months after Pauline's wedding, Barbara comes for a short stay. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Pauline hung up the receiver slowly and turned away from the telephone.

"Dennis isn't coming home till late," she said.

"Barbara Stark blew a cloud of cigarette smoke into the air, turned a page of the magazine she was reading, then glanced up.

"Oh! Business?" she asked casually.

"He didn't say."

"There was a little silence. Pauline went back to her chair and took up the work she had been engaged upon so happily a moment ago.

"I should give that up if I were you," Barbara said in her lazy, musical voice. "How long have you been at it?"

"Ever since I was engaged," Pauline spread the cloth across her knee and regarded it critically.

"Time flies, doesn't it? You've been married—how long?"

"Six months," asked Barbara, musingly. "Nearly," Pauline's blue eyes sought her friend's face rather slyly. "It seems longer—sometimes," she admitted.

"Barbara Stark, you seem to know me," she said, suddenly. "May I?"

"My lamb, why not?" Barbara's dark brows lifted in mild amazement. "What is it? I promise to answer to the best of my limited eloquence." Pauline slipped to her knees beside her friend.

"I think I'm just beginning to understand that life isn't the simple thing I thought it was," she said slowly.

"If it were we should find it dull and uninteresting," Barbara declared. "It's the uncertainty that keeps us going at it. What is the important question?"

Pauline looked down at her new wedding ring and twisted it thoughtfully; then suddenly she raised her eyes.

"Why don't you like Dennis?" she asked.

Barbara was lighting yet another cigarette—her white slender fingers paused in their task; then she answered evenly: "But I do like him. I like him immensely."

"Barbara shook her fair head. "It's nice of you to say so, but somehow I don't quite believe you. There's a sort of feeling of antagonism whenever you and he are in the same room."

Barbara interrupted calmly: "Isn't it rather he who doesn't like me, don't you think? And isn't it perhaps because I am here that he has suddenly decided not to come in to dinner to-night?"

Pauline sat back on her heels and looked up at her friend. She admired Barbara immensely, and yet nobody had ever called Barbara beautiful.

"Striking looking," had been Dennis O'Hara's reluctant admission. "The sort of woman a man looks at because it was true in what she is."

It was a true if not very lucid description. Barbara was tall and slim, but she rather affected a droop, and she had queer nondescript eyes that were sometimes dark and sometimes pale, and a beautiful mouth, and hair of a real light brown. She wore clothes that were like nobody else's. "God knows where she gets 'em," Dennis grumbled. She seemed to be a perpetual source of grievance to him.

"She gets them at quite ordinary shops," Pauline said, ever on the defensive for her friend. "But you see she designs them herself, and she's so original."

Barbara certainly looked "original" enough now, as she stood with one hand on her hip looking down at Pauline with an indulgent smile. She wore a frock of the brightest jade green girdled with a band of dull orange, and her long drooping earrings were jade also.

"Why should he disapprove of you?" Pauline asked, realizing why, even as she asked the question, Dennis liked "womanly women"—the description was his own. "Barbara looks like a cross between an

Egyptian queen and a film vamp." "Why on earth can't she wear frocks like this?" he had pinched a soft fold of his wife's between a finger and thumb.

Pauline had flushed with pleasure. "Now if Barbara wore what I call 'fluffy' clothes, he went on, frowning amidst explanations, "something blue—with some lace—"

"She'd look frightful!" Pauline told him.

"Why should he disapprove of it sounded profound, and then she

with insistent truth, Dennis was not in the least sentimental—he hated what he called "slosh." Now Pauline came to think of it, he hardly ever used any terms of endearment when he spoke to her.

Pauline sighed. It was the little things of life that were so disappointing, she decided. Only last night, for instance, he had come home earlier than usual from the City and had gone straight down to the garage and had tinkered about with the car.

When they were first married his



"And you've never loved anyone since, Barbara?" asked Pauline

asked the question which for months she had longed to ask. "Barbara, did you love your husband when you were married?" she asked, as her friend did not reply.

"Men," said Barbara, "always disapprove of things they don't understand."

"Oh," said Pauline. She was not quite sure what Barbara meant, but she smiled.

The answer came without hesitation. "I thought I did, but we had been married exactly—I think—one hour—when I knew I did not."

"How dreadful!" Barbara laughed. "It was rather, but I've got over it, and it was an experience I don't regret."

"Yes, I've never loved anyone since?"

"Yes. I've been fool enough for that."

"Oh!" Pauline scrambled to her feet. "Who was he? Do tell me!"

"Barbara moved away to the window. "It wouldn't interest you," she said.

"Everything about you interests me," Pauline pleaded.

Barbara turned, smiling a little. "This wouldn't it's nothing romantic."

But Pauline would not be denied. "Didn't he love you? Oh, but he must have," she insisted.

"I never asked him. One doesn't go about proposing to men who don't show the slightest interest in one, you know."

"I know, but—"

Barbara patted Pauline's cheek. "I said I'd answer one question, and I'm sure I've answered half a dozen," she protested. "What are we going to do with ourselves this evening?"

"Peterkin's coming to dinner," Barbara raised her brows. "Poor Peterkin!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, by coming here to see you."

"Why shouldn't he? He's my cousin."

"I know—a cousin who adores the ground you walk on. Now that's a man whose love I believe in, Pauline. You're the only woman in his life. You ought to have married him—I consider you are admirably suited."

"Barbara! I don't care for him in that way at all."

"I know you don't, but all the same you are admirably suited to him. You're both sentimental, where as Dennis—" She stopped, but Pauline caught her up quickly.

"What about Dennis?"

"Nothing, except that temperamentally he's your exact opposite."

"Then we must have been made for each other," Pauline insisted.

"Like attracts unlike," they say, don't they?"

"Attracts, yes," and then, as if regretting the word, Barbara laughed. "Why do you lead me on to talk such nonsense? Oughtn't we to dress? Peterkin will be here directly."

When she was upstairs in her room Pauline made no attempt to dress. She sat down on the side of the bed and stared at the rose-patterned carpet with eyes that suddenly seemed to see a great deal.

She had been married six months—happy months, yes, decidedly happy months and yet—

"Temperamentally Dennis is your exact opposite."

Barbara's words came back to her

first thought would have been for her—or wouldn't it?

Pauline submitted herself to a stiff cross-examination. Perhaps she had been unwise. It was, a mistake to show you were too fond of a man—Barbara had always said that—Barbara who was so cynically worldly wise.

But even Barbara admitted to being in love! Pauline wondered who the man could be, and decided that it was probably the married man with whom she had lately been so intimate about.

A bell pinged through the house, and she changed hurriedly and went downstairs. Peterkin was alone in the drawing room—Barbara had not yet appeared—and Pauline went up to him with an unconscious little sigh of relief. "It's so nice to see you, Peterkin."

"Glad to see me?" he asked jerkily. He looked down at her, but he kept his hands firmly clasped behind his back.

Pauline nodded. "You're a bit of my old life, and you're so safe," she said comfortably.

He laughed rather grimly. "Is that a compliment—and where's Dennis?"

"Out on business."

"Already?" There was an unkind little note in the question, and Pauline drew away from him offensively.

"And you're still quite happy?" She met his eyes serenely.

"Perfectly."

He let her go at that. "Well—are we dining alone?"

"No, Barbara is here."

"His eyes brightened. "Is she? I like that woman—she's a fascinating devil. I wonder she hasn't got married again."

"I wish she would. There is—" Pauline broke off, realizing she had been about to break a confidence by speaking of the man whom Barbara had admitted loving, and the next moment Barbara was in the room.

They had quite a cheery dinner in spite of Dennis's empty chair, before which Pauline insisted on placing a vase of roses and a glass of wine "for luck."

"Still so romantic?" Barbara teased her.

"And always will be, I hope," Pauline answered. She was rather quiet during dinner—afterward, when she was in bed and lying awake listening for Dennis, she realized there had not been much necessity for her to talk. Then she heard Dennis's step up the little garden and the sound of his key in the door. She flew out of bed and down the stairs, barefooted as she was, and when he opened the door she flung herself into his arms.

"How late you are! It been so lonely. Are you all right? I'm always so afraid you'll get run over or something when you're out so late."

O'Hara laughed and kissed her flushed cheek.

"Do you think I want a nurse or a keeper?" he asked. He put her gently from him. "You'll take cold—no slippers or dressing gown."

"I'm quite warm." She hung round him as he took off his coat, and she followed him into the dining room, talking all the time. "Have you had dinner?"

IMPROVEMENT SHOWN IN LUMBER REPORT

More Mills Operate; Unfilled Orders and Export Business Show Some Gains

Seattle, Wash.—A total of 252 mills reporting to the West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending January 14 operated at 20.7 per cent of capacity, as compared to 17.8 per cent of capacity for the previous week and 24.4 per cent for the same week last year. During the week 170 of these plants were reported as down and 82 as operating.

178 mills produced 47,486,359 feet or 21.6 per cent of their weekly capacity. Current net business of these mills was 7.7 per cent over production and 23.3 per cent of their weekly capacity. Last week production of these mills equalled 18.2 per cent and sales 20 per cent of their weekly capacity. Shipments for the week were 2.5 per cent under production.

Inventories, as reported by 130 mills, are 19.1 per cent less than at this time last year. Unfilled orders increased 1,000,

NEEDLECRAFT TAKES THREE NEW MEMBERS

Three ladies, Mrs. Henry Pandrom, Mrs. R. H. Culbertson, and Mrs. I. M. Peterson were taken in as new members of the Needlecraft club last Thursday afternoon when that organization met at the home of Mrs. P. J. Bartholomew. Mrs. R. L. Drury was the assistant hostess.

A potluck dinner to be held February 2, at the home of Mrs. Walter Scott was planned for the next meeting.

Yale and Pennsylvania will meet in football in 1934.

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