

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1933

HIGH SPEED LEGISLATION

High speed law making is the way the legislature appeared to us in a visit to Salem last Friday. Even though they are accused of being slow and doing nothing in a couple of hours we watched them vote on a dozen bills and shoot great bursts of oratory at several more.

Of one thing we are certain the legislative mind must be plenty agile. While we were listening bills were voted on in the house on substitutes for circuit judges, oleomargarine tax, delinquent children, etc.

The 40 day session ends this week and we heard several legislators say they would have to end soon too because when the \$3 a day pay stops they would not have anything to eat on.

We suppose that four-fifths of these 700 bills before the legislature were not originally brought to Salem by the lawmakers themselves but by their friends, organizations, taxpayers and individuals who think that there "ought to be a law".

Of the important measures yet to be enacted there remains the revenue bills and the automobile license fee legislation.

The third house or "observers" is larger than the legislature this year. Hunger marchers, farmers, lawyers, office holders, utility officials and a lot of others are in evidence in great droves.

Now that the important orders have been handed down to the legislature from the "throne" we expect to see it adjourn for two years before March 1.

FOOLING THE VOTERS

One of the difficulties which our national and state governments have to face whenever a question of taxation comes up, is the fact that the great majority of voters do not regard themselves as taxpayers.

The reason why efforts on the part of taxpayers to obtain a reduction in public expenditures and relief from the burden of taxation have such a hard time of it is frequently that the politicians and officials concerned are afraid of the non-tax paying voters.

We think that this is all wrong. It results in putting too heavy a burden upon a few, and too light a burden upon the many. We think that methods of taxation which would make every citizen realize that he, too, is a taxpayer, would eventually result in a great deal more interest and in attention to the conduct of men in office and the extravagance of public officials.

There was a time in the early history of our country when none but taxpayers were permitted to vote. The politicians have changed all that, and so long as they can fool the average voter with the idea that he is the beneficiary, without cost, of a government which is entirely supported by the rich, they can keep themselves in their jobs.

Since the six inch limit on fish is abandoned there seems to be no reason why any of us should come home with a blank, even if we have to rob the fish cradle.

Last year there were 745,300 automobile accidents in which 29,000 people were killed and 904,800 injured in this country. The automobile war rages on all fronts unabated.

We suppose that part of the trouble with Japan and China is that most of their people never heard of the League of Nations.

Nature seems to have provided plenty of snow in the mountains this year.



The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD "HEART DISEASE"

A man who belonged to his country has passed—Calvin Coolidge. Former Presidents always belong to America in common. Politics does not alter ownership. Mr. Coolidge was ours.

Scientific physicians may well ponder on death that comes before it ought to be due; Mr. Coolidge was too young to have died. But, there was a mighty insistent CAUSE, which physicians should be alert to discover.

Was it tobacco? My own experience contradicts that verdict. I am seventy-one and I have smoked excessively, I feel sure, but not with any menacing symptoms.

If Mr. Coolidge died of genuine heart disease, it must have been a blocking of the coronary arteries—due for the most part to influenza—maybe an attack of mild severity, years ago. Such a thing could be—I admit. But, the patient would have been warned in plenty of time by insidious, creeping attacks of SHORT BREATH ON EXERTION.

I lost two aged people with acute influenza last week. One past 80, the other 70. It is one of the most virile poisons known—and not well-known at that.

It was more likely a case of over-indulgence in highly-seasoned food that disrupted an artery of the brain, that took Mr. Coolidge; one does not have to be a glutton to die of such a condition. He was temperate. I wonder if he some time.

THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES

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Pauline was only too ready to obey. This headache fitted in nicely with her scheme of things. It seemed providential when, about half-past three, she peeped into Barbara's room and found her still fast asleep.

She was all ready to meet Dennis—one of the doctors was bringing him home in his car, a man named Stornaway, with whom Dennis had struck up a great friendship.

It would be so wonderful to have him home again. The moments seem to drag. Everything had gone perfectly, the house looked a picture, so Pauline thought with pride as she wandered about, unable to settle to anything.

The little maid came to her breathlessly. "Oh, please, madam, the fruit hasn't come for dinner, and it's early closing day. What shall we do?"

Mistress and maid stared at each other aghast; then Pauline said firmly: "I'll go round to the shop myself. There's plenty of time before the master comes. She went on her errand with cheerful readiness, almost running down the garden path.

It was the slamming of that gate that woke Barbara; she started up, conscious of having long overleapt, and glanced at the clock beside her bed—half-past three!

"Heavens. What waste of a life!"

"Was it a dream that she had kissed him and implored him to speak to her? Looking at her now he was sure it must have been."



Was it a dream that she had kissed him and implored him to speak to her? Looking at her now he was sure it must have been."

"Oh, no, I merely had a previous engagement."

Dennis' eyes darkened. He had thought about this woman more than he cared to remember during the past tedious weeks, and he had looked forward to seeing her with a queer sort of pleasurable anticipation.

Was it in a dream that she had kissed him and implored him to speak to her? Looking at her now he was sure it must have been.

But the memory of her lips on his was real enough.

Dennis looked at Barbara's lips, artificially reddened, and felt ashamed. Thank God, Pauline never made her face up—no rouged cheeks and darkened eyes. Almost angrily he contrasted the two women. Pauline with her simplicity and wholehearted devotion to himself, her interest and happiness in the small things of life, her pride in her home, her loyalty and sweetness—and then Barbara Stark.

A woman of the world, spoiled and insincere. A poseuse who had been taught by an unhappy experience, no doubt brought about by herself, that life was a bitter jest and that faithfulness and loyalty were nonexistent. And yet once—just for a moment—he had seen a glimpse of the real woman hidden beneath all the veneer of artificiality; or had that been the sham and this the real woman who stood before him now, cool, unruffled,

almost insolent in her self-possession.

"Oh, my dear—Dennis—Dennis—speak to me."

Perhaps he had dreamed those words, perhaps they had been the conjuring of a semiconscious mind, founded on the thing that Pauline had told him—"She does love someone—frightfully!"

Was he the poor devil, then—or the lucky man? It all depended so much upon which way one looked at the question.

Dennis O'Hara sighed restlessly and shifted his stiff leg. He wished with all his heart that Barbara had gone away before he came home. She was an irritating, disturbing influence.

"Oh, Dennis—darling!" Pauline burst into the room like a whirlwind and flung herself on her knees beside him. "And I wasn't here to meet you! Oh, what a shame! Does your leg hurt very much? Oh, it is lovely to see you back home."

Her arms were round his neck, and she was kissing him rapturously; even his coat came in for a share of attention.

"Steady—my dear child!" Dennis glanced over his wife's head to where Barbara stood, but she had calmly turned and walked out of the room. He gently put his wife from him. "You'll have the maid in the room in a minute," he protested.

She sat back on her heels and looked at him with dancing eyes. "Aren't you glad to be home? Isn't it wonderful? Oh, Dennis, I could go mad with joy."

"I shouldn't do that, if I were you," he said comically. He took her hand and pressed it. "Of course I'm glad to be home. Stornaway brought me in his car. I asked him in, but he wouldn't come."

"Wise man! I suppose he guessed we should like to be alone, as it's so long since you were here."

Dennis dragged himself to his feet. "Confound my leg! Wonder how long it will be before I can walk decently. By the way, Mrs. Stark tells me she is clearing off tomorrow."

"Yes. I wanted her to stay, but perhaps it's as well—I shall have you all to myself." She snatched his hand and kissed it.

"Baby!" Dennis said, smiling. "And what about tea?"

"It's coming now, I'll go and see." Pauline rushed away, and Dennis limped over to the window and looked out at the little garden.

Very tidy and neat, very suburban, he thought, and wondered why it had never struck him in that light before. Life was inclined to be humdrum—at least, his life was!

Outside in the hall he heard Pauline's happy laugh, and he checked his wandering thoughts with a firm hand.

"Ungrateful devil!" he apostrophized himself and turned to greet her as she came in. What more could one desire in a wife? She was loving and pretty and charming and yet—

"Doughnuts for tea!" she said gaily. "You see I remembered how fond you are of them."

Dennis allowed her to install him in a corner of the couch, submitting with a good grace to be kissed before she gave his tea.

"Where's Barbara?" he asked. "She's just coming in. I think she thought we might like to have a little while alone," Pauline said.

"Oh!" Dennis frowned. He wished. He wished he could cure Pauline of her sentiment.

Barbara came into the room. "Do I intrude? I'm just dying for tea. No, please don't get up, Mr. O'Hara."

"Why don't you call him Dennis?" Pauline asked. "Mr. O'Hara seems so silly and formal."

"Well, if he doesn't mind," Barbara said with a charming smile.

"Delighted," Dennis mumbled. "No doughnuts for me," Barbara said. "I have to consider my figure."

"Barbie! when you're as slim as a willow," Pauline protested. "Oh, dear—what is it?"—for the little maid had appeared at the door. "Very well, I'll come."

She put down her cup and left the room. "Domestic cares, you see!" she said archly to Dennis.

There was a little silence when she had gone.

Dennis spoke suddenly. "Are you really afraid that one doughnut will spoil your figure?"

Barbara laughed. "Not one, but one might be the thin end of the wedge to other things that would."

He frowned. "Such nonsense! You've got a beautiful figure."

What the devil had made him say that? "I beg your pardon," he muttered sullenly.

"Not at all," Barbara's voice was quite serene. "It's a great achievement to have extracted a compliment from you."

"The truth is not a compliment." "I think it is from you."

"Many thanks," Dennis said grimly. "By the way, I feel that I ought to apologize for smashing you up."

"Smashing yourself up, you mean."

"Well, you hurt your wrist. Is it better?"

"Nearly well, thanks. I've had massage. It's been a very small inconvenience. I'm an idle person, you see, with nothing to do."

"Better for you if you had."

She looked at him with wide eyes. "Oh, why? she asked. He met her gaze squarely. "It would keep you out of mischief."

DOLLAR DAY ROUND TRIP TICKETS WILL BE SOLD

Announcement of plans for a three-day offering of Dollar Day roundtrip transportation over the Washington's birthday week-end, February 24, 25 and 26, was made today by the Southern Pacific Co.

The cent-a-mile train rides will be in effect between all points on the railroad's lines in six western states, according to Carl Olson, local agent. Final return limit, he said, will be March 7.

Ground-breaking ceremonies for San Francisco's Golden Gate bridge project, scheduled for Sunday, February 26, will be an outstanding attraction in the West, it was pointed out, and many persons are expected to avail themselves of the lowfare excursion to attend the spectacular celebration.

S-P DOLLAR DAYS!

Again, "Cent-a-Mile" roundtrips to almost everywhere in the West. Try our new "Meals Select," now being served on all dining cars. Complete luncheons and dinners for as little as 80c. Breakfasts beginning at 50c.

SAMPLE ROUNDTRIPS Cascade Summit \$ 2.10 Klamath Falls 4.85 Medford 4.45 Sacramento 12.10 San Francisco 13.50 CARL OLSON 75-W

Tickets Good on all Trains Leaving FEBRUARY 24 25 26 Be Back by Midnight March 1

Southern Pacific

The Letter Box

Portland, Ore., Feb. 10, 1933. It is with deepest feelings of sorrow that I read in your issue of February 9, of the death of James T. Moore. He was one of my dearest friends. During his pastorate of the Springfield M. E. church and while the new church was in process of construction we worked together, and I learned to value his friendship greatly. There is not a citizen of Springfield but what should look with feelings of gratitude and appreciation upon the M. E. church and pastorage in Springfield, and give him credit for bringing the building of same through to a successful issue.

He was not a very old man. In comparing his age with my own, I find myself two years older than he. I shall look forward to meeting him in that upper and better world where death does not enter, and where we shall go no more out forever. I give my sympathy to Mrs. Moore, and all the old members of the M. E. church in Springfield, Oregon.

Yours truly, R. W. Smith, Portland, Ore.

Jimmy—Pa, will you give me a god spanking right now? Pa—Why, Jimmy? Jimmy—Because I'm going swimming, and I don't want to be thinking about it while I'm there.

Know Us By Our Colors

Green and white colors of General Petroleum are displayed by our station. Our attendance too are clad in natty green and white uniforms.

The colors stand for quality and good service in gasolines and oils, sold at the home of General Ethyl, Violet Ray and Motogas—all leaders in their class.

"A" Street Service Station

5th and A Streets Springfield

Best Magazines

The latest and best known fiction story and current event magazines published are always to be found on our racks. Moving picture magazines and even the technocrat publication as well as other special publications are here ready for you. This is one of the services of the drug store.

KETELS DRUG STORE

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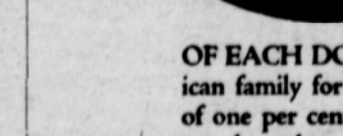
Are you using the right amount of milk to insure a healthy diet for your family? About one quart of milk for each child and a pint for each grownup each day is desirable.

A COMPLETE DIET

Milk is the only food that contains all of the principle elements of a well-balanced diet. It makes bone, muscle and blood, and promotes growth.

Be Sure It is Pasteurized. ASK YOUR DEALER IN SPRINGFIELD OR EUGENE FOR MAID O' CREAM PRODUCTS Springfield Creamery Co.

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