

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1933

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

We take this occasion to extend our compliments to the new president of the United States and to wish him the greatest possible measure of success in his effort to lead the nation out of the slough of despond.

It is a Herculean task which Mr. Roosevelt and the new Congress face. There has not been, in recent times at least, such an opportunity as lies before the new administration. At the same time, no new Administration has come into the control of our government, since Lincoln's time, which was confronted with such perils.

We give President Roosevelt and his advisors credit for the highest motives of patriotism. We think no one can deny that Mr. Roosevelt's record of public service, beginning with the legislature of the State of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the great war, and as governor of New York for the past four years, has been a record of forward-looking, aggressive and intelligent effort for the common good.

But the situation which confronts the new administration is one filled with pitfalls and uncertainties. We think that the nation at large realizes, as it never has realized before, that our desperate situation in America is on all fours with the economic distress which is felt in every quarter of the globe. We do not believe, and we do not think that Mr. Roosevelt believes, that the United States, in this critical juncture, can lift itself by its own bootstraps. And one of the great uncertainties is how far the nations of Europe will go in cooperating, along lines which our nation can accept, toward bringing about an economic re-adjustment on a world-wide scale.

That is not to imply that there are not many serious phases of our domestic situation which cannot be remedied by intelligent and courageous action at Washington. It seems certain that, in the beginning of his administration at any rate, our new president will have the whole-hearted and effective support of our new senate and house of representatives, and that sort of team-work to result in speedy action, so far as legislation can be of benefit.

The country is still in the dark as to the exact methods and policies which the new administration will undertake to make effective. But we believe there is a very general desire to give the new president the freest possible hand, and to clothe him with authority beyond that which has been bestowed upon any executive, except in war time, in the sincere hope that he will thus be able to act swiftly and effectively.

We do not think, as we intimated, that any new president taking office for the first time has ever had the opportunity which is offered to President Roosevelt. At the same time, we are not unmindful, and we are sure Mr. Roosevelt is not unmindful, of the tremendous responsibility which the nation is laying upon him.

We most heartily wish him the best of luck.

LET'S VOTE BOTH STATE AND FEDERAL

The Oregon legislature is about to provide for calling a convention for action on the proposed repeal of the eighteenth amendment. Delegates are to be elected from each county on the basis of 10,000 population and will be pledged wet or dry.

For the sake of consistency and to relieve the muddle we are now in with a state constitutional amendment and no enforcement law the legislature should also provide for voting on the state constitutional amendment. No doubt it will either be repealed or retained as the state votes for or against the eighteenth amendment repeal. While we are voting on liquor we might as well vote on the whole question—either clear the slate or write law that is law. Any other solution will not be satisfactory to either side.

ALL NATIONS TRYING FOR SELF SUPPORT

All nations of the world are trying more and more to become self supporting. That is more the reason for falling off of our export trade than even the world depression. We might as well make up our minds that as the world becomes more enlightened nations are going to trade at home and buy in the foreign market only such items as they can not produce economically. We must cut our surplus for export in those commodities which we can not sell abroad and follow lines which we produce exclusively in this country.

HOW TO PAY BILLS WITHOUT MONEY

A man about town tells us a story of six men who owed each other \$100 but could not pay. One was a hotel man and when a traveling man stopped at the hotel one evening he borrowed \$100 from him until morning. The hotel man called the group together and the six men handed the \$100 bill around among themselves until they were all paid. He then returned the money to the traveling man, who left town. All six men had the same amount of money the next day but they all had their bill paid. What the world needs is more traveling men with money.

GIVE COMMITTEE SUPPORT

The new relief committee appointed by the governor to administer federal loan money in Lane county is going to have a real job on its hands trying to fairly distribute the \$20,000 loan. To begin with the committee has a problem to settle the controversy in regard to whether to give grocery orders or money for road work. The committee deserves the cooperation and support of the general public. It is a thankless task bristling with criticism they are undertaking.

AUTO LICENSE, BOOZE AND TAXES LEFT

Elbert Bede, reading clerk of the House, writing from Salem, sums up the situation down there thus:

"Up to date we have regulated mosquitoes, bed-bugs, babies, bees, chiropractors, frogs, osteopaths, doctors, lawyers, merchants, dentists, whales, dogs and bulls. In fact we have been able to control everything satisfactorily except expenses, and they have been cut materially from two years ago. The appropriations have been cut millions and expenses of the session itself have been cut thousands of dollars."

When the new president takes his first dive into the new \$50,000 White House swimming pool, he will no doubt have the forgotten man in mind. It is one thing to talk like a liberalist and another thing to act like one.

Light company officials deny that they invented the jig-saw puzzles to keep folks up late at night. The idea originally is supposed to have come from a woman who found a torn up letter to her husband.

When they get all their officials in jail down in Medford it looks like the good people of Jackson county will have to call in officers from outside counties to let them out.

THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES

Then she laughed to herself.

There was nothing in the world to prevent Barbara from going off at any moment if she so wished. She was free, and she had plenty of money, but there was nobody with whom she wished to take such a journey.

But if she had been married to Dennis O'Hara—she brushed that thought quickly aside, and went hurriedly to her bath.

Jerry Barnett rang up while she was dressing. "Should have rung before," he explained, "only I thought you'd be asleep. Tired myself this morning. Awful!"

"I'm as fresh as a daisy," Barbara told him cuttingly. "And I will have to tell you it's all off for Wednesday."

"Oh, I say!" "Yes; I've got some people coming up from the country," Barbara explained coolly. "And I've got to show them around. Awful bore!"

"Who are they? Didn't know you had any country relations." "I haven't. It's Pauline and Dennis O'Hara. They're tired of rustication and want a change."

"Well, you'll want a fourth, so what about me?" Barbara hesitated, then she laughed. "Oh, very well. You'll like Pauline, she's pretty and—innocent."

"That's another word for stupid." "You think so? Well, you must judge for yourself. They're going to stay at the Albion—deadly respectable isn't it? I thought a little supper after a show on Wednesday night. Reserve a table somewhere, will you?"

"All right, but I shall see you tonight? We're going to the Venners. It seems ages since last night." "All right."

She rang off, frowning. If only Jerry wouldn't be so slavish. No doubt some women would love such devotion, but she found it irritating. He ought to have married a woman like Pauline.

Barbara spent the morning at her dressmaker's. Madame Celeste had come new creations freshly arrived from Paris that morning, so she untruthfully said. She showed Barbara all her most expensive and exotic models, but Barbara would have none of them.

"I'm going to change my style," she said coolly. "Show me something simple—black or white—nothing Oriental."

"But, madame—Celeste was the picture of grief-stricken amazement. Barbara cut her short.

"You heard what I said—something simple in black or white. If you haven't got anything I can go elsewhere."

"I suppose I'm mad—utterly mad she told herself as she drove away. "But it's nice to be different sometimes—it's as good as a holiday," and she thought again of Dennis.

If they could have spent a holiday together! For a moment she let her imagination have full play. She and Dennis down by the sea, walking hand in hand along golden sands with the fresh breeze blowing in their faces. They would be young together, with everything else in the world forgotten. She wrenched her wandering thoughts back to sanity. Dennis did not love her and, even if he did, how soon would they grow weary of each other? No, no, it was far better as it was. Pauline was the wife for him.

Pauline was the kind of woman to make a home for such a man as Dennis. And yet it was by his choice that they were coming to town.

Why had he done it? Barbara told herself she did not know, could not guess, and yet—deep down in her heart there was a little fluttering hope that it was because he wanted to see her.

"You're a fool!" she told herself pityingly again and again, and could only remember that it is better far to be a fool in Paradise than to be wise and have no paradise at all.

Barbara made Jerry Barnett go with her to meet the O'Haras. It was a pouring wet evening, and New York looked at its worse. Barbara slipped a hand through Jerry's arm as they walked up and down the platform.

"You look very young to-night," he said. He pressed her hand close to his side. "I like you in that get-up. New, isn't it?"

"Oh, I've had it some time," Barbara said carelessly, but she flushed and wondered what he would say if she told him it was all new and expressly bought for Dennis O'Hara.

She had not slept a wink all night; she had lain awake like an excited girl waiting for the man she loved.

"So absurd!" she scolded herself. "After all the experience I've had of men. Of course, it won't last—it's just another of my fancies." She tried to believe in her own words, but it was difficult. She had loved Dennis for so long—more than a year—and a year was a great time to Barbara. And now Dennis was coming to New York. In another moment she would see him and read the usual almost angry disapproval in his eyes. She gave a little stifled laugh, and Jerry looked down at her.

"What's the joke? Let's share it!" "I am wondering how you will like my friends."

"Ch. all right, I expect! Sit me away likes O'Hara, I told you."

"Yes—did he say anything about Pauline?" "Only that she was young—just a kid."

"Yes," Barbara's heart contracted. She was much older than Pauline, in experience if not in actual years. She wondered if she would have stood a better chance with Dennis if she had met him sooner—before her marriage, before she had cultivated this hard, cynical attitude toward life, to hide from the world her bitter hurt and disillusionment. She had done it so well that everybody accepted it now as her real self—all except Pauline, that is—simple little Pauline who loved her and believed in her in spite of what other people said.

"Here comes the train," Jerry broke in upon her thoughts, and she drew her hand from his arm and hurried forward. Pauline was at the window, smiling and eager. Barbara saw Dennis lay a hand on her shoulder and heard him say: "Wait till the train stops; there is plenty of time."

Then it stopped, and Pauline opened the door and almost fell into her friend's unresponsive arms.

"How lovely to see you again. It seems years. We've brought an awful lot of luggage. I don't believe it will all go in one taxi!" "I made Jerry bring his car," Barbara said coolly, though her pulses were racing. She introduced them. "Mr. Barnett—Mrs. O'Hara, Mr. O'Hara."

her first marriage. Not that any of that is important but I set it down as of possible interest while we are talking about the new president.

BLUE . . . . . inaugural gown Thirty years ago a president's daughter gave her name to a new shade of blue. "Alice Blue" was so named because it was the favorite color of Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt has given her name to another new shade of blue. It is called "Eleanor Blue" and she will wear a costume of this color at her first White House reception on March 4. It is described as a shade of hyacinth blue, between a gray-blue and a blue-gray—if anybody knows what that means.

If this starts the women of America to buying new dress materials it will be a good thing for the revival of business.

SANFOIN IS SUITABLE AS DROUTH RESISTANT CROP

Sanfoin, a new perennial legume pasture crop, may soon find an important place in southern Oregon, says Harry Scoth, federal agronomist at the Oregon Extension station at Corvallis. The plant is a long lived hardy legume with a large root system, making it well adapted to southern Oregon conditions.

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