

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1933

## SENSIBLE REGULATION OF BEER

There is no reasonable grounds for this or any other city rushing into a complicated system for the regulation of the new 3.2 per cent beer. The importance of this new thing we feel is greatly overstressed. If any city does not want beer let it pass laws that it can not be sold there, not try to smother it with a lot of crazy regulations that can not be enforced and lead to nothing but continual trouble with the authorities.

Taxing of the new beer for revenue purposes is largely out of the question locally else it will defeat its own end. The federal government's \$5 a barrel tax and other taxes to wholesaler and retailer have about exhausted the revenue possibilities. If the price of beer is forced higher than the ordinary man can afford to pay then he will continue to make his own beer. Prohibition has educated him to that end. The large sales of malt out of every grocery store in the country where it has taken its place as a seller along with the staple necessities of food is ample proof that there are millions of gallons of beer being made, and any home brewer will tell you that it is a good deal stronger than 3.2 per cent.

The new beer has been declared a soft drink by law. To successfully disapprove this for ordinance making purposes is out of the question. It will be sold absolutely without regulation outside of the city. What will happen if we make too strong regulations has happened in out treatment of dance halls inside this city. Result, three large dance halls at our front door running without any restrictions and most liberally patronized by our people.

Most of these well meaning citizens who would like to prohibit beer would not hesitate to take work in a hop yard if they needed employment, yet, a worker in a hop yard is as much a part of the beer industry as a brewer or a vender of the new beverage. There is no need to split hairs—might as well be for it or against beer all down the line. The world will think we are hypocrites if we wage a big fight here on beer in the midst of the hop industry.

No one can deny this city needs the increased business beer will bring. Increasing the hop production here several times will mean work for a lot of Springfield citizens who in many cases now must accept charity. Regulation will not stop drink it will merely drive the trade to other places.

If beer is confined to sale in regular established business places, prohibited to minors below 18 years, and only a nominal license charged then this city will have done sufficient in regulating the new industry.

## LEGISLATING SUPPLY AND DEMAND

The new farm plan, which seeks to regulate the basic economic law of supply and demand, is to our mind an impossibility. It will no doubt end like the present farm board fiasco by spending millions of dollars of the taxpayers money and result in prices being further depressed for the farmer instead of giving him any help.

Take wheat for instance, the price of which is largely fixed in this country by the world market. This new farm relief law places a \$2.25 tax on flour now selling at \$2.80 a barrel wholesale. This makes the price of the poor man's flour over \$5 a barrel—and for what purpose?

It will take an army of inspectors and collectors to put this law in force. We now have scores of farm board workers drawing from \$200 to \$2000 a month in the state of Oregon and thousands throughout the nation. This new law will no doubt increase the force greatly. Much of the tax that doubles the poor man's flour cost will go to overhead instead of helping the farmer.

The proposed law pays farmers to keep their land idle—marginal land in many cases totally unsuited for wheat crops. The law taxes the bread of all people to keep a certain class idle. If it were a crop which was only produced in this country then there might be some sense to the proposed law. But wheat land in this country is only a small part of the wheat land of the globe. The law will not increase price to the farmer and the more subsidy he gets for idle land the more that the nation will be forced to pay to equalize a fixed price for wheat, because we will no doubt see an increased acreage abroad and this country forced out of world wheat trade.

The farmer should have some help if it is possible to give it to him, everyone is agreed. If he were assisted in keeping control of his crop and out of the hands of speculators the farmer would no doubt take his place in the sun. If he were not compelled to dump his wheat as soon as harvested on a depressed market in order to pay taxes, mortgages and harvesting expense then the farmer might sell more advantageously. The government should work toward making the farmer master of his own vocation.

But to regulate the law of supply and demand, congress might as well pass legislation calling for water to run up hill.

## OPEN THE PASS EARLY

Folks in the McKenzie valley are making a move for the early opening of the highway pass. While snow is deeper than usual on McKenzie pass this year, they report that it is not packed and icy as yet. They think that the snow plow could be removed without great difficulty.

There is more than ordinary importance in opening the pass this year. Last season the new money left in Oregon by the tourist business exceeded all our other industries. In fact it comprised most of the new money we received. It will be so this year and the quicker we get our main highways in shape for traffic the more profitable it will be for us.

While it is expensive to remove snow that nature will melt later in the year, this work as emergency relief employment has merit. It is a great deal more important to have the pass open early than to do some of the road work now being carried on in Lane county and other parts of the state for the purpose of giving work to unemployed. Let's divert some of these crews to opening the pass.

Congressman Walter Pierce is the Democratic political boss in Oregon he has so informed his party. He will dispense all the political plums where he thinks they should go. To be on the administration's band wagon, Walter heretofore an ardent dry, has climbed on the Democratic beer, wine and repeal wagon. He is the same kind of a politician he was when running for governor—flirting with the Klan and its enemies at the same time. He has never done anything for the Democratic party, but plenty for Walter.

# This Week in WASHINGTON

BY RADFORD MOBLEY  
WASHINGTON BUREAU

Washington, D. C., March 30—President Roosevelt's decision to hold congress in session until it has enacted the major "policy" measures which the new administration desires, came as a surprise, but is in line with the President's determination to move with the utmost possible speed in his program of reviving prosperity.

The main reason for his cancellation of the plan for a recess of several weeks was the insistence of the farm leaders that if anything is to be accomplished in the way of farm relief it must be done now, before this season's crops are in the ground. Congress, therefore, is struggling with the problem of how to reduce crop acreage and pay the farmers for keeping land out of cultivation, without putting a new load on the taxpayers or too heavy a burden upon the consumers of farm products.

The administration's bill, submitted to congress by the President with the statement that it is "a new and untrod path" which may not produce the hoped-for results, would give the secretary of agriculture extremely broad power to regulate production and distribution of farm products in the effort to give agricultural products the same purchasing power with respect to the commodities which the farmer buys as was the case in the five years before the war. The "basic agricultural commodities" to which the new plan may be applied are wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep, rice, tobacco and dairy products.

**Power With Secretary**  
The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized under this bill to make agreements with farmers to pay them rent for land kept out of production or to pay in cash benefits for reducing production in other ways, and to obtain funds for this purpose by assessing a tax upon processors of farm products, the amount of the cash benefits and the amount of the tax being left in every case to the secretary to determine.

In other words, congress is asked to delegate as broad powers to the administration in the matter of farm relief as it has given the president in the matter of reducing government expenses and in reorganizing the banking system of the nation.

It is not exaggerating to say that congress is afraid of this proposal. It is entirely different from anything which has heretofore been discussed under the head of farm relief. Members don't know how the "boys back home" like it, and are afraid of the big politically-organized farm groups, who do not seem to have any finger in this particular pie. Also, they are hearing from millers, packers, tobacco manufacturers, cotton spinners, creameries and cheese-makers and other "processors" who don't like the idea of having to pay this tax.

There seems likely as this is written, to be more open opposition to President Roosevelt in the debates on this relief measure than has been the case with any of his other proposals so far. But the wise political observers here are willing to bet that the bill, not much changed in principle, will be passed.

**The Patronage Whip**  
President Roosevelt is no amateur in politics, as anyone knows who has followed his career from the time when he was making trouble in the New York state senate long before the war. He knows how the game is played as well as anyone who ever sat in the White House, better than most of his recent predecessors. And the president knows that the time to get what he wants out of congress is now, before the jobs have been distributed. Not even a start has been made toward the distribution of patronage, and senators and representatives who want to get some of those 150,000 Federal appointments for their constituents are much more willing to play ball with the president now than they will be after the jobs have been passed out. For they must get the jobs for the boys back home or stand a chance of losing out next election. That is elementary politics, and President Roosevelt knows it.

There are still other major measures which the president wants to get through congress and into his own hands before the boys on Capitol Hill go home. One of the most important of these is a program for enforced consolidation of railroad systems. Only the immediate exigency of farm relief prevented the president from sending this to congress a couple of weeks ago.

## HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS CHOOSE ANNUAL PLAY

"The Whole Town's Talking," is the title of the three-act comedy which the Springfield high school senior class has chosen to present this year. The books have been ordered and the cast will be chosen soon. Miss Marguerite Milhollen is the director. May 19 is being set as the presentation date for the production.

He looked so at home there in her sitting room, in spite of his tweed suit, which was oddly at variance with his surroundings; he looked somehow as if he belonged

# THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES

## Eleventh Installment

Dennis was silent for a moment, then he said, the blood deepening in his face, "I want to say that, if it would not hurt Pauline terribly, I hope she would—let me go."

"And you have been married only a few months," said Barbara. "It doesn't take as long as a few months to discover a mistake."

"I think life is horrible," she said fiercely. "It's horrible because we know we mustn't do the things we want to do," Dennis agreed hoarsely. "Because there is a so-called code of honour that says a man and a woman shall stick together no matter how much they hate each other."

Barbara cried out: "You couldn't hate her. Nobody could."

"No, no, I didn't mean that. She's one of the best—sweetest—"

"There was a long silence; then Barbara said suddenly: "When we say good-bye after this lunch, Dennis, it is to be good-bye."

His face flushed and his lips sneered. "For Pauline's sake, or for mine, or for your own?" he asked.

Sudden tears started to her eyes. "The world is upside down," she said tremulously. "Only the other night I told Jerry Barnett that it was the end of romance when a man called a woman 'my dear,' but now you've said it seems to me like the very beginning."

"The beginning of a love that will never end, Barbara."

She drew her hand away. "We're talking like a sentimental boy and girl," she said. "Ask for the bill, and let us go."

It was raining a little when they left. "I'll take a taxi—don't wait," Barbara said.

"Do you imagine we are going to say good-bye like this?" "Why not? It's as good a way as any."

"Not good enough for me." The concierge had fetched a taxi, and Dennis and Barbara drove away together.

"I've never seen your home," Dennis said suddenly. "I've often tried to picture where you live."

she thought, and a little shiver of joy shook her as she realized how wonderful it would be if it was really his home as well as hers, if they had the right to shut the door on the world and be happy.

Unconsciously her eyes misted over as she looked at him. So dear! so beloved, but the husband of another woman.

Dennis came back with two whistles. Barbara rose to her feet. "I want to talk to you. No—stay there at a nice respectable distance, please."

"All this—nonsense has to stop Dennis, you know that." She looked round at him and quickly away again. "We're behaving like—like a couple of rotters. There's Pauline." She paused, but he did not speak, and she went on: "Are you going to break her heart?"

Dennis said, "It it's a question of her heart or yours—"

She cut in harshly: "Mine isn't the kind that breaks—you've only got to look at me to see that." She dared not look at him as she spoke, but she could have laughed at the contrast between her carelessly spoken words and the stark desolation in her heart. "If he would only speak—only say something." She told herself in despair.

And then she heard him move, and she felt his hands on her shoulders, gently turning her to him and she raised her eyes slowly, slowly, till they met his. There was a little silence, then Dennis bent and kissed her lips.



"The Dennis bent and kissed her lips."

"If this is what you call trying to play the game, Barbara, don't try any more. I know you, and I know that you belong to me as much as I belong to you, and that nothing will ever change it even if—as you say—it's got to end. Well?" he queried, as she did not speak.

Barbara's lips moved, but no words came. Then quite suddenly she put her head down on his shoulder.

"Love me, love me! Please love me," she said wildly. At that moment he was far more to her than just the man she would have married if he had been free; he was all the different loves of life that had never been hers, father, mother, lover, child—everything.

He held her very gently, his face against her hair, speaking words of which he had never believed himself capable. So often had he told Pauline that he could not "talk like a poetry book" and that she must take his love for granted. Poor little Pauline, who, although she was his wife, had never been his love.

And then Barbara gently disengaged herself. "I'm sorry, it's your fault. I've never been such a weak idiot before." The tears were streaming down her face, and though she tried to brush them away they still fell.

"If I'd met you years ago, Dennis, I might have been quite a nice woman," she said sobbing. "And, oh, look at your coat, all wet with my tears. Let me wipe them away."

But he held her wrists, preventing her. "No, let them be, they are mine, anyway," he said; then he kissed her hands, the palm of each, and let her go.

"And all this doesn't help us or tell us what to do," he said ruefully. Barbara laughed shakily. "We don't need to be told—we know already. You're married to one of the sweetest girls in the world, who adores you, and I—though I've got the reputation of being a husband stealer, somehow I can't steal you, Dennis. Perhaps it's the one decent streak in my future coming to the top at last, I don't know. I can't understand myself. I'm not given to decent actions. It's not for Pauline, either. I'm fond of her, but not fond enough to wear a martyr's crown for her sake."

mantelshelf, her eyes bent on the leaping flames. "It must be because I love you so much," she said after a moment. "You know, the sort of thing you read about in books. She loved him too well to spoil his life sort of thing," she said cynically; then suddenly her head went down on her arm. "Why need this have happened to me—why need it have happened to me! I've never been given any happiness; all my life everything's gone wrong."

Dennis watched her silently; his arms ached with their longing to hold her, but he was afraid. Barbara spoke suddenly: "You'd better go, Dennis. There's nothing more to say, and it's getting late. You've got to dine with Dr. Stornaway, you know."

"I can put him off."

"Nonsense." She turned and faced him bravely. "I look a sight, don't I? Women always do when they've been crying, and that's why they cry when there's nobody to see—I cry torrential tears at night."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Some day—" he said hoarsely, but she would not let him finish, she laid a hand on his lips, silencing him, and at that moment there was a sudden knock at the front door. Barbara gently disengaged herself.

"I expect it's Mellish, I'll let her in."

"She gave a hurried glance in the mirror. "I look a sight, but she won't notice."

She turned to go, then came back and put her arms round his neck and kissed him, but then, when she would have gone, he held her and kissed her many times, and Barbara said breathlessly, "Do you remember the story of the plain princess who only looked beautiful when the man she loved kissed her, and so she always looked beautiful to him? Well, I think that must be me," and then, as the knock was repeated, she went swiftly away, and Dennis mechanically lit a cigarette and walked over to the window.

As he stood there looking out into the gray afternoon his only emotion was one of passionate gladness that his great love for this other woman had been given to him. He had not lived until he kissed her; she only had brought rapture into the calm serenity of his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## MANY ATTEND MASONS MONTHLY SOCIAL NIGHT

About 65 persons attended the monthly social evening which members of Liberty Masonic lodge of Springfield sponsored at their hall last Thursday evening for members of the lodge, their wives, and families. Following a dinner in the dining room, the evening was spent with dancing and cards.

I. M. Peterson, John Handerer, and C. A. Swarts were in charge for the Masons. The local Masonic lodge will sponsor one more of these functions sometime in April. They will then quit them until next fall again.

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