# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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### LET'S GET OUT OF CHINA

The next great war will undoubtedly be fought in the Orient between Japan, China and Russia. All signs point to it and Yosuka Matsuoka, imperial delegate to the league of nations, who has visited in our midst, has deciared Japan is very fearful that the situation will result in a great war which she will be compelled to wage for her very existence against the hordes from the far east.

Japan's conduct is sufficient to provoke war in China where fierce fighting has gone on for the last two years and Russia is but looking for a chance to sovietize China and use her to conquor the world. Three overpopulated nations whose losses were small in the World war, are now looking for trouble.

There is but one thing that the United States should do and that is to get out or China. The price we will have to pay to stay there will ultimately be too great. No trade from China is worth half the sacrifice in human blood and expense that it will cost us to stay in China ultimately. Let's order all the troops and missionaries home from China. We have plenty to do to look after the Philippines and Hawaii in the far east, and to mind our own business.

We have fought one great war and all the nations both victors and vanquished are asking us to pay for it. We begrudge the money we have been paying the world war disabled soldiers, yet we are conducting ourselves in the far east in a manner which will mean that we must send another crop or soldiers to China-my boy and yours.

The writer has twice left this country to fight in foreign lands. He declares that patriotism based on the invasion of another country is all "bunk", and he defies anyone who has less service than he to prove that it is not. Let's get out of China while there is yet time to save our face. We non-combatant adults have no moral right to arrange another war for our youth, not yet out of grammar school, and order them to foreign lands to be slaughtered.

#### A LESSON IN HUMANITY

How petty and futile all human affairs appear in the face of such a cataclysm as the earthquake which shook the California coast, bringing death and destruction in its wake! Against such a convulsion of Nature man has so far evolved no defense.

In countless other directions humanity has conquered the powers of the earth, the sea, and the air. The whole history of civilization is the history of mankind's conquest of its environment. The fundamental quality which distinguishes man from the beasts is the ability of the human race to overcome the handicaps which Nature imposed upon it. The records of ancient days, disclosed by the geologist and the archaeologist, prove that countless varieties of animals unknown today lived in successive eras on every part of the earth's surface. They are extinct today because they did not have the faculty of altering their environment when conditions changed.

Man alone has continued to increase and multiply, to grow in physical and mental stature, to become the conqueror of the very powers of the earth and air. The sea offers no obstacle to man. No bird of the air can equal the speed with which man today can travel through upper space. Arctic cold and tropic heat do not drive him from his domicile; he has learned to protect himself against the elements. To no other form of life is it given to be able to build securely against the storm, to protect his body against the cold, to make fire his tool and the lightning his servant.

Man has a right to be proud of his superiority to all the other animals of land and sea and air. But in the very height of his pride Nature shrugs her shoulders and man's proud edifices topple into dust. It is almost as if the Guiding Power which rules over us all had said: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'

Out of the horror and pity of such catastrophes as the earthquake perhaps we may learn a lesson of humility. Perhaps we have been too vainglorious in our pride of achievement. And perhaps—we feel that this is certain out of such experiences as that through which Long Beach and its surrounding communities have passed, man may learn in time to conquer even that mightiest force of Nature, the earthquake.

Well, maybe the cut in the disabled soldier compensation will pay for the 120,000 saddles the Democrats bought for 22,000 horses during the world war.

The new beer is here and we don't know yet whether it is intoxicating or not. Maybe because the supply is

It is said that the president proposes to pardon a great many prohibition prisoners to make cell room for crooked bankers. Conditions changeth! Yea, verily!

The shovel and hoe handles have displaced a lot of golf sticks during this depression.



To the bow-wows with your "vitamins" and your "sexhormones" and your invisible cells! Let's talk about something you can understand, that you meet every day,

'Cold feet" is most emphatically a SYMPTOM, and if you have 'em persistently it's a sign that your nerves are not up to normal, or that your capillary circulation is faulty -or both. Elderly and old individuals are often victims of this sort of condition. Many "nervous" women who are much younger suffer with cold feet.

It is worth while to pay attention to habitually cold feet. I am a believer in a salt-water bath for the feet before retiring, when feet remain cold in bed for a long time. The salt in the water stimulates the capillary circulation in the skin, and the nerve-endings there as well. Bathe the feet with the salty water, and dry them with a rough towel. Get right into bed after treating. Keep up your attention

ti the feet-a month if you can. Limited amount of blood in the feet means excess of blood in other localities. Some cold-footed individuals have congestive headaches. If your home is not built for cold feet, get a hot-water bag and warm the region inhabited by your feet in bed. If not that, a hot iron-even a hot brick! I have known warm feet to cure some forms of

headaches. Remember-some of you-we poor folks often adopt poor ways. We do not all have air-tight houses and steam heated rooms. Some of us live out in the country, you know. I can't help feeling just a wee bit sorry for victims

of cold feet-hence this letter. Your physician will probably recommend a good nerve tonic in addition to my hints. He will know. Warm feet are good protection from kidney disease-bear in mind.

RUBY M.

### Thirteenth Installment

But in the morning she laughed at her fears, for there was a letter from Dennis, in which for the first time he said that he missed herand only God knew what an effort it had cost him to write those words-and asking how much longer she meant to be a deserter.

"Dreams don't mean anything," Pauline told herself happily. "It must have been because we had cucumber with the salmon for din-

She spent a happy day. The doctor said her mother was better, and presently. there was a wire from her father to say her was returning, and Pauline she wrote with trembling eagerness. "I think I love you better sible, darling. I often wonder how truth. I managed ever to be happy before you married me, and if anything happened that we were separated, Dennis, I should die."

"O'Hara's face twitched as he read her loving words, and for a moment he looked away from what he was reading, wondering why it was he could not rid himself of the feeling that this letter was not really written to him at all.

He had seen Barbara every day, but she had never again allowed him to go to her flat, and that morning, looking at himself in the glass while he shaved, it seemed to Dennis that he had aged years in these few days.

Pauline's letter had come by the evening post, and Dennis was dressed to go out-he was taking Barbara and Stornaway to dinner.

Barbara had refused to come alone-"Bring Dr. Stornaway," she had said.

"Are you never coming alone with me again?" Dennis had asked, but she had not replied.

He stood staring down into the fire, smoking cigarette after cigarette and trying to see beyond the immediate present. Was there to be any beyond? Barbara would not tell there seemed to be tears in her arms, pressing her head back him, and he himself could not find eyes the answer.

When Pauline came back per. a moment. would find it for them. The tele in her hand.

tonight, after all. I've been to him sent for to go home. Old Thompson is ill. Hope it's not leaving you in the cart."

anything. I'm sorry, though."

Stornaway would not be there? you can." Well, he would not tell her until "You mean-tell Pauline?" she asked. It seemed a long time before his knock on Barbara's door was answered, and then it was Mrs. Mellish who admitted him.

into the sitting room.

long, sir." She hesitated, looking at gether and unhappy for the great die." him with those quiet eyes that saw while when we had to be apart. so much and betrayed so little. And some day it would be found "Mrs. Stark has been a little up- out, and then-

set," she added. "Upset?"

"I expect Mrs. Stark will explain to you, sir.'

She went away, leaving Dennis

to wait impatiently. When she came he saw that she was ready, dressed and wearing a gown he had once admired. He vent quickly to her and took her

hands "What is it, my dear?"

She smiled, "Did Mellish tell you? Bless her heart! She knows there is no one else I should ever tell my troubles to, Dennis." She bent and dropped a kiss on his coat sleeve. "Mix some cocktails, please, and I'll tell you."

She sat down by the fire and watched him; then suddenly she spoke.

"I had an unexpected visitor today, Dennis."

"Oh! He was not greatly interested, "Who was it?"

"My husband." The fragile stem of the glass he was holding snapped suddenly between Dennis O'Hara's fingers. He had forgotten that Barbara had a husband living.

"I thought you never saw him," he said with an effort.

"I haven't-for years. He came this afternoon. I had no idea he was in New York.

There was a little silence. "What did he want?" Dennis asked sharply. She lifted her beautiful eyes. "He asked me to go back to him."

Dennis stood very still for a moment; then he turned mechanical-

ly again to his jib. "You like French Vermouth?" he nis, so strong that I shan't care people say about me already. But ring question in the many regions on the ground after rubbish is all

She flung out her hands with a pathetic gesture of emptiness, but Dennis took no notice. He finished matter." his mixing and brought a glass to He paced up and down the room her. As she took it he asked, "And restlessly, what did you say?"

"I told him I would think about should go to Pauline and tell her it." There was a long silence. "You the truth. It would not hurt her as know he divorced me," she said much as it will if some day she

Dennis did not answer.

Her face whitened, and she said want youwill be too wonderful, won't it?" true, Dennis, not-not what you man that you can't tell her," Barthink. But I was as tired of him as bara said, and then, as he did not he was of me, so I let him think- answer, she took up her cloak and than ever I did-If it's at all pos- what he liked. I swear it's the held it to him.

"There is no need. I always be- away will be waiting." lieve you."

tears in her eyes-so often now suddenly enfolded her with his

wild little laugh that sounded in "It wouldn't hurt me-it wouldn't finitely sad. "Make it strong. Den- be anything worse than the things to do about them is an ever recur- slug control, however. Boards laid what happens or what becomes of you, Dennis-it would break your where they thrive. Large bulletins cleaned up will trap large numbers

"Am I such a weakling?" "No, if you were it would not

"If I were an honest man I

finds out that I love you and that I think of you every moment and wrote a long letter to Dennis. "It almost in a whisper: "It wasn't "It's because you are an honest

"Let us go, Dennis- Dr. Storn-

He took the cloak from her, but "Foolish Dennis!" But there were as he laid it over her shoulders he



O'Hara's face twitched as he read her loving words. . . . He could not rid himself of the feeling that this letter was really written to him.

"Well-go on," Dennis said after

phone rang. Was it Barbara, to say "T've never seen him since-well, she could not dine with him? His since then, until today. He was up wholly to the intoxication of heart almost seemed to stop beat generous-I've always had plenty the moment. ing as he awaited, and then he of money. And now he wants he to Just this once-for the last caught his breath in a great sigh of go back to him. "He says he has time," she told herself. "Just this relief as he knew it was not she, never cared for any woman but once-for the very last time. me, Dennis."

"That you, O'Hara? I say, I'm "And you told him you would she was white and shaken and awfully sorry, but I can't come think about it-about going back could not meet his eyes, though

"Did he give you a time limit?" Dennis was white to the lips. "No, not at all-I've not booked She shook her head. "No-I asked.

promised to write him." "Liar!" he told himself cheerily She stood up suddenly beside ly desirable, that for a moment Dinner alone with Barbara-he Dennis O'Hara closed his eyes. hand in his. felt like a happy schoolboy as he Then she said, "What's the use of went downstairs and out into the hoping for anything-for us, I thought you would refuse to come." street. A whole evening alone with mean? You know it's no use; you her! Would she come now that know you can't do-what you think sighed. She raised her head and

"Yes."

"Barbara-there must be some other way."

her quiet voice and led the way "You might come here secretly—as letter came back to him like a sad my lover-and we should be happy reproach-"If anything happened Mrs. Stark will not keep you for the little time we could be to- that we were separated, I should

sake."

against his breast. "Barbara-kiss

Her lips moved to say no, but haps they would find it, so she She sighed and leaned her chin Dennis silenced the word with his own, and so for a long time they stood while Barbara gave herself

And when at last he released her she tried to lauga

"Nobody has ever kissed me like that, Dennis," she said faintly. "And it was-happiness?"

"It was-heaven," she whispered.

He told her about Stornaway as as he rang off and went to get his him, tall and beautiful and so utter- they drove away together, her cheek against his shoulder, her "I didn't tell you before.

"I ought to refuse now," she looked at him. "Dennis, this isn't really me at all. I used to be so unhappy-and now, I feel young and He clenched his hands into fists, warm and without a care in the world." But Dennis O'Hara's eyes were sad as he looked away from She said, "Good evening, sir," in "Yes." She smiled tremulously, her, and the words of Pauline's

> They spent a happy evening. We'll forget everything but that "I should only mind for your we are together," Barbara said. So they dined and danced and talked





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### CALCIUM ARSENATE BAIT | the late evening. Fair weather is BEST FOR SLUG CONTROL

Slugs, those slimy, repulsive, voracious garden destroyers! What 'em and kill 'em" is still good in have been written about them, but every night. The next step is betstill they prosper while gardens ter done than written about. they feed on do not.

control is even yet a difficult pro-continues, One company is turning

of things that were farthest from tomologist at the Oregon experitheir hearts. It was as they were ment station. Many insecticides leaving that they came face to face are ineffective, but calcium arsen-

tate ise the best yet found. He had obviously been drinking. | Calcium arsenate prepared as a and Barbara shivered and drew bait of one part to 16 parts of finely closer to Dennis, "He pretended not chopped lettuce leaves is highly to see us," she whispered. "I toxic to slugs and is readily devourthink he is a little jealous of you." ed, tests show. The bait is scattered over the infested area during

> best as rain will wash off the pol-The old reliable method of "catch

Despite the attacks of science, The popularity of jig saw puzzles blem, admits B. G. Thompson, en- out more than 3,000,000 a week.

### NOTICE

Meeting at Blair Hall, Lowell, Oregon, Friday, April 14, 1933, 7:30 P. M. Mr. W. J. Graham, president, Cascade Gold Incorporated, will speak on the subject of Organization, Progress, and the Future Development Plans of the Properties Owned by the Company 33 miles east of Eugene, on Winberry Creek.

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