

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1933

THE SALES TAX

Praised by its supporters as a means of lifting the heavy tax burden on real and personal property and condemned by its opponents as the ruination of business and an oppressor of the poor, the sales tax will be voted on in Oregon at a special election on July 21.

The sales tax measure to be voted upon provides for a 2 per cent tax on the gross income of any business or transaction with the exception of those exempt. Exemptions include gasoline and oils, insurance premiums, salaries or wages, farm produce or livestock sold by producer, and sales to government, state or municipality.

The tax must be passed on to the consumer by adding it to the sale price of an article and there is a fine imposed for anyone advertising that he or she assumes the tax.

The revenues derived from the tax are to go to the state to offset the general property tax and the half mill tax for the veterans state aid commission. Also \$250,000 may be used for benefit of unemployed.

After the state gets its full amount to offset the above levies, one-half of the net amount left (if there is any left) shall be apportioned to the counties according to their tax valuations. The counties will in turn apportion the tax for the common school fund of the county and also to the cities, school district and other tax levying bodies, according to the property valuation in the various subdivisions.

The measures if enacted into law will expire on July 1, 1935.

There are obvious benefits from the measure as proposed and there are also disadvantages. To our mind it is a question for each individual to settle to his own satisfaction. Generally we are opposed to any restrictions being placed on business and the right to free trade. But these are exceptional times and probably demand exceptional measures. If we were making a sales tax it would not be altogether like this one but the question is "take it or leave it" like it is.

WHERE'S THE MONEY GONE?

We often hear said there is just as much money in the country as there ever was, which is not altogether true if we take into consideration everything used for money in the process of trade. There may be as much gold and silver coins and currency or more with the recent issue but money in regard to business transactions is not nearly so plentiful.

Bank deposits in this country decreased from 60 billion dollars in 1930 to 30 billion dollars in 1932. Even allowing for hoarding, which perhaps is greatly over estimated, it is evident that much of the money represented in the 1930 deposits is completely gone. Without adequate credit business and employment is stagnant and actual money is not sufficient.

PROSPERITY . . . AT ROWLEY, IA.

The town of Rowley, Iowa, has 205 population, living in sixty houses; there are fifteen business institutions including a bank, and three churches. And it is the most prosperous town in America, if not in the world.

There is not a single delinquent tax payer in the town. Not one resident of the town is on the county poor list. There has never been a bank failure.

If 205 people in one community can manage their affairs as well as that, there seems to be no reason why 205,000 people, or two million people, or any number of people cannot do equally well.

The answer, of course, is politics. Rowley has no large list of salaried tax eaters. Its people run their own affairs.

With wars and local scraps going on in all parts of the world the editor's desk still gets its regular contribution from the disarmament leagues and war prevention councils. Don't those gentlemen and ladies ever read the newspapers?

Uncle Sam's tobacco tax was \$300,000,000 last year. Every time you "reach for" or "walk a mile" for your favorite brand of cigarettes you make a donation to the public coffers.

With all this rush to get a mug of the new beer we haven't seen anybody drunk yet. This 3.2 beer may have a kick but not evidently strong enough to knock 'em over.

Home now days is a place where the daughters come after they are married.



The FAMILY DOCTOR
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

NOSE-BLEED

A very ancient complaint, and, an annoying one, as you well know, who are subject to attacks when least expected. Folks with full vessels are liable to it; those with "catarrh," the old bogey-man of the quack. Those with high blood-pressure? Well, if you have it, the nose-bleed is likely to prove helpful at least for a while. Let it bleed if you have increased blood-pressure—it will lower tension.

Most people do the very wrong thing for an attack of nose-bleed; they rush to a basin of warm water, and try to get as much of it in the nose as possible. I've seen men try to drive their fore fingers into the nostril as far as possible, for what purpose they could not tell. They snort, blow the nose violently, rasp the throat, and do everything to keep up the local uproar. Everything but the right thing,—which is to try to quiet the nerves, cease snorting, poking fingers and washing out with warm water. . . . Just be still, if you can. Let it drain, at least till the doctor comes, if you were so scared that you sent for him post-haste.

Every individual has his own time of blood-coagulation. This is important to him—that is, the number of minutes it takes his blood to form a clot, which arrests the nose-bleed. A clot cannot ever form, under warm water douches, and fore-finger pokes, and snortings. Sit still—be still—apply cold if anything—snort not at all. Gentle pressure at sides of nose may slow down blood flow. Firm pressure up-and-down and maintained—each side of nose. No time wasted, no harm done if it does not help. But be quiet—deliberate; I never saw a death from nose-bleed.

The time to cure nose-bleed is to get next your good doctor WHEN THE NOSE ISN'T BLEEDING. Tell the doctor I said so.

THE OTTHER MAN
by RUBY M. AYRES

"From Jerry?" She looked surprised, and the sudden relief sent the color rushing back headlong to her white face. "What did he want with you? I haven't seen him for some time."

"He came to talk about you."

"About me?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Was he very melodramatic? Did he beg you to give me up and not to ruin his life?"

"Something like it." O'Hara's voice sounded thick and unnatural. "Something like it." He caught his breath on a hard sound before he broke out savagely: "He told me you were his mistress."

Barbara stared down at the gray ash on the end of her cigarette. His mistress! Jerry's mistress! She wanted to laugh, and she wanted to cry. It was a lie. Thank God, it was not the truth, and yet—it might so very nearly have been.

But it was a lie all the same—thank God!

The gray ash fell, and she looked up into O'Hara's face.

"Well—what did you say?" she asked. She was confident of what he had said; most likely he had kicked Jerry downstairs—poor dear Jerry!

"I told him I should do what I have done. I told him I should come straight to you and tell you."

"Oh!" For a moment she felt paralyzed; this, then, meant that Dennis believed it—believed it.

She drew her hand from his and stood up.

"Why have you come to me?" she asked slowly. "Do you want me to swear with my hand on the Bible that I am a spotless saint?"

"No—no."

"Would you believe me if I did swear it?"

Dennis fell back from her with a smothered groan.

"My God, I don't know. Men don't lie about such things."

Barbara's white lips formed a question.

"Do they really talk about such things?"

He came back to her, his face white, his eyes tragic.

"It sounded like the truth. I'm no saint, but you and that man—my God, Barbara—if it's true—"

"You mean—you believe that it is?"

He made no answer, and she said in a voice that was only so very still because it was so unutterably tragic: "Very well, then, go on believing it."

Like a woman in a dream she heard Dennis trying to explain, to excuse himself, to defend himself.

"I knew the kind of life you lead. You always knock about with men. I've always heard—it was Pauline who defended you—always; she would never hear a word."

Barbara's stiff lips smiled. "Ah—Pauline!" The thought of Pauline was like a gentle hand laid on a terrible wound in her heart, and yet its very gentleness was agony. And Dennis blundered on, his sheer honesty and distress making every word an insult.

And Barbara laughed, a harsh steely laugh that was like a knife-cut in the tragedy of the room. "You seem to have had an entertaining night, altogether. Did you sit up till the small hours of the morning tearing me to pieces?" She caught her breath harshly. "Fine gentlemen, both of you—and you both pretend to love me."

Dennis said fiercely: "I did love you—God knows I did love you."

Already in the past! "I did love you," not "I do!"

She saw his hand go out to her, then fall again to his side.

"He swore it! He said he'd been here with you alone, night after night—is that the truth?"

"Yes."

She heard him sob as he turned away, and there was a tragic silence. Then he came back once more.

"That's nothing—" and she knew that he was trying to convince himself rather than to apologize to her for his suspicions—"It's nothing, I know, nowadays. Girls often go to men's flats—don't they? It isn't what I should like Pauline to do—"

Barbara turned away. "Pauline."

"—But she's different from you," he went on hoarsely. "She's led such a sheltered life, and you—"

Then suddenly he was gripping her arms with frenzied hands. "Tell me—tell me the truth if you've never told it to me before. Tell me!"

Barbara closed her eyes and swayed in his grasp. She knew she had to speak, to say the word he prayed to hear, and in a moment she would be in his arms again, her head on his shoulder—the divine resting place—and yet—

"I'm so wonderfully happy that I want to share my happiness with you . . . my best friend, Barbara darling. . . ."

Poor little Pauline! Poor little loyal Pauline who believed in her and loved her even though she had betrayed that love and belief.

And then came a pressing thought besieging her, deafening her, and refusing to be silenced.

"Now is your chance. To do a decent thing—to make up for all the shabbiness of your life. Let this

man go—send him back to his wife and to the life that is his by right."

"God, oh, God," Barbara whispered. She tried to beat down that whispering voice, tried not to hear it. Then she felt Dennis' face against her shoulder, pressed to it as if he were an unhappy boy, and felt his arms folding her closer, closer. "Barbara—if you ever loved me . . . oh, my dear one."

She tore herself free. She stood back against the table, panting a little, white to the lips.

"It's true," she said. "It's true—what Jerry told you. It's true, true, true!"

It seemed such a long time since she had spoken those words—she was sure that a whole lifetime had come and gone since she tore herself from Dennis O'Hara's arms, and waited for him to speak. She had not moved her eyes from him—she knew it might be the last time she would ever see him, and she wanted to remember him faithfully—the obstinate chin and sensitive

mouth—honest eyes—brown hair, and the broad shoulders against which her head had rested for the only happy moments she had ever known.

Barbara smiled a little and held out her hand.

Although she knew it was all over she felt that she must make one last appeal to him—an appeal which she knew would be disregarded.

"In spite of everything—I'm the same woman I was last night, Dennis," she said.

Afterward she wondered if he really heard—or if she really spoke. She heard him cross the little hall, open the front door, and shut it again behind him—that was all.

Then presently she found herself kneeling by the fire, and wondering hopelessly why she could not cry. She could have kept him, but she had let him go. Why?

"Because I'm a damned fool," she told herself with shaking lips. But she knew it was not; she knew it was because of a child she had once held in her arms for a little while that she had not found it possible to injure a child of Pauline's.

Mellish came to the door.

"Did you call me?" she asked.

"Bring me some brandy, will you? I'm so cold."

"There's a nice fire, too," Mrs. Mellish said.

"Yes," Barbara agreed. "Bring the brandy to my bedroom, please. I'm going out."

"Ghastly! Ghastly!" she thought, and hunted for rouge.

Mrs. Mellish brought the brandy.

Barbara said, "Good morning, Richards—is Mr. Stark in?"

"Yes, madam—just going out."

"I'll go in. You need not announce me."

She walked across the hall with unfaltering step and into the sitting room. It smelled of spirits and cigar smoke and was overheated. A man stood by the sideboard emptying a tumbler.

Barbara said, "Good morning, Douglas."

"God Almighty!"

Douglas Stark was a good-looking man, a little puffy under the eyes, and a little red in the complexion.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly, to hide his emotion.

"Only to say that—if you—if you like—I'll come back—no, no—"

as he moved toward her. "Wait. It's on condition we go abroad—at once, and travel—for as long as you like—months—years! I'm sick of New York. Sick to death. Well—will you go?"

"Will I—hell!" He made a sort of excited lunge toward her, but she deftly avoided him.

"We're not married yet, you know. Besides—I hate sentiment." He looked at her admiringly yet disbelievingly.

"You hate sentiment—pooh! How long is it since a man kissed you?"

For a moment Barbara wavered and looked back into the past—such a little way back—only to last night; then she laughed.

"You should know!" she cried. "It seems like years and years."

There are three times as many salesmen here as there are saleswomen.

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"I'm all right. I shan't be in to lunch."

Out in the street she hailed a taxicab and gave the address of a flat, off Park Avenue.

"If only I didn't have to go on living," Barbara thought; then she laughed as she wondered whether Pauline would ask her to be god-mother to Dennis' son.

The taxi stopped, and she got out and paid the fare; then, without hesitating, she walked into the entrance of the flats. A porter came forward.

"Can you tell me which flat is Mr. Stark's?" Barbara asked.

"The second floor, madam—I'll take you up in the lift."

"Thank you. I'll walk. I'm not in a hurry."

She went slowly up the stone stairs. Douglas would be surprised to see her, or wouldn't he? It didn't matter much either way—probably he wouldn't be up.

She rang the bell and waited. After a moment her husband's manservant came to the door.



She heard him sob as he turned away, and there was a tragic silence.

EDENVALE CANNERS SET ENVIABLE RECORD

Leading a Four-H canning club organized in 1930 and reorganizing it each summer since that time with all members completing their projects each year is an enviable achievement for most club leaders. To have your workers win high awards each year in their exhibition work is something more to be proud of. Such is the position of Mrs. Ralph Laird of Edenvale.

In the summer of 1930 she organized a canning club with eight members all of which completed their projects and competed in the county fair. Myrna Laird won a fourth prize with her exhibit at the county fair. Gladys Wallace had prize cherries which were sent to the Chicago International fair. Myrna Laird and Agnes Wallace also demonstrated at the state fair

and won third prize of \$6.50 each. Mrs. Laird reorganized the club in 1931 with nine members. This year Myrna Laird won third prize with her exhibit at the county fair. She and Miss Wallace also demonstrated in the second division of canning and won first at both the county and state fairs. The state fair prize being a \$15 scholarship to the Four-H summer school.

In 1932 the club was again reorganized with seven members. This year Miss Laird won first, Clella Drury second, Agnes Wallace third, in the third division of the county fair. Elizabeth Holcomb won fifth in division I. Miss Laird and Miss Wallace won firsts in the third division at both the county and state fairs that season also with their canning work.

Mrs. Laird is now planning to reorganize the club of girls for the 1933 season.

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Formerly Priced up to \$7.00
Fit Yourself For Only 98c
You can't afford to neglect your eyesight when you can buy these high quality glasses at such a small price. Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell mountings.
SCOTT'S DRUG STORE
Successor to Ketsels Drug Store
LOYAL E. SCOTT, Prop.

Give the Children BUTTER
The basis of child welfare is health and physical development. Proper feeding of the child is essential and butter and milk are essentials.
It is a well known fact that the white race could not long survive without dairy products.
Ask your dealer in Eugene or Springfield for
MAID O' CREAM PRODUCTS
Springfield Creamery Co.

GREASING
Your automobile cost plenty in the beginning because you wanted mechanical perfection in a good car. Why lose the advantage of this perfection by neglect.
Have your car properly lubricated with good grease and oils by experts at this station.
"A" Street Service Station
5th and A Streets Springfield

Pep Up WITH CANDY
Spring is here and there is nothing so good for "spring fever" or that tired feeling as a few pieces of candy. Good candy is concentrated food and produces more energy, commonly called "pep" than nearly any other food.
If it is Eggmann's candy it is truly delicious as well as satisfying.
EGGMANN'S
Where the Service is Different

"The Printing Staples' Used In Every Business Community"
● We are well equipped to give you a prompt, complete printing service of "The Printing 'Staples' Used in Every Business Community."
These "Staples" are the printing that you are using day after day, week after week, and month after month.
● Check your supplies-on-hand NOW. If exhausted or low—place the order TODAY.
LETTERHEADS ANNOUNCEMENTS
STATEMENTS BUSINESS CARDS
ENVELOPES PAMPHLETS
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RECEIPTS TICKETS
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The Willamette Press
Business Printers
Springfield
MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY



Save His Health And Your Pocketbook WITH ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION
"I really don't see how we managed," remarked an electric refrigerator owner. "It wasn't until I got our electric refrigerator that I began to wonder how on earth we'd been getting along without it. I know Baby's milk is fresh and pure now and that no chances are being taken with his health. Then the money we wasted in spoiled foods alone seems fantastic now. We wasted money by buying in tiny quantities because I knew it wouldn't keep well. Now, I never have to worry about food being tainted and unhealthy. And how I do appreciate the new convenience!"