

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1933

LANE MAKES SMALLEST SCHOOL CUT

Lane county has reduced average school taxes less than any other county in the state or only about 2 per cent from the peak of 1931, according to the Oregon Voter. Polk county with the largest reduction of 31 per cent leads in the amount cut from its 1930 peak, yet it is declared that county has very good schools.

Lane county has only cut 2 per cent while the state as a whole cut 14 per cent. School boards no doubt faced with mounting warrant indebtedness will be forced to make deep cuts in 1933. Many schools will not open for the full nine months term, Springfield among them. Some may not open at all.

It is evident that school expenses will remain high in Lane county so long as nearly 200 school boards administer the affairs of the individual districts. It is also evident that the property assessment in individual districts is an unjust way to raise school taxes. Some districts, lucky enough to contain a railroad, may have a low property tax because of high valuation placed on the railroad while the adjoining district has a very high tax because it has no railroad or a low valuation.

If the county unit plan should be adopted and the county taxed as a whole there would be uniformity and justice in the school taxes. There would also be economy in operation and better schools.

THE MORGAN INQUIRY

Most people will get a "kick" out of the Morgan bank inquiry chiefly because they enjoy seeing the rich punished a little. Americans must have a goat and it is easy to lay our troubles on the high and mighty. We doubt, however, that any back income taxes will be collected from Morgan and company. While their losses may not have been as big as they were declared no doubt they will be found large enough to exempt them from the tax as the law is now written. In times like these even big business is in trouble and this is one cause of the acuteness of the depression. When the big fellows can't make the wheels go the little fellows must get off and walk.

If Morgan and company have defrauded the government they should be punished but on the surface it looks like a grandstand play at the expense of the public. As such it should be staged in Hollywood instead of Washington, D. C.

THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACE

That Europe has been for the past two years on the verge of another war has been one of the things which has delayed recovery from the world-wide depression. Every one familiar with the subject has pointed out that before there can be any real economic adjustment nations must cease trying to rival each other in armaments.

Now it begins to look as if real disarmament were at hand. The three men who hold the greatest power in the world have agreed upon it. They are President Roosevelt of the United States of America, Chancellor Hitler of the German Republic and Premier Mussolini of the Kingdom of Italy. Each of these men is today, in a very real sense, the "boss" of his country.

Roosevelt spoke first, when he addressed an identical message to every one of the 54 nations of the world urging them all to agree to abolish "offensive" weapons and limit themselves to defensive armament; further, to agree never to send an armed force across their borders for purposes of aggression.

The whole world applauded. Then Hitler spoke. With President Roosevelt's message before him he declared that Germany asked no more than to be recognized as an equal among the nations and that she did not dream of war nor ask for anything more than the right to defend herself.

Now it was Mussolini's turn. The leader of Italy called a conference of representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany and his own country, and, to the surprise of the world they agreed, unequivocally, to back up the disarmament program and, what was more to the point, to engage in no war in Europe for at least ten years.

That leaves Japan as the only nation threatening world peace. Japan has withdrawn from the League of Nations. President Roosevelt's message to the nations suggested the economic boycott of any nation which should persist in an aggressive war. What may come of that we cannot guess, but we feel certain that the cloud of impending war, which threatened the safety of the whole world, has been lifted.

INFLATION

Five different powers have been given the president by congress in the procedure of inflation. He is authorized at his discretion, to place in operation one, some, or all of these measures:

To negotiate with the Federal Reserve Board for them to purchase up to \$3,000,000,000 of government securities through open market operations;

To direct the Secretary of the Treasury to issue not more than \$3,000,000,000 of notes as provided in the Act of 1862 (greenbacks) for the purpose of meeting maturing federal obligations, with the notes to be retired four per cent annually;

To fix by proclamation the weight of the gold dollar in grains nine-tenths fine at an amount that "he finds is necessary to protect the foreign commerce of the United States against the adverse effect of depreciated foreign currencies," or, in case of international agreement, to fix the gold dollar's weight in accordance therewith, but not reduce it by more than 50 per cent;

To accept up to \$100,000,000 of silver in payment of obligations due from foreign governments, during a period of one year and at a value of not more than 50 cents an ounce; and, or,

To provide for the free coinage of silver at a ratio to gold which he might see fit to determine.

PROHIBITION REPEAL DELEGATES LACKING

Not enough delegates from any county has filed for the special election July 21 on prohibition repeal. Both wet and dry supporters seem to be lacking although it is presumed that more candidates will file before the closing.

The convention is a matter of form to comply with the provisions of amending the United States constitution. How the state votes is how the convention will have to vote. This is the sticker for some of the dries as they do not want to be elected and then be compelled to vote wet.

States which have already voted have all been overwhelmingly wet. But there is a chance for anything to happen in Oregon since we elected an independent governor.

Government expense must come down that much is certain. In 1900 our total public expenditures were six per cent of our national income. Now it has risen to one-third our national income. No wonder we have large delinquent tax lists and small return from income taxes. We're asking too much even in good times.

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

Second Installment SYNOPSIS

When Joyce opened her eyes one morning to see a fruit-laden orange tree from the end of the luxurious sleeping porch where she lay in bed, she couldn't decide what had happened to her, for the last thing she remembered was a skidding taxicab in Chicago on a sliding November day. And when she saw the circle of diamonds on her wedding finger and when a man who called her Frills came to bid her an affectionate good-bye before leaving home for a hurried business trip, warning her to be careful after her fall from her horse the day before, she was even more puzzled. The gorgeous house that was evidently her home, the faint brown stains on her fingers—she had never smoked—and the initials on her toilet articles, F. L. P., added to her bewilderment. But—"It's heavenly," she said. "I'd be perfectly happy to spend a whole day right here."

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Joyce put the photograph back and left the room without further investigation.

These people would find out she wasn't really Frills—and then what? But how absurd! It wasn't as if she were a real impostor pretending to be some one else! They would see the same face, the same bobbed hair, the same clothes she had been wearing. They might notice a difference in her manner, but they needn't guess that she was now an entirely different personality!

"I've got to get over the feeling that I'm breaking into this house and that the first person who sees me can throw me out," she decided.

In the bedroom, Joyce found a chiffonier with drawers full of the finest silk and batiste underwear. Getting dressed was a slow process, for she kept making new discoveries which she had to stop and admire. The clothes closet was as great a thrill as the bathroom. She stood, almost in awe, gazing into it, her thoughts again involuntarily returning to her room in West Philadelphia. "I think I've died and gone to a special heaven for working girls!" she gloated.

"I could play around here all day looking for clothes. They can't all be mine! But I really must get dressed and hurry up and find out what I can about myself. That's more important than clothes."

Looking the dresses over hastily, she found that the majority were not only very extreme in style, but also of vivid colors and patterns such as Joyce had never worn. She finally picked out a sport dress of white crepe de chine, and put on white stockings and shoes. Pleasantly impressed by the reflection in the long mirror, she was about to venture out of the room, when she caught sight again of the blue leather case on the dressing table. "Wonder what's in it. . . I might just take a look," she decided, unable to resist the temptation to open the box. With wide eyes she gazed curiously on a jumbled mass of jewelry.

Joyce made a face at this miscellaneous collection. "What a mixture! Frills must simply have dripped with jewelry. All this is worth a nice little sum, though. It would make me nervous to have it around. How queer to think that I. . . that part of me. . . could choose things that are so absolutely different from what I really like. Oh, what a wonderful diamond! I never saw anything sparkle like that. It's fascinating!" She picked out a ring, a large square cut diamond in a delicate platinum setting, and slipped it on the finger which wore the wedding ring.

"That must be the engagement ring. I. . . I think I'll wear it, for fun." She held out her hand at arm's length and surveyed it with mingled feelings of admiration and uneasiness. The two rings gave her hand an unfamiliar look and she felt as if she were borrowing some one else's jewelry and masquerading as a married woman just for a joke.

"Now for downstairs. I think at last I'll really find out something. . . but I feel like Alice in Wonderland!"

Joyce hesitated at the top of the steps her heart beginning to beat violently again and her courage rapidly ebbing.

But in a few moments she gathered up her courage again, urged on by a combination of curiosity and, to her surprise, a distinct sensation of hunger. She wanted some breakfast right away! A cup of coffee would help to steady her nerves.

At the foot of the stairs she found a long living room with French windows. It was furnished with new and curious furniture of a type that Joyce had never before seen and that, unexpectedly confronting her, caused her to gasp. The tables, chairs, and lamps were fantastically colored and shaped, and there were here and there, ornaments so comely that she burst out laughing.

She picked her way gingerly amid furniture that was vaguely reminiscent of the New York skyscrapers, and crossed the living-room, thinking as she glanced through the glass doors, that she must get into the heavenly garden immediately after breakfast and pick at least one rose before

some one told her to keep off the grass.

The wonderful sunniness of all these rooms! The dining-room, though smaller than the living-room, was light and cheerful, with its long open windows framed in rose vines. What a pleasant place to eat breakfast!

She heard sounds from beyond the opposite door—low voices, the clink of china, a sudden rush of water, and the rustle of paper. Just as she was wondering whether to go into the kitchen and announce her presence or look around for a ball to ring, the door opened and a woman in a maid's uniform of blue chambray appeared. She was probably about forty years old, a plump comfortable-looking sort of person with a round, red face, smooth black hair and blue eyes.

Seeing Joyce, she started in surprise and exclaimed, speaking rapidly and sounding a note of apology, "We thought you must be still asleep, ma'am, and we didn't want to disturb you, not being sure how you'd be feeling this morning after your fall, and all. Ain't it fine that you're able to be up? Ma'am, would you have some breakfast this morning?"

During this speech Joyce had been getting hold of herself. By the end of it she made several discoveries. One was that the maid was plainly nervous. Her manner indicated, it seemed to Joyce, that she was uncertain how her words would be received. Strangely like. . . like his manner before he left! Frills had evidently been of a temperamental disposition toward both master and maid!

Joyce could not help liking the maid's looks. She had an intuition that this woman would be a friend worth having even if she were a servant.

"Thank you," smiled Joyce, wishing she knew the maid's name. "I feel all right, except for a headache and a little stiffness. But I'm hungry. I would like some breakfast, please."

The look of relief in the woman's face was so strong as to amount almost to gratitude. There was something dog-like about it that touched Joyce and made her uncomfortable at the same time.

"I'll have Marcla fix it right away, ma'am. What would you like?"

"Oh, well, let me see. Some coffee and toast and bacon and eggs. And. . . and orange juice, I think." As the maid turned away, she added, "By the way, there are any mail this morning?"

"Wh no, ma'am, there wouldn't be any today. It's Sunday, you know."

"Of course, how stupid of me to forget," murmured Joyce blushing. Disappointed, she strolled back to the living room to wait for breakfast. She had hoped there would be a letter; it was so peculiar not to know your own last name.

On a three-tier green table set close to the back of a strangely upholstered davenport lay a few magazines.

At the bottom of the pile she found a Saturday Evening Post, and on the tiny yellow address label were printed the words, "Neil Packard, Manzanita, Cal."

"Neil Packard, Manzanita, Cal.," exclaimed Joyce under her breath. "California! Well, that's some jump from Philadelphia. About as far away as I could get. And so his name is Neil Packard. And me. . . I'm Mrs. Neil Packard. Frills Packard."

She looked out of the windows at the wealth of flowers blooming in the garden. "No wonder there are oranges and roses! No wonder the hills and mountains are so different from any I ever saw!"

The maid appeared to tell her that breakfast was ready.

The commonplaceness of the dining-room furniture proved a welcome relief to Joyce after the "modernistic" living-room.

Joyce took up the thin glass of orange juice which nestled in a bed of cracked ice. It was deliciously sweet and refreshing.

"When I consider how, in my old life, I could get a thrill out of finding one of Aldous Huxley's or Robert Ainsworth's books on the bargain counter at Leary's, I wonder I'm not dizzy with excitement at all these thrills piled on me all at once. There's too much of it. . . I can't make myself believe I won't wake up in a few minutes and find myself in some little, stuffy half bedroom in a noisy city. . ."

She drew in her breath sharply, wilted in spirit at the thought. Just then the maid brought in the rest of her breakfast.

"Is there anything else you'd like Mrs. Packard?" the woman lingered to ask.

"Oh, no thank you!" replied Joyce, restraining an impulse to show her enthusiasm. She resolved that she must be as noncommittal as possible for a while.

When she was alone again, Joyce ate with relish, finishing every scrap of the jam, every crumb of toast, and every drop of the coffee.

When the maid appeared again, she had made up her mind. "If any one telephones or calls, will you please say that I have a headache

and don't feel like talking or seeing anyone?"

She strolled out toward the garden to examine the flowers, planning to walk around to the other side of the house to see what sort of landscape would greet her there.

It was so intensely thrilling to try to realize herself in California! But just as she stepped out into the warm sunshine, marveling at the amazing clearness of the atmosphere, she heard the telephone bell ring. The telephone was on a stand at the foot of the stairs, and the maid who had waited on her approached it with deliberate steps and lifted the receiver.

"Yes? Yes, this is Roxie. . . Good morning, Mrs. Packard. Why yes, Mrs. Packard's had breakfast but she has a headache and said she couldn't see anyone. . . No, she just said 'anyone.' Well, I'll ask her. Just a minute. . ." The next moment the maid seeing Joyce, said apologetically, "Mrs. Paul Packard, ma'am, on the phone and wants to know how you are. She said Mr. Neil has asked her to come over to see you and she's just ready to start now."

"Oh? But. . . but—please tell her my head—I just don't feel I can talk or—see anyone today," stammered Joyce, "I think I'd better keep pretty quiet for a little while. I. . . I'm sorry." She looked helplessly at the maid, who returned without comment to the telephone and delivered the message. Joyce listened, wondering worriedly whether she should have taken the plunge. Perhaps her refusal to see Mrs. Paul Packard would cause trouble.

She decided regretfully that she had best not go out into the garden where unexpected callers might find her. She would be safer up in her room for this day at least. What she must find now were letters and other evidence to enlighten her further.

In her bedroom again, she discovered that one of the mirrors beside the dressing table formed the panel of a door. "This," murmured Joyce, turning the glass handle and looking into the next room, "must be my boudoir! Ah, there's a desk at last. I was just beginning to wonder whether there was any place in this whole house where one could write a letter. Now I certainly ought to discover something more."

She sat down at the desk. "Now I feel like a real crook," she thought uncomfortably, "reading somebody else's letters!"

In spite of the handsome fittings, it was an untidy desk, carrying a scattered litter of accumulated odds and ends, with dust plainly visible all over it. Scraps of paper, several pencils, with broken points, a ragged, much-used piece of blotting paper, matches and loose cigarettes, a half-empty box of aspirin tablets. . . and, here and there, four calling cards with the name "Mr. Arthur Milford Matland" . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EDUCATIONAL PICTURES SECURED FOR 4-H FAIR

Arrangements for the exhibition of a complete program of educational pictures of forest subjects at the second annual Lane county Four-H club fair to be held in Eugene August 24, 25, and 26 have been completed with W. Fuller of the state forester's office it was announced this week by R. C. Kuehner, county club leader. In addition to this Mr. Fuller will show subject matter pictures of special interest to club members in their project. No cost will be attached to the showing of the pictures. Mr. Fuller and his pictures last year proved one of the features of the 4-H club fair.

WORK OF WOODPECKER IS ON DISPLAY HERE

An interesting manner in which the woodpecker stores away food for his winter supply is demonstrated by a branch of a tree being exhibited at the Loop cigar store. The limb is filled with holes into each of which has been thrust an acorn for a rainy day. The branch was found on the Fox farm.

Fish North Fork—W. K. Barnell, Riley Snodgrass, H. O. Dibblee and H. E. Maxey spent Sunday fishing on the North Fork of the Siuslaw. Fishing was not very good there they reported.

LOST 40 POUNDS ON DOCTOR'S ADVICE

"I'm a user of Kruschen Salts as a reducing remedy and can say they are fine. Have lost more than 40 lbs. in the past year. Am gradually reducing as my doctor advised. Miss Bertha Waldo, Haman, N. Dak (Oct. 30, '32)."

Once a day take Kruschen Salts—one half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water first thing every morning. Besides losing ugly fat SAFELY you'll gain in health and physical attractiveness—constipation, gas and acidity will cease to bother—you'll feel younger—more active full of ambition—clear skin—sparkling eyes.

A jar that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle at any drug store in the world—but demand and get Kruschen and if one bottle doesn't joyfully please you—money back.

Guests at Hotel—Fred Popp, O. Olsen and D. Werglez, all of Port land, were guests at the Springfield hotel during the past week.

Snappy Auto Service
is what you get when you drive in at this station. Whether it is to fill your car with new Four Star gasoline or an engine overhaul we are on the job right away. While this snappy service we give is important to you the efficient work we do is more important to your car.
GENERAL GASOLINES AND OILS.
"A" Street Service Station
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The Most Popular Dessert
You needn't worry about what you will have during hot weather. Eggmann's ice cream always fills the bill and is always ready for you here.
There is no dessert quite equal to ice cream especially in summertime. Our delicious ice cream is a pure, wholesome food.
EGGMANN'S
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ICE
Our ice plant is now in operation and you may order any amount for your refrigerators. Our clear crystal ice is made from pure water and is the best to be had.
There is no need to let food spoil when ice is so cheap as now days.
Ask your dealer in Eugene or Springfield for and Other Dairy Products
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- 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.

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STATEMENTS	BUSINESS CARDS
ENVELOPES	PAMPHLETS
BLOTTERS	HANDBILLS
RECEIPTS	TICKETS
FOLDERS	TAGS

The Willamette Press
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THE WOMAN PAYS

HEALTH • HAPPINESS • LEISURE FOR 3¢ A DAY

WILL YOU BE OLD at forty or young at fifty?
Those needless hours, over a hot stove, in an unhealthy overheated kitchen, will take their toll of youth and beauty. An electric range in your kitchen will give you extra hours daily to spend as you please in happy, healthful leisure that will keep you youthful and charming at fifty. Less than 3 cents a day will pay the additional fuel cost and much of that is saved in other ways. Start now. Let electricity save your health and strength.

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