

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at  
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by  
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS  
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Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,  
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE  
One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months \$1.00  
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months .50c

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1933

## SALES TAX AND LOCAL LEVIES

The legislators who framed the sales tax gave long and serious consideration to the condition of the state's finances and also to the ability of the counties to pay the property tax in full even in the face of large delinquencies. However, these gentlemen did not consider the local taxing unit—city and school district, or if they did paid no attention to effect of the sales tax with personal property exemptions on local government.

That the sales tax will eliminate state and elementary school property taxes, etc. five or six mills is evident. But in eliminating this tax and exempting personal property it will then become necessary for the local bodies, city and school district, to increase the local levies 8 or 10 per cent to raise the same amount of money because of decreased valuation. In Springfield no doubt the total property tax will be nearly the same as before and the people will have to pay the sales tax on top of their bill. However, in country districts where there are no city taxes and low school taxes the saving, to the taxpayer may be 15 or 20 per cent if the sales tax is passed.

The sales tax law provides that if there is sufficient money collected from the tax cities and school districts may share in the surplus over and above the state, soldiers' bonus, unemployment, and elementary school taxes. However, even the staunchest advocates of the sales tax we have met do not claim that under present low business there will be any money come back to the local bodies to offset what is lost by exempting personal property. As a lifter of the burden on real property, claimed to be the real purpose of the income tax measure, the proposed law falls so far as cities are concerned. It should have been so framed that all taxing bodies would have shared in every dollar collected. Then no doubt it would have passed because the theory of making everybody pay some taxes is absolutely correct.

## POPULATION—NEEDED GROWTH

The United States could support probably ten times the population we now have. It used to be all that nine-tenths of the population could do to produce food enough for the ten-tenths; now it takes the time and work of only a fifth, perhaps less, to feed everybody.

Population in the United States is almost standing still. Unless there is an unexpected upturn in the birth rate or we open our doors again to immigrants from Europe, we shall find ourselves still less dependent on the producers of food.

It looks as if food farming, on any important scale, will be a thing of the past in fifty or a hundred years from now. More people will live in the country, but fewer will be engaged in trying to make money out of growing food. They will get their cash from other forms of labor and use more products of their own land for their own consumption.

## A BUILDER OF MEN

As a builder of men rather than roads and trails the civilians conservation corps will undoubtedly be known in the future. President Roosevelt said thousands of young men "had been robbed of their American birth right by the depression" and the first consideration of the conservation corps was to restore this opportunity to work.

When nobody is being employed except men with dependants it is a sad plight indeed for boys thrown on their own. It is even worse for the future of American society and government. The few months spent in the forest camps should build these boys up in mind and body and reflect itself throughout their lives. As a builder of men, rather than roads and trails, no doubt there will be value in the work undertaken in our forests.

From across the mountains, where we cannot go because the McKenzie pass is blocked with snow, there comes a boast from the natives that the Dolly Varden trout are so ferocious they attack and devour rattlesnakes this year. Fact is the inhabitants of the Deschutes country claim to have lassoed a big Dolly which had just lunched on a full grown rattler. We expect to see all our fishermen armed with clubs when they cross the divide this year.



## The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD

I ENDORSE IT

Here's a letter from a brother physician,—with a few of the strongest words deleted. It may be of interest:

Dear Dr. Gaines:

"I wish you would devote more articles to the exposure of quackery. The every-day people of our country little realize the thievery that is going on under their very noses. The radio is reeking with the vile preachment of the medical racketeer. Millions of dollars—yes, hundreds of millions are wheeled out of American pockets that are least able to afford it. The game goes on without interference on part of authorities, therefore it would seem, within the law.

"The medical racketeer invents some trivial, imaginary disease or condition, to which any ordinary working man or woman might be subject—and for which the racketeer, of course, has the sole remedy. This (faked) condition is dinned into the ears of millions of listeners, until they grow suspicious of themselves—they are quick to detect signs of the "affliction." They have been told that it might lead to horrible death—but, easily enough "cured" if they secure a bottle of the nostrum and use it the rest of their lives.

"Multiplied millions of people rush to buy the racketeer's gully-wash. The profits are enormous—for, the operator of the hoax does not work for ordinary wages. Huge fortunes are piled up for the racketeer and his folks.

"Rube Smithers needs somebody to set him right; he needs a protector—an advisor who tells him the truth. Fat radio contracts are never turned down—they pay too well. It is poor Rube that Pays. Now, doctor, get busy.

Faternally M. D.

# 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 sleeting 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."

There were also several letters lying about in this litter, Joyce, picking one up, glanced around at the door feeling an almost irresistible impulse to lock it before she read the letter. Then she forced herself to remain seated. "You've a perfect right to read these letters," she said to herself out loud, "don't be a fool! Even if any one did come, I guess . . . I guess . . . I'm Mrs. Nell Packard!" Yet the uneasy feeling persisted that the girl named Frills Packard might at any moment come in from the other room and scornfully demand an explanation of her actions. "Oh, what's the matter with me? There can't be another Frills. Frills Packard is as dead now as . . . as Joyce Ashton was yesterday. She can't come in."

Joyce opened the first letter resolutely. A newspaper clipping fell out. On the heavy, pale lavender paper with deckle edges was a short note in a sprawling feminine hand. It began without any preliminaries: "Looks as if you had some party! Wish I'd been there. You might hand this clipping on to Laurine. I hear she's been trying to find out where Malt was while you were at Nita's. Watch your step, Frilly! C."

Not trying to digest the meaning of this note Joyce hastily read the newspaper clipping: "A great deal of righteous indignation is being felt among the citizens of the Valley Road district at the actions of a certain prominent society woman and her week-end guests. When all other amusements failed to provide the necessary thrills, a new game was instituted and carried out between two and three o'clock Sunday morning. This game was a species of follow-your-leader, played in motors with no headlights, and only the usual rear lights on. The bright moonlight was presumably responsible for the fact there were no casualties among the players, for the driving was undoubtedly of the most reckless character, and the leader led the party a merry chase over banks and sidewalks, across fields and lawns with utter disregard for the property of other people.

"It is understood that the hosts of this party paid liberally for the damage sustained and that the matter was satisfactorily adjusted so that it will not be taken into the courts. The young woman who originated the sport and drove the leading car is the wife of a well-known Manzanita citizen. Her partner in the game was a man from the same place whose name is said to be frequently mentioned in the same breath with hers. . . ."

As Joyce finished reading, a wave of horrified shame flooded her. "How perfectly disgusting! I suppose they were all drunk as lards, Frills worse than the rest. No wonder Nell is worried about 'reckless stunts' . . . I should think he might be! I'd like to know, who 'C.' is and who's 'Malt'? This," she thought, "is a pleasant revelation! All the signs have pointed to Frills being a bit lively, but this is a little too much."

Just then the telephone rang. There was an instrument on the desk, gray-enameled like the furniture, and Joyce quietly lifted off the receiver and listened in. After a moment's silence, she heard the maid answering the instrument downstairs. A man's voice inquired, "May I speak to Mrs. Packard, please?"

"Mrs. Packard gave instructions that she didn't feel up to seeing or speaking to anyone today."

"Oh? . . . Well, listen, Roxie, tell her it's Mr. Maitland, will you, and ask her if I can't speak to her just a minute."

"All right, sir."

to the desk telephone and listened again. "Mrs. Packard's asleep, sir." "Oh, she is? Well, when she wakes, tell her I called. And ask her to call me, please."

"Yes, sir." Click. . . Click. And then Joyce hung up her own receiver, breathing a sigh of relief at her escape.

Hardly had she leaned back in the chair, when the bell-rang again. She listened anxiously. A rather coarse feminine voice replied to the maid's quiet "Yes?" saying, "How's Mrs. Packard this morning, Roxie? Can I speak to her? Tell her it's Kate Belmain."

"Sorry Mrs. Belmain, but Mrs. Packard is sleeping and gave orders not to be disturbed."

"Oh, well, I'll call again later . . . Say, Roxie," in a conversational tone, "wasn't she the lucky girl not to get smashed up in a fall like that? I felt sick when I heard about it. Didn't break a thing, did she?"

"No, ma'am, she hit her head, but I guess it wasn't a bad blow."

"Well, I'll tell the world she's lucky! Well, tell her I called, will you, Roxie?"

"She seems on intimate terms with the family. Her voice sounds middle-aged and . . . fat . . . uncultured," thought Joyce, critically. "I wonder who else will call up? All I need to do to learn who are the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Nell Packard is to sit here and listen to the telephone conversations! I'm finding things out anyhow. I know now that the maid's name is Roxie and that 'Malt' is Mr. Maitland and that there's a couple named Art and Kate Belmain."

She continued her explorations, which disclosed three more bedrooms, each with its own bath—one decorated in green, one in orchid, and one in pale yellow. "I'm lucky there aren't any guests in the house," she thought thankfully, finding nothing but unoccupied rooms. "I'd hate to run into somebody staying right in the place. Well, I'll go back to my boudoir and see if I can dig up any more news of what the charming Frills has been perpetrating. Wish I could discover what the date is and how long it has been since I . . . I left Philadelphia."

She sat down on the chair at the desk again and picked up one of the letters. The postmark on the first was too blurred to decipher, but the second one was clearly stamped. She stared at it bewildered, a sudden feeling of faintness seizing her. "Why, I left Philadelphia in November . . . That means . . . Oh, it can't be possible! April—nearly two years! Where have I been all that time? Oh, I can't understand it, it frightens me. . . I don't like it. . . Oh dear . . . Oh dear . . ."

Suddenly her overwrought nerves gave way, and slipping to her knees in front of the couch, Joyce buried her face in her arms and began to sob desperately, terror and loneliness possessed her entirely.

When Joyce awoke, she lay for some moments collecting her thoughts.

So it had not been a dream. It was something actual and inescapable which she had to face.

She sat up on the couch, wide awake now, and soberly tried to decide what to do next. As she stared about the room, she realized that the sun was no longer shining in. How long had she slept? There was no clock in the room. She remembered having seen, however, among the contents of the blue leather case on the dressing table a small diamond-set wrist watch. Returning to the bedroom, she caught sight of herself in the mirror. Her dress was badly rumpled, her hair stood up in curly confusion and her face was streaked from the tears she had shed.

Four o'clock. "Phew, what a long nap! I feel better, anyhow. I wonder if anyone else called up. Oh dear, that Belmain woman said they were coming over this afternoon. They'll probably be here soon. Think I'll put on a different dress and see if I can get anything to eat. I'm perishing with thirst, too."

She pulled the crumpled dress over her head and went to the closet door to pick out something else to wear, when, suddenly, she heard voices downstairs. Stopping short, she tiptoed softly over to the door which stood ajar. She could hear a woman speaking.

"Well, I'm glad she's been able to sleep, Roxie. . . No, I'll just run up myself. She'll want to see me, if she's awake, of course. . . I just want to find out how she is and if I can do anything for her. . . Did you say she'd had anything to eat today?"

sleeping porch, pulled down the covers of the neatly-made bed, and slid between the sheets. With thumping heart she half-buried her face in the pillow, shut her eyes tightly and tried to compose herself into a state where she could breathe quietly.

Firm steps sounded approaching the door, and a voice said, "Frills? Where are you? . . . Oh!" The voice trailed off into a soft murmur as the speaker evidently discovered the sleeping form in the bed.

The called stood quietly by the bedside for such a long time that Joyce grew nervous. Why, didn't the woman go away? Couldn't she see that Frills was asleep? Or did she guess that she was shamming?

Just as she felt that she could not stand it a minute longer, and must either giggle or choke, she heard her unseen caller depart.

"Thank goodness! . . . My, I'm roasted!" She threw off the covers and got up cautiously, creeping into the room to listen to what happened downstairs. She heard the same voice speaking but couldn't distinguish the words. Finally, however, the front door opened and closed.

So rested and so much more confident did she find herself that she decided to go downstairs, risking the meeting with any callers who might appear.

Roxie was by one of the windows reading a newspaper. Seeing Joyce, she stood up.

"I slept longer than I expected to," said Joyce, "and I'm sort of hungry." she said, finding it impossible not to slip into a conciliatory tone and attitude. "Is there something to eat I could have, I wonder?"

"Why, of course, ma'am," replied Roxie promptly, "would you like a regular lunch or just tea?"

"Tea, please." The very thought was luxurious.

"Certainly, ma'am. Would you like sandwiches with it, or just cake?"

"Oh, sandwiches, please. I'm so hungry. And I wonder if . . ." she went on, uncomfortably convinced that Frills never asked for anything in this apologetic fashion, "—er—I'd like some orange juice to drink, too."

"Yes, ma'am. Will you have it out on the terrace or up in your room?"

Joyce decided hastily that she would take a chance. "On the terrace, please."

She enjoyed the food almost more than her breakfast, reflecting with half-ashamed amusement that her appetite was good in spite of the shock of awaking to find herself Mrs. Nell Packard! Ought any one in her terrible predicament enjoy food so enthusiastically?

She was just draining the last drop of orange juice and wishing regretfully that she had more, when a man's voice at the doorway startled her so, she nearly dropped the glass.

"My Lord, Frills, since when have you taken to drinking orange juice?"

A man crossed the terrace with quick steps, sat down on a chair close beside her and leaning forward looked at her with an expression of lively concern.

"Did I startle you? Sorry! I guess your nerves are jumpy after what happened. How do you feel, sweetheart?"

Joyce had been completely taken by surprise and, in her condition of excited apprehension, his entrance upset her so thoroughly that she could scarcely speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Son Born—Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Winfrey of Fall Creek are the parents of a baby son born to them at their home on Thursday, June 1, 1933.

## SAWMILLS SHOW SOME PRODUCTION INCREASE

Average Output for 1933 Still is Below That of 1932; Inventories Show Drop

Seattle, Wash., June 8—A total of 252 down and operating mills which reported to the West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending May 27 produced 82,188,205 board feet of lumber. This was an increase of 2,361,078 feet or 2.96 per cent over their cut in the preceding week. The average week's production of this group of sawmills in 1933 has been 61,797,863 feet; during the same period of 1932, their weekly average was 66,303,436 feet.

The new business reported last week by 180 mills are 112,558,615 board feet against a production of 73,644,507 feet and shipments of 81,364,508 feet. Their shipments were over their production by 10.44 per cent and their current sales were over production by 52.03 per cent. The orders booked last week by this group of identical mills were less than their orders for the preceding week by 1,117,167 feet or 0.97 per cent.

The unfilled order file at these mills stood at 378,872,564 board feet, an increase of 28,131,558 feet from the week before.

The aggregate inventories of 130 mills are 18.8 per cent less than at this time last year.

## BRIGHT WOMAN LOST 20 POUNDS

Feels Much Better

June 28th, 1932, I started taking Kruschen Salts. Have lost 20 pounds from June 28th to Jan. 10. Feel better than have felt for four years. Was under doctors care for several months. He said I had gall stones and should have operation. Kruschen did all and more than I expected." Mrs. Lute Bright, Walker, Minn. (Jan. 10, 1933).

To lose fat and at the same time gain in physical attractiveness and feel spirited and youthful take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning.

A jar that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle at any drugstore. In the world but be sure and get Kruschen Salts the SAFE way to reduce wide hips, prominent front and double chin and again feel the joy of living—money back if dissatisfied after the first jar.

10 PAIRS  
**Shoe Laces Free**

10 Pr. Dress Shoe Laces . . . . . 20c  
1 House Dress, fast color . . . . . 59c  
79c

ALL FOR . . . . . 59c  
**HOFFMAN'S**  
4th and Main, Springfield

## The Fine Art of Living

Candy contributes a lot to the fine art of living. Eggmann's candy is famous for its delicious flavor and pure, wholesome ingredients. It isn't just hit and miss or luck with us we build up our candy along scientific lines assuring a fine texture and uniformity in quality.

Our candy is known far and wide for its goodness because of the care we use in making our selections. If a box of candy has our label then it is the standard of perfection.

# EGGMANN'S

"Where the Service is Different"

## KEEP HIS FOOD SAFE

If you really knew the facts you would own an electric refrigerator. The food saving alone will pay for the refrigerator and electric refrigeration is the one sure way to keep the baby's milk clean and pure. No chances must be taken with his food and grown-ups live better and healthier if their food is also protected from moisture, germs and dirt. Invest in an electric refrigerator.



**MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY**

# Forward March!

History repeats itself! Business is marching forward. Those who sit on the sidelines and wait for its return are carving their own tombstones. Men of vision have tossed off the balls and chains of obsolete business methods and are marching forward, to the tune of advertising, with new and greater values. THEY will reap the rewards of a new and greater prosperity.

The newspaper remains the greatest advertising medium in the world today. This newspaper is the best advertising medium for Springfield and vicinity.

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