

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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OUR TAX PLAN

Those who opposed the sales tax, defeated at last election, have been called upon to furnish some substitute that will raise needed money, for the care of the poor this winter and also assist to make up property tax delinquencies. Our contribution may not be popular, but what tax is, so here goes

We would levy a 2 per cent tax on all salaries of \$25 a week or more. Collection might be by the employer who would write a check for \$24.50 for the minimum employee and send the other 50 cents to the state. Auditors of the state accident commission, or similar officials, could audit the payrolls and collect now just as the accident commission collects for the workman's compensation law.

Property tax collections have broken down. Income tax extended both ways to soak the rich is not yielding much money because there are no rich any more. So what is left but to go to the man who has a good job and ask him to donate some for the relief of his less fortunate brothers, who have not, and to run his schools, city and county government. After all the persons who get \$25 or more a week are at present the best off of any and in more than half the cases are paying little or no tax at present. They can much better afford to donate \$26 more a year than the laboring man who works for \$60 or \$70 a month and is compelled to pay a whole month's wages as taxes on his little home.

If we were making such a tax law we would not give so much of the proceeds to the state and let the local governments take what is left like the sales tax aimed to do. We would divide every dollar between state, county, city and school district. We would include it as "estimate receipts" when making the annual budget, deducting it from the amount that would otherwise be levied on property. Thus we would afford relief to property and assure government more money for operation.

It is not necessary to raise much more money than is now levied, it is only a matter of collecting more and operating within the budgets that have been made. There is no governmental body, we believe in the state which could not operate on 10 to 30 per cent less than the present budget calls for, but none can continue on only a 45 per cent tax collection.

THE SELF-RELIANT MAN

We hear a great deal these days about the passing of the era of opportunity, in which every man had a fair chance to gain at least a living, regardless of what others might do.

We are not at all sure that opportunity was ever quite so broad as that, and we are still less sure that it is true that the gates of opportunity have been closed upon men of ability. We are inclined to think that the present age has been producing fewer men of all-around ability.

We have been living in an era of specialization, an era in which a boy learned how to do one thing, which too often was something which he could do only in some factory or business in which he had no share, and which he had no opportunity to practice under independent conditions. The man who has grown up knowing no other use for his head and his hands than how to fasten a hub-cap on an automobile is, in a sense, shut off from opportunity to exercise his ability, when the automobile factory shuts down. But that is the fault of a social system which did not give this man, when he was a boy, a chance to learn how to do the things which are necessary to independent self-support.

In the old days on the farm, boys had to work at whatever there was to be done, from mending axes and shoeing horses to killing hogs and picking apples. The boy who grew up on a farm had to learn the rudiments of a dozen trades, from shoe-making to house-painting. He could turn his hand to anything, and that ability, resulting from his early training, opened the door of opportunity to him wherever he went. He could always get a living and often got ahead.

We know a few men like that today, and they are not on the unemployment relief rolls. We think if there were more attention paid to teaching boys how to do everything and less to the effort to make them think they know everything, the next generation would find that the doors of opportunity are still open wide.

RECOVERY?

What limit in definition can be placed upon this word we hear a dozen times a day—"Recovery"? The answer approximates a picture of conditions that will obtain when success crowns the President's reemployment program.

Recovery as it relates to business is not difficult to comprehend. Under the mighty reign of what we believed was prosperity we loaned seven billions a year abroad to finance our sales of half that sum, and as we stopped lending so we stopped selling, and now we start from raw. So we require business recovery, and it depends upon absorption or about one fourth as many workers as are now employed. Shrewd business executives, small and large, believe that reemployment on that basis will be sound investment; that, with the inevitable increase in buying power, credit will do what it always has done, move along with employment. In that case credit will be available.

But after relief from the horror of the 4 years, it is the recovery of economic security that will count even more with the average man; the recovery of material well-being; a more lasting assurance to the employer, whose old embarrassing problems of cost and distribution will be solved through cooperation; to the worker; to the housewife, of whom in these last perilous years we have lost sight entirely. This sort of recovery it is evident the President has had in mind—recovery of what a man and a woman has a right to call his soul.—N. R. A. News

COUNTIES SHOULD GET THEIR SHARE

Apparently the only way to stop the flagrant spending of money in our state government is to stop giving it the money to spend.

As a matter of fairness and sense it is all wrong that the counties should be compelled to pay to the state the state taxes in full, whether they have anything left for themselves or not. It is ridiculous that county treasuries should be drained and left with no resources for county activities, while the state still receives its full quota and can continue to make financial whoopee without restriction. The state should receive its proportion of taxes as they are received by the counties, and no more.

The next legislature should take the necessary action to correct this ridiculous situation.—Capital Press.

In Lane county we are trying to collect \$40 for each man woman and child in taxes. So far we have gotten only \$10 a head this year.

If the democrat administration is successful in its birth control program for hogs, we will grant they may be able to teach even the Republicans something.

AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY



Synopsis — Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, suffered loss of memory in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago. One morning two years later she woke, after a fall from her horse, her memory restored, to find herself, as Frills, the wife of Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. She determined to tell no body of her predicament but set about learning what she could of her life in the interval. From the conversation of her friends and letters in her desk she gathered that she had been a heartless, pleasure-loving young woman. One letter that troubled her was from a woman signing herself, Sophie, blaming Frills for not giving a home to a baby Sophie was caring for. Could it be her baby, Frills wondered! She also found herself involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. In San Francisco, where she went while her husband was away on business, she met Robert Ainsworth, a poet whose work she had always admired. When Joyce returned home, she decided to be pleasant to Neil than Frills had been. But this line was dangerous, too, for Neil was pathetically anxious to win back Frills's love. At his request they call on Neil's mother, whom Joyce finds adorable. Later, she met the poet, Robert Ainsworth, and several times stopped for lunch at his cabin when she was horseback riding. One day he started to make love to her. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Ainsworth lifted his head, put his hand under her chin and stared down into her face. Joyce's whirl of happiness filled her so full of emotion that she could not hold it all and a little of it spilled over in tears. Her heart beat in rapid accord with the violent beats which she could plainly feel thumping in Robert Ainsworth's breast. He bent down then and kissed her eyes and her lips. At first, just lightly, almost in playful caress; but again and again, and each time a little harder, a little more intensely—until finally, his mouth crushed down on hers and it was as if she were lifted out of herself and had lost her identity.

After a few moments he released her abruptly. Joyce, so weak, she had to lean against the bookshelves to keep herself from falling, watched Ainsworth walk to the door and stand there with his back to her. She could not speak. It seemed to her that they stood thus for an eternity.

Finally he turned around and smiled at her again. "Well, there it is. And what happens next? Does the Beautiful Belinda depart forever in proud wrath and leave the poor insulating worm to live on with only the memory of his one daring deed or . . . ?" Leaving his sentence unfinished, he took a cigarette and lighted it. Joyce watching, saw his hand shake as he held the match to the tip.

"Why did he not come back to her and take her in his arms again? Why did he not tell her he loved her? She had not repulsed him."

"Dickie," went on Ainsworth, sitting down on the step and picking up the dog who was nudging at him for attention, "It should be possible, one would think, for a sweet, beautiful girl to visit a man, even in a lonely spot like this without being . . . er . . . manhandled." He smoked furiously. Joyce, feeling her knees trembling, sat down on the arm of one of the big redwood chairs and listened silently.

"But, you see, Dickie, damn it, I've been living here all alone for months and months, and a man gets to fooling himself with his smart delusion that he's self-sufficient, that the lid is on good and tight—until, suddenly, along comes a girl, not just an ordinary girl, you know, Dickie, but one with sweetness and beauty and intelligence, one who is a particular joy to be with, and—well, then, bang, everything is off!"

A chill descended on Joyce. She felt a vast sickening fear settle down benumbingly over her. What did he mean? Did he—was he sorry for what had happened? A flame of white humiliation burned Joyce with intolerable pain. She must get away quickly and hide herself from this thought. . . .

She stood up and tried to speak in a casual, ordinary voice. "I think, Dickie, it's time for me . . . to go."

Ainsworth jumped to his feet, dropping Dickie unceremoniously, and came to her. "Look here, Joyce! Don't go. You're—oh what shall I say?" He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again and again. Then he looked into her eyes, met her anxious smile and said softly, "Oh, what is there to talk about? We don't need words, do we, darling?"

Joyce shook her head without speaking. She was swept back again to the heights of joyous happiness and she clung to him now unquestioningly.

At last however, she drew herself away and stood up, straightening her silk blouse with nervous hands and hastily combing her hair, which Ainsworth's caresses had rumpled. As she stood in front of the mirror, he came up behind her and put his arms gently around her body again. His eyes met hers in the glass. He was so much taller than Joyce that his chin rested on the top of her curly yellow head. She leaned back against him, suddenly aware of the fact that she was almost limp from fatigue after the emotional storm she had passed through, and smiled into the mirror. At that, he whirled her around and crushing her to him again buried his face in her neck. "Oh . . . dearest . . . most beautiful . . ."

She put her arms around his shoulders and whispered shyly, "Oh, am I all that . . . to you?"

"And so much more that I can't put it into words!" he murmured, kissing the tip of her ears. . . .

After a while Joyce was able to put on her hat and then, with his arm around her, they set out to walk to the car through the woods.

After she was in the car, with Dickie on the seat beside her, Ainsworth leaned against it with his arms still around her and gave her a final kiss.

"Can't I do the calling next time? We've got some serious talking to do about this situation of ours. Tell me where this mysterious aunt of yours lives!"

Joyce dropped her eyes suddenly. "Oh—please let's leave things as they are!"

All at once she realized the ambiguity of her position. "I'll come again in a day or two."

She was thankful for the unconventional slant that made him answer cheerfully. "Oh, all right. I have to go up to the city for a day or two. I think it's next Tuesday."

"Oh, no, don't . . . don't stay away long," begged Joyce.

"But you'll come before I go? Good Lord, it's four whole days till then!"

Even though she knew it was late, Joyce drove home slowly.

It was maddening to have to go out to dinner at the Carters'. It was to be a more or less formal affair followed by a "theater party."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Carter were devoted to Neil, but their aversion to Frills was only thinly veiled.

When she was ready to go, Joyce sat at her dressing table and stared dreamily at herself, wondering

on their leaving shortly after. All the way home she could not get out of her mind that one significant moment when the pinched grayness of Mrs. Packard's face had struck her.

"Mother sure looked tired, didn't she?" remarked Neil as they drove home. "How was she during the afternoon? Did she talk much?"

"A little less than usual, I think. It seemed to exhaust her. Neil, she's worrying about you. She thinks something is . . ."

They were both silent. Joyce did not dare ask what it was that was troubling him because she felt so sure she knew.

Joyce lay awake a long time that night seeing the situation with an appalling clearness, from every point of view. "I was ready enough to condemn Frills for treating Neil the way she did. I was disgusted at her for having an affair with Maitland. And now, just because Robert Ainsworth seems to me to be worth a million Arthur Maitlands, it doesn't make any real difference. If I deceive Neil that way, I'm hurting him, too, and I'm no better than Frills was. And . . . and . . . Oh, I feel like a miserable worm to be taking all this luxury and love without doing anything to deserve it, even using it to . . . to hurt Neil so terribly. If only he didn't love me so much. And he was so happy for a while. It was almost pitiful

what Robert would think of her now.

"You're looking stunning tonight, Frills!" Neil had come up behind her and interrupted her dreaming.

Joyce started at his words and blushed furiously, partly in a sort of shame at being caught so obviously admiring herself, partly with annoyance at being forced to a realization of Neil's right to so address her. She jumped up and went to the closet to get her evening cloak, remarking casually in a voice of which she tried to keep out all trace of her nervous irritation, "Thanks for the compliment, but the credit is really yours. It's a lovely dress but I couldn't have had it if you weren't such a generous provider, my dear Mr. Packard."

Neil took from her the luxurious cape of sea-green transparent velvet and they went downstairs together. "By the way, mother telephoned me a little while ago," he said, "the doctor has ordered her to stay in bed a few days and she wondered if you would come tomorrow afternoon and sit with her for a while? She's missed you lately . . . and . . . you know . . . and she's so happy at the way you've been to her. . . . I'm worried," he went on, as he laid the lovely cloak about her shoulders and for a moment held her to him, "there's something wrong about it. I wish I knew what to do."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Joyce. "I'll go tomorrow and spend the afternoon with her. I've . . . I know I've neglected her lately."

"Darling, that's sweet of you . . . I wish . . . I wonder . . . Frills, what the devil can I do to . . . win you back? Isn't there any chance for me?"

"Oh, please Neil, don't!" cried Joyce. "don't start that again . . . Come on, we'll be late and you know Mrs. Carter likes to begin on time when she's giving a theater party afterwards."

Most parties in Manzanita had a way of splitting up into couples, and Joyce found herself taken in charge by her dinner partner when they afterwards set out for the theatre. This happened to be Paul Packard, much to her satisfaction, for his company made it possible to sit without talking during the picture. Joyce deliberately shut her eyes to the sartorial allurements of the picture and returned in spirit to the little shack on the lonely hillside.

Before the next afternoon she was torn by such longing to see Robert that she set out for Neil's mother's house in dragging rebellion. Even Mrs. Packard's gentle gratitude and pleasure failed wholly to rout her constant sense of frustration.

"I wonder whether something is going wrong in the business," Mrs. Packard remarked in the course of the afternoon, "Neil hasn't been himself lately."

"I don't know," replied Joyce, "he hasn't said anything to me and I think the business is all right." She knew only too well what was the cause of Neil's depression but she could not tell his mother.

"Please don't worry about Neil too much," she said gently, "I feel sure this is just a temporary thing. There may be some business deal in the air that Neil is brooding over a little. He'll come out all right."

Mrs. Packard looked as if she were grateful for Joyce's effort to relieve her mind but not wholly convinced that the matter was so simple as it sounded.

When Neil arrived, Joyce insisted

how grateful he was for so little. Oh, I can't bear to . . . to think of it even." Joyce buried her face in the pillow and tried to stifle the sob which shook her.

At breakfast the next morning Neil glanced at her and said, frowning anxiously, "Didn't you sleep, Frills? You look kind of pale and dragged out this morning, dear."

Joyce's nerves were on edge after her stormy night and Neil's concerned tone struck her almost like a blow. To her horror she felt her eyes fill with a quick rush of tears. The worried look on his face deepened. "Why, sweetheart, what's the matter? Aren't you well? Does your head ache? Why didn't you stay in bed?"

But Joyce swallowed the lump in her throat and summoning all her self-control she answered quickly. "Oh, I'll be all right. I just didn't sleep very well."

"Well, you'd better take a nap today sometime. What are you doing, any thing special?" he went on.

"No, I . . . guess not. I'm going to run out to your mother's for a few minutes about noon and take her some magazines and books. I may ride this afternoon."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Breaks Arm—Mrs. J. W. Haynes fell and broke her arm Saturday while carrying in wood.

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