

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1931

HOME-BUILDING NATION'S BIGGEST INDUSTRY

Hoover's plan to revive home-building should be with whole-hearted approval here in the west with lumber mills closed and 60 per cent of our industrial income tied up. It should also be favored throughout the country as a means of business revival. No other line of activity contributes to the welfare of so many people as does the building of a home.

One has to but analyze the items in a home to realize the real significance of this. Take the lumber as the carpenter, painter and plasterer have left it and trace it back to the lumber yard, over the railroads and through the mills to the standing tree; take the builders hardware by the same process back to the metal in the mine and also the hundreds of items of home furnishing and the public utility services rendered each home and one soon realizes that the building of a home has provided employment without end.

Any industrial activity of the nation can stop but it will not contribute one tenth as much to depression as the decreased building of homes. Any plan to stimulate home building that will work should have the support of every one regardless of political belief.

BACK TO SCHOOL MOVEMENT

From 200 colleges and many vocational and high schools of the country comes reports of increased attendance. Indications are that instead of the young folks staying home and helping during depression they have come to school rather than be unemployed. In other words they are improving their time and no doubt their parents have taken a broad view of conditions and are assisting more and more to keep their children in school and from further depressing the labor situation.

Our state supported schools should appreciate this changed attitude and not raise tuition fees or scholastic requirement to prevent the "back to school movement." Likewise the public should not be niggery with appropriations for state schools lest it be false economy.

WHY OREGON DOES NOT GROW

Scientists tell us that a given population to sustain itself must have a birth rate of 17 per thousand. Oregon's is 14, one of the lowest birth rates in the entire country. Necessarily for Oregon to hold her own both against a declining birth rate and people moving away she must continually bring in population from the outside, otherwise in distant future even this fertile Willamette valley might arrive at a point where there was not one left to live here.

Chambers of commerce have been criticized for promoting land settlement and endeavoring to bring in more people. But if there were no sounder arguments our birth rate alone would justify the organized effort to bring in settlers.

NOTHING TO ARGUE ABOUT

To hear some Oregonians talk all our problems would be solved if it were not for high taxes. Well, Alstead, New Hampshire, does not have to worry about taxes. This little town has been endowed by one of its native sons who went to New York, made a fortune and died. Money to run the schools and city government has been provided for in an endowment fund, and the town's four churches have been left \$40,000 each. One ordinarily would figure that this town would boom for everybody would be moving there to escape taxation. Such is not the case. Alstead's population was 700 in 1910 and now it has less than 600.

MORE CIRCUIT JUDGES

The time is near at hand when Lane county should be a judicial district in itself. Despite the fact that Judge Skipworth has greater capacity and turns out more court work than most judges many cases are always far behind in Lane county. The fact that he must divide his time with Benton and Lincoln counties as well as relieve other judges in time of sickness allows cases to accumulate here. Lane county has sufficient court work to keep a judge busy as most of the lawyers will testify. This county should be a judicial district in itself.

The Way of Life



BRUCE BARTON

LOOK AT THE AVERAGE

One of my friends, who now occupies a high position, started life as a salesman for the National Cash Register company.

He thought that if he could sell cash registers to Marshall Field it would be a big feather in his cap, and the example of this leading store would have influence with smaller merchants all over the country.

So he called at Field's and made his talk, but received no encouragement. The next year he called again. . . and the next . . . and the next. The tenth year he came away with an order for \$150,000.

In telling me about it, he remarked: "I said to myself, that's \$15,000 worth of business for each of the ten years. Not a bad average at all."

In 1929, when stock prices were crashing and even the richest men were feeling poor, a New York banker met a capitalist whose fortune, on paper, had shrunk many million dollars. He was in a blue funk.

The banker said: "You ought to have learned better than this. Don't you remember back in 1920 how worried you were, and how you sent for me to reassure you? Even at present prices you must be worth ten times what you were then. If so, your average is mighty good. What are you kicking about?"

A young man and young woman were married. After the ceremony the bride's father, a veteran business man who had fought hard for his fortune, took them into his study. "I want to say just one thing to you," he remarked. "You must not expect that all your years will be good. You'll go along for a while without seeming to get ahead, but at the end of every year you'll own a little more furniture and have a few more dollars in the bank. Then there will come a year some time when you'll have a stroke of luck and make a lot of progress. You must expect to average the good with the bad."

It seems to me that much of the worry and fretting in life grow out of the fact that people do not take a long enough look.

Every human life, at some point, has seem handicapped and doomed to disappointment. At forty, Henry Ford had never saved a cent. At forty-five, Lincoln was a disappointed politician. For twenty-five years, Charles Darwin worked day after day without the slightest recognition. Then, for each of them, there came a few great years that amply made up for all the rest.

The law of compensation works for those who keep their industry and their faith. Those who quit under discouragement are selling out at the bottom. For a majority of courageous lives, taking all the years together, the average is good.

SIGHT UNSEEN

by
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THIRD INSTALLMENT

Six people, Horace Johnson (who tells the story), his wife, old Mrs. Dane, Herbert Robinson and his sister, Alice, and Dr. Sperry, friends and neighbors, are in the hall, waiting for the murderer. At one of them, Mrs. Dane, who is hostess, varies the program by strictly arranging their salacious as well as Miss Jeremy, a friend of Dr. Sperry and not a professional, as the medium.

The sitting opens with the customary table rapping and other inconsequential and humorous happenings. Then the medium goes into a trance and gives disjointed details of a murder. After the sitting breaks up, the members go home. Sperry telephones Johnson and tells him Arthur Wells had killed himself.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

I told him he was right. "Then that fixes the time at which Miss Jeremy told us of the murder," he came back over the phone. There was silence at Sperry's end of the wire. Then: "Wells was shot about 9:30," he said, and rang off.

I am not ashamed to confess that my hands shook as I hung up the receiver. As I stood there, I wondered for the first time whether the might not be, after all, a spirit-world surrounding us, cognizant of all that we did, touching but intangible, sentient but tuned above our common senses?

I was shocked by the news, but not greatly grieved. The Wells had been among us but not of us, as I have said. Of the two, I myself had preferred Arthur. His faults were on the surface. He drank hard, gambled, and could not always pay his gambling debts. But underneath it all there had always been something boyishly honest about him. He had played, it is true, through most of the thirty years that now marked his whole life, but he could have been made a man by the right woman. And he had married the wrong one.

Of Elinor Wells I have only my wife's verdict, and I have found that, as is the way with many good women, her judgment of her own sex is rather merciless. A tall, handsome girl, very dark, my wife has characterized her as cold, calculating and ambitious. She has said frequently, too, that Elinor Wells was a disappointed woman, that her marriage, while giving her social identity, had disappointed her in a monetary way.

There was no doubt, by the time they had lived in our neighborhood for a year, that a complication had risen in the shape of another man. Our street has never had a scandal on it, except the one when the Berringtons' music teacher ran away with their coachman, in the days of carriages. And I am glad to say that that is almost forgotten.

Nevertheless, we had realized for some time that the dreaded triangle was threatening the repute of our quiet neighborhood, and as I stood by the telephone that night I saw it had come. More than that, it seemed very probable that into this very triangle our peaceful Neighborhood Club had been suddenly thrust.

The street, with its open spaces, was a relief after the dark hall. I started for Sperry's house, my head bent against the wind, my mind on the news I had just heard. Sperry was waiting on his doorstep, and we went on to the Wells house.

Although the Wells house was brilliantly lighted when we reached it, we had difficulty in gaining admittance. "We might try the servants' entrance," Sperry said. Then he laughed mirthlessly.

"We might see," he said, "if there's a key in the nail among the vines." I consented to a nervous tightening of my muscles as we made our way around the house. If the key was there, we were on the track of a revelation that might revolutionize much that we had held fundamental in science and in our knowledge of life itself. If, sitting in Mrs. Dane's quiet room, a woman could tell us what was happening in a house a mile or so away it opened up a new earth. Almost a new heaven.

I stopped and touched Sperry's arm. "This Miss Jeremy—did she know Arthur Wells or Elinor? If she knew the house, and the situation between them, isn't it barely possible that she anticipated this thing?"

"We knew them," he said gruffly, "whatever we anticipated, it wasn't this."

Sperry had a pocket flash, and when we found the door locked we proceeded with our search for the key.

"Here's the key," Sperry said, and held it out. The flash wavered in his hand, and his voice was strained.

"We admitted ourselves."

"Look here, Sperry," I said, as we stood inside the door, "they don't want me here. They've sent for you, but I'm the most casual sort of an acquaintance. I haven't any business here."

"That struck him, too. We had both been so obsessed with the scene at Mrs. Dane's that we had not thought of anything else."

later that all the servants were out except the nursery governess. There were two small children. There was a servant's hall somewhere, and, with the exception of the butler, it was after two before they commenced to struggle in. Except two plain-clothes men from the central office, a physician who was with Elinor in her room, and the governess, there was no one else in the house but the children, asleep in the nursery.



"It was 9:30 when Miss Jeremy told us Wells was shot," Sperry reminded me.

Overwrought as I was, I was forced to bring my common sense to bear on the situation. Here was a tragedy, a real and terrible one. Suppose we had in some queer fashion, touched its outer edges that night? Then how was it that there had come, mixed up with so much that might be pertinent, such extraneous and grotesque things as a hurt knee, and throwing watches and pens about.

I remember moving impatiently, and trying to argue myself into my ordinary logical state of mind, but I know now that even then I was wondering whether Sperry had found a hole in the ceiling upstairs.

Suppose Sperry came down and said Arthur Wells had been shot above the car, and that there was a second bullet hole in the ceiling? Added to the key on the nail, a careless custom and surely not common, we would have conclusive proof. Our medium had been correct. There was another point, too. Miss Jeremy had said, "Get the razor off his face."

That brought me up with a turn. Would a man stop shaving to kill himself? If he did, why a revolver? Why not the razor in his hand? I knew from my law experience that suicide is either a desperate impulse or a cold-blooded and calculated finality. A man who kills himself while dressing comes under the former classification, and will usually seize the first method at hand. But there was something else, too. Shaving is an automatic process. It completes itself. My wife has an irritated conviction that if the house caught fire while I was in the midst of the process, I would complete it and rinse the soap from my face before I caught up the fire-extinguisher.

Had he killed himself, or had Elinor killed him? Was she the sort to sacrifice herself to a violent impulse? Would she choose the hard way, when there was the easy one of the divorce court? I thought not. And the same was true of Elinor's husband. Here were two people, both of them careful of appearance, if not of fact. There was another possibility, too. That he had learned something while he was in the street, had attacked or threatened her with a razor, and she had killed him in self-defense.

I had reached that point when Sperry came down the staircase, unbuttoning out, the detective and the medical man. He came to the library door and stood looking at me, with his face rather paler than usual.

"I'll take you up now," he said. "She's in her room, in bed, and she has had an opiate."

"Was he shot above the ear?"

"Yes."

I did not look at him, nor he at me. We climbed the stairs and entered the room, where, according to Elinor's story, Arthur Wells had killed himself. It was a dressing-room, as Miss Jeremy had described. A wardrobe, a table with books and magazines in disorder, two chairs, and a couch, constituted the furnishings. Beyond was a bathroom. On a chair by a window the dead man's evening clothes were neatly laid out, his shoes beneath. His top hat and folded gloves were on the table.

Wells lay on the couch. The house was absolutely still. When I glanced at Sperry he was staring at the ceiling, and I followed his eyes, but there was no mark on it. Sperry made a little gesture.

"The detective and I put him there. He was here." He showed a place on the floor midway of the room.

"Where was his head lying?" I asked, cautiously.

"Here."

I stooped and examined the carpet. It was a dark Oriental, with much red in it. I touched the place, and then ran my folded handkerchief over it. It came up stained with blood.

"There would be no object in using cold water there, so as not to set the stain," Sperry said thoughtfully. "Whether he fell there or not, that is where she allowed him to be found."

"You don't think he fell there?"

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A sales manager for one of the new synthetic resins said recently: "Very often we find the smaller manufacturer more adventurous, more willing to try a new thing than the big fellows. He has perhaps less to lose and more to gain. Sometimes he manages to be in the market a year ahead of others and that means all the difference between success and failure."—Nation's Business.

Order in Suit Filed—An order giving the defendants in the case

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LEISURE

By William H. Davis
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No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can Enrich that smile her eyes began.
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We have no time to stand and stare.

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