

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by THE WILLAMETTE PRESS H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice, Springfield, Oregon.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE One Year in Advance \$1.75 Three Months .75c Six Months \$1.00 Single Copy .5c

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1931

CHRISTMAS AND GOOD WILL

Christmas, the season of joy and good cheer, is devoted to the mind and soul instead of to the physical body. It is a time when we should eliminate spite, bad feeling, and ill humor, and not neglect those who have a right to our attention and care.

Not only to the person to whom it is extended but to hundreds of others good will engenders good will. Like many mirrors in a room, good will reflects and reflects a countless number of images—multiplies without end. Proferring good will to one may effect thousands.

Do your part to reflect this great Christmas spirit! Good will costs nothing but is the most valuable gift mankind can receive.

AN ORDERLY ROAD PROGRAM

An orderly five year road program whereby all the state primary highways would be placed in order of importance for construction has been asked for by the Lane County Chamber of Commerce in a resolution to the Oregon State Highway Commission. Such a move would give the taxpayers more faith in the highway department and would definitely inform each locality when it could expect the state highway through the particular section to be constructed.

Since Portland strong armed the commission for its two roads to the sea and the governor changed the personnel Oregon's road program has been all chaos. It is the biggest political football in the state today, and is fast losing the support of even its most ardent friends. Such a condition, without a change is brought forth, will surely result in \$3 license fees and other radical changes in the method of finances.

It is time for the commission to reassert itself; put up a program whereby the state will know what it can expect in the future, and arrange for the primary highways as fixed by law to take definite places in turn for construction. New projects should come last, except of course Portland's roads to the sea which must be built at any cost and right away, to keep the big city from "kicking over the apple cart."

Lane county has four primary highways under construction at present and they should be nearly finished by the time such a program can be formulated and put into effect. Existing contracts call for completion of the McKenzie, Roosevelt, Siuslaw and the Willamette road to Oakridge, in 1932. A five year program would necessarily carry the Willamette highway from Oakridge to Crescent on the Dalles-California highway, which likely would be done with federal money.

J. C. Ainsworth, chairman of the commission, indicated he would be pleased to have the support of Lane county for a five year program when he visited here last week. We believe the commission should have the support of the entire state if it will take this broad view of the highway program. Certainly it will reduce the great flock of local delegations which smother every meeting of the highway commission lately trying to "get their while the getting is good." Friends of the Oregon State highway program, as it was originally conceived by R. A. Booth, John Yeon and H. B. VanDuzer, should bend their efforts to bring order out of the present chaos.

HONORING A GREAT MAN

The naming of the Cape Creek bridge, on the Oregon Coast highway, at Heceta, in honor of H. B. VanDuzer for many years chairman of the highway commission, is asked for in a resolution by the Lane county chamber of commerce. Mr. Van Duzer was an outstanding figure in Oregon highway building and this is an outstanding bridge, a marvelous piece of construction. Seven hundred feet high and at the mouth of a seven hundred foot tunnel overlooking the great Pacific ocean this bridge is unlike any other structure in the world. It should be a fine monument to the memory of Mr. Van Duzer, just voted Portland's first citizen.

Boston delivers fresh fish in St. Louis by airplane. Perhaps we might put wings on some of Oregon's fresh fruits and find a better market in larger cities or non-agricultural areas. Flying strawberries should be as welcome as flying fish in any community, especially if they were accompanied by some thick cream.

The Way of Life by BRUCE BARTON

HE NEVER MADE MISTAKES

The head of a large Philadelphia company decided to open a New England branch. Looking through his organization, he selected a prudent, industrious young man.

"I am thinking of appointing you our New England manager with headquarters in Boston," he said.

The young man received the news gravely. "I believe it will be a wise move, sir," he answered. "I never make mistakes."

"Never make mistakes?" the boss repeated incredulously. "My, my, then I couldn't think of appointing you. Just imagine how I should feel, having a man in Boston who never makes mistakes, when I am down here in Philadelphia making them every day."

The young man was not sent to Boston. He lived out his business days in an obscure position, minus errors and minus hits.

One of the most interesting men of my acquaintances has been wrong about forty per cent of the time.

I can look back over his career and point out a dozen different points where he took one stand and subsequently had to revise it.

Why then has he stayed on top? First, I think, because he is absolutely truthful. What he sometimes imagines to be the truth turns out later to be an error, but he never consciously hedges for anything or anybody.

Second, he is always trying. Roll him in the dust, and he is up in a minute and starting forward again. Lay something before him which you think is pretty good, and he instinctively reaches for a pencil and begins to try to improve it. Let him accomplish an objective, and immediately he has set his eyes on another point further ahead.

Finally, he never wastes any time in regretting the past. "Regret," said some one, "takes as much out of you as a prolonged drunk."

This man has been an encouragement to me. So have the words of Stevenson, who exclaimed, "God give us young men who have the courage to make fools of themselves."

I figure that I am entitled to one major mistake a week. This is my quota. As long as I keep within it I feel all right.

And frequently I run over.

SIGHT UNSEEN by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

FOURTH INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS

Six people, Horace Johnson (who tells the story), his wife, Mrs. Dase, Herbert Johnson and his sister, Alice, and Dr. Sperry, friends and neighbors, are in the habit of holding weekly meetings. At one of these, Dase, who is hostess, varies the program by unexpectedly arranging a spiritualistic seance with Miss Jeremy, a friend of Dr. Sperry and not a professional, as the medium.

At the first sitting the medium tells the details of a murder as it is occurring. Later that night Sperry learns that a neighbor, Arthur Wells, has been shot mysteriously. With Johnson he goes to the Wells residence and later the confirmation of the medium's account. Mrs. Wells tells them her husband shot himself in a fit of depression.

SHOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Believing then that something might possibly be hidden there, I made an investigation, and could see some small object lying there. Sperry brought me a stick from the dressing-room, and with its aid succeeded in bringing out the two articles which were instrumental in starting us on our brief but adventurous careers as private investigators. One was a leather razor strap, old and stiff from disuse, and the other a wet bath sponge, now stained with blood to a yellowish brown.

"He is lying, Sperry," I said. "He fell somewhere else, and she dragged him to where he was found."

"But—why?" "I don't know," I said impatiently. "From some place where a man would be unlikely to kill himself, I dare say. No one ever killed himself, as far as I know, in an open hallway. Or stopped shaving to do it."

"We have only Miss Jeremy's word for that," he said, sullenly. "Confound it, Horace, don't let me bring in that stuff if we can help it."

We stared at each other, with the strap and the sponge between us. Suddenly he turned on his heel and went back into the room, and a moment later he called me, quietly.

"You're right," he said. "The poor devil was shaving. He had it half done. Come and look."

But I did not go. There was a carful of water in the bathroom, and I took a drink from it. My hands were shaking. When I turned around I found Sperry in the hall, examining the carpet with his flash light, and now and then stooping to run his hand over the floor.

"Nothing here," he said in a low tone, when I had joined him. "At least I haven't found anything."

How much of Sperry's proceeding with the carpet the governess had seen I do not know. I glanced up and she was there, on the staircase to the third floor, watching us.

She came down the stairs, a lean young Frenchwoman in a dark dress and gown, and Sperry suggested that she should have an opiate. She seized at the idea, but Sperry did not go down at once for his professional bag.

"You were not here when it occurred, Mademoiselle?" he inquired.

"No, doctor. I had been out for a walk." She clasped her hands. "When I came back—"

"Was he still on the floor of the dressing-room when you came in?"

"But yes, of course. She was alone. She could not lift him in order to commit suicide, but that's no argument that it can't be done, and as to the—how do I know that my own back door key isn't hung outside on a nail sometimes?"

"We might look again for that hole in the ceiling."

"I won't do it. Miss Jeremy has read of something of that sort, and I would not go in there, and stored it in her subconscious mind."

But he glanced up at the ceiling nevertheless, and a moment later had drawn up a chair and stepped onto it, and I did the same thing. We pressed, I imagine, rather a strange picture, and I know that the presence of the rigid figure on the couch gave me a sort of ghoulish feeling.

"I am making a few investigations," I told her. "You say Mrs. Wells was alone in the house, except for her husband?"

"The children."

"Mr. Wells was shaving, I believe, when the—er—impulse overtook him."

"There was no doubt as to her surprise. 'Shaving? I think not.'"

"What sort of razor did he ordinarily use?"

"A safety razor always. At least I have never seen any others around."

"There is a case of old-fashioned razors in the bathroom."

She glanced toward the room and shrugged her shoulders. "Possibly he used others. I have not seen any."

"It was you, I suppose, who cleaned up afterwards."

"Cleaned up?"

"You who washed up the stains?"

"Stains? Oh, no, monsieur. Nothing of the sort has yet been done."

"I felt that she was telling the truth, so far as she knew it, and I then talked about the revolver."

"Do you know where Mr. Wells kept his revolver?"

"When I first came it was in the drawer of that table. I suggested that it be placed beyond the children's reach. I do not know where it was put."

"Do you recall how you left the front door when you went out? I mean, was it locked?" "No. The servants were out, and I knew there would be no one to admit me. I left it unfastened."

"But it was evident that she had broken a rule of the house by doing so, for she added: 'I am afraid to use the servants' entrance. It is dark there.'"

"The key is always hung on the nail when they are out?" "Yes. If any one of them is out it is left there. There is only one key. The family is out a great deal, and it saves bringing some one down from the servants' rooms at the top of the

house."

"I think my knowledge of the key bothered her, for some reason. And as I read over my questions, certainly they indicated a suspicion that the situation was less simple than it appeared. She shot a quick glance at me."

"Did you examine the revolver when you picked it up?" "I, monsieur? Now? Then her fears, whatever they were, got the best of her. 'I know nothing but what I tell you. I was out. I can prove that that is so. I went to a pharmacy; the clerk will remember."

"So Elmer claims. But if there was anything to hide, it would have taken time. An hour or so, perhaps. You can see how Herbert would jump on that."

I said irritably to him. "I intend to go home, it is 1:30 in the morning."

But as it happened, I did not go into my house when I reached it. I was wide awake, and I perceived, on looking up at my wife's windows, that the lights were out. As it is her custom to wait up for me on those rare occasions when I spend an evening away from home, I surmised that she was comfortably asleep, and made my way to the pharmacy to which the Welles' governess had referred.

The night-clerk was in the prescription-room behind the shop. He had fixed himself comfortably on two chairs, with an old table-cover over his lap and a half-empty bottle of sarsaparilla on a wooden box beside him. He did not waken until I spoke to him.

"Sorry to rouse you, Jim," I said. "He flung off the cover and jumped up, upsetting the bottle, which trickled a stale stream to the floor. 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. Johnson, I wasn't asleep.'"

I let that go, and went at once to the object of my visit. Yes, he remembered the governess, knew her, as a matter of fact. The Welles' bought a good many things there. Asked as to her telephoning, he thought it was about nine o'clock, maybe earlier. But questioned as to what she had telephoned about, he drew himself up.

"Oh, see here," he said. "I can't very well tell you that, can I? This business has got ethics, all sorts of ethics."

He enlarged on that. The secrets of the city, he maintained loftily, were in the hands of the pharmacist. It was a trust that they kept. "Every trouble from dope to drink, and then some," he boasted.

When I told him that Arthur Wells was dead his jaw dropped, but there was no more argument in him. He knew very well the number the governess had called.

"She's done it several times," he said. "I'll be frank with you. I got curious after the third evening, and called it myself. You know the trick. I found out it was the Ellingham house, up State Street."

"What was the nature of the conversations?"

"Oh, she was very careful. It's an open phone and any one could hear her. Once she said somebody was not to come. Another time she just said, 'This is Suzanne Gautier, 9:30, please.'"

"And tonight?" "That the family was going out—not to call."

"So Elmer claims. But if there was anything to hide, it would have taken time. An hour or so, perhaps. You can see how Herbert would jump on that."

I said irritably to him. "I intend to go home, it is 1:30 in the morning."

But as it happened, I did not go into my house when I reached it. I was wide awake, and I perceived, on looking up at my wife's windows, that the lights were out. As it is her custom to wait up for me on those rare occasions when I spend an evening away from home, I surmised that she was comfortably asleep, and made my way to the pharmacy to which the Welles' governess had referred.

The night-clerk was in the prescription-room behind the shop. He had fixed himself comfortably on two chairs, with an old table-cover over his lap and a half-empty bottle of sarsaparilla on a wooden box beside him. He did not waken until I spoke to him.

"Sorry to rouse you, Jim," I said. "He flung off the cover and jumped up, upsetting the bottle, which trickled a stale stream to the floor. 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. Johnson, I wasn't asleep.'"

I let that go, and went at once to the object of my visit. Yes, he remembered the governess, knew her, as a matter of fact. The Welles' bought a good many things there. Asked as to her telephoning, he thought it was about nine o'clock, maybe earlier. But questioned as to what she had telephoned about, he drew himself up.

"Oh, see here," he said. "I can't very well tell you that, can I? This business has got ethics, all sorts of ethics."

He enlarged on that. The secrets of the city, he maintained loftily, were in the hands of the pharmacist. It was a trust that they kept. "Every trouble from dope to drink, and then some," he boasted.

When I told him that Arthur Wells was dead his jaw dropped, but there was no more argument in him. He knew very well the number the governess had called.

"She's done it several times," he said. "I'll be frank with you. I got curious after the third evening, and called it myself. You know the trick. I found out it was the Ellingham house, up State Street."

"What was the nature of the conversations?"

"Oh, she was very careful. It's an open phone and any one could hear her. Once she said somebody was not to come. Another time she just said, 'This is Suzanne Gautier, 9:30, please.'"

"And tonight?" "That the family was going out—not to call."

"So Elmer claims. But if there was anything to hide, it would have taken time. An hour or so, perhaps. You can see how Herbert would jump on that."

I said irritably to him. "I intend to go home, it is 1:30 in the morning."

But as it happened, I did not go into my house when I reached it. I was wide awake, and I perceived, on looking up at my wife's windows, that the lights were out. As it is her custom to wait up for me on those rare occasions when I spend an evening away from home, I surmised that she was comfortably asleep, and made my way to the pharmacy to which the Welles' governess had referred.

The night-clerk was in the prescription-room behind the shop. He had fixed himself comfortably on two chairs, with an old table-cover over his lap and a half-empty bottle of sarsaparilla on a wooden box beside him. He did not waken until I spoke to him.

"Sorry to rouse you, Jim," I said. "He flung off the cover and jumped up, upsetting the bottle, which trickled a stale stream to the floor. 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. Johnson, I wasn't asleep.'"

I let that go, and went at once to the object of my visit. Yes, he remembered the governess, knew her, as a matter of fact. The Welles' bought a good many things there. Asked as to her telephoning, he thought it was about nine o'clock, maybe earlier. But questioned as to what she had telephoned about, he drew himself up.

"Oh, see here," he said. "I can't very well tell you that, can I? This business has got ethics, all sorts of ethics."

He enlarged on that. The secrets of the city, he maintained loftily, were in the hands of the pharmacist. It was a trust that they kept. "Every trouble from dope to drink, and then some," he boasted.

When I told him that Arthur Wells was dead his jaw dropped, but there was no more argument in him. He knew very well the number the governess had called.

This was in WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOBLEY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The adjournment of congress over the Christmas holidays is giving the country at large a chance to size up the two houses. The net results appears to be that we can expect the greatest show on earth when the members resume their labors.

Enough intimation was given in the few days in which the congressmen acted before the holidays to indicate that the favorite sport for the next few months of the nation's law-givers will be president-baiting. It looks certain that anything Mr. Hoover proposes, regardless of its good effect on the country, will be opposed in vigorous terms, and that practically everything he has said or done since his inauguration, barring only perhaps his Thanksgiving proclamations, will come in for unstinted abuse.

So far as congress can be said to be in harmony on anything right now, the one subject on which a majority vote can always be relied may be expressed in the slogan, "Down with Hoover." And it is not being expressed in language quite as refined as that. While that idea seems to be the favorite one in congressional interviews, not even being confined to the opposition, political observers here believe that the president's personal and political enemies will take it out largely in conversation. They have seen too many similar conditions in the past to be convinced by the uproar against Mr. Hoover.

They figure that, when it comes down to action and voting, at least on the fundamental program of reduced expenditures and increased taxation, they will swing into line. They can be expected, however, to dress up the new legislation in their own words and endeavor to make it appear as their own child, entirely different from anything Mr. Hoover has suggested. The president is playing the game, in his endeavor to have necessary legislation passed, by being careful not to propose anything but the essentials, which all are agreed upon, avoiding any statement that might be taken as dictating methods. As a result, it appears unlikely that any political capital will be made of any of the president's messages to congress since it convened.

There is no question that all congressmen are convinced that new taxation and drastic cuts in governmental expenditures are demanded. The battles that will be fought will all be on the various plans that will be offered, and the members can be expected to fight each other fully as hard as they attack the president.

Whether the senate is going to make it harder for the United States to collect its foreign debts or not is beyond the power of anybody here to predict. There is a feeling here that the senate, as a whole, is likely to arouse intense resentment among European statesmen by their frankness over war debts, but it is being pointed out on all sides, it is going to be difficult to collect the money Germany owes us, and—the other Allied nations, without going to war, an action that is not even remotely considered possible. None of the countries in the World war have the least desire to start an other war, judging by their repeated expressions. Without force it does not seem likely that Germany can be made to pay the present debts and every indication points to a deep cut in the amount due.

It appears more likely that the senate eventually will decide to find out exactly how much Germany can afford to pay and then set in motion the machinery for collecting that amount, shaping domestic legislation to provide for the required increase in taxes that will have to be levied to offset such reduction. The failure of congress to legislate approval of the chief executive's action in granting a moratorium to Germany, which expired on December 15, places that country in the light of a defaulter on its obligations, and this has been disapproved and congress' approval, considered merely as a perfunctory action, is expected any time.

The senate is going to have its greatest difficulties over proposals that will be offered that the United States become a part of the World Court, if not of the League of Nations itself. The question is one that will open the floodgates of oratory and it is expected, result in more patriotic speeches and flag-waving than any similar discussion since the end of the war. The interjection of this question, which can be expected early, will furnish

both sides with splendid campaign material even if it fails to result in as much benefit to the country as the more pressing demands for domestic relief.

THE SCRAP BOOK

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Orphan hours, the year is dead, Come and sigh, come and weep! Merry hours, smile instead.

For the year is but asleep. See, it smiles as it is sleeping, Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse In its coffin in the clay, So white Winter, that rough nurse, Rocks the dead-cold year today; Solemn hours! wall aloud For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O, ye hours, Follow with' May's fairest flowers.

As the wild air stirs and aways The tree-swing cradle of a child, So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild;

Trembling hours; she will arise With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here, Like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier; March with grief doth howl and rave.

ROAD CREWS BUSY

PATCHING WEAK SPOTS

Crews of the maintenance department of the State highway department were working over the McKenzie highway east of Springfield Tuesday repairing and patching all the weak spots on the surface.

Creswell Woman Passes

Mrs. Emma Florence Jordan died at Medford Thursday, December 17, at the age of 64 years, leaving surviving her husband, Geo. W. Jordan, and one daughter, Mrs. Thelma O'Neal and five grandchildren. Two daughters are deceased. A brother Robert Reed survives. She was a sister of the late Samuel Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan went to Medford about two months ago seeking higher altitude for health betterment. She was born near Creswell, February 16, 1864, on the Reed farm and has lived in this vicinity all her life except a short time at Raymond, Washington, and the last two months at Medford. She was married to Mr. Jordan at Creswell in 1889.

The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 at the Schwering chapel with interment at Creswell cemetery,