

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1932

BACK TO THE FARM

There were 298,000 more persons living on farms in America at the beginning of 1931 than there were at the beginning of 1930, according to the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. From what we observed, we should say that the increase during 1931 has been even greater than that.

Perhaps the most interesting conclusion which Mr. Hyde draws from these and other figures is that the United States is approaching the stage of a stationary population. In all but four or five of the big cities the death rate today is higher than the birth rate.

We must say that we agree with Mr. Hyde that the dweller in the small town, or on the farm, is much more secure so far as the necessities and most of the real comforts of life go, than most of the people who live in the cities are.

DO TAXPAYERS VOTE?

A proposal to increase the number of persons taxed by lowering the exemptions is sure to find favor in many quarters. It will be supported not merely as a means of increasing revenues but on the ground that it will improve the morale of the country.

"This country belongs to all of us and as far as possible all of us ought to contribute to its support. If we had more men and women paying their share of government, however small that share, we should have more men and women asking what becomes of their money and we need that."

We have a population of 120 million of whom about 60 million are eligible to vote and of whom less than two million paid a tax on incomes received in 1930. Compare with these figures the 23 million passenger autos registered in the United States on December 31, 1930, and the 12 million radio sets recorded by the census of 1930.

MERCHANDISE!

The chief forester says saw mill capacity needs to be limited to cut down over production. Our impression is whenever production is cut the wood substitute manufacturer taxes up the difference, and the saw mill operator is just in the same place he was before.

Electric fly paper has been invented. Another weapon for women to use on their husbands.

At least the government is hopeful. Income tax blanks were sent out this week.



The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D. THE NEW YEAR

Greetings to all! And, adieu to 1931. You and I, dear reader, have marked another mile-post on our trip. With the increase in speed they seem to show up so much faster—these mile-posts. And yet, there are precisely as many hours in this year as there were in the year of our Lord, number one.

Every department of science has made strides during the past year; medicine has progressed too, I think I can break up a cold now much quicker and cleaner than I have ever done before.

And I have learned to be skeptical about GERMS hammering down the enamel of teeth—the hardest substance in the human structure. Necrosis of bone takes place when nutrition is cut off by violence, plugged canals and other causes.

My New Year resolves are embodied in the simple determination to fit myself for BETTER SERVICE in the taking care of my fellow-man and myself during the coming year.

NIGHT UNSEEN by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

SIXTH 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 the habit of holding weekly meetings.

At the first sitting the medium tells the details of a murder, it is seen to check that one degree further the accuracy of our revelations. After some reflection, I called up Sperry, but he flatly refused to go on any further.

"Miss Jeremy has been ill since Monday," he said. "Mrs. Dane's rheumatism is worse than usual, and your own wife called me up an hour ago and says you are sleeping with a light, and she thinks you ought to go away. The whole club is shot to pieces."

But, although I am a small and not a courageous man, the desire to examine the ceiling of the dressing room and the desire to see one degree further the accuracy of our revelations, after some reflection, I called up Sperry, but he flatly refused to go on any further.

Nevertheless, I found it hard to plan the necessary deception to my wife. My habits have always been entirely orderly and regular. My wildest dissipation was the Neighborhood Club. I could not recall an evening away from home in years, except on business. Yet now I must have a free evening, possibly an entire night.

In planning for this, I forgot my nervousness for a time. I decided finally to tell my wife that an out-of-town client wished to talk business with me, and that day, at luncheon—I go home to luncheon—I mentioned that such a client was in town.

"It is possible," I said, as easily as I could, "that we may not get through this afternoon. If things should run over into the evening, I'll telephone."

She took it calmly enough, but later on, as I was taking an investigation away from the drawer of the hall table and putting it in my overcoat pocket, she came on me, and I thought she looked surprised.

During the afternoon I was beset with doubts and uneasiness. Suppose she called my office and found that my client had named was not in town? It is undoubtedly true that a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive, for on my return to the office I was at once quite certain that Mrs. Johnson would telephone and make the inquiry.

After some debate I called my secretary and told her to say, if such a message came in, that Mr. Forbes was in town and that I had an appointment with him. As a matter of fact, no such inquiry came in, but as Miss Joyce, my secretary, knew that Mr. Forbes was in Europe, I was conscious some months later that Miss Joyce's eyes occasionally rested on me in a speculative and suspicious manner.

Other things also increased my uneasiness as the day wore on. There was, for instance, the matter of the back door to the Wells house. Nothing was more unlikely than that the key would still be hanging there. I must, therefore, get a key.

Going through my desk I found a number of keys, mostly trunk keys and one the key to a dog-collar. But late in the afternoon I visited a client of mine who is in the hardware business, and secured quite a selection. One of them was a skeleton key. He persisted in regarding the matter as a joke, and poked me between the shoulder-blades as I went out.

"If you're arrested with all that hardware on you," he said, "you'll be held as a first-class burglar. You are equipped to open anything from a can of tomatoes to the missionary box in church."

But I felt that already, innocent as I was, I was leaving a trail of suspicion behind me: Miss Joyce and the office boy, the dealer and my wife. And I had not started yet.

I dined in a small chop-house where I occasionally lunched, and took a large cup of strong black coffee. When I went out into the night again I found that a heavy fog had settled down, and I began to feel again something of the strange and disturbing quality of

lessly lighted a second candle and placed it on the table in the hall at the foot of the staircase, to facilitate my exit in case I desired to make a hurried one.

Then I climbed slowly. The fog had apparently made its way into the house, for when, halfway up, I turned and looked down, the candlelight was hardly more than a spark, surrounded by a luminous aura.

I do not know exactly when I began to feel that I was not alone in the house. It was, I think, when I was on a chair on top of a table in Arthur's room, with my candle upheld to the ceiling. It seemed to me that something was moving stealthily in

the room overhead. I stood there, candle upheld, and every faculty I possessed seemed centered in my ears. It was not a footstep. It was a soft and dragging movement. Had I not been near the ceiling I should not have heard it. Indeed, a moment later I was not certain I had heard it.

My chair, on top of the table, was not too securely balanced. I had found what I was looking for, a part of the plaster ornament broken away, and replaced by a whitish substance, no plaster. I got out my penknife and cut away the foreign matter, showing a small hole beneath, a bullet-hole, if I knew anything about bullet-holes.

Then I heard the dragging movement above, and what with alarm and my insecure position, I suddenly overbalanced, chair and all. My head must have struck on the corner of the table, for I was dazed for a few moments. The candle had gone out, of course. I felt for the chair, righted it, and sat down. I was dizzy and I was frightened. I was afraid to move, lest the dragging thing above come down and creep over me in the darkness and smother me.

And sitting there, I remembered the very things I most wished to forget—the black curtain behind Miss Jeremy, the things hung by unseen hands into the room, the way my watch had slid over the table and fallen to the floor.

Since that time I know there is a madness of courage, born of terror. Nothing could be more intolerable than to sit there and wait. It is the same insanity that drove men out of the trenches to the charge and almost certain death, rather than to sit and wait for what might come.

In a way, I daresay I charged the upper floor of the house. Whatever drove me, I know that, candle in hand, and hardly sane, I ran up the staircase, and into the room overhead. It was empty.

As suddenly as my sanity had gone, it returned to me. The sight of two small beds, side by side, a tiny dressing-table, a row of toys on the mantelpiece, was calming. Here was the child's night nursery, a white and placid room which could house nothing hideous.

I was humiliated and ashamed. I, Horace Johnson, a man of dignity and reputation, even in a small way, a successful after-dinner speaker, numbering fifty-odd years of logical living to my credit, had been running half-maddened toward a mythical danger from which I had been afraid to run away!

I sat down and mopped my face with my pocket handkerchief. After a time I got up, and going to a window looked down at the quiet world below. The fog was lifting. Automobiles were making cautious progress along the slippery street. A woman with a basket had stopped under the street light and was rearranging her parcels. The clock of the city hall, visible over the opposite roofs, marked only twenty minutes to nine. It was still early evening—not even midnight, the magic hour of the night.

Somewhat that fact reassured me, and I was able to take stock of my surroundings. I realized, for instance, that I stood in the room over Arthur's dressing room, and that it was into the ceiling under me that the second—or probably the first—bullet had penetrated.

Then I looked about. The house had evidently been hastily closed. Some of the furniture was covered with sheets, while part of it stood unprotected. The rug had been folded into the center of the room, and covered with heavy brown papers, and I was extremely startled to hear the papers rustling. A mouse, however, proved to be the source of the sound, and I pulled myself together with a jerk.

It is to be remembered that I had left my hat and overcoat on a chair near the door. There could be no mistake, as the chair was a light one, and the weight of my overcoat threw it back against the wall.

Candle in hand, I stepped out into the hall, and was immediately met by a crash which reverberated through the house. In my alarm my teeth closed on the end of my tongue, with agonizing results, but the sound died away, and I concluded that an upper window had been left open, and that the rising wind had slammed a door. But, my morale, as we say since the war, had been shaken, and I re-

turned, and proceeded to take off my hat and coat, which I placed on the outside closed, and facing two alternatives, to go on with it or to cut and run, I found a sort of desperate courage, clenched my teeth, and felt for the nearest light switch.

The electric light had been cut off! I should have expected it. But I had not. I remember standing in the hall and debating whether to go on or to get out. I was not only in a highly nervous state, but I was also badly handicapped. However, as the moments wore on and I stood there, with the quiet unbroken by no mysterious sounds, I gained a certain confidence. After a short period of adjustment, I used the flash to discover that the windows were shuttered, and proceeded to take off my hat and coat, which I placed on the outside closed, and facing two alternatives, to go on with it or to cut and run, I found a sort of desperate courage, clenched my teeth, and felt for the nearest light switch.

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TO BE CONTINUED

This was in WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOBLEY

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6.—(Autocaster)—Congress has again settled down to business, after its brief Christmas holiday, and every indication points to the present session being a highly constructive one.

Generally, business looks auspicious at Congress during its sittings, fearing that it will pass legislation that will throw commercial activities out of their usual stride.

The present Congress, however, is confidently expected to pass measures that will mitigate the present stagnation in business, as far as legislation can achieve that effect.

While the two major parties are still keeping up their warfare, yet neither side will fail to support any legislation that the country at large considers beneficial.

Congress proved its willingness to forget party strife by the speed with which it ratified the moratorium, even if such action was accompanied by growls from members of both parties.

All other details incident to organizing Congress were handled without friction, committee chairmen being named and installed promptly.

Only the election of the President Pro Tem of the Senate remains to be done and instead of allowing that formality to tie up business, it has been shelved for more important business.

One of the earliest measures, or group of measures, which is to be passed concerns increased taxation. That a boost is coming is not to be doubted.

Roughly, the Republicans favor a general tax that will apply to everybody, while the Democrats are working for a tax that will mule only the very wealthy who, they argue, are best able to afford the extra payment.

The general feeling in this city is that whichever party has its way, the net result will be that the average citizen will pay more to the government either directly or through higher prices for all purchases.

After the tax question is settled Congress can be expected to take up the revision in our banking laws. The United States has drastically changed its banking laws several times in the past in order to bring them up to date.

The object now sought to be attained is to permit the Federal Reserve Banks to discount paper it is now forbidden to touch, and empower it to grant extensions on farm mortgages.

If Congress can hit on the right formula, observers here say that billions of dollars of fresh capital will be put to work and employment created for millions of those now seeking work.

Many plans to offset this result have been offered Congress by leading bankers and financiers and it is expected that one of these plans will be passed by Congress before many days have passed.

The general feeling here is that almost any one of these projects will go a long way towards restoring confidence in business.

One of the most important questions with which the present Congress will have to deal is that of war debts and reparations. All Europe is beginning to feel that the amount of money it owes the United States is too great for it to be able to pay and that cancellation is the only solution.

The recent European conference, in which this country was not officially represented although its observers took an active part in an advisory capacity, came to the conclusion that Germany cannot live up to the Young plan.

This means that Germany cannot pay other European countries and they in turn will be unable to pay the United States.

France's position is the stumbling block and efforts to make that country change its attitude and forgive Germany its Reparations may result in a general scaling down of the combined war debts and reparations.

Another European conference will be held next month, and its recommendations may point the way to a solution of the world's financial troubles.

A majority of voters in this country is felt to be against cancellation and the issue may become an important one in the coming presidential campaign.

Recent developments began to make Newton D. Baker, President Wilson's war secretary, appear as an important figure in the coming campaign. Baker has come out in the open and shown that he is not averse to being the Democratic candidate if the party as a whole demands him.

He has declared that he is willing to be either a standard bearer or a private in the ranks in the campaign. While Governor Roosevelt is still the leading candidate, yet he may be beaten in the convention.

A lot of curiosity still exists as to whether former Governor Smith will back Roosevelt. While Smith is considered unlikely to make the race again himself, yet his voice is still the loudest in the councils of his party and any man he opposes is unlikely to be nominated, although it is questionable if he is

powerful enough to name his own choice.

If Baker is named and elected, he will be the fourth oldest man to be made President. Baker will be 61 when the next President is sworn in.

Only William Henry Harrison, 68, James Buchanan, 65, and Zachary Taylor, 64, were older men when Baker's age when they were inducted into office. Baker is still considered as a young man in these days, while Harrison, Buchanan and Taylor were all deemed old men at the time of their election.

FIRST RELIEF WORK ON WILLAMETTE STARTS

A crew of nine men recruited from the county unemployed list was put to work on the Willamette highway near Lowell repairing and improving the highway Monday morning.

This is the first crew of men to be paid from county relief funds to be put to work on the Willamette highway. The men employed are residents of the Lowell, Fall Creek, Winberry, and Dexter districts.

The Line of Defense

Your doctor comes first—do not fail to consult him when real illness threatens. We do not compete with him. Rather, it is our desire to serve you through him—to carry out his orders quickly and accurately. Both you and he may depend upon our conscientious cooperation.

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At this time of the year everybody is building, repairing, redecorating or cleaning. It seems that everything in the home gets attention except the fireplace—Why neglect the fireplace—doesn't it deserve a little attention too? By installing a Humphrey Radiantfire you will give your fireplace new beauty and everyday utility—you will bring the old fireplace back into the family circle.

There are beautiful authentic period designed Humphrey Radiantfires to harmonize with your home furnishings. If your fireplace is chipped or dirty around the edge, an attractive inset model will cover all defects and give your fireplace new beauty. Come in today and let us make a suggestion for your fireplace.

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There are many other attractive period models. The radiant heat from a Humphrey Radiantfire is really like the heat of the sun—warms the room, warms the furniture, warms the walls, warms the floor, leaving the air clear and fresh, and giving you a new beauty and everyday utility.

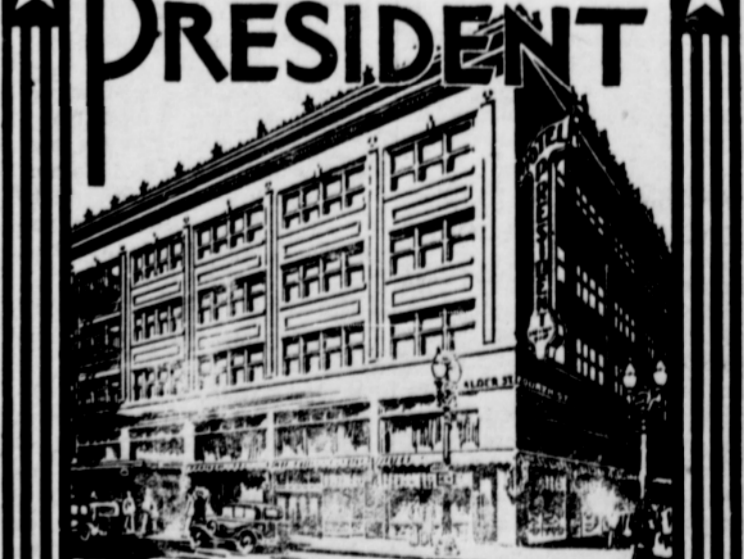
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PORTLAND

MISS FISH GUEST AT PARTY ON SATURDAY

Miss Alma Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fish of Garden Way, was the honor guest at a party at the home of her parents Saturday evening. Miss Fish is attending school in Portland and spent the holidays at home.

Guests at the party Saturday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Dale Cheshire, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Cheshire, Robert and Herbert Cheshire, Lindley Duval, Lloyd Horbert, and Melvin Shove, all of Cheshire; Roy Woods, Kenneth Campbell, Miles and Villa McKay, Lela Gates, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Koplin, Eugene; Tom Tedball, Veneta; Joe Gerber, Faye Fisher, and Barbara Chandler, Springfield.

KENSINGTON CLUB TO HAVE MEETING FRIDAY

Mrs. Mary Kenney will be hostess at her home, 706 Fifth street, for members of the Kensington club Friday afternoon. Mrs. Harry Whitney will be the assistant hostess for the afternoon.

New Spring Prints

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