

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1932

THE HIGHWAY SITUATION

Although the highway commission, to our mind, is in the worst political muddle it has ever been, we must compliment it for the decisions made at an informal meeting with Governor Meier last week. It should be evident that we cannot build super highways and at the same time reduce taxes. While we realize the Pacific highway needs widening in many places this is certainly not the time to do the job.

The commission has decided to reduce administration expenses 30 per cent, to recommend to the next legislature a 25% reduction in automobile license fees, to build no super highways during the depression, and to have the federal highway department make a survey of the state system. These recommendations are to be carried out at the next meeting.

Commissioner Spaulding, the stormy petrel of the commission, who was not present at the informal meeting, claims these are his reforms while Governor Meier says they are in line with his economy program. The reduction in salaries we are inclined to give Mr. Spaulding credit for but he has been the chief exponent of the super-highway, especially between Portland and Salem. His program was to spend and cut expenses at the same time, which of course cannot be done.

Rumor had it last week that Mr. Spaulding was to be retired and Frank Jenkins, of Eugene, was to be named on the commission. This would be a "great break" for Lane county and Southern Oregon, now without representation, if it were true. However, with three newspapers, none of which have been very friendly to Governor Meier, Mr. Jenkins probably would not fit into the present administration. He probably would be torn between his duty to his readers and loyalty to the administration. And Mr. Jenkins is a newspaper editor first, and what ever else he may be second, which to our mind is much to his credit.

GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM

Who won the war has been a subject of dispute for 13 years among nations but there can be no dispute as to who financed it—Uncle Sam. Good old Uncle Sam was no sponger even when war was going on he lent the allies nine billions of dollars and even paid rent on the trenches the troops occupied while fighting and the stables they lived in while they were resting. Good Old Uncle Sam brought nothing home with him when the war was over but promises to pay but he left 300,000 of his boys underneath the sod.

But his can not go down in history as the world's most generous nation without he tears up the remaining I. O. U. notes, and asks his taxpayers to pay their own liberty bonds. This is the reasoning of the rest of the very generous world.

An orange tree in Western Lane county is in bloom and also has some green fruit on it. Perhaps Sunny California has been moving up the coast.



TREMBLING ON THE VERGE

The United States is a famous trembler. There has never been a time in its history when some one was not ready to announce that it was "trembling on the verge."

Washington despaired of it. Lincoln despaired of it. Many present-day prophets assure us that it passed over the peak in 1929, and is now definitely on the way down.

Yet within the past few months I have enjoyed some interesting experiences. I have attended the annual sales conventions of a number of major industries. Their business, when I visited them, was terrible. But what took place at the conventions?

In one of them, an electrical industry, the head of the research department revealed plans for a new household utility which promises to banish one disagreeable feature of housework. It is certain to have a tremendous sale.

In the furniture company, the "planning department" displayed a whole new line of improved floor coverings.

In a third, an optical concern, the scientists told us of work now going on which may give all of us better eyesight.

Everywhere I found men's backs turned upon present discouragements, and minds busy with better goods, better methods, better ideas, better living.

I spoke to the head of one company about it. He said he had recently been holding a meeting of their English representatives. He told them casually that the company had hired an engineer and assigned him the task of making a world survey of their sources of raw materials for the next twenty-five years.

One of the Englishmen exclaimed: "Confound you Yankees! What English company would ever think of hiring a man to look ahead twenty-five years?"

Coming to the end of all these meetings, I concluded that it is a waste of time to worry about the future of American business.

We have an asset more fundamental than gold supply, or raw materials, or electric power, or climate. That asset is a restless dissatisfaction with the past, a spirit of continuous improvement.

As long as we are inspired by the spirit I believe that our future is secure. We shall not go down to destruction.

No matter how often we may tremble on the verge.

AMERICAN LEGION AND REPARATIONS (Cottage Grove Sentinel)

The St. Helens Mist makes a good point when it asks why the American Legion should be rapped for alleged raids upon the national treasury when we are talking of canceling billions of dollars in foreign debts, particularly those of Germany.

The so-called raids upon the public treasury by veterans of the world war are small stuff compared to the amounts in foreign debts which we already have cancelled, and those who went across the waters to fight our battles will have to help pay off the Liberty bonds which we issued in order to get money to loan our allies, will have to pay taxes to make up the deficit caused by reduction or cancellation of reparations from the country that started the war.

SIGHT UNSEEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

NINTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS

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

At the first sitting the medium tells the details of a murder which is occurring. Later that night Sperry learns that a neighbor, Arthur Wells, has been shot mysteriously.

At a second seance, Miss Jeremy adds details about a summer resort where Charles Ellingham was known to have been at the same time that Mrs. Wells was there. She also speaks of a pocketbook being lost whose contents are important car tickets and letters. Mrs. Dane, alone of the women, seems thrilled by the investigation.

Johnson goes alone and investigates the deserted house. He is frightened by strange noises, as if of an intruder in the house, but completes his investigation.

He visits Mrs. Dane and tells her how he had carried off the fire-iron and left behind his overcoat in his excitement. She tells him she had advertised for the finder of the pocketbook and turns over to Johnson an answer and a note from the owner having guilty knowledge of the crime. Dr. Sperry announces he is to be married to Miss Jeremy when the club meets again.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Sperry turned to me when he had gone out. "That was Hawkins, Horace," he said. "You remember, don't you? The Wellises' butler."

"I knew him at once."

"He wrote to me asking for a position, and I got him this. Looks sick, poor devil. I intend to have a go at his chest."

"How long has he been here?"

"More than a week, I think."

"As I drank my tea, I pondered. After all, the Neighborhood Club must guard against the possibility of fraud, and I felt that Sperry had been indiscreet, to say the least. From the time of Hawkins' service in Miss Jeremy's home there would always be the suspicion of collusion between them. I did not believe it was so, but Herbert, for instance, would be inclined to suspect her. Suppose that Hawkins knew about the crime? Or knew something and surmised the rest?"

"I was uneasy all the way home. The element of doubt always so imminent in our dealings with psychic phenomena, had me by the throat. How much did Hawkins know? Was there any way, without going to the police, to find if he had really been out of the Wells house that night, now almost two weeks ago, when Arthur Wells had been killed?"

That evening I went to Sperry's house, after telephoning that I was coming. On the way I stopped in at Mrs. Dane's and secured something from her. She was wildly curious, and made me promise to go on next week, and explain. I made a compromise.

"I will come in if I have anything to tell you," I said.

Sperry was waiting for me in his study, standing by the fire, with the grave face and slightly bent head of his professional manner.

"I wonder," I said, "if you kept the letter Hawkins wrote you when he asked for a position in his office?"

He was not sure. He went into his consulting room and was gone for some time. I took the opportunity to glance over his books and over the room.

Arthur Wells' stick was standing in a corner, and I took it up and examined it. It was an English malacca, light and strong and had seen service. It was long, too long for me. It occurred to me that Wells had been about my height, and that it was odd that he should have carried so long a stick. There was no case in swinging it.

From that to the memory of Hawkins' face when Sperry took it, in the night of the murder, in the hall of the Wells house, was only a step. I reasoned that day to be thinking considerably about Hawkins.

When Sperry returned I laid the wick on the table. There can be no doubt that I did so, for I had to move a book-rack to place it. One end of the handle, was near the fireplace, and the ferrule lay on a copy of Gibbon's "Life Beyond the Grave," which Sperry had evidently been reading.

Sperry had found the letter. As I glanced at it I recognized the writing at once, thin and rather searless, Spenserian.

Dear Sir: Since Mr. Wells' death I am out of employment. Before I took the position of butler with Mr. Wells I was valet to Mr. Ellingham, and before that, in England, to Lord Courday. I have a very good letter of recommendation from Lord Courday. If you need a servant at this time I would do my best to give satisfaction.

(Signed) ARTHUR HAWKINS. I put down the application, and took the anonymous letter about the bag from my pocketbook. "Read this," Sperry said. "You know the letter. Mrs. Dane read it to us Saturday night. But compare the writing."

He compared the two, with a slight lifting of his eyebrows. Then he put them down. "Hawkins!" he said. "Hawkins has the letters. And the bag! The question now is to whom

was it written?"

We pondered that, to no effect. That Hawkins had certain letters which touched on the Wells affair, that they were probably in his possession in the Connell house, was clear enough. But we had no possible authority for trying to get the letters, although Sperry was anxious to make the attempt.

"Although I feel," he said, "that it is too late to help her very much. She is innocent; I know that. I think you know that, too, deep in that legal mind of yours. It is wrong to discredit her because I did a foolish thing." He warned to his argument.

"Why, think, man," he said. "The whole first sitting was practically covering up the crime itself."

"Rats!" he said rudely. "We are going to find out who killed Arthur Wells, and if he deserves hanging we'll hang him."

"Or her?"

"It wasn't Elinor Wells," he said positively. "Here's the point: if he's been afraid to go back for his overcoat it's still there. I don't expect that, however. But the thing about the curtain interests me. I've been reading over my copy of the notes on the sittings. It was said, you remember, that curtains—some curtains—would have been better places to hide the letters than the bag."

I stopped suddenly. "By jove, Sperry," I said, "I remember now. My notes of the sittings were in my overcoat."

"And they are gone?"

"They are gone."

He whistled softly. "That's unfortunate," he said. "Then the other person, whoever he is, knows what we know!"

"Just where does Hawkins come in, Sperry?" I asked.

"I'm damned if I know," he reflected. "We may learn tonight."

The Wells house was dark and forbidding, but I led the way with comparative familiarity.

"In case the door is locked, I have a few skeleton keys," said Sperry.

We had reached the end of the narrow passage, and emerged into the square of brick and gray that lay behind the house. While the night was clear, the place lay in comparative darkness. Sperry stumbled over something, and muttered to himself.

The rear porch lay in deep shadow. We went up the steps together. Then Sperry stopped, and I advanced to the doorway. It was locked.

The lock gave way to manipulation. As last, and the door swung open, we came to us the heavy odor of all closed houses, a combination of carpets, cooked food, and floor wax.

"Now, friend Horace," he said, "if you have matches, we will look for the overcoat, and then we will go upstairs."

As we had anticipated, there was no overcoat in the library, and after listening a moment at the kitchen door, we ascended a rear staircase to the upper floor. I had, it will be remembered, fallen from a chair on a table in the dressing room, and had left them thus overturned when I charged the third floor. The room, however, was now in perfect order, and when I held my candle to the ceiling, I perceived that the bullet hole had been repaired, and this time with such skill that I could not even locate it.

"We are up against some one cleverer than we are, Sperry," I acknowledged.

"And who has more to lose than we have to gain," he added cheerfully. "Don't worry about that. Horace, you're a married man and I'm not. If a woman wanted to hide some letters from her husband, and chose a curtain for a receptacle, what room would she hide them in. Not in his dressing-room, eh?"

He took the candle and led the way to Elinor Wells' bedroom. Here, however, the draperies were down, and we would have been at a loss, had not remembered my wife's custom of folding draperies when we close a house, and placing them under the dusting sheets which cover the various beds.

"I did not tell my wife that evening. After dinner I went into our recreation room, which is not lighted unless we are expecting guests, and peered out of the window. The detective, or whoever he might be, was

heretofore existing between you and the plaintiff on the grounds of desertion and for such other relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable. This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the SPRINGFIELD NEWS, a newspaper of general circulation pursuant to an order of the Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, duly made and entered of record on the 12th day of January, 1932, ordering that this summons be published once each week for four successive and consecutive weeks in the Springfield News and that the date of the first publication shall be the 14th day of January, 1932, and the date of the last publication shall be the 11th day of February, 1932.

FRANK A. DE PUE, Attorney for the Plaintiff. (Jan 14-21-28-F 4-11)

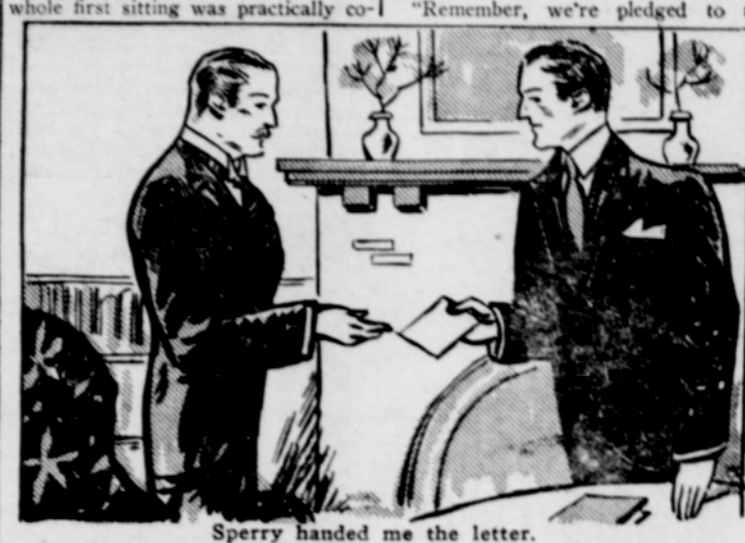
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walking negligently up the street. As that was the night of the third seance, I find that my record covers the fact that Mrs. Dane was house cleaning, for which reason we had no been asked to dinner, that my wife and I dined early, at six-thirty, and that it was seven o'clock when Sperry called me by telephone, and asked me to accompany him to the Wells' house to see if we could find the other overcoat.

He slipped an arm through mine when I joined him, and we started down the street. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this, Horace, old dear," he said.

"Remember, we're pledged to a



Sperry handed me the letter.

CLOVERDALE 4-H CLUB HAS WORK PROGRAM

The Busy Bee Four-H Sewing club of Cloverdale with Mrs. Fern Cone, leader, has submitted a program of work for the year. They will be presented with a charter from the United States department of agriculture for a standard 4-H club. The membership of the club consists of seven members with Esther Roberts, vice-president, Marguerite Getchell, president, and Harriett Lower, secretary.

The program for the meetings is January 21, roll call answered by tools used in sewing, demonstration—hemming a dish towel, repeating 4-H pledge. February 4, roll call answered by work done since last meeting, discussion—some ways to use old material. February 18, roll call answered by names of cotton material, demonstration in darning. March 3, roll call answered by furnishings for a girls bedroom, discussion on how clothes were first made. March 17, roll call answered by stitches used in sewing, demonstration on crocheting. March 31, roll call answered by trimmings for dress, nightgown or underwear, discussion—materials best suited for underwear.

April 14, roll call answered by names of parts of sewing machine, demonstration, basting. April 28, roll call answered by becoming colors, discussion, a well-dressed girl. May 12, roll call answered by repeating pledge, demonstration, stenciling. May 27—Achievement day, roll call answered by article each member enjoyed making and how made. Otherwise the regular business procedure will be used conducted by club officers.



WHAT IS GOOD By John Boyle O'Reilly "What is the real good?" I asked in a musing mood.

Order, said the law court; Knowledge, said the school; Truth, said the wise man; Pleasure, said the fool; Love, said the maiden; Beauty, said the page; Freedom, said the dreamer; Home, said the sage; Fame, said the soldier; Equity, the seer;

Spake my heart full sadly, "The answer is not here." Then within my bosom Softly this I heard: "Each heart holds the secret; Kindness is the word."

To Attend Session—Rev. Dean C. Poindexter, pastor of the Methodist church, will go to Roseburg Friday to attend a meeting of the Epworth League committee for the Little River institute.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, Oregon, January 18, 1932, upon and pursuant to a decree made by said Court January 18, 1932, in a suit pending therein in which Charles Clements was plaintiff and Jean Flanigan was defendant, which execution and order of sale was to me directed and commanded me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy certain liens and charges in said decree specified, I will, on Saturday, the 20th day of February, 1932, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the southwest door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell, at public auction for cash, subject to redemption as provided by law, all the right, title and interest of the defendant in said suit and of all parties claiming by, through or under him, since the 9th day of February, 1928, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

The north half of Donation Land Claim No. 42, Notif. No. 3288 in Sections ten and fifteen, township 18, south, Range 3 West of the Willamette Meridian, in Lane County, Oregon, and being the North half of the D. L. C. of George M. Coryell, the same containing 160.25 acres of land, more or less, in said County and State. Also beginning at the southwest corner of Donation Land Claim No. 59 in Township 18, South, Range 3 West of the Willamette Meridian and run thence North 12.38 chains to right of way, thence west 8 chains and 1-1/2 links, thence South 67 links, thence East 8 chains and 1-1/2 links, and thence North 67 links to the place of beginning, in Lane County, Oregon. Dated this 19th day of January, 1932. H. L. BOWN, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon. (J 21-28-F 4-11-18)

TO BE CONTINUED

LEGION AUXILIARY AIDS RELIEF WORK

Ladies belonging to the American Legion auxiliary are doing much to aid the needy ex-service men's families of the community, according to Mrs. M. B. Huntly. The organization has provided several families with Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets and has furnished funds for groceries for two needy families in this community recently.

...CANDY...

WILL MAKE HER SWEET ON YOU

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Visits Parents—Miss Leone Elliott, domestic science and music teacher at the high school, spent the weekend with her parents at Perrydale.

Hatching Eggs

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Mrs. Nancy Conrad's Home on East Main Street, Springfield. Also two acres in city limits, and four building lots on Emerald Heights. (Make me an offer). WILLIAM CURTISS, 820 G Street, Phone 107W

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Ketels Drug Store

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44c Last Two Days of Our 44c Days JANUARY JUBILEE SALE New Bargains Throughout the Store

44c DAYS

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