

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1932

COMMISSIONER WASHBURN

The appointment of Carl G. Washburne, Eugene merchant, as a member of the state highway commission, is fortunate for Lane county. Not since R. A. Booth and E. J. Adams served has Lane county had commissioners and wholehearted support of her part in the state road program.

This county has more miles of state road than almost any other county in the state and more at present under construction. It is very important that the work on these highways continue until they are finished before new and expensive construction be started on other roads. Expensive state roads that run to blind ends or poor connections are costly investments to the state.

Harmony in the commission is very essential to its working and important if public confidence is to withhold the high automobile license fees for road purposes. Bickering like has gone on recently must only result in the wrecking of the state program and the loss of much money to the state.

With Mr. Washburne on the commission, Lane county and Southern Oregon can count on understanding and sympathy for her part of the state highway program.

POOR TIME TO DISARM

The disarmament conference is meeting at a poor time to make much headway. Even the most ardent advocate of peace must admit that it would be foolish for the nations of the earth to disarm when more than half the population of the world is embroiled in revolution and civil strife.

India with 180 millions, China with more than 300 millions, Japan with 65 millions and Russia with more than 100 millions of people surely cannot be regarded as safe neighbors who can be quieted immediately with only brotherly love. America, the richest country in the world, has always been regarded with jealousy by those people of the earth who have never known what it was to be well fed. To disarm would only be inviting disaster for either the United States or Great Britain. Might better say that we will dismiss our police force in all our cities and live together peaceably.

A good job for unemployed would be for the county to put men to work cleaning up some of the county road right-of-ways in this vicinity. Many ditches and fence rows have grown up with willows and rose briars and will sooner or later have to be cut. This is the time of year when this work can be done most effectively.

We predict that his Wilsonian attitude toward the League of Nations will be the stumbling block for Mr. Franklin Roosevelt as democratic candidate for the presidential nomination. There are many within his party that do not want this country to take part in entangling world alliances.

One streak of silver lining to the depression cloud is seen in the fact that motorcycle production has fallen off about 50 per cent.

Census reports show that there are 102 and a half men in this country for every 100 women. That half man is probably a radio crooner.

The New York judge who declared that a man is master of his own home reflects little credit upon the wisdom of the judiciary.

Synthetic gin may fool the palate, but it doesn't fool the innards.

It wouldn't be so bad to be poor if we could keep the distressing fact a secret.

Milwaukee has a surplus of five million dollars. And not even a scandal brewing.



WHERE BUSINESS IS TO BLAME

I was lunching with a group of high executives, and the discussion turned to economic problems. Presently out came to usual line of comment:

"Congress is a bunch of idiots. How can we hope for any sensible program when our laws are made by such men?"

I was annoyed. All my business life I have listened to that sort of talk. I have known a good many Senators and Congressmen. My judgment is that they are fairly representative of the nation, neither better nor worse than the rest of us. They do not originate very much in the matter of national policy and legislation. They merely record in laws the sentiment that grows up in the country around them. They respond to public opinion.

And what does Big Business do to create and guide an intelligent public opinion? Practically nothing.

Every young man who enters Big Business is told in effect: "Now you have taken the veil. From now on you must not express any opinion on a controversial subject. You are no longer merely an individual; you are the representative of a large body of stockholders who hold divergent views on almost everything. You must not offend either our stockholders or our customers. Your duty is to work, and keep your mouth shut."

Big bankers and corporation officials regard this a policy of "dignified silence." As a matter of fact, it is laziness and cowardice.

My father was a distinguished clergyman, the spokesman of a large congregation. He never hesitated to have views or to give them vigorous expression. Sometimes parishioners criticized him. He said to me once: "If I do not know better than the members of my congregation what sort of preaching my people should have, then I am not entitled to be their pastor."

The president of a corporation with world-wide interests ought to know more than his stockholders or his customers.

He ought to know whether our present tariff policy is a help or a hindrance to our economic life, and have the courage to say so.

He ought to know whether our war debts should or should not be revised, and guide his stockholders in their thinking.

He ought to know what our policy should be toward Russia.

Ours is a democracy. For a generation or more we have been luring our best brains into business.

The time is coming when those best brains must render some more positive service in the formation of a sound public opinion.

It is not enough just to sit back and grumble about Congress.

SIGHT UNSEEN by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Final installment "She had been our first governess for the children," Elinor said, "and she often came in. She had made a birthday smock for Buddy, and she had it in her hand. She almost fainted. I couldn't tell her about Charlie Ellingham. I couldn't. I told her we had been struggling, and that I was afraid I had shot him. She is quick. She knew just what to do. We worked fast. She said a suicide would not have fired one shot into the ceiling, and she fixed that. It was terrible. And all the time he lay there, with his eyes half open—"

The letters, it seems, were all over the place. Elinor thought of the curtains, cut a receipt for them, but she was afraid of the police. Finally she gave them to Clara who was to take them away and burn them.

They did everything they could think of, all the time listening for Suzanne Gautier's return; filled the second empty chamber of the revolver, dragged the body out of the hall and washed the carpet, and called Doctor Sperry, not knowing that he was at Mrs. Dane's and could not come.

Clara had only a little time, and with the letters in her handbag she started down the stairs. There she heard some one, possibly Ellingham, on the back stairs, and in her haste, she fell, hurting her knee, and she must have dropped the handbag at that time. They knew now that Hawkins had found it later on. But for a few rays they didn't know, and hence the advertisement.

"I think we would better explain Hawkins," Sperry said. "Hawkins was married to Miss Clara here, some years ago, while she was with Mrs. Wells. They had kept it a secret, and recently she has broken with him."

"He was infatuated with another woman," Clara said briefly. "That's a personal matter. It has nothing to do with this case."

"It explains Hawkins' letter." "It doesn't explain how that medium knew everything that happened," Clara put in, excitedly. "She knew it all, even the library paste! I can tell you, Mr. Johnson, I was close to fainting a dozen times before I did it."

"Did you know of our seances?" I asked Mrs. Wells. "Yes, I may as well tell you that I haven't been to Florida. How could I? The children are there, but I—"

"Did you tell Charlie Ellingham about them?" "After the second one I warned him and I think he went to the house. One bullet was somewhere in the ceiling or in the floor of the nursery. I thought it ought to be found. I don't know whether he found it or not. I've been afraid to see him."

She sat, clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap. She was a proud woman, and surrender had come hard. The struggle was marked in her face. She looked as if she had not slept for days.

"You think I am frightened," she said slowly. "And I am, terribly frightened. But not about discovery. That has come, and can not be helped."

"Then why?" "How does this woman, this medium, know these things? Her voice rose with an unexpected hysterical catch. "It is superhuman. I am almost mad."

"We're going to get to the bottom of this," Sperry said soothingly. "Be sure that it is not what you think it is, Elinor. There's a simple explanation, and I think I've got it."

man who knew hardly the rudiments of the very things she was destroying?

Was death, then, not peace and an awakening to new things, but a wretched and dissociated clutching after the old? A wrench which only loosened but did not break our earthly ties?

It was well that Sperry came back when he did, bringing with him a breath of fresh night air and stalwart sanity. He found me still pacing the room.

"The thing I want to know," I said fretfully, "is where this leaves us? Where are we? For God's sake, where are we?" "First of all," he said, "have you anything to drink? Not for me. For yourself. You look sick."

"We do not keep intoxicants in the house."

"Oh, piffle," he said. "Where is it, Horace?" "I have a little gin."

"Where?" "Where?" "Well, said Sperry, when he had lighter a cigar. "So you want to know where we are?"

I drew a chair before the bookshelves, which in our old-fashioned house reached almost to the ceiling, and, withdrawing a volume of Josephus, I brought down the bottle.

"Now and then, when I have had a bad day," I explained, "I find that it makes me sleep."

He poured out some and I drank it, being careful to rinse the glass. "I would like to save something out of the wreck."

"That's easy, Horace, you should be a heart specialist, and I should have taken the law. It's as plain as the alphabet." He took his notes of the sittings from his pocket. "I'm going to read a few things. Keep what is left of your mind on them. This is the first sitting."

"The knee hurts. It is very bad. Arnica will take the pain out."

"I want to go out. I want air. If I could only go to sleep and forget it. The drawing-room furniture is scattered all over the house."

"Now the second sitting: "It is writing." (The stick.) "It is writing, but the water washed it away. All of it, not a trace. If only the pocketbook were not lost. Car tickets and letters. It will be terrible if the letters are found. Hawkins may have it. The curtain was much safer. That part's safe enough, unless it made a hole in the floor above."

"Oh, if you're going to read a lot of irrelevant material—"

"Irrelevant nothing! Wake up, Horace! But remember this. I'm not explaining the physical phenomena. We'll never do that. It wasn't extraordinary, as such things go. Our little medium in a trance condition has read poor Clara's mind. It's all here, all that Clara knew and nothing that she didn't know. A mindreader, friend Horace. And Heaven help me when I marry her."

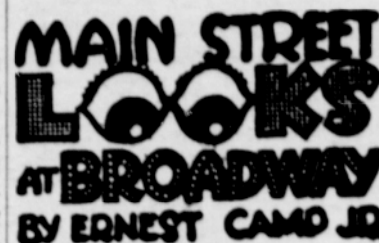
As I have said, the Neighborhood Club ended its investigations with this conclusion, which I believe is properly reached. It is only fair to state that there are those among us who have accepted that theory in the Wells case, but who have preferred to consider that behind both it and the physical phenomena of the seances there was an intelligence which directed both, an intelligence not of this world as we know it. Both Herbert and Alice Robinson are now pronounced spiritualists, although Miss Jeremy, now Mrs. Sperry, has definitely abandoned all investigative work.

Personally, I have evolved no theory. It seems beyond dispute that certain individuals can read minds, and that these same, or other so-called "sensitives," are capable of liberating a form of invisible energy which, however, they turn to no further account than the useless ringing of bells, moving of small tables, and flinging about of divers objects.

To me, I admit, the solution of the Wells case as one of mind-reading is more satisfactory than explanatory. For mental waves remain a mystery, acknowledged, as is electricity, but of a nature yet unrevealed. Thoughts are things. That is all we know.

Mrs. Dane, I believe, had suspected the solution from the start. The Neighborhood Club has recently disbanded. We tried other things, but we had been spoiled. We read a play or two, with Sperry's wife reading the heroine, and the rest of us taking other parts. She has a lovely voice, has Mrs. Sperry. But it was all stale and unprofitable, after the Wells affair. With Herbert on a lecture tour on spirit realism, and Mrs. Dane at a sanatorium for the winter, we have now given it up, and my wife and I spend our Monday evenings at home.

THE END



Indirect Advertising

Quite a few bootleggers here have a novel scheme for advertising. They send men around who place a price list of liquors in your mailbox, nothing else being on the card or in that envelope.

But, here is the catch, one finds in the same box another envelope, probably advertising an expensive French hand laundry, a place obviously too expensive for general patronage. But on it is the name "Tom's Place" or some other indication that one would never find on a laundry.

And that's one way New Yorkers discover where to buy drinkables.

Free Beer

One men's wear shop on West 42nd Street hit on a new plan recently to attract trade. It placed a picture of a foaming stein of beer in its window under the legend, "free beer." One goes in, gets a big glass of beer and a handful of pretzels without charge and then wanders around and selects items.

The place is doing a rushing business as a result. By the way, the beer is strictly legal, although a few steps down the street one can get the real article in a speakeasy.

Page Mr. Volstead

New York is franker about its evasion of the prohibition law than any other big city in the country. Just ahead of the holidays some of the newspapers devoted a column or so to giving the current prices of Scotch, rye, bourbon whiskies, and gin and other liquors. Whiskey was quoted at from \$1.50 a quart to \$4 for the best imported, other prices being in line.

No places were listed by street number but intending purchasers used the list to prevent being overcharged—and the bootleggers themselves not only stood by the prices but, we learned, are the men who went around to the papers and named the prices.

END OF DRY CYCLE SEEN FOR OREGON

State College Moisture Records Show Bright Outlook for Coming Crop Year

Oregon's climatic dry cycle, which has continued with more or less severity for 10 years and which has been acute the last two years, appears definitely broken. A check up of the year's rainfall together with present conditions throughout the state shows the most favorable moisture condition from an agricultural standpoint in the last decade, report men of the soils department of the Oregon State college experiment station.

Significant, in their opinion, is the fact that at Corvallis for the rainfall or crop year starting last September 1, the total to January 1 this season is 21.41 inches compared with 9.10 inches last year. While these figures would not apply throughout the state, the comparative difference exists elsewhere, indicating a much better moisture supply for crops than for many years past.

Much of the recent rainfall in the warmer sections of the state has come in the form of snow in the mountains and other higher or colder regions, thus assuring better irrigation supply and better range conditions than have existed recently.

LAW CLASSES ADDED TO SUMMER SESSIONS

For the first time in the history of the institution, the University of Oregon law school will join the regular summer session in giving classes during the summer period. Announcement to this effect was made here by Wayne L. Morse, dean of the law school. The exact nature of the law courses and the definite procedure will be announced later. Mr. Morse and Prof. Buy S. Claire, will be the instructors this year.

TWO FOUR-H CLUBS ORGANIZED AT TRENT

Two new Four-H clubs were organized at Trent last week under the direction of Mrs. Irene Holcomb, leader of both groups. Both of the clubs, one a sewing and the other a home making project have the same officers. They are Myrna Laird, Pleasant Hill, president; Elizabeth Holcomb, Trent, vice-president; and Agnes Wallace, Jasper, secretary. There are 12 members in the sewing club and nine members in the home making group.

MANY WOMEN LISTED FOR JURY SERVICE

Three women and one man from this district are listed on the jury panel to be called for the term of circuit court to begin March 7.

They are Margaret Kenyon, Springfield; Daisy D. Warner, Creswell; Josephine H. Finn, Leaburg; and L. A. Walker, Jasper.

All of the women are listed as housewives.

HOW ONE WOMAN LOST 10 LBS. IN A WEEK

Mrs. Betty Laedeke of Dayton writes: "I am using Kruschen to reduce weight—I lost 10 pounds in one week and cannot say too much to recommend it."

To take off fat easily, SAFELY and HARMLESSLY—take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it is the safe way to lose unsightly fat and one bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle. Get it at any drugstore in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the safest way to lose fat—money back.

But be sure to get Kruschen Salts—imitations are numerous and you must safeguard your health.

Spring Colds

We always have a supply of remedies for Spring Colds that are effective. Our advice costs you nothing. Come in and likely we can tell you how to avoid sickness—which means loss of time, trouble and expense. The drug store stands guard over the community. Avail yourself of this protection.

Ketels Drug Store

In the New Store Springfield

SUNNY DAYS—WILL SOON BE HERE

Then you'll want your car to run right. Let us tune up the motor and fill the tank with either VIOLET RAY or GENERAL ETHYL gasoline. Then you'll be set to enjoy a long trip on the highway or up the river.

ANTI-KNOCK and DOUBLE-POWERED gasoline are the world's best motor fuels.

"A" Street Service Station

5th and A Streets Springfield

A Symbol of THOUGHTFULNESS

A BOX of EGGIMANN'S CANDY is the best remembrance you can give anyone—anytime. For pure, delicious sweets, EGGIMANN'S is known far and wide.

For a gift there is nothing that will be appreciated quite so much as a box of our best chocolates.

EGGIMANN'S

Where the Service is Different

Don't Miss Our Big Rummage Sale Friday and Saturday

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Williams' Self Service Store

77 E. BROADWAY EUGENE, OREGON

Electricity

WILL DO THE WORK OF TWO or THREE SERVANTS for ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY.

WHERE

is the woman?

WHO spent her days in an endless-round of housework? She has discovered that electricity is the perfect servant and has put it to work so that she may spend her time with her family in recreation and improvement. Electricity is the king of comforts—it has made her house a home.

Mountain States Power Company

His Spirit Still Leads Us—By Albert T. Reid



It is not enough just to sit back and grumble about Congress.