THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1932

SUPER ROADS MUST WAIT

With the reduction of the engineering force and the cutting of wages it is evident that the highway department expects to do little more this year than complete the existing road projects under construction and keep up maintenance. Few large major construction projects will likely be started and even Portland's road to the sea will no doubt have to

This is no doubt good business judgement on the part of the highway commission. With shrinking revenues this is no time to float big bond issues for highway construction and especially in the face of threatened drastic reduction in the automobile license fees. Big jobs, anyway, are done mostly with power and give work to but few men. The smaller sections of uncompleted road will give more hand labor and also be more beneficial to the state because, for the most part, they are jobs that connect up existing roads where weak links now exist and prevent full use of the high-

CLEAN UP AND PAINT UP

From all indications the coming summer will be the state's biggest tourist season. It behooves every city and countryside to look its best when this big parade passes by. Both from a business standpoint and from pride we should clean up and paint up this spring.

In addition to our annual spring clean up there are two things we might well do.

One is to see that all vacant lots are cleaned up at the time the rest of the town is going through the annual clean up. The other is the painting of all the store fronts on Main street. There's nothing that makes a town look wide awake like fresh paint. It makes a good impression on the newcomer and it has a stimulating effect on the resident.

Civic organizations should give their support to a cleanup and paint up campaign.

We are amused at the Democrats who talk free trade in one breath and the next about the sin of buying foreign goods. It is true that we would not need a high tariff if we had an absolute boycott. But we must learn something of boycotts. One in China got her into the present war with Japan. Boycotts make our neighbor nations mad.

We don't hear so much about Chinese bandits since the army has halted the Japanese advance in Shanghai. The Chinese await the Japanese advance with cold steel, which shows the confidence of plenty of military training rather than bandit warfare.

Springfield seems to be the only section of Lane county not politically minded. Every other community either has someone filed for county office or about to throw his hat in the ring.

If Henry Ford is now willing to risk eighty million dollars on the future of American business the rest of us should also put up a few nickels.



THE FORGOTTEN ANANIAS

Some years ago a chicken thief committed a series of robberies on big estates outside New York. He got away with some very fancy stock.

Finally, one of the gentleman farmers, whom we shall call Van Norton, hired a private detective and caught the

Sitting in a New York club a few nights later, Van Norton received the congratulations of his neighbors. "You did a fine thing," they said. "Now we hope you'll send the rascal over the road for a good long stretch.

'What do you mean, send him over the road?" Van Nor-

"Why, prosecute him. Send him to jail."

"Prosecute him? I don't intend to prosecute him."

They were incredulous. "Surely you're going to see that

he is punished for all the loss and worry he has caused us." 'Just a minute," Van Norton responded quietly. "Sup-

pose I do prosecute him. Suppose I get a conviction and a jail sentence. What will happen? Ten years from now my name will be mentioned in a gathering such as this, and somebody will say vaguely, 'Van Norton? Van Norton? Let's see. Wasn't he mixed up in some chicken stealing business a little while ago?""

It is a curious fact of human nature that we forget the best in our fellow men, while a single stain of scandal clings to our memories forever.

If I were to mention to any reader of this newspaper the name Judas, he would tell me immediately who Judas was. "He was the treacherous apostle, the betrayer of his Lord."

If I were to mention the name of Ananias, I should get a response almost as prompt. "Ananias? Why Ananias was the man who claimed to have sold all his property and turned the proceeds over to the apostles. But he held some of it back, and for telling that lie he was struck dead. He was the

But how many readers remember this story?

When the apostle Paul saw the vision by which he was converted, he was divinely guided into Damascus to the house of a faithful disciple. What was the disciple's name?

Another disciple was sent to Paul to minister to his needs. What was his name? Ananias.

Everybody remembers Judas the betrayer and Ananias the liar. Nobody remembers the other Judas and the other Ananias quiet, unselfish men who aided Paul in his hour of need and helped to start him on his great career.

A very wise and good friend of mine had a motto. Said he: "Every man has a right to be judged by his best."

Will some psychologist explain why it is so hard for us to remember the best?

And so easy to remember the worst?

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Second Instalment

the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"U-hum. I suppose so. get his picture for me?" "Felix Kent's?"

"Sure thing. Your young man's."

She laughed. The whole experience began to be an astonishing adventure.

"Oh, Lynda Sandal," said Jocelyn, "Hush! Sandal." I am going to like you. Maybe Sandal."

At the This father had a way with him that opened a door in her heart. He was so casual, so hard, so vibrant. There had been nothing like him in her life. She hurried to her room to get

She was very quick, being really she was very quex, being really afraid that he might just vanish forever if she left him. So, coming back light-footed she found him returning to his place from some swift furtive investigation of the room. She noticed this, but in her confused excitement it made on her at the time no particular impression. Later she was driven to remembering it. Her father stood up to go, catch-

ing his cane, smothering a cry at the pain all sudden movements cost him. "I mustn't see you again. But-here's my address." He pushed a folded scrap of paper into her hand and bent her fingers over it. "I want you to have that for two reasons. If you ever need me you can send for me or come to me. But I advise you unless it's a very serious business, to forget me and my whereabouts. to forget me and my whereabouts.

The other reason . . well, I won't door locked, coiling a trunk rope around her arm she switched off her bother you with that. May I kiss you?"

There, in the little bedroom, its threw back his head and laughed with a great painful yelling of delight.

"You win. And I surrender. Lynday you?"

She lifted her face. She was in She followed him into the small bad given her. She got out, paid and the adventure I can decently sup-back room, her own bedroom. It the driver and climbed up the dirty ply. And if this madness be the startled her to think that he had steps of an old-fashioned brownstone death of Jocelyn Harlowe I do here every room ample air and sunlight.

climbed in at her own little dark window. Now Sandal got himself pain-fully cut across its sill and Jocelyn watched him climb down the fire es-"Does a Mr. Sandal live here?" cape, swiftly and quietly in spite of his pain and his twisted body.

to the lighted front room.

Introduced to Miss Rebecca Deal, a a table. little ruddy sturdy woman with She came rapidly up the last bright eyeglasses and a wide mouth. steps and stood in the doorway. Jocelyn was amused by this new Felix left to interview someone in the outer office she sat down in his revolving chair before his great neat handsome desk and looking at Miss Deal with all her eager eyes began cried out sharoly.

You work here with him every "Half the time he's off. Miss Har-

'It seems so queer to me," said father." better you know him than I

Rebecca blushed and laughed.
"I wish I were as clever as you

would so love . came toward him, speaking ear meet him, speaking earmeet him at every turn he made.
"Felix, can't I learn how to do
these things for you? I mean, if
Miss Deal could teach me, I'd love
to work with you, to understand.

"You shall know whatever you want to know, sweetheart."

In the limousine, on their way to lunch, Felix spoke tenderly:

"I do want you to be in my con-dence but I never thought you'd be interested in this sort of thing." But this sort of thing is just part of all I must know. Felix. I have been so put away and shut up . . . like one of these unlucky princesses in towers. It is horrid to be a medieval infant in a world of grown-up moderns. I must know. I must

while she pulled out a big leather hing away nights by a back window. Walise from her closet and rummaged there. She dressed herself in a or spoil your chances any. What do pleated short plaid skirt, a black you want?"

TOMORROW

Not long ago I told in this column

of a foolish millionaire who put a

million dollars in gold into a safe-

deposit box. Several persons have

written to me saying my figures

were wrong as to the size of the

box it would take to hold so much gold. My banker friend who told

me the story said that a box 171/2

inches square and 131/2 inches deep

The superintendent of the U.S.

Assay Office in New York gave me

some corroborative figures. "A mil-

lion dollars in gold bullion would

occupy a space of 4,752 cubic

inches or 23-4 cubic feet," he said.

and would weigh 3,316 pounds

avoirdupois, or 1.58 tons. We weigh

gold bars by grains, and an ounce

of gold is a troy ounce, which con-

would hold a million in goid.

tight jersey, long-sleeved, high in the throat, a little jacket and in a big and rapidly, "I want to know what old tam-o'-shanter." Before she put this on her head she ran her fingers back and forth through her sleeked thick hair until it was the wild unruly mop of a golliwog. She went to her mother's room and examined the likeness she had so achieved: a girl with a slim high-colored face, a firm rich mouth.

STORY
Will you
Will you
Will you
Will you
mg man's."
Will a shift high-colored face, a firm rich mouth, a pair of tilted gleaming eves: a girl with a swagger that was made charming by its lines of race and breeding.
"Oh, Lynda Sandal," said Jocelyn.
"Oh, Lynda Sandal," said Jocelyn Harlowe."
She put her hand across his lips.
"Hush! Not here, Here I'm Lynda Sandal."



Nick laboriously crawled over the window sill.

Jock rose and bowed. The other

men sat where they were and shook

Lynda's hand with cordiality, staring

and grinning hard grins up into her

face. Jock Ayleward did not stare. He looked at her once keenly and

"Don't stop playing. May I watch

"We're quitting, Miss Sandal. So

They went, slipping into tight neat coats, slapping on their hats at rakish

After the men had finally taken their leave Jocelyn questioned her

What is the hunting grounds?"

"A gambling place."
"Is that how you make your liv-

He held out his crippled hands with

gesture and a look which clearly peant, "How could I? No. Jock

"Whenever you please, my dear,

"Oh, Father, can't something be

He shook his head.
"Jock has done what he could for

must know. It's fair enough. There

was a time when I took care of him."

ooked away.

he game?

rindow sill.

She drove to the address her father promise to show you all the reality G

building on a street which must once by promise to aid, succor and support Homes built in rows, if properly have been lined with sober dwellings. Miss Lynda Sandal to the best of my planned, are now held to give more

This was her father, she thought.

One day Felix offered to take her crouched on a battered sofa against the four card players turned.

The wast wisted up paints to present to you the wall. He was twisted up paints the wall was twisted up paints to present to you my daughter. Miss Lynda Sandal. to her office.

"Oh, Felix, will you? I'd love to fully among some tattered cushions my see your office. I've never been in- and smoked a pipe with deep eager Mr. James Drury, Mr. Saul Morrison side an American office. Will you sucking noises, cuddling its bowl in and Mr. Gustave Lowe. Jock Ayleshow me everything? Will you ex- one of his swollen and distorted ward, my protege and my protector." hands. His bright eyes watched a In Kent's inner sanctuary she was group of four men playing cards at

She came rapidly up the last few Nick Sandal, brushing away the manifestation of womanhood. When smoke of his pipe, made a queer gasp

long, Old Nick. See you later at the hunting grounds, Ayleward." cried out sharply. There was a strained silence in the

angles, smiling at Lynda last with probing looks. It was Jocelyn herself who broke Whalf the time he's on. has been sold he's increased, as of course you know, in all these mines."

"Go on with your game, please," she said. "I came to talk to my

Jocelyn with her slow wistful smile.
"that all this side of his life just returned to their cards and to their means nothing to me. How much better you know him than I do!"

The men obeyed with alacrity. The returned to their cards and to their smoking, igoring Nick and his visi smoking, igoring Nick and his visi tor. But one of them, with a wind The men obeyed with alacrity. They tor. But one of them, with a wink and a twist of his whole face, got up a

and shut the door.

Jocelyn sat down beside the crip-been something more perishable than again to see you? his own and peered up into her face. They spoke in low voices, trying to or can make it convenient. create for themselves an illusion of nearly always at home. Most of the

rivacy.
"I wanted to see you, Father. I find it harder to get about." got out the way you showed me. Mother doesn't know I'm here. "Nothing wrong then?"
"No. I felt that I must see you.

There's something in me that belongs me. He takes care of me now, you you. And I am really very lone-"Lonely? With a fiance and a "He loves you, Father. I can see mother and a crowd of friends?" that when he smiles."

"Felix is still a stranger. I have of friends."

Nick put an arm roughly about her. not the man your Felix is, for inno friends.'

"All right, Lynda. I'll be your stance. He has a poor outlook in friend. I don't mind loving you life and a character which might be

moderns. I must know. I must learn. If I had friends here who could teach me . . . young people . . " Felix controlled a wincing motion, "but without them how shall I ever learn unless you will teach me? Do you think I could take a business course, perhaps, after we are married?"

"You may take any course you like, beloved. But you musn't hate your beautiful innocence. It is just because you are so exquisitely different that I love you."

In the your future the world. And I don't want to get you into trouble with your future husband and with the reputable side of the house."

"I'll never let them know."

"Uh-hum."

"Uh-hum. Emotionally I should say he was a sort of bulldog. But talk it over sort of quietly. That's because, perhaps, he's not been oddled any by life. He knows the value of the few people that care for him."

In her own room, she sat down on her bed and thought. After a while she pulled out a big leather while she pulled out a big leather."

dollar, so the \$20 goldpiece, or

Continued Next Week

oure gold.

than an ounce of coin gold and a

little less than a troy ounce of

tains 480 grains; but when we ship books published, but they will be gold bars we weigh them, for feight better books, the publishers say. purposes, in avoirdupois pounds, of For several years it has been pos-7,000 grains to the pound. It takes sible for almost anybody to get a 25 8-10 grains of coin gold to make a book published, whether the author knew how to write and had some double eagle, contains a little more thing to say, or not. The country was flooded with volumes from the pens of young writers whose ambitions outran their abilities, who had never taken the trouble to learn how to write and who, quite This year there will be fewer generally, were interested in noth-

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ing but indecency

The reading public is getting disgusted with books which reflect no emotions above the level of animalism, recognize no spiritual forces or values in Lie. Readers are turn ing back to the sound old classics More young folk are reading Rob inson Crusoe than have for years turned to that great book, which ranks next to the bible and Shake speare in its enduring value as source at once of entertainment and inspiration.

I think we are coming toward the nd of the time when incompetence could "put itself over" by blatan advertising of inferior products People are not buying poor quality products now, and are not so ready o believe what plausible promoters tell them. It is going to be harder for a few years at any rate, fo swindlers to sell worthless stocks and bonds, and for self-styled artists to palm off their so-called "modern" paintings and sculptures as real works of art.

Ability is going to come into its own again. The principal trouble with the nation and the world today is that second-rate and third-rate men have been ballyhooed as firstraters and getting away with it.

HOUSING

Lewis Mumford, distinguished New York architect, says that the home has again become the family recreational center, and that the ome of the future must be much more comfortable and beautiful. At the Museum of Modern Art many other architects have shown that they agree with him, exhibiting pictures and models of houses designed to meet modern conditions, some of which are actually built or build-

Glass is used liberally, both for very poor ability. In order to seal atched him climb down the fire estatched him climb him climb down the fire estatched him climb down the fire Across the room Nick Sandal At the changed timbre of his voice, garded as essential. Roofs will be utilized for recreation in the cities and towns of the future, and all iomes will have ample balconies besides.

> Some of the plans and pictures of these modern homes look odd to eyes accustomed to conventional forms, but I find young minds ac epting them enthusiastically. This first international exhibition of modern architecture is to be shown in Philadelphia, Hartford, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Toledo, Rochester, Worchester, and Cambridge, after it closes

n New York on March 23, and it will be worth making a trip to se-

MORTGAGES

The safest investment in the world, according to Joe Day, is a first mortgage up to and not over 60 per cent of its actual value, or an owner-occupied dwelling house anywhere in the United States. oseph P. Day has sold more real estate than any other man ever old, and he is also a director of he largest money-lending instituion in the world, the Metropolitan fe i surance company.

The cities and towns of the naon are over-built with business nd apartment structures built to February 26th, 1932. ent, says Joe Day, but there is a rying need for several million modern one-family homes. There is elenty of money available to build

them, but the need is for better ways of making that money available to the home owner at reaonable cost. That is coming, investors think, and soon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, hat the undersigned, has by the county Court of the State of Oreion, for the County of Lane, been duly appointed as administrator of the estate of Lottle Needham, de-ceased and all persons having laims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same roperly verified to me at the ofce of Frank A. DePue in Springfield, Oregon, within aix months from the date of this notice. Dated

MELVIN NEEDHAM, Adminis-FRANK A. DePUE, Attorney for

(M 3-10-17-24-31)

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