

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 wait.

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 highways.

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 clean-up 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 miscreant.

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 Norton asked.

"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. "Suppose 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 prince of liars."

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? Judas.

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?

RAPTURE BEYOND

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Second Instalment

Break from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially-ambitious mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night to tell her of her father's plan 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. Will you get my picture for me?"
"Felix Kent's?"
"Sure thing. Your young man's."
She laughed. The whole experience began to be an astonishing adventure. 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 the picture.

She was very quick, being really afraid that she 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, catching 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, forget me and my whereabouts. The other reason... well, I won't bother you with that. May I kiss you?"

She lifted her face. She was in tears.
She followed him into the small back room, her own bedroom. It startled her to think that he had climbed in at her own little dark window. Now Sandal got himself painfully cut across his sill and Jocelyn watched him climb down the fire escape, swiftly and quietly in spite of his pain and his twisted body.
Jocelyn shut the window, went back to the lighted front room.

This was her father, she thought. One day Felix offered to take her to her office.
"Oh, Felix, will you? I'd love to see your office. I've never been inside an American office. Will you show me everything? Will you explain everything?"
In Kent's inner sanctuary she was introduced to Miss Rebecca Deal, a little ruddy sturdy woman with bright eyeglasses and a wide mouth. Jocelyn was amused by this new manifestation of womanhood. When 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 to question her.

"You work here with him every day?"
"Half the time he's off. Miss Harlowe, in Chicago or the Southwest. He's interested, as of course you know, in all these mines."
"It seems so queer to me," said Jocelyn with her slow wistful smile. "that all this side of his life just means nothing to me. How much better you know him than I do!"
Rebecca blushed and laughed.
"I wish I were as clever as you are and had your experience. I would so love to see you."
Here Felix entered and the girl came toward him, speaking earnestly. A new Jocelyn seemed to meet 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 confidence 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 horrible to be a medieval infant in a world of grown-up moderns. I must know. I must learn. If I had friends here who could teach me... young people... Felix controlled a winning 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 mustn't hate your beautiful innocence. It is just because you are so exquisitely different that I love you."

In her own room, she sat down on her bed and thought. After a while she pulled out a big leather valise from her closet and rummaged there. She dressed herself in a pleated short plaid skirt, a black tights 480 grains; but when she ship gold bars we weigh them, for freight purposes, in avoirdupois pounds, of 7,000 grain to the pound. It takes 25 8-10 grains of coin gold to make a dollar, so the \$20 goldpiece, or double eagle, contains a little more than an ounce of coin gold and a little less than a troy ounce of pure gold."

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 17 1/2 inches square and 13 1/2 inches deep would hold a million in gold. The superintendent of the U. S. Assay Office in New York gave me some corroborative figures. "A million dollars in gold bullion would occupy a space of 4,752 cubic inches or 234 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-

tinued 480 grains; but when we ship gold bars we weigh them, for freight purposes, in avoirdupois pounds, of 7,000 grain to the pound. It takes 25 8-10 grains of coin gold to make a dollar, so the \$20 goldpiece, or double eagle, contains a little more than an ounce of coin gold and a little less than a troy ounce of pure gold."

books published, but they will be better books, the publishers say. For several years it has been possible for almost anybody to get a book published, whether the author knew how to write and had something 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 generally, were interested in noth-

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 life. Readers are turning back to the sound old classics. More young folk are reading Robt. Inson Crusoe than have for years turned to that great book, which ranks next to the bible and Shakespeare in its enduring value as a source at once of entertainment and inspiration.

I think we are coming toward the end of the time when incompetence could "put itself over" by blatant advertising of inferior products. People are not buying poor quality products now, and are not so ready to believe what plausible promoters tell them. It is going to be harder, for a few years at any rate, for 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 hallyhoosed as first-raters and getting away with it.

Lewis Mumford, distinguished New York architect, says that the home has again become the family recreational center, and that the home 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 building.

Glass is used liberally, both for outer walls and partitions, giving every room ample air and sunlight. Homes built in rows, if properly planned, are now held to give more privacy than detached houses, and cost less to build. Sound-proof walls are insisted upon. Large living rooms facing gardens, and kitchens built to save labor are regarded as essential. Roofs will be utilized for recreation in the cities and towns of the future, and all homes 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 accepting them enthusiastically. This first international exhibition of modern architecture is to be shown in Philadelphia, Hartford, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Toledo, Rochester, Worcester, and Cambridge, after it closes

in New York on March 23, and it will be worth making a trip to see it.

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, on an owner-occupied dwelling house anywhere in the United States. Joseph P. Day has sold more real estate than any other man ever sold, and he is also a director of the largest money-lending institution in the world, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The cities and towns of the nation are over-built with business and apartment structures built to rent, says Joe Day, but there is a crying need for several million modern one-family homes. There is plenty of money available to build

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

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, has by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lane, been duly appointed as administrator of the estate of Lettie Needham, deceased and all persons having claims against said estate (hereby notified) to present the same properly verified to me at the office of Frank A. DePue in Springfield, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated February 26th, 1932.
MELVIN NEEDHAM, Administrator.
FRANK A. DePUE, Attorney for the estate.
(M 310-17-24-31)

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TODAY TOMORROW
FRANK BAKER STOCKBRIDGE
GOLD
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 17 1/2 inches square and 13 1/2 inches deep would hold a million in gold. The superintendent of the U. S. Assay Office in New York gave me some corroborative figures. "A million dollars in gold bullion would occupy a space of 4,752 cubic inches or 234 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-

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