

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE
One Year in Advance \$1.75 Three Months .75c
Six Months .90 Single Copy 5c

County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1932

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

We don't know who the happiest man on earth is, but we know who the unhappiest people are. They are the people who thought they could buy happiness with money and who, now that their sources of money have dried up, find themselves thrown upon their own resources, and have discovered that those resources are not sufficient to bring them happiness. We do not know whether to feel sorry for these people, especially the younger ones, or indignation at their parents and teachers, for giving them or permitting them to get a wrong slant on life.

We confess to a considerable degree of indignation when we hear people advising young folks to buy this, that or the other thing because it will make them happy. We think there are very few commodities, and those very inexpensive ones, that can make any material contribution to individual happiness. Possessions may enlarge one's sense of self-importance. Money may enable people to do things which give temporary pleasure. But the idea that the rich are any happier than the poor is just as false now as it always has been.

We think one of the real benefits of these hard times to many people has been that it has forced them to develop their inward resources and depend upon their own efforts for happiness. We have certainly heard much more complaining from people who still have a good deal of money left than we have heard from people who didn't have much of anything to lose. The man or woman who has learned in childhood to get along with little is far better adapted to face the realities of life than the one who has always been able to buy whatever pleased his or her fancy. Those are the unhappy ones today—the ones who cannot spend money as they used to spend—while the happy ones are those who never had any money to spend.

MORE PROTECTION FOR LUMBER

Lumber and the coal industry are regarded as the two hardest hit in this time of depression. We see no reason why either lumber or coal should be brought into this country while such conditions exist—two of our largest employers of labor practically at a standstill. The tariff should be raised so that foreign lumber will be excluded. If any workmen have to be idle in the lumber industry let it be the foreign laborer.

Oregon's money constantly must go to other parts of the United States and the world to buy manufactured goods we use here. The balance of trade is always against us. The lumber industry is the biggest source of new money. Once it stops there is a tendency to drain this state of all its money and we get harder and harder up.

WHEN WILL THE BIG FELLOWS CUT?

President Hoover has offered to become a \$1 a year man. He waives his constitutional rights if congress sees fit to reduce his salary. Governor Meier was also going to be a \$1-a-year man or something like it before he was elected. But with a high salaried public service and agricultural commission, purchasing agent and college chancellor, et al, products of this administration, it looks like if any salary cuts were in the offering they would be the little fellows, and it will take quite a number to offset these big increases.

The double crossing of Colonel Lindbergh by the kidnapers should be ample demonstration to the world that "There is no honor among thieves."

After one hour and 16 minutes of instruction an eastern girl took the controls of an airplane and made a solo flight. No bird ever learned to fly in such a short time.

An Ohio man roller skated all the way to Miami, Florida, and back. No woman even asked him to ride.

An Illinois woman married three brothers, one after another. Must have liked the mother-in-law.



Way of Life
by BRUCE BARTON

WE RICH

A young man, who is vice-president of a New York bank, told me that he dined recently at a fashionable resort.

"All the other guests were very rich," he said. "They were older people, many of them retired. They were shaking in their boots. They are afraid there will be a social upheaval and that their money will be taken away."

I told him I thought these people had a right to worry. "The social order will not be over-turned," I said, "nor will people like your friends be stripped of their possessions. But I do believe that, when this depression is over, the rich will be poorer and the poor will have a degree of comfort and security that they have never possessed before. And this will be better for everybody."

In saying this, I am taking a position which is contrary to my own selfish interests, for, while I am not and never shall be rich, I have an income that is much above the average. If taxes are higher, mine will go up with the rest.

But shouldn't they? What have I done to deserve as much as I get out of life?

You may answer: "You have worked hard. You have been ambitious and intelligent. Any man who will apply himself in this country can do well."

This is not a complete answer. To be sure, I have worked. But where did I work the hardest? On a farm one summer (I still ache when I think about it). And in Montana in a construction camp. The hours, in each case, were more than twelve a day, and at night we were too weary for anything but bed.

On my farm my income was one dollar a day; in the construction camp it was sixty-five dollars a month.

If I have increased my income it is not because I have worked harder but because I happened to get out of these tough jobs into one that is much easier and much better paid.

If I have used intelligence, it is not greatly to my credit. I happened to have been born into a home of culture. I was sent to college, and my expenses were paid.

Many rich people, who are worried for fear they will have to bear a larger burden in the future, have had all these advantages, plus the added advantage of inherited wealth. When they grumble they give me a pain.

Surely, we who have had the best luck in this country are going to be wise enough to recognize it and to assume cheerfully our full share of the load.

KAPORÉ BEYOND

by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Ninth Instalment

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyne 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, surprisingly enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lydia Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the city and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

Lydia visits her father in his dingy quarters. She finds four men playing cards when she arrives. One of them, Jack Aylward, her father tells her, is like a son to him, but warns the girl he is a trader.

Lydia passes a second visit to her father and Jack takes her home, on the way stopping with her at an underworld cabaret. Jack gets into a fight with a gambler who looks like a fight with Lydia. He then takes Lydia home. Later she mentions Felix's name to Jack and Aylward's face displays his demonic hatred of the millionaire.

Jack tells Lydia that Felix caused him to be sent to jail unjustly by fixing up his report on a mine. Lydia says she doesn't believe his story. She says another visit to her father and goes to a cabaret with him and dances with Jack, who suddenly stops and tells her to come to his room.

Felix tells Jocelyne that Jack is a worthless scamp. Later Lydia tells Jack she does not believe in his innocence but will try and find through Felix, some letters Jack claims will clear his name.

Nick discovers Jack making love to Lydia when he returns home immediately after the others get there and reveals him for being a convict. Returning home, Jocelyne finds her father handling some immensely valuable jewels hidden behind her father's door.

Felix tells Jocelyne that Jack is a worthless scamp. Later Lydia tells Jack she does not believe in his innocence but will try and find through Felix, some letters Jack claims will clear his name.

Marcella finds her jewels stolen and hires a private detective, who accuses her of the mysterious prowling of Lydia, without knowing who she is. Lydia suspects her father, Jocelyne decides to marry Felix quickly and preparations are made for the wedding. She asks him to tell her the combination of his safe, as a mark of his confidence in her.

Armed with the combination and accompanied by Jack, Lydia enters Felix's office at night, abstracts the wanted papers from the safe and throws them down to Jack, who is waiting below. She is captured by the janitor and turned over to the police. Felix learns the next morning, in Washington, that a "boy" had broken into his safe.

"NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY"
"Yes, sir, I know how you must feel. When I heard it, it went right through me like a bullet. About one o'clock, or a little earlier, Rory thought he heard a movement on our floor and let himself into the outer office. There he saw a light moving close to the door. He caught a young boy in the act of climbing in at the window."

"Rory struck him over the neck with his stick. He thinks he got him in good time. Nothing seems to be disturbed. The safe is quite as usual. All the papers on your desk and inside it are intact. I do believe, Mr. Kent, that no harm's been done. But I'm just kind of scared. I wish you were here to go over your papers on that safe. And, the thing is, I'm almost sure he was climbing in of course he might have been climbing out. No, sir. They didn't find anything on him. They're holding him at the station. You'll be back before noon."

"I'd have to make it by airplane to do that, Miss Becky."
"Well, perhaps it isn't that important but I do feel kind of scared."
Kent, without troubling himself to reassure her fears, hung up and pondered the exasperating news.

The thief had taken something from that safe... a thousand hideous betrayals darted through his fancy, whitening his lips, pulling down lines beside the grim mouth- corners. He saw wolf faces, hyena faces.

He stood up. He'd take to the air. No use putting himself to the strain of these imaginary disasters. At precisely noon, Charles having been warned by wire to meet him at the landing field, Felix presented himself in his office.

Miss Becky was glad to see him. She repeated to him the disorganized details of her information. One that she added caught Kent's breath.

"But Michael does say that for an instant he kind of thought maybe the boy threw something down to the court before he knocked him out."
Kent was now at the safe and his face was pinched as he began to pull out the contents of the metal drawers.

Miss Deal said timidly, "By the way, Mr. Kent, Mrs. Harlowe's been ringing and asking for you."
"Mrs. Harlowe?" snapped Kent. "If she rings again put her off until I'm through with this. Just tell her I'm on my way from Washington but as soon as I get in, it's some idiotic woman business about the wedding."

He stopped in the middle of that word. Miss Deal turned her pince nez upon him and all the blood in her body rushed up into her square face. "Oh, great heaven, what's gone?"

Kent had stood up. He was chalk white, a pallor that showed blue about his lips.

"Get me the police station quickly!"
A minute later Felix, seated at his desk, was stabbing space with his questions. Between his brows a deep straight line creaked like a bear. He identified himself to the

MISSIONARY TO VISIT CITIES IN WASHINGTON

Miss Hattie Mitchell and her brother, Delbert, left Springfield Saturday for Sunnyside, Washington, on a month's visit which will take them to many of the cities of that state. Miss Mitchell, who is a missionary worker in Africa, will make addresses at many of the cities visited, telling of her work.

LOST 20 LBS. OF FAT IN JUST 4 WEEKS

Mrs. Mae West of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm only 28 yrs. old and weighed 170 lbs. until taking one box of your Kruschen Salts just 4 weeks ago. I now weigh 150 lbs. I also have more energy and furthermore I've never had a hungry moment."

Fat folks should take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it's the SAFE, harmless way to reduce as much as thousands of men and women know.

For your health's sake ask for and get Kruschen at any drug store—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money back.



This Map of WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOBLEY

Washington, D. C.—As the time for the presidential nominating conventions draws nearer, the question of what the two great parties will do in their platforms on the subject of prohibition becomes a live topic of discussion.

All of the signs point to a declaration by the Democrats in favor of a national referendum on the appeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. But what that would amount to is another question. It would help get votes for the Democratic ticket among the "wets," beyond a doubt, but would it drive "dry" votes away from the party?

The argument of the Democratic leaders is that the states where prohibition has its principal strength are mostly "safe" Democratic states, in spite of the fact that Mr. Hoover carried most of them in 1928. They think that it was Alfred E. Smith's religion, rather than his wet proclivities, that lost him the election, and that with a wet Protestant candidate the "Solid South" will vote Democratic regardless of the wet-dry issue. Their effort, therefore, must be to capture the doubtful states, and those, they contend, are mainly states where the wet sentiment is dominant.

Any change in the Constitution must be ratified by three-fourths of the states, whether by their legislatures or by conventions specially called for the purpose. There are 48 states, therefore 36 of them would have to vote wet on the proposed amendment, if the Eighteenth amendment is to be repealed. If thirteen states stand out against repeal, prohibition remains the law of the land. And that more than thirteen states will never vote wet is the belief of the men of both parties who have given this subject the most thought.

The proposed referendum, therefore, it is pointed out, would be nothing but a vote catching gesture, but no chance that it would accomplish its pretended purpose.

Mr. Hoover's wet friends—and there are plenty of wets on the Republican side of the political fence—are urging him more strenuously than ever to come out for some sort of modification or repeal of prohibition. It is being urged upon him that the 145 members of congress who signed a petition for a referendum include 79 Republicans as against only 66 Democrats. The president's attitude is understood to be that he must be shown a much greater demand from his own party and from the nation at large before he will agree that prohibition repeal has the overwhelming public support which any radical change in the Constitution ought to have to be really effective.

The talk that "prohibition is a failure," that the prohibition laws cannot be enforced, is regarded by the president, it is reported, as premature. His intimate friends point out that one of his first acts on taking office was to ask congress to give him greater power to enforce or attempt to enforce, the Volstead law. He had been in office a year and a half before enforcement was finally turned over to the Department of Justice which is organized for law-enforcement, from the Treasury, where its control had previously been. In the 18 months since, then, it took at least six months to weed out the deadwood and crooked sticks from the old prohibition enforcement unit and to build up a new personnel. So that the first serious, intelligent national attempt at enforcing prohibition has only had a year or so of experience, and that, Mr. Hoover is said to have, is too short a time for a fair test as to whether it can be done or not.

It is regarded as highly probable, therefore, that the Republican platform, about which the candidate will have, naturally, a great deal to say, will stress precisely that point—that the Administration has

begun an honest effort to enforce prohibition, that more time is needed to see whether it can really be done. And this is probable, that the platform will promise if after a reasonable test of the reorganized prohibition it becomes clearly apparent to everybody that the present provisions of the Constitution and laws are unworkable, then the Republicans, if elected, will submit the question of repeal to the states in the regular manner for Constitutional amendments.

Paint—We are gradually evolving into diet faddists. Selection of our presidents proves that.

Brush—What do you mean? Paint—Well, first we had Calvary Coolidge and now we have Herb Hoover.

Candy!

Both youngsters and grownups count on Eggmann's candy. It is the most delicious and tempting that expert hands can make. Whether it is chocolates, fudge or brittle you know it's good. That's our business to make better and better candy.

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"Let me alone with her for a moment. I think I've seen the girl before," Felix told the policeman.

The officer at the other end departed at some length.

Said Felix presently, interrupting: "A woman? What difference does that make? Oh, to hell with such hysterical stuff. She'll speak all the quicker if you turn on the works. I'll take the responsibility. All of it, I tell you," his voice lifted to a shrill whining note, "you've got to get back those papers for me or I'll make your place down there not for you that you'll wish you'd put your young lady on a piddion to save your own skins."

Except for an uncertain sort of mumble there was no further protest from the other speaker. Felix had made a second dash, suddenly at a blotter, his hand passing as though it watched torment.

He bent forward again. "Wants to speak to me? Won't speak to anyone else?" He sat thinking. "All right. Keep her squirming till I get there. Trust me to make her come clean."

Miss Becky asked no question as her Great Chief turned to the door. A moment later the phone rang shrilly.

"Oh, Mrs. Harlowe, I am so sorry. He was here but he's just gone out. I did tell him and he just kept it perfectly quiet. I'll tell it only to Mr. Kent himself privately at the earliest possible moment."

She listened, her face was all aghast.

"Oh, Mrs. Harlowe, how dreadful that sounds... Oh, I am so sorry. Yes indeed I will."

Five minutes later, having in the interval walked distractedly up and down the room, she wrote down on a pad: "Urgent. Miss Jocelyne Harlowe was not in her bedroom this morning. After repeated summonses the door was forced. She had gone to bed early. None of her outer clothes seemed to be missing. There was no message or note of any kind and no explanation has yet been discovered of her absence. She seems to have completely disappeared. No one saw her leave the building."

This message Miss Becky, crying and blowing her nose, placed in an envelope and sealed. She labeled it, "For Mr. Kent. Urgent. Personal. Private" and propped it conspicuously on his desk.

The room where Lydia Sandal sat waiting for the arrival of Jocelyne Harlowe's fiancé was neither comfortable nor luxurious. It was on the contrary, incredibly grimy, dingy, depressing and suggestive of down-trodden guilty and hunted lives. Three men were in attendance upon her. They ringed her like a wolf pack and like a wolf pack they snarled and snarled and circled and squatted, wearing her out so that she might drop down unprofitably to suffer the fleshing of their fangs.

Since morning of that April day which was only so short a tale of hours before her wedding hour, she had sat on a hard chair gripping its edge with both her hands, turning her white face from this tormentor to that, listening to threats that made her blood attack them leap away from her scared heart.

She still wore Nick's shabby suit but her collar had been torn open under Rory's grasp. Her tie was lost, her hat had been taken from her and above the crumpled attire her fine feminine throat appeared as an effect of startling decay. There was no particle of vivid coloring in this trapped face but the tilted eyes glared angry and bold, and the lips still went tight when she closed them at the end of each reiterated reply.

"I won't tell you anything," Jocelyne must be given his chance, her voice doggedly repeated. This until, after some outside message, her arm had been savagely twisted and she had turned faint. Then, "I won't speak to anyone but Felix Kent," she had conceded.

"Why do you keep on torturing me now?" she wailed when this message and one of the men's departure and return with the news that Kent was on his way, had brought no surcease to the rain of furious question and threat. She had begun to weep.

A voice in the room beyond her torture chamber, put a question sharply and Jocelyne opened her strange and lovely eyes wide.

That was Felix Kent for the first time they were about to meet. She forgot her straggled inquiries. She sat up straight, commanding the cries, bewildered shrouding of her head, and as the door opened, she rose slowly to her feet.

Felix Kent, staring down at her, turned scarlet and his eyes changed. He drew in his breath, put up one hand, let it fall and mastered his face. He turned to the men.

"Here, let me alone with her a moment. I think I've seen the girl before. There's more in this than this is hardly a police matter," he explained. Just let me have her for an instant," his even voice cracked under the force his will had put upon it but smoothed itself immediately, "and I think I can find out all I want to know."

The men, curious, grimly amused and cynical, went willingly away. The greasy door was closed. Felix waited. He moved close to Jocelyne, caught her wrists in his two hands and drew them up to his breast, pulling her near to him in a gesture that was passionately possessive, furious, masterful.

"Now," he said between his teeth, "if you haven't gone mad since I left you yesterday—at your own request, as I seem to remember—or if I have not myself lost the use of my wits, you will please explain this preposterous joke... for which I imagine, you've been already sufficiently punished by orders of my own. And you will please return the papers you took from my safe. I see now why you coaxed that combination out of me. At least I begin to see why. Say it over to me now."

She found herself whispering: "Three-eight. Three turns to the left. Eight-five-two. Two turns to the right. One-One-One-seven. Six turns right. Then turn left."
"Right. Now tell me why you took those papers and what you've done with them. And the whole purpose and reason—if there can be one—for this disgusting masquerade." He held her away from him and looked her from head to foot with a contempt that scorched. "You'll do me a penance for this, he told her. Then he went over and sat down on the chair of her long torment and, forcing her to her knees there on the floor before him, he held her between his own knees. The young strong body in his grasp straightened and tightened proudly. "Let me go, Felix," said Lydia Sandal. Her voice was resonant. "I'm not a child. Nor am I property of yours. I'll not be held like this, bullied and threatened."

Continued Next Week

Visit at Grants Pass—Mr. and Mrs. Karl Girard and family drove to Grants Pass Sunday.

Visit at Glendale—Clive McFarland spent Sunday visitin' with friends at Glendale.

Per Hour and Per Gallon

Violet Ray and General Ethyl gasolines mean more miles per hour and more miles per gallon, too. They leave little carbon and give you that almost instantaneous pick-up that every motorist seeks.

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