



"Los Angeles!" the sneering town sot. Doctor Steddon felt that he was proving his love, his loving wisdom toward his daughter, by forbidding her even to meet young Farnaby outside the choir loft. He was sure that her love would wear out.

He did not now his daughter. Who ever did?

Elwood had expected that the bad news would shock her. But he could not understand the look of ghastly terror she gave him. He forgot it in his own bitter brooding and did not observe the deathly white that blanched her pallor.

Yet he had noted that she was paler of late and had added that worry to his backbreaking load of worries.

She coughed incessantly, too, and kept putting her hand to her chest as if it hurt her there.

On the way home under the wasted magic of the rising moon, Remember did not walk as usual between her father and mother with a hand on the arm of each. Tonight she kept at her mother's left elbow and clung so tight to the fat, warm arm that her mother whispered:

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, mamma," she faltered. "I'm just a little tired, I guess."

Mem again was coughing violently and the rest of the way home Doctor Steddon was not a preacher anxious about his daughter's soul, but a father afraid of her life. The cough to her parents was an ominous problem. To her it might promise a solution.

Next morning at her father's command Mem went to see Doctor Bretherick. She told him that her parents were afraid her cold was more than a cold, and she coughed for him. He asked her many questions, and she grew so confused and apt in blushes that he asked her more. Suddenly he flung her a startled look, gasped, and stared into her eyes as if he would ransack her mind. In the mere shifting of his eyelid muscles she could read amazement, incredulity, conviction, anger, and finally pity.

All he said was "My child."

There could be no solemn conference then. Doctor Bretherick had attended Mem's mother when the girl was born. He thought of her still as a child, and now she dazed him and frightened him by her mystic knowledges and her fierce demands that he should help her out of her plight or help her out of the world.

He refused to do either and demanded that she meet her fate with heroism.

In the talk that followed, Dr. Bretherick drew out the fact Elwood Farnaby was "the man" and suggested a plan for their marriage when the telephone rang.

The doctor's welcoming "Hello!" broke through a many-wrinkled smile. It froze to a grimace. As Mem watched he kept saying: "Yes. Yes. . . Yes!" and finally, "That's right—bring him here."

He set down the telephone as if it were a drained cup of hemlock.

"It wasn't Elwood?" Mem asked.

"No. Yes. Well—O God! What a bitter world this is."

Mem caught eagerly at grief.

"Tell me! What's happened? What's happened to Elwood? He's hurt. He's killed?"

"Yes."

It was Dr. Bretherick who afterward found a solution.

"Your cough will take a long time to cure or kill," he said. "But it may come in very handy. I've got it all thought out. You can't stay in this town now, I suppose. Most of the animals crawl away and hide at such a time; so suppose you just vanish. Let your cough carry you off to—say Arizona or California."

She was startled at this undreamed-of escape. He went on:

"I'll tell the necessary lies. That's a large part of my practice. And practice makes perfect. You will go to some strange town—and pose as a widow.

"You will marry an imaginary man out there and let him die quietly. Then, if ever you want to come home here, you can come back as Mrs. Somebody-or-other."

He chose Woodville as the name. Mem was to write of Mr. Woodville's devotion; then to describe a hasty wedding and request that her letters thereafter be addressed to her as Mrs. Woodville.

After a brief honeymoon she could eliminate Woodville in some way to

pay her parents their loan with usury, with wealth, perhaps. Who knew?

He spoke of many women who had begun poor and finished rich. "You might go into the movies, for instance, and make more money than Coal Oil Johnny," he said.

Mem imbibed mysterious tonics at the doctor's office, and always came away buoyed up with the feeling that her tragedy was unimportant, commonplace, and sure to have a happy finish.

But the moment she reached home she entered a demesne where everything was solemn, where jokes were never heard, except pathetic old witticisms more important in intention than in amusement.

And at last, one day, quite unexpectedly, when she was under no apparent tension at all, the girl went into Mrs. Steddon's room and said, in a quiet tone:

"Mamma, I want to tell you something. I'd rather break your heart than deceive you any longer."

"Why, honey! Why, Mem dear, what on earth is it? You can't break this tough old heart of mine. What is it?"

She whispered it so softly that her breath was hardly syllabled.

"Mamma, I—I'm going to have—to have a baby."

The shock of the news was its own ether. Mrs. Steddon whispered back, covering:

"You? You! My baby—You? A baby?"

Mem nodded and nodded till her knees were on the floor and her brow on her mother's lap. Old hands came gropingly about her cheeks. She felt the drip, drip of tears falling into her hair, each tear a separate pearl from a crown of pride.

Then her mother fumbled at the dreadful question:

"But who—who—"

"Elwood!"

Mrs. Steddon's decision was easy, and she made no difficulty of the gross deceptions involved. Her husband must be protected in his illusions and protected from the necessity of wrecking his high moral principles on his own child. His child must be protected from the merciless world and the immediate wrath of the village.

TO BE CONTINUED

LANE COUNTY RED CROSS HAS REGIONAL MEETING

An announcement has been received of the regional conference of the America Red Cross for which the Lane County Chapter will act as hosts. The meetings are to be held in Eugene tomorrow and Saturday of this week. The first session is scheduled to begin at 2:00 o'clock tomorrow and everyone is welcome to attend any or all of the meetings.

The principal speaker at the conference dinner on Friday will be

Speakers Listed

James L. Fieser, of Washington, D. C., vice-chairman of the American National Red Cross, will speak on the subject: "The Red Cross, a Community Investment."

Other speakers at the first day's session will be Miss Mary Concannon, assistant national director of Junior Red Cross, who will discuss the subject of the Junior Red Cross in the high schools, and Miss Mary Leete, secretary of the State Child Welfare Commission, who will talk on "Child Welfare Problems and the Red Cross in Counties of Oregon."

The second day's program includes addresses by J. Arthur Jeffers, manager of the Pacific Branch, American Red Cross, on "How Chapter Organization Affects Service," Dr. Phillip A. Parsons, Director of the School of Social Work, University of Oregon, on "Rural Social Work," and

Miss Gladys Badger, nursing field representative, on "Some Developments Possible in Nursing Service." The problems of the ex-service man—one of the major responsibilities of every Red Cross chapter—will be discussed by John N. Zydeman, liaison representative with the Seattle Regional Office of the Veterans' Bureau.

Miss Mary H. Annin, executive secretary of the Lane county chapter, has announced that films depicting scenes in the disaster stricken districts of Porto Rico following the destructive storms of last year will be shown at the conference.

Ford Loses Rear Wheel

An usual automobile accident occurred at noon Saturday when the right rear wheel of a Ford touring car came off as the driver was making the turn into Main street from Fifth. No one was injured and apparently but little damage was done to the car. It seemed as though the nut holding the wheel on the axle had become loose and later stripped the threads of the axle, allowing the wheel to fall off and break the emergency brake shoe.

"NO HUNTING OR TRESPASSING" signs printed and in stock at the Springfield News Office.

EATS SAUERKRAUT NOW, FEELS YEARS YOUNGER

"Now I even eat sauerkraut and sausage and feel fine. Adierka ended stomach gas and I feel 10 years younger,"—Mrs. M. Davis.

Just ONE spoonful of Adierka relieves gas and that bloated feeling so that you can eat and sleep well. Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old waste matter you never thought was there. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adierka will surprise you. Planery's Drug Store.

BIG LUMBER SALE

Our ANNUAL CLEAN-UP LUMBER SALE started at our Springfield Mill on Monday, September 23, 1929. We offer the following:

| | | | | | | |
|---|-----|------------|-----------|------------------|----------------------|-----------|
| 20,000 ft. 2x 4 | R-L | Sized | @ \$15.00 | 2,500 ft. 5/8x6 | Com. Rst. | @ \$10.00 |
| 5,000 ft. 1x 4 | R-L | Sized | 7.00 | 2,500 ft. 1/2x4 | Clr. R. E. Rst. | 18.00 |
| 2,000 ft. 1x 6 | R-L | Sized | 7.00 | 2,000 ft. 1x4 | Bev. Rus. | 20.00 |
| 5,000 ft. 1x 8 | R-L | Sized | 8.00 | 10,000 ft. 5/8x6 | Nov. Rst. | 20.00 |
| 10,000 ft. 1x10 | R-L | Shiplap | 15.00 | 5,000 ft. 1x6 | D-Sdg. Good | 30.00 |
| 10,000 ft. 1x 6 | R-L | Shiplap | 15.00 | 5,000 ft. 1x6 | D-Sdg. | 23.00 |
| 10,000 ft. 2x 6 | R-L | Sized | 10.00 | 6,000 ft. 1x3 | Flooring | 18.00 |
| 5,000 ft. 2x 8 | R-L | Sized | 11.00 | 10,000 ft. 1x3 | F. G. Flg. Good | 20.00 |
| 3,000 ft. 2x10 | R-L | Sized | 12.00 | 2,000 ft. 3/4x6 | F. F. Flg. 4 & 6 ft. | 15.00 |
| 3,000 ft. 2x12 | R-L | Sized | 12.00 | 1,000 ft. 1x6 | F. G. Flg. 2 ft. | 15.00 |
| 5,000 ft. 4x 4 | R-L | Sized | 15.00 | 4,000 ft. 5/8x4 | EV Clg. 4 to 9 ft. | 15.00 |
| 5,000 ft. 4x 6 | R-L | Sized | 15.00 | 2,000 ft. 5/8x4 | EV Clg. 2 ft. | 15.00 |
| 10,000 ft. 2x 6 and 2x8 Dkg. S'lapp and D & M | | | 16.00 | 10,000 ft. 5/8x4 | Clg. R-L | 15.00 |
| 10,000 ft. 2x12 | R-L | Sized | 15.00 | 10,000 ft. 1x4 | Clg. R-L | 20.00 |
| 10,000 ft. 2x 8 | R-L | Sized | 14.00 | 10,000 ft. 1x6 | Com. Flg. | 15.00 |
| 5,000 ft. 1x 4 | | F. G. Flg. | 20.00 | | | |

These are real bargains at much below regular retail prices.

In addition to the above list we have lots of outs and overs which we will sell very cheap.

Bring us a list of your needs in lumber and see what you will save by buying now.

Don't wait too long as many of the best values go out early.

Look over our regular stock. It's full of Old Growth Durable Douglas Fir with grades guaranteed. You will find it the best building material available.

We can furnish you anything in lumber from a lath to large and long timbers.

SALE PRICES ARE CASH, f.o.b. our Springfield Mill, and will continue about two weeks.

THE
Booth-Kelly Lumber Co.

For it is only the styles, and not the souls that change. There are chronicles enough to prove that the same quota of the Remembers and the Praisegods of Plymouth and the other colonies suffered the same bitter beatitudes and frantic bewilderments as Remember Steddon and Elwood Farnaby endured when their elbows touched in the choir loft of this mid-Western village.

Miss Steddon felt a sudden tremor in Farnaby's elbow; then it was gone from hers; she saw his thumb nail whiten as it gripped the hymn book hard.

Somehow in the words he chanted seemed to stab him with a sense of guilt. He felt it a terrible thing for her to stand before that congregation and cry aloud words of ecstasy over her redemption from sin.

Their secret, unknown and unconfessed, was concealed by the very clamor of its publication. And it troubled Farnaby mightily to be gaining all the advantage of a lie by singing the truth.

When the choir was not singing openly and aboveboard, it was usually busily whispering. Even Elwood Farnaby had to lean over tonight and whisper important news to Remember. He was not permitted to call at her house or to bea her home after the service. Singing beside her in the house of God—that was different. He told her now what he had just learned, that the factory where he was employed would close down the following week because of hard times. Elwood was to have been promoted to superintendent soon.

To Remember Steddon the news that Elwood would have no job in a week and would know no place to look for one had more than a commercial interest. It was the alarm of fate.

She had loved Elwood since they were children—had loved him all the more for the squalor of his home. He was the son of the town's most eminent drunkard, old "Falldown Farnaby."

Among the slipshod children of his family Elwood alone had managed to acquire ambition. He had latterly supported his mother and a pack of brothers and sisters. He had even been able to afford to go to the war and win the guerdon of a wound that made him glorious in Remember Steddon's eyes and a little more lovable than ever.

Her father, however, had been unable to tolerate the thought of his daughter marrying the son of the