

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H. E. MAXEY, Editor

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1932

FIGHT FOR OREGON AND LANE COUNTY

Lane county rallied to the defense of the University of Oregon Tuesday evening when several thousand people attended a meeting at the Eugene armory.

The thinking people of the state will no doubt have nothing to do with the initiative petitions which will be circulated in a few days to destroy the University which has existed in Eugene for more than 60 years.

Friends of the university and those owning property in Lane county should discourage the signing of the bill and use their best effort to prevent it securing sufficient signatures by July 7 to be placed on the November ballot.

No doubt those who are sponsoring the movement will attempt to secure signatures for the most part in centers far removed from Eugene, Ashland, La Grande and Monmouth, cities affected by the bill.

TIME FOR THE GOVERNOR TO SPEAK

The Marion county tax league which proposes to move the University of Oregon is a creature of Governor Meier's. Does the governor approve of its action in starting these initiative petitions in circulation and has he taken any steps to prevent it?

The Republican central committee in Lane county will be organized Saturday. This is usually a great day for the Democrats, not burdened with 92 precinct committeemen.

From the reports of the defeated candidates in the Democratic primary in Lane county it would seem that the sign of the double cross would be a better emblem for the party than the donkey.

Statistics say that each motorist in the United States uses 600 gallons of gasoline on an average each year. How many people know what their gas bill is in a year?

Baby buggies are now being made with windshields, but pedestrians are hoping that four-wheel brakes will come before free-wheeling.

A Scottish minister declares the modern flapper needs spanking. Yes, but it would take an Irishman to do it.

New York's cat population is estimated at 1,500,000. This does not include the Tammany Tiger it is reported.

Way of Life by Bruce Barton HUMAN NATURE

Some nights I go home emotionally tired out. Not by work, but by repeated revelations of the meanness of human nature.

All sorts of unpleasant characteristics come to the surface under the stress of hard times. Partners quarrel; husbands and wives snarl at each other; companies throw their codes of ethics into the discard; bluffers and cheaters, who have 'got away with it' for years, are shown up in their true colors.

When in human history has there ever been a time when so many million people were acting generously and sympathetically as now?

I can name dozens of concerns that have continued to operate at a loss because their owners felt a responsibility to their employees, and other dozens that have fought off any reduction in salaries to the last possible minute and then made the heaviest cut at the top.

I know one large city where twenty-five hundred volunteers have each adopted an equal number of destitute families and are carrying their members through the winter. I can name a struggling little college whose unpaid teachers voluntarily asked a ten per cent reduction in salaries in order that certain poor students might not be compelled to leave school.

The action of the railroad men and executives gave me cheer. I brought back a vivid memory of a certain Sunday morning when I was seven years old.

My father, a clergyman, had never purchased a Sunday newspaper. On this particular morning he came down to breakfast looking deeply concerned, and said to Mother: 'I feel today that I must know the news before I go into the pulpit.'

The news that he felt he must know was about the railroad strike in Chicago, where men were killing each other, and Grover Cleveland had ordered out the Federal troops.

MAN MADE THE TOWN by RUBY M. AYRES

Fourth Instalment

At twenty-two the only thing Diana really desired was another woman's husband. A nervous wreck from the excitement and strain of London's gay life, she is taken by her aunt, Mrs. Gladwyn, to a famous special lady's office. The obscurer orders her to the country for a long rest. She rebels, but she listens, and she agrees to go to a rural retreat.

Before she leaves she goes to Dennis Waterman's flat, where they are surprised by Miss Starling, heading over her. Dr. Rathbone's home was close by, Miss Starling told her.

There was a little sound out in the road. A big car had drawn noiselessly up to the gate, and a man was getting out.

A big man with a very unprofessional appearance—Rathbone. Rathbone made another effort to rise. He was angry but he was angry with her. She heard his step on the path, then his voice talking to the maid.

"Oh, well, I'll go up," then his step on the stairs. The creature was not there, of course, and now he would be angry to find her out of bed. Not that she cared if he was angry; he was well pleased to look after her. He ought to have sent word that he would be coming. Diana was trembling from head to foot as she clung to the window sill, her face turned to the door.

Rathbone came in. He gave one glance at the bed before he saw her, and she broke out tearfully, "I was so tired of bed—I wanted to see what was outside. . . . and I can't get back."

"He crossed the room in a stride and picked her up as if she had been a child, depositing her in bed and pulling the covers over her." "How long have you been there?" "Only just before you came."

"I told you to stay in bed. I told Miss Starling—"

"She's gone out—"

"Well, if you do again you'll have to have two nurses. What would you have done if I hadn't come?" "Stayed there, I suppose," Diana whispered.

He stood looking down at her un- smilingly. "Don't you want to get well?" she asked brusquely. Her lips moved, but no words came; her big eyes stared up at him mournfully.

"If you don't want to get well, say so, and I won't come any more," he said ruthlessly. "But it seems a pity—a child like you. All your life before you—everything to look forward to."

She spoke then, in trembling bitterness. "I hate my life in London. I don't care if I die. I suppose you've never wanted to die?" "I've never been very ill," he answered humbly. "And it's only when you feel ill and weak that you think it would be an easy way out if you died."

"I suppose you think I'm very silly," she submitted. "I think you're going to be a very wise little girl and get well very quickly."

He looked at her coolly. "Very well, I'll make another bargain with you. If you'll do as you're told—no getting out of bed or refusing to eat—when I come again I'll take you for a little ride in my car."

"When will you come again?" she asked distrustfully. He laughed. "To-day is Wednesday—shall we say, Saturday?" "Will you promise?" "On my sacred word of honour," he stood up. "No more tears, mind."

"No." He held out his hand. "Good-bye, for a little while." "You will come on Saturday?" "Yes."

Diana gave a sigh. "Thank you very much." It was the first time she had really been polite to him.

The creature was a little skeptical about that promise! Saturday drive! At least, she looked it up, and she was too hatefully tactful (Diana thought) to say anything. "You will have to see how much you can improve during the next three days," was her only comment.

Diana knew quite well what she was thinking, and it made her all the more determined to be well enough to go with Rathbone. She made no more trouble about taking her food or medicine, and did everything she was told almost before she was told.

On Thursday she received a letter from Dennis, telling her he had found out through Anna where she was and asking if she could see him. She forgot all about their last quarrel and told him

to call some afternoon, when Miss Starling would be out. On Saturday Rathbone came at three o'clock. Diana heard his car come up to the gate, and her eyes grew bright with excitement.

"She was well enough now to feel that she was about to be taken out of prison; well enough to find the quietness of the little room rather trying; she listened eagerly for his step on the stairs."

"She could hear him downstairs talking to Miss Starling. It seemed an eternity till he came up to her. 'Well?' he said cheerily. 'And how are we to-day?'"

"She searched his face with eager eyes. 'Are you going to take me out?' He laughed. 'Didn't I promise? But let me look at you first.' 'I'm much, much better,' she assured him earnestly.

After she had been dressed, Rathbone lifted her gently in his arms—she was little more than a featherweight—and carefully carried her down the narrow staircase of the tiny house. The creature was standing by the car—a different car to the one Diana had seen drive down the lane when Rathbone last came.

"I'm going to drive you myself," he said as he carefully set her down on the seat of the car where pillows and rugs had already been methodically arranged by Miss Starling.

"That means you're going to sit in front," Diana said disappointedly. "That's where the driver generally sits," he answered calmly. In less than half an hour they were back at the cottage, and Jenny greeted them at the door, her face all smiles, her eyes very knowing as she looked at Diana.

"Have you enjoyed it, Miss?" she asked, and Diana answered: "It was such a little while—it was hardly worth going for." Rathbone laughed as he carried her upstairs again and set her down in an armchair.

"That's base ingratitude," he said cheerfully. "And I've sacrificed my Saturday afternoon to you." She met the kindness of his eyes and relented a little.

"Thank you for taking me," she said. She clung to his hand for a moment. "I'll come again soon," he promised.

"I'll be back by day," she told Diana. "I shall be back by day," she told Diana. "I shall be back by day," she told Diana.

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For a moment Diana could hardly see him. She was blind with emotion, and her heart beat so fast it seemed to be thudding up in her throat, choking her.

Then the mists cleared, and she saw him standing in the doorway, looking at her with eyes that seemed half ashamed, half pitying, half glad! Yes, the gladness was there, and with a little smothered cry Diana held out her arms to him.

"Dennis . . . He came over to her and took her in his arms. 'Poor little girl . . . my poor little girl . . .'"

She clung to him, half laughing, half weeping. He kissed her gently as he might have kissed a child, but she seemed contented and lay still, looking at him with big eyes.

"Look at me, Dennis—you don't look at me at all," she said. He raised his eyes with an effort. "I've been worrying about you, Diana."

"You need not," she told him. "I shall soon be back in London to plague you and quarrel with you again."

"He turned his head quickly away, and she said with a sharper intonation, 'Is anything the matter? You seem—strange, somehow. Is anything the matter, Dennis?'"

"No, at least—"

"Something is the matter," she insisted. She tried to raise herself, but the effort was too much, and she lay back, trembling and breathing quickly. "You frighten me," she whispered. "You frighten me."

"He held her hand to his face—surely a frail, white little hand. 'There's nothing to be frightened about, my dear.' He smiled to reassure her. 'It's only—I've got to go away for a little while—that's why I came. I had to see you before I went.' 'Go—away? . . . Where?'"

"A long way, I'm afraid; at least, perhaps you will think it a long way, though—it's nothing, nowadays—America."

"America—why?" "America is not so far away," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "It's only five days now—no time at all."

"How long will you be gone?" "He bowed his head. 'If you loved me you wouldn't go.' 'Do you think I want to go?'"

"Yes, I do," she said passionately. "My God, Diana, you're impossible!" He walked away from her to the window. He was wishing with all his heart that he had not come, and yet perhaps he had never loved her so well as he did now, when she was ill and weak. Her brave attempt to look pretty for his sake cried aloud to his heart for pity.

"I must go, Diana." She said nothing, she just lay there looking at him with tragic eyes, and moved to sudden emotion he lifted her up in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Don't forget me, Diana." There was no answering pressure in her lips, those poor little reddened lips, and he said, stung to unjustified anger. "You think only of yourself. If you had any thought for me you wouldn't be so hard."

"I'm not hard," she whispered. His face grew sullen. "Good-bye, then." He walked out of the room without another word or a glance, and Diana lay there, her face as white as the pillow, straining to hear the last sound of him . . . the very last sound of him.

Then suddenly she came to life. She gave a little strangled cry and tried to get out of bed. "Dennis! . . . Dennis! . . . Dennis! . . ."

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TODAY TOMORROW FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

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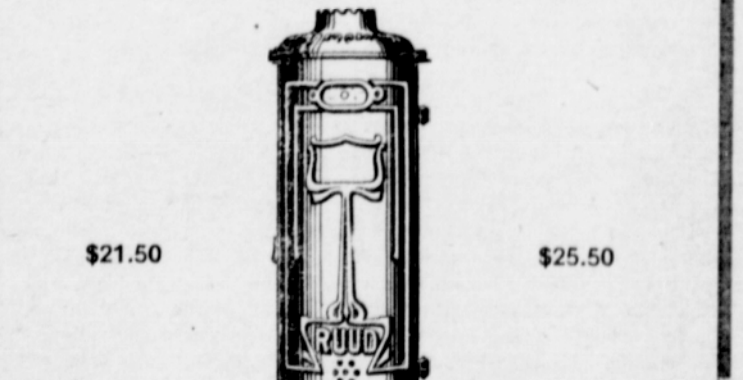
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