

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1934

THE BEST MEN WON

The Republican and Democratic parties in Oregon will both be led for governor by steady reliable men in the campaign before the November election. Oregon is returning to sanity as in many other parts of the country. Those who made extravagant or radical promises or had other reforms to air were turned down flatly throughout the state.

Joe Dunne the Republican nominee, while a step higher as a progressive than General Martin, Democrat, is not a reformer, but a man who believes that we should build firmly on the foundations we already have. The bogey of free power is forgotten and "Joseph's shoes" never were filled. All that will vanish with Governor Meier.

The sales tax turned down for the second time has left the schools in a bad plight. But perhaps Uncle Sam can spare us more money this next term which will allow for a few more weeks of school than otherwise. All that is left in this respect is hope.

As we see it Democratic chances for any victories in the election this fall are rather slim with the possible exception of governor. The Republican party which was in the dumps a few months back seems to be coming back strong so far as Oregon is concerned. Oregon never had a better chance to gain three Republican congressmen with strong men running in each district. The overwhelming vote of confidence given Congressman Mott indicates he will win this fall. Mott is the type of progressive Republican that will no doubt lead the party in the near future. His recognition as assistant floor leader and his admittance into conference with the heads of the party nationally all indicate this course.

The Republican party is quietly being brought up-to-date. It should profit by the mistakes of the new deal and know what experiments not to try when once it again returns to power.

IMPROVING THE NRA

We think the National Recovery Administration is taking a wise course in deciding to abandon the effort to place every kind of business, down to the smallest one-man tailor shop, under some sort of a code. We can see where the codes of fair competition may prove in the long run to be of the greatest value to producers and consumers alike, as well as to wage-earners, in the large competitive industries.

We understand that control of operations under the codes is being gradually transferred to the industries themselves, and that the expectation is that before long the hand of the Government will be entirely removed, except as it may serve as a mediator in disputes between industries or within an industry.

But we have never quite understood how the Government expected to be able to police the whole country to see to it that no cobbler half-soled a pair of shoes for a nickel or a dime less than some other cobbler wanted for the job, or that every filling station lived up strictly to the rule of the forty-hour week for employees. Local businesses dealing only with local customers, particularly when they are small concerns operated by the owner and a few helpers, must consider the service to their trade first of all, whether it means conforming to the customs or rules imposed for some other line of business in some other community, or not.

We agree in principle with the idea of keeping unfair competition from outside of the trade territory of independent local merchants. We have not seen much of that so far, however, in the operations under the NRA. It was our understanding, and the President's declared purpose, to put the small business man on an equality with the big business men. From all we hear, big business is well pleased with the results under the codes so far, but many small business men are not.

Therefore, as we have said, we welcome the news that these small, local businesses are not to be included in the new set-up of the NRA.

MEMORIAL DAY

It is now nearly seventy years since the last shot was fired in that tremendous conflict between the North and South which history records as the American Civil War. The pitiful little handful of survivors of that great struggle are now old, old men. Whatever hatred or bitterness they felt for each other has long since been resolved by the kindly, soothing hand of time.

It is not necessary here to go into the causes of that titanic struggle. Leave that to the historians and interpreters, who will not have finished in another seventy years, nor in seventy times seventy, their efforts to make the events of the 1860's prove this, that or the other theory. The fact remains that the survivors and the descendants of both sides have equal cause for pride.

We believe we are right in saying that all the rancor, all the sectional bitterness that that great struggle engendered, and which hung for so long like a funeral pall over the reunited Nation, vanished long since. It began to disappear when the sons of men who had worn the Northern blue marched in the ranks of '98 with those whose fathers had worn the Southern gray; its last trace disappeared when the boys from Texas and Mississippi swung into action at Chateau-Thierry alongside their khaki-clad brothers from Vermont and Minnesota.

On the 30th day of this month, all over the North and in many of the States of the South, the Nation will again pay its annual tribute of remembrance to the brave men who fought for their native land in three great wars. In some states there have been or are yet to be held special memorial services for those who fought for the Confederacy. But the tears that are shed and the wreaths that are laid are, all of them, a nation's tribute to what we must still regard as the highest possible expression of the nobility of the human character, which does not hesitate to risk dear life itself, not for any possible selfish gain but for the sake of others.

"Under the sod and the dew, waiting the Judgment Day—
Tears and love for the Blue, love and tears for the Gray."

All over the country men who are receiving 75c to \$1.25 an hour are striking for recognition of this or that union, which may or may not represent the majority of the workers. We who live in the country cannot comprehend the meaning of such conduct in the cities. We wonder if the administration's real purpose in planning for more people to live in the country is so they may think straight.

There seems to be doubt as to whether the judiciary voting was a primary or a general election. That is the way with most non-partisan tickets.

Dollar Bride

(Continued from First Page)

Nancy Virginia!" he asked impatiently.

She gave him a sidelong look, her dark lashes shading her blue eyes softly, without casting darkness into them.

"What do I see in Page?" she smiled provocingly, showing a fugitive dimple in one cheek. "I'm sure I don't know, papa. Do you think people do usually? Do you suppose old Major Lomax knows what he saw in that poor Diana Aylett? He's mourned her for forty years, hasn't he? Or—do you know really what you saw first in mama, papa?"

"I suppose the major and I fell in love, Nancy," Mr. Gordon retorted. "Do I understand that you're in love with Page?" he added dryly.

Nancy moved easily across the room and looked out of the window, her small slight figure and the up-lift of her defiant little head showing plainly against the square of darkness.

"That's just what I'd like to know, papa," she replied, and laughed a little tremulously.

Mrs. Gordon stirred uneasily. "Papa, it's time to go to bed," she warned him, trying to catch his eye.

But he ignored her, reaching for a pair of old heeless leather slippers and thrusting his feet into them.

"If you're so keen about falling in love, Nancy," he remarked calmly, "it's a pity you couldn't have managed it with Richard Morgan."

Nancy flashed around upon him, her blue eyes wide open.

"I hate that man!" she said quickly.

"Hoity-hoity!" said her father, rising, "you'd better go to bed; it's time you got a little sense and—"

But Nancy interrupted him with a little startled, joyous cry, her eyes fixed on the space outside the open window. Then she ran temporarily to the front door.

Mrs. Gordon looked blank. "It can't be that Roemer boy back again!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Gordon, whose ears were sharper than hers, pushed back his chair, looking toward the door.

"It's Roddy."

"Roddy?" Mrs. Gordon sprang to her feet, flushed and eager. "It can't be—why, Roddy darling!"

For Nancy appeared, driving her lamp before her. The reading-lamp on the center table made a soft illumination which showed young Gordon tall and slender and boyish, but otherwise very like his sister.

"You got off unexpectedly, didn't you, Rod?" Mr. Gordon asked. "Got a vacation?"

Mrs. Gordon, still clinging to Roddy's arm, was absorbing him so closely that he did not answer, and his father spoke again, sharply.

"Did you hear me, Rod? How much of a vacation have you got?"

His son laughed suddenly, and foolishly, a deep blush mounting to his hair.

"That's what I'd like to know," he exclaimed. "I hope it won't be cut too short!"

"I hope not!" his mother agreed warmly. "You've been working too hard, you show it. Now you've got to let me have my own boy for a while. Have you had your supper on the train, dear?" she added anxiously. "Let me get you something—a slice of cold ham—"

she started toward the door.

But her son stopped her. "Not!" he cried hoarsely. "Don't! For God's sake—I can't eat! Ham!" he laughed shrilly; "ham? When a man's done for!"

He made an angry, swaying movement toward a chair, stopped short and rallied himself, folding

his arms on his breast in a boyishly tragic attitude. His hair was disheveled, too, one long lock hung between his bloodshot eyes. His startled family, gradually taking in these details, discovered, too, that his necktie was untied and his collar wilted.

Mr. Gordon suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" he demanded sharply. "Have you been drinking?"

The young fellow steeled himself, white to his lips, his haggard eyes turning slowly from one to another in the little group.

"No," he said thickly. "I'm not drunk—I'm a thief."

No one spoke; his mother dropped into the nearest chair and his father stared at him with his mouth open. Only Nancy drew a little nearer, searching his face, her eyes intent and wide. She caught at his sleeve.

"Rod! What do you mean?" He shook her hand off. "You'd better not touch me, Nancy, I'm a thief—that's what I came home to tell you all."

The repetition was too much, it forced belief, Mr. Gordon pushed himself forward in his chair, gripping the arms with such force that his knuckles whitened.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded hoarsely; "what are you talking about anyhow? Explain yourself."

Roddy turned a startled look toward him, which had in it something of his boyish flinching from the paternal wrath, but he faced them all desperately.

"I've been taking money—bonds and cash," he repeated it like a lesson he had learned by rote. "I've been a messenger and go-between in the Trust company, Mr. Greenwood sent me over to the banks sometimes himself. I've carried a lot of money. Millions, I reckon. I didn't mean to keep any of it—I meant to return it all, but—"

he stopped, gasped, and went of harshly—"I can't, that's all. When you can't you're a thief."

His mother, staring at him with terrified, incredulous eyes, uttered a cry of anguish.

"You meant to return it!" his father shouted with sudden violence. "You meant to return money you'd stolen? My God, do you mean to stand up there—my only son—and admit you're a thief?"

Roddy choked, his smooth young face darkening with shame.

"I meant to return it!" he struggled with himself, facing his father. "I tried to—I even gambled in stocks to make good, but I can't—it's too late—they'll find it out before I can put it back."

"Can't we pay it back?" Nancy's shaking voice startled them; they all looked around at her speechlessly. "Can't we pay up? How much it is, Roddy?" she asked tremulously, her blue eyes fixed on her brother.

He gulped painfully. "Fifteen thousand dollars."

"Roddy!" his mother dropped weakly into her chair.

Mr. Gordon rose and prowled up and down the room, his heeless slippers slapping the floor at every step.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," he repeated fiercely; "by gum, you're some spender for a boy of twenty-three! You're the first felon in our family, sir. How did you get rid of a small fortune? Spend it in chewing gum?"

Young Gordon made no reply; he was breathing hard and drops of cold perspiration stood out on his forehead in beads. Mrs. Gordon was sobbing audibly, her head in her hands, and Nancy stood, looking on. She felt as if her world had suddenly tumbled down about her

ears; for the first time in her life, too, her father terrified her. He wheeled now and came back, thrusting his face close to his son's.

"What d'you mean by it? Did you forget the family honor—your own good name? Who taught you to steal? My God in heaven, I never thought my boy'd be a felon!" he raved.

His son faced him sullenly, he felt like a man with his back to the wall, but the sting of his father's insults was turning his shame into rage; he returned his look with rising fury.

"I didn't take it for myself," he cried bitterly. "I borrowed it—but by bit—to help someone else, someone in distress. I swear I meant to return it to me—things went wrong, I can't put it back in time—I started for Brazil—I came here because—I wanted to see mother, first!"

"She?" Mr. Gordon pounced on the pronoun. "You've been giving money to a woman—that's what you've been doing! Some painted hussy's been playing you for money!"

"She's not a painted hussy!" cried his son passionately, "she's the loveliest woman in the world—I love her, I'd steal for her, I'd die for her—I'm going to jail for her now!"

"Going to jail for her now, are you?" his father shouted. "A pretty story—stealing for a jade, a hussy, a—"

"Oh, papa, hush!" shrieked Mrs. Gordon, snatching at his sleeve, "hush!" She was in tears.

But her husband shook her off. "You keep out of it!" he said fiercely. "You let me alone—I know what I'm talking about. Here's this—this young jackass been stealing for a hussy! D'you hear me, sir?" he thundered, facing his son again.

"You've forgotten the family honor, you've forgotten you're a Gordon, you've broken your mother's heart, you've disgraced your father and your sister—your young sister! Look at her, a girl in the morning of life—with a thief for a brother!"

"I'm sorry, father," Roddy burst out hoarsely, "but it's not true—about her, the lady, I mean, who—"

"Lady?" mocked his father. "Lady? By gum! You fool, you mad young fool, you've ruined yourself, you've ruined us all—I'm too poor to bail you out, you'll go to jail. You're a felon, a disgrace to your people, your name, your family honor, yourself and you've done it all for some worthless, painted trollop—d'you hear me, sir?—for a painted trollop!"

His son stared at him for a moment, speechless. He was not quite sure that the red-faced, screaming, frantic man was his father. He couldn't be! And the insult plunged deep into the boy's raw heart. Hatred leaped up in him like a flame. He emitted a snarl of rage, like a young wolf gone mad.

"Stop that!" he shouted. "I won't have it! You shan't insult her!" He rushed blindly at his father, his hands were actually one the older man's throat before he knew it. Then for the first time, he heard his mother's frantic cries.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Visiting Mother—Mrs. T. E. Griffith of Lake City, California, is here visiting with her mother, Mrs. E. M. Robertson.

Cellars, basements and dank places about the home are breeding places for "thousand-legged" worms. Clear all places of damp rubbish and dust frequently with pyrethrum powder.

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Hitching Up Again

By Albert T. Reid



O. S. C. COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCED FOR JUNE 3-4

June 3 and 4 are the dates announced for the 65th annual commencement at Oregon State college when close to 460 seniors and graduate students will be given degrees. This will be the first commencement at which President George W. Peavy will preside. President Peavy has invited Chancellor W. J. Kerr to take an active part in the ceremonies, as he has done every year since his first commencement here in 1908.

Bishop Titus Lowe, head of the Methodist church in the northwest states, will preach the baccalaureate sermon Sunday morning, June 3. Dr. Herman Frank Swartz, president of the Pacific School of Religion and head of the Berkeley, Cal., chamber of commerce, will give the commencement address Monday forenoon.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank those who expressed their sympathy and gave floral offerings on our bereavement. Especially do we thank the Order of the Eastern Star.

MR. and MRS. SEVERT JACOBSON and family.

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Visits in Portland—Gordon Lee spent the week-end visiting in Portland.



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