

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1934

RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM NEEDED

Planned industrial economy under government supervision may be all right in some respects but without it this country has progressed in a period of a century from a small beginning to the mightiest nation on earth. Individual initiative and not government promotion has been behind nine-tenths of this growth. Government has been called on only for orderly and peaceful conditions under which to work.

Only by individual effort and initiative has come about our modern motor transportation both in land and sky, invention in the electrical industry, telegraph and radio. Hundreds of thousands of useful articles have been invented and manufactured by individual effort and large plants have been built furnishing employment to millions. The only hope of the world is that this development will go on until all peoples have been raised to our standards of living.

Individual initiative has always marked the American as a resourceful chap. Surely now we are not going to see him lay down and ask the government for help. Should he stumble and fall over unemployment and be given some aid, if he is a real American he will be up fighting again soon. Once his individual initiative is destroyed then he is a whipped dog. A nation of this kind of people is in decay and will sink back to the standards of the Chinese coolies.

The theory that there is only so much work and it must be divided up with part time employment and very short hours is all wrong. There is as much work as human beings create and when they quit creating by individual effort then the one out of work slips back to the bare necessities. Soon we are all fighting for a bare bone.

Government through the N. R. A. or some other agency can lay down the rules under which fair competition and employment shall be carried on but it can not supply individual effort. Industry, business and politics should be purged of graft and unfair practices and give all an equal opportunity. Rugged individualism built on the solid foundation of honesty and fair dealings is the future hope of this country. Our people all must eventually support the government instead of it supporting them.

Development on the McKenzie river since the completion of the new highway to our mind has exceeded any other section of Lane county. Not only have scores of new summer homes been built, some of them palatial, but there has been general improvement on many places along the river. A large part of the owners along the McKenzie are new people in the state coming here to retire or for extensive vacations. There are few streams in the United States like the McKenzie where fast running cold water rushes past ones door every month in the year without any stagnation. And there is more fish in the McKenzie than there has ever been caught.

Mr. Mahoney gave Mr. Martin a big scare for the democratic nomination running close in Lane county. Mr. Mahoney's campaign was financed by a Dr. Robinson of Idaho it is reported. The Oregon Voter summarized it as follows:

"Here we have the unique spectacle of a carpet-bagger from Washington financed by a faith healer from Idaho attempting to dominate the politics and government of Oregon. The effort failed because the miracle worker did not utilize his 'invisible dynamic power' to multiply the votes."

Stock in the Republican party is up 100 per cent since the primaries in Oregon. Looks favorable to the state staying in the G. O. P ranks, and electing a few candidates this fall.

City streets and allies and vacant lots have the biggest crop of weeds in many moons. We suggest to the planning board and council they put a few men to work with scythes.

THE BOOK

... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible,"
and which contains Four Great Treasures

by BRUCE BARTON

A GREAT IDEA IS BORN

It was assumed that when a woman married she took the gods of her husband; if he died and she must go back to her own people, she abandoned her husband's gods and took theirs again. But when the ten tribes of Israel split away from the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, Jehovah did not go to either one or the other, but remained with both. His worship was often neglected, but in their hearts the people knew that He was still their God and always at the time of tribulation they threw down their idols and returned to Him.

The idea of One God—unseen and not to be worshiped in visible form—had been born in the world, and had taken firm hold upon human minds. This is the outstanding achievement of the Hebrews, the thing which gives the Old Testament eternal truth and inspiration.

In its total effect the Old Testament is a record of God's progressive revelation of Himself to men. This is the second element in its greatness. Steadily from Genesis to Micah the conception of His nature and quality grows clear, bigger, finer.

We have referred already to Amos, who was not a priest and had nothing but scorn for the formulate and ritual of the established religion. He saw the temple courtyards red with blood and men seeking through sacrifices to buy the right to be iniquitous, and he cried out: "God cares nothing for sacrifice; He is a God of Justice."

I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies.

Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts.

But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

As a conception of the Almighty this represented a vast step upward. In those same days another preacher, Hosea, was adding another item to the expanding fund of truth. Hosea was a married man, and his wife was a flirt. So much so that Hosea was compelled finally to put her away. His friends said "good riddance," but Hosea was torn by loneliness, sorrow and regret. This woman who had wronged him—he still loved her. Pocketing his pride he went to her with forgiveness and took her back to his home.

And out of that domestic tragedy there came to Hosea a great new truth. "If I, being only a man, can love so much and forgive so much, surely God must be capable of even more," he said. Amos had told the world that God is just; Hosea added, "and kind."

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

Roddy Gordon, who has gone to New York to make his fortune, returns home to confront his parents and his sister, Nancy, with the fact that he has stolen fifteen thousand dollars from the bank where he works to help "the loveliest woman in the world" and will soon be found out unless he can return it. "But I love her," declares Roddy to his angry father. "I'd steal for her, I'd die for her—" "A pretty story!" shouts his father. "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!"

Now Go On With the Story—

Installment Two

"Roddy—my son, my son!" He recoiled violently. "My God, what was I going to do?—" he turned stupidly, blindly, groping for the door. "I'd better go out now and—hang myself!" He groaned. "Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" his mother cried after him, trying to reach him, trying to hang onto him with mother hands that never give up.

But he did not look at her, he fumbled at the lock of the long French window, found it and, tearing it open, he walked out over the sill like a blind man. They heard the soft thud of his plunge to the ground below.

Mrs. Gordon's sobs came in gasps. "Oh, William, what have you done? You've driven your own boy crazy—he'll kill himself—I've got to stop him, I've got to—I—" She was actually at the window herself now, trying to climb out.

But Nancy caught her, thrusting her back with firm young hand. "I'll go stay here! I'll go—I'll stop him—leave it to me!" She pushed her back gently, looking over her head at her father.

The light outside was ghostly, white squares of ground with black shadows etched where, in the daytime, there were tall shrubs and hemlocks.

Nancy stood still, too, rooted to the ground, listening, her heart in her throat. Then she heard the faint crunch of gravel in the path behind the lilac hedge. Roddy was there, of course, she might have known it! She fled lightly, making no sound, in his direction and overtook him at the end of the garden; it opened there—through a broken gate—on the river meadow.

"Roddy," she called to him. "Roddy—wait!"

He stopped short and turned, the moonlight whitening his haggard young face.

"Don't come near me, Nancy," the young fire-brand said fiercely, "you'd best keep away from a—dirty thief!"

She came up, panting. "Roddy, you're killing Mama."

That reached him; he put his hand up with a despairing gesture and pushed the lock of hair out of his eyes.

"I wish to the Lord I'd shot myself in New York!" he said hoarsely.

The anguish of his tone went to his sister's heart; they were close of an age, she was just twenty-one, and they had always been together. She clung to him, shaking.

"Roddy, are you sure they'll find out right away? I mean those people in New York—before you can put the money back?"

"Oh, they'll find out! They've got an accountant there—old Beaver. He never liked me, he's got his nose to the ground like a hound—

now—looking for the trail, I think he knows already."

"Then they might come after you—arrest you—tomorrow!" Nancy shuddered, remembering the time; "it's after twelve now—it must be, today then!"

He nodded. "I don't care any more; I've had all I want from father, I reckon I can take everything now—even handcuffs."

"He didn't mean it, he didn't mean half of it, he's mad and crazy with grief about it! You mustn't go, not this way, Roddy. Mama can't stand it, you know how she feels—you're all she cares for!"

He choked, irresolute. "I won't let father—I won't stand for it—he's insulted the woman I love, a beautiful, good woman, whom he's never seen! I—Nance, what did I do? I was wild—did I really try to strangle him?"

She nodded, pressing her lips firmly together to keep from crying.

Roddy looked down strangely at his own hands, stretching them out. "Lordy, I might have killed him—I—I'd clean forgotten myself."

Nancy tugged at his sleeve. "Come back, Roddy!"

"I love her. My God, Nance, you don't know what love it, it runs through your veins like fire! When I look into her eyes—I'd give my soul for her, I'd—" He clenched his hands, shaken with passion, a mad boy, mad with love. "I've saved her anyway! They can send me to jail—jail's nothing, death's nothing, shame's nothing—if you give yourself for the woman you love!"

He choked, clenching his hands again, and Nancy said nothing. She stood looking at him. She thought she knew something of love, too, but—to steal for it!

For a long moment they were dumb, then she spoke hesitatingly. "If—if we could only raise it—the whole of it—right away—the trouble is—if we do, it would clean us out and Papa's too old to begin over again."

"I won't have that!" said Roddy quickly. "I don't want a cent from him—and he can't do it, Nance, he's got something weak about his heart; anyway, he's too old—why, they'd fire a man as old as he is in New York!"

"They must be cruel in New York!"

"They are; that's it, Nance they get you and they break you. They have no hearts. I can see how they'll break me—even old Beaver with his nose to the ground. He wants my place for his nephew and he's going to get it."

Nancy's hand clung to his shoulder. "Roddy, you can't go to jail, she whispered with white lips. "I won't let you!"

He smiled at her, an odd, twisted smile. "You can't help it, Sis, I've got to go. Do you remember old Major Lomax? He was always sending his enemies to jail to crack stones!" Roddy laughed hysterically.

"I think he knows about this Rod. I met him tonight and he asked about you—in such a strange way."

"They'll all know presently. How they'll talk, Nance, all the old fogies, and the girls, too."

"Roddy, you're only twenty-three. How long will they keep you in jail?"

"It's grand larceny, I reckon that's ten years in New York."

She gave a stifled cry, clinging to him.

His face was ghastly in the moonlight, like a white mask, and his eyelids twitched nervously.

"Don't cry!" he said harshly. "I'll be old when I come out—thirty-three—and done for. They never forget a fellow with a jail sentence. I—well, there's a way out of it, Nance, a way for the family honor, too. I reckon father thought I'd forgotten it, but I haven't—I've seen it all the time. I—" he laughed bitterly—"I'm working up to it."

She tightened her arms about him frantically, she knew.

"Roddy, you can't—you won't!" He laughed at her, his lips twitching like his eyelids.

"Father meant that—he knows he meant it now—he thinks I'm a coward because I didn't."

"Rod," she clung to him, "not tonight—promise me, Roddy, not tonight! Come in—you needn't see father, go upstairs to your own room—you need the rest; yes, you do—you're crazy! Rod, it'll kill Mother, promise me, not tonight!"

Her frantic, clinging hands, the love and pity in her eyes, pierced the boy's tortured soul. His lips shook, a sob choked him.

Nancy's arm slipped about his neck, she drew him along, she held him tight. She understood how her mother felt. It couldn't happen, it mustn't!

She had dragged him to the back door now.

"Roddy, go up to your room—I'll tell Mama you'll stay tonight," she whispered, as if she thought her father would hear it and break out again. "Don't frighten her, Rod, go to bed—she'll die if you tell her this!"

He stood irresolute, half pushed to the kitchen door. It was dark

in there and silent and he could go up the back-stairs. The thought of his own room and his white bed—where he had slept as a boy—suddenly leaped on him and pinched him with a sharp little pain, a needle thrust beside the great pain he carried with him. He groaned.

"I'll stay, Nance, until—until I have to go," he said thickly, "for her sake—Mother's! I mean."

Mrs. Gordon's relief at Roddy's return made her yield to Nancy's persuasion.

"Let him be in his room for a while, Mama. He's worn out, perhaps, he'll sleep a little—if papa doesn't break out again."

Her mother had come upstairs with her to see Roddy, and Nancy had coaxed her away from his door and into her own room. No one had thought of sleep that night and it was daylight now. The soft gray of the dawn crept in like a mist, and they heard suddenly—in their broken pauses—the twittering of the birds in the vine outside the window.

Mrs. Gordon sank into an old armchair beside her vacant bed, hiding her face in her hands. She was a mere huddled heap of misery, and Nancy saw her shoulders rise and fall with the struggle of suppressed sobs. The whole figure, the disheveled head and the blue-veined hands, tore the young girl's heart.

"Don't," she whispered, patting Jasper's head.

her shoulder. "Please don't!" Her mother raised a haggard face, blurred and puffed with weeping.

"Oh, Nance, what shall we do? What can we do? I've lived too long!"

"Hush, don't say such things." Mrs. Gordon drew a long sigh, wiping her eyes.

"Lie down, Mama," she advised her softly, "please go and lie down. If you're ill you can't help Roddy at all."

But her mother only sank lower in her chair.

"I can't rest," she said, and then, petulantly: "leave me alone Nancy, I don't want anything in the world but my boy!"

Nancy turned silently and went back into the hall, but not to her own room; instead she went cautiously downstairs. The light was still burning there and she saw her father sitting bolt upright in his chair beside the blackened hearth. She went softly into the room, drawing nearer step by step, staring at him in silent terror. She thought he had died in his chair. He had not. He looked old and gray and broken, and his mouth hung open like a dead man's.

TO BE CONTINUED

Jasper Man Here—W. T. Drury of Jasper was a visitor in this city Saturday.

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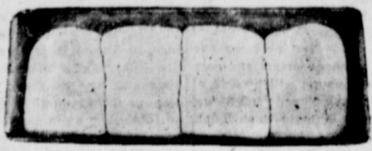
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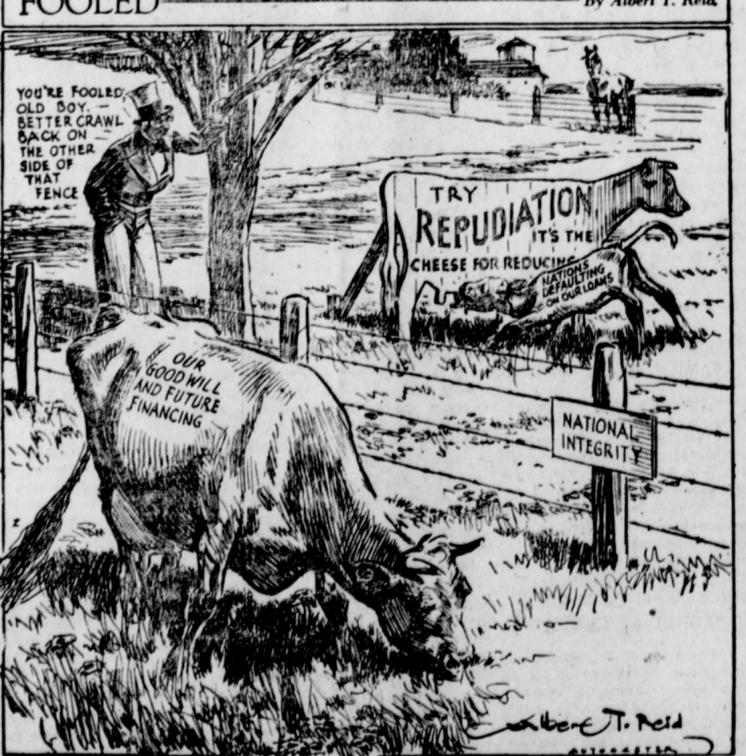


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