THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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DUNNE SUPPORT GROWING

When the Oregonian said early in the campaign the Republicans would have to nominate a mighty good man to keep them from supporting General Martin for governor everyone thought Oregon's leading newspaper was going democratic. However, it now surprises everyone by announcing Senator Joe Dunne is that good man whom it will support instead of Martin. That is a fine compliment to the Republican's energetic and capable leader.

Since the nomination of Dunne who is progressive but not radical minded, there has come about a unity in the grand old party that has not occurred in years. Dunne does not oppose entirely the so-called new deal of the democrats, but he prefers to select measures founded on common sense rather than political expediency. He has great faith in the potentalities of Oregon and he proposes to develop her resources along line that will provide employment but will not build up large indebtedness. He is a forward looking program.

FAITH IN AMERICA

Faith in America and in ourselves was the real text of an inspiring address by Merle Thorpe, editor Nation's Business, before the thirty-eighth annual dinner of the Indiana Bankers' Association. Like other recent expressions of the country's leading writers on commence and finance, Thorpe conveyed a warning to business not to overdo an attitude of gloom. With faith regained, he said, "there will be a normal exchange of what each has to offer the other in this complex and vital modern society. And thrift, ascrifice, and good judgment will not be penalized for the slothful ne'er-do-well and the irresponsible.'

'We Americans," declared Mr. Thorpe, "are impetuous and impatient, and above all, emotional. Our memories are so short. Only 5 years ago other nations were sending commissions, private and official, to study and report. And may I recall to you their findings?"

These, he said, were that, with only 7 percent of the earth's population, the United States has more purchasing power than all Europe combined; has created and owns more than half of the world's wealth; consumes half the world's coffee, half of its tin, half of its rubber, one-fourth of its sugar, two-thirds of its crude petroleum, and threefourths of its silk. With only 6 percent of the earth's acreage, this country was harvesting more than half of the world's foodstuffs; it extracts 60 per cent of its minerals; has developed and uses nearly half of its railways and electrical energy, and on its 600,000 miles of paved highways operates 92 percent of the entire world output of auto-

"After all," remarks B. C. Forbes, in a financial editorial in the Hearst newspapers, "the responsibility for bringing about better times rests just as heavily upon business leaders as upon President Roosevelt. It is the duty of every employer, of every responsible citizen, to make the best of unalterable facts and conditions, and to exert every effort to keep the country going in the right direction economically and employment-wise."-N. R. A. News.

The Medford Pioneer Pageant opened this week and is re-enacting the life of the early settlers. If this pageant could bring to us vividly the spirit of the pioneer, who came on foot or ox cart to Oregon, and here made his living from the native soil amid all kinds of adversity, then the show will have been of benefit to the

The pioneer did not run to his government for help when he was bothered by depression, drought, pests, wild animals or Indians. He fought for himself in a land where everything was hardship. He had no roads, markets, or factories. The necessities of life even in this depression are very much easier to get than they were in the best days of the pioneers.

What America needs today is more of the intestinal fortifude of the pioneers.

A fine regard for the scenic attractions and the splendid highway up the McKenzie was exhibited by the visiting Lions who were hosts of the Springfield club at a Fish Fry at Cascade resort Tuesday. Nearly five hundred delegates, relatives and friends made the trip 48 miles up the river.



One spring evening some nineteen hundred years ago a band of hard-faced men stole out of Jerusalem, crossed a little valley and made their way into the Garden of Gethsemane. Armed with clubs and spears, they carried torches which cast wierd shadows through the trees, and, though they doubtless tried to move quietly, the noise of their progress must have jangled cruelly in the peace of that lovely night. At the gate that opened into a garden on the slope of the hill stood Jesus of Nazareth awaiting them. A pathetic little company of disciples trembled about Him, but, as the heavy steps drew closer and the spear points gleamed in the flickering light, the disciples melted away until He was left alone.

Not guite alone.

And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men (seldiers or members of the mob) laid hold on him;

And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked.

These words are our introduction to an important historical character. The young man who left his linen cloth and fled naked was Mark, author of the so-called "second Gospel," which, in point of composition, is actually the first. Before any other mind had thought of it, he conceived the grand idea of making a written record of the works and words of Jesus.

He was not one of the original twelve disciples; indeed, he may never have seen Jesus except on that fateful night. His mother was a believer. The Last Supper was at her

You can picture the active-minded boy, lying curious in his bed in the family room downstairs, overhearing the wonderful farewell words of Jesus, the final hymn, and the rustle of preparation for departure. On the impulse of the moment he jumped out of bed and followed to the Garden. Whether he was a witness to any of the events of the next few days we have no means of knowing. We do know, however, that he was associated for a time with Paul and later with Peter. Hearing them talk about Jesus, he began gradually to compose his book. It is a brief straightforward story.

For a time his book was the only life of Jesus. Then a Jew named Matthew, apparently the same man who had been a tax collector and was called to discipleship, looked it over and said to himself: "This book would be much more useful if it had a lot of Old Testament references." So he made additions, sprinkling his narrative with the phrase, "that it might be fulfilled as was written by the prophets." It is obvious that he was bent on giving the life of Jesus all the Old Testament authority possible.



New York to make his fortune, returns home to confront his parents that he has stolen fifteen thousand dollars from the bank where he works to help "the loveliest wo-man in the world" and will sonn be found out unless he can return it. "But I love her," declaros Roddy to his angry father. "I'd steal for her, I'd die for her—" "A pretty 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 sis-ter—your young sister. Look at her, a girl in the morning of life-with a theif for a brother! Now Go On With the Story-

INSTALLMENT THREE

It was still in the room. The yellow light flared low in the lamp on plainly as if he stood there, speakthe table. There lay the newspaper ing to her. Then she heard Richas it had dropped the night before. and her mother's work-basket was over-turned by the hearth. Roddy had knocked it down when he sprang at his father.

Roddy was going to jail!

Nancy gasped. On a chair were her furs, her hat and her gloves, just as she had tossed them. She drew a long breath, averting her and went to the chair. Swiftly and stealthily she put on her hat her furs, and her gloves. Then she stole out into the hall, dropped the chain-bolt, opened the front door, and slipped slinetly out of the still

It was broad daylight outside now; the morning air touched her hot face gratefully like cold clear water. It was February and the pussy-willows swung over her head At her feet some yellow crocuses eyes of Roddy's siren. Nancy stamped her foot on the ground, it was that woman who had done it. She knew it with the unerring jealous second sight of a woman. It brokers, it wasn't gambling, it was that woman with the fascinating had made a boy steal it for her!

Nancy opened the gate and walked rapidly down the street, never and he could let his eyes rest on looking back. Sunrise made the her. He saw her as no one else in the sun like metal. The red maple too, was so defiant, and the round white. buds were like a scarlet haze, trembling chin and the white the little one standing back. Nancy quiver as she breathed. The exwent in.

old brass knocker, let it fall with a chair nearer. clang and started, trembling, to run away again. But she was only_just down the steps when the door openthere, looking at her.

He was very tall, but so loosely built and lean that he looked taller, ard! There was a white band on his forehead, above the tan of his lean face, and his eyes held you. Strange eyes, brown with green lights glistening in still brown pools.

Nancy put her hand out and laid on the tall stem of one of his young trees.

out his hand.

"Won't you come in

Nancy?' She breathed hard, her knees were shaking under her. She could

ever do it-never!

"I've got to come in, Richard."

He had her hand now and he le her up the steps. Three times al and his sister, Nancy, with the fact ready he had asked her to marry him, and the last time she had tried to be rude to him, tried purposely, to stop him. They both remember ed; she saw it in his face, but he was nice about it; he did not look into her eyes just then. He took her into the library. It was big and square and friendly, and the books lined it richly. A log had just been kindled on the brass andirons; in a bowl on the table were some snowdrops and pussywillows. A tight pain clutched at Nancy's heart, like the closing of a vise. She saw Page Roemer's face as ard's voice.

> "Sit down, Nancy. mother's favorite chair. I'll let you

His mother had been one of the rich Kentucky Weatherills; she had brought her fortune to the little old town and made it wonder over her resources and Dr. Henry Morgan's luck. Her death two years ago had left all the money to her only son. eyes from her father's gray face Dr. Henry hadn't any to leave, but he had left a practice and a good name; Richard had those, too. It was called the Morgan luck.

> Richard pushed his mother's big winged arm-chair forward now for Nancy. As he did it, the clock on the mastle struck six.

Nancy started. "What can you breakfasted-I had to come!" She had not accepted the chair, she stood by the fire, pulling at her to come. Richard!"

"Yes?" his voice was low, "what is it. Nancy?'

She did not answer; she averted her face and he saw her delicate wasn't Wall Street, it wasn't curb chin trembling. A pang of bitterness shot through him; he knew well enough why his love for her eyes; she wanted money and she had never reached her, she cared about that Roemer boy. But she flagstones white between the new the world could see her, he thought. green of the grass; keen little How little she was, and delicate; blades of it thrust up through the he could crush her body up against There was Major Lomax's house, throat. He could see it move and she would never do it. There was ear and the lovely glossy hair. How She went up the steps, lifted the it pained him again. He thrust the

"Sit down, Nancy," his voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

This time she sank into the chair. ed wide and Richard Morgan stood a little huddled figure, her head ed, sinking again into his mother's

> "I don't know how to begin, Rich He became aware suddenly of her anguish. He held himself in

check with a strong hand. "Are you in trouble, Nancy?" "Yes."

He went over to the mantel and ing his fingers on the edge. He had His arms trembled "I-I came to see you, Richard." the long thin fingers of the artist He came down the steps, holding and the poet, but his hand had him, her blue eyes still wide with strength and power, too. It was the fear. "On Monday-in Washing then, hand of a surgeon. He was watch- ton. ing her with his strange eyes, but he was not helping her.

"Richard, I tried to be rude to

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolves? by A. B. Chapin

you-you know-last time-"

self so well in hand, and yet- She him white. door. Could she get away?

Then suddenly she saw her fath- meant you loved me!" er's bent gray head and his white She writhed, dragging herself face, his mouth hanging open-as away from his touch. The very act, if he had died as he slept in the hysterical as she was, betrayed her. standing authorities have been chair by the hearth; he would look She hated his touch. He caught drawn from other schools. that way when he was dead, she his breath, releasing her and rising was sure of it! She tried to raise slowly to his feet. He stood looking to the recreation program in Euher eyes, but her lids seemed to down at her. weigh them down. They traveled place, they reached his feet, and know it-but I'll make you-I'll pleasant summer vacation with then slowly-up, up to his narrow risk it; I'll marry you on your own prominent chin, his tight mouth, his terms, I-" he drew nearer again, green-brown eyes! She started and you at your word, Nancy; you'll sire may take a trip to Hardesty the blood went up from throat to marry me on Monday-anywhere brow, her own eyes quivered and on God's earth-say the word and fell, she gasped.

"I've come to take it back," she aloud.

ginia?"

She twisted her hands in her lap. Her gloves had fallen on the floor at her feet. She couldn't raise her ing her impetuously toward him eyes at all.

"I mean my rudeness to you. then. I-I take it back."

He caught his breath. "Nancy, you can't mean-?'

ing at the arms of the big chair. Her dry lips moved but muttered felt them shaking. "I'll do anything dents. her words together.

great deal of money-I've come to about it, never question you. I'm ask you to lend me fifteen thous going to take you at your word writing to the general extension and dollars. Richard."

her will. She did not know what he swear I will! It's Monday then in think of me? I know you haven't thought; she felt humiliation, it Washington?" beat down on her like rain.

fort, but his voice had a strange touch some quivering, pulsating shot up, just opening little yellow gloves. She was shaking from head thrill in it. "I'd do anything for you, spot in her soul. She tried to rise, eyes in the grass like the yellow to foot with an ague of fear. "I had Nancy- you know that, surely? dashing tears from her blue eyes, I'd give you all I've got if I could- and her lips shook, but she anif you'd let me!"

She raised her eyes slowly, re. word he wanted. luctantly, and met his again. There was a glow in his, as if some hidden fire had leaped up in there like a flame. The sight of it set her heart beating wildly again.

"I want to borrow it, Richard," she said hoarsely. "I'll-return it, was here, at his hearthstone now, I'll-I'll give you a pledge for its

He started and changed color. 'What did you say, Nancy?"

She rose, trembling, and stood, holding him off with her wide were the attendants. The couple new brown earth and gleamed in his with one arm! Her little head, frightened eyes, her very lips,

"I even pledge myself-I'll marry DON'T SLEEP ON LEFT

Silence followed, a silence so walked faster; if she did not hurry; quisite turn of the cheek, the little thick and tangible that it pressed down on Nancy's shaken nerves dose brings out poisons and relie- troubles that you'll be able to go the low, black iron gate—it was dear she was. He drew a deep until she wanted to scream. Her ves gas pressing on heart so you anywhere and do anything in ab ajar, too, waiting for her! She drew breath and she looked up sharply, heart began to beat against her her breath, opened it wider and met the passion in his eyes and side, the throbs were like the heavy Drug Store. shrank. She shrank so visibly that strokes of a hammer on an anvil. "Did you mean that, Nancy?"

> "You'll marry me?" He drew nearer. She could feel his passion for her, it shook him so she recoil-

cair, hiding her face from him. "Yes, I—I said so," she faltered in a broken voice. "I meant it, Rich-

ard. "Yes. I-I said so." she faltered in a broken voice. "I meant it, Rich

He threw himself on one knee beside her chair; she felt his arms

stretched his arms along it, steady- around her. "When, Nancy, when?"

She lifted her head and looked at

He held her, his strong arms like a thing of iron about her; she felt as if they pressed into her heart, and yet there was a quiver in them; "Last time I asked you to marry the thrill of his own heart-beats

shook them. But his eyes were LOCAL OUTINGS LISTED She caught her breath. He was searching her. She tried to turn not bitter, but there was something them away but she could not, he in him that was like granite. There had a power in his that seemed was power in his look, too, it fright to hypnotize her. But she saw the tened her; he seemed to have him- flush on his face die out and leave

began to feel that his love must be "God!" he whispered. "I can't power; she had always been lose her-my wife! Nancy-" he afraid of it, she knew it now! She raised one hand to her shoulder, east a frightened look toward the touching her white throat; "I'd give my immortal soul to know-that

along the dull blue rug to the fire- said bitterly, "and it's madness, I ranged, students may combine a nose-it wasn't quite straight-his looking down at her. "I'm taking June 17. On June 24 those who de-I'll be there!"

whispered. She could not speak go; she could breathe now and she On July 15 an excursion to the remembered. She had to save Rod-"What do you mean, Nancy Vir. dy-she had to save the Gordon family honor.

"On Monday, Richard." He caught her hands in his, drawagain. His deep eyes kindled but

she shrank, shivering. "It's a gamble, Nancy, but I'll do ends. it-I'll make you love me! I-" He lifted her hands and kissed them She straightened herself, clutch passionately, first one then the other. "Don't be afraid of me," he nothing. Then with a frightened ef. for you-you want to borrow fort, she dragged it out, tumbling money? Listen, Nancy, I know you must have some great need of it, "I've come to you for help-I'm in but I shall never ask you, never! awful trouble. I've got to borrow You can tell me when you're ready, money-borrow it today, too! A but I shall never ask you one word though, and marry you on Monday His eyes held hers now against -because I'll make you love me. I

He seemed to answer with an ef. seemed to reach through space and

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MABEL COUPLE MARRIED IN EUGENE SATURDAY

George Jacques and Ruby Barker of Mabel were married Saturday at the Presbyterian church in Eugene by Rev. Milton S. Weber, pastor William James and Alice Vogel will make their home at Mabel.

If stomach GAS prevents sleep ing on right side try Adlerika. One and

FOR U. O. SUMMER TERM

Eugene, Ore.-With a total of 187 courses to be offered by a faculty of more than 100, the University of Oregon summer session in Eugene will open June 18, it is anneunced by Dr. Dan E. Clark, assistant director of the general extension division, and head of the ssion here. Most of the faculty members have been selected from expert educators on the staff of the university, although several out-Special attention has been given

gene, and by taking advtanage of "You don't love me, Nancy," he the trips and other events to be arvaluable study. The first event will pe a pienie at Triangle lake, on mountain, up the Willamette river. A two day trip for June 30, July 1, to the Middle Sister up in the Mc-She was glad that he had let her Kenzie country, has been arranged. coast will be sponsored, and another two day trip on July 21 and 22 will take the more daring students to the South Sister mountain. A hike to Mary's peak will be an event of July 29. And on the campus numerous dances and other parties will be arranged for week-

> The gymnasium facilities, in cluding two swimming tanks, excellent tennis courts and two gymnasiums, will all be available to stu-

> Students who desire may live at the conveniently located dormitory. and all who wish may take their meals there.

> The summer session catalogue, which gives complete information on the sessions, may be obtained by division at Eugene or Portland.

DEGREE TEAM MEETS FRIDAY FOR PRACTICE

Members of Progressive 22 de gree team of Juanita Rebekah lodge are t meet at the I. O. O. F. hall Friday evening for their monthly meeting and social. Mrs. swered, dragging out one word, the O. H. Jarrett, team captain, announces that there will be a practice during the evening. Members of the social committee are Mrs. Verne Daniels, Mrs. Helen Donaldsonson, Mrs. Bertha Rouse and Mrs. Sarah Johns.

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