

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1934

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.

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.

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.

"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 three-fourths of its silk.

"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."

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 people.

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 fortitude 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.

THE BOOK

... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures by BRUCE BARTON THE GREAT LIFE

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 weird 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.

Not quite alone.

And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men (soldiers 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 words 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 home.

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.

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.

INSTALLMENT THREE

It was still in the room. The yellow light flared low in the lamp on the table. There lay the newspaper as it had dropped the night before, and her mother's work-basket was overturned by the hearth.

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 eyes from her father's gray face and went to the chair.

It was broad daylight outside now; the morning air touched her hot face gratefully like cold clear water. It was February and the pussy-willow swung over her head.

She did not answer; she averted her face and he saw her delicate chin trembling. A pang of bitterness shot through him; he knew well enough why his love for her had never reached her, she cared about that Roemer boy. But she was here, at his hearthstone now, and he could let his eyes rest on her.

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 stretched his arms along it, steadying his fingers on the edge. He had the long thin fingers of the artist and the poet, but his hand had strength and power, too. It was the hand of a surgeon. He was watching her with his strange eyes, but he was not helping her.

"Richard, I tried to be rude to you—you know—last time—" "Last time I asked you to marry me," he said quietly. "Yes."

She straightened herself, clutching at the arms of the big chair. Her dry lips moved but uttered nothing. Then with a frightened effort, she dragged it out, tumbling her words together.

"I've come to you for help—I'm in awful trouble, I've got to borrow money—borrow it today, too! A great deal of money—I've come to ask you to lend me fifteen thousand dollars, Richard."

He threw himself on one knee beside her chair; she felt his arms around her. "When, Nancy, when?" His arms trembled.

"Richard, I tried to be rude to you—you know—last time—" "Last time I asked you to marry me," he said quietly. "Yes."

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; the thrill of his own heart-beats

me," he said quietly. "Yes." She caught her breath. He was not bitter, but there was something in him that was like granite. There was power in his look, too, it frightened her; he seemed to have himself so well in hand, and yet—She began to feel that his love must be a power; she had always been afraid of it, she knew it now! She cast a frightened look toward the door. Could she get away?

Then suddenly she saw her father's bent gray head and his white face, his mouth hanging open—as if he had died as he slept in the chair by the hearth; he would look that way when he was dead, she was sure of it! She tried to raise her eyes, but her lids seemed to weigh them down.

"I've come to take it back," she whispered. She could not speak aloud. "What do you mean, Nancy Virginia?"

She twisted her hands in her lap. Her gloves had fallen on the floor at her feet. She couldn't raise her eyes at all. "I mean my rudeness to you, then. I—I take it back."

He caught his breath. "Nancy, you can't mean—" She straightened herself, clutching at the arms of the big chair. Her dry lips moved but uttered nothing. Then with a frightened effort, she dragged it out, tumbling her words together.

"I've come to you for help—I'm in awful trouble, I've got to borrow money—borrow it today, too! A great deal of money—I've come to ask you to lend me fifteen thousand dollars, Richard."

His eyes held hers now against her will. She did not know what he thought; she felt humiliation, it beat down on her like rain.

He seemed to answer with an effort, but his voice had a strange thrill in it. "I'd do anything for you, Nancy—you know that, surely? I'd give you all I've got if I could—if you'd let me!"

She raised her eyes slowly, reluctantly, 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. I'll—I'll give you a pledge for its return."

He started and changed color. "What did you say, Nancy?" She rose, trembling, and stood, holding him off with her wide frightened eyes, her very lips white.

"I even pledge myself—I'll marry you, Richard." Silence followed, a silence so thick and tangible that it pressed down on Nancy's shaken nerves until she wanted to scream. Her heart began to beat against her side, the throbs were like the heavy strokes of a hammer on an anvil.

"Did you mean that, Nancy?" "Yes." "You'll marry me?" He drew nearer. She could feel his passion for her, it shook him so she recoiled, sinking again into his mother's car, hiding her face from him.

"Yes, I—I said so," she faltered in a broken voice. "I meant it, Richard." "Yes, I—I said so," she faltered in a broken voice. "I meant it, Richard."

He threw himself on one knee beside her chair; she felt his arms around her. "When, Nancy, when?" His arms trembled.

"Richard, I tried to be rude to you—you know—last time—" "Last time I asked you to marry me," he said quietly. "Yes."

shook them. But his eyes were searching her. She tried to turn them away but she could not, he had a power in his that seemed to hypnotize her. But she saw the flush on his face die out and leave him white.

"God!" he whispered. "I can't lose her—my wife! Nancy—" he raised one hand to her shoulder, touching her white throat; "I'd give my immortal soul to know—that meant you loved me!"

She writhed, dragging herself away from his touch. The very act, hysterical as she was, betrayed her. She hated his touch. He caught his breath, releasing her and rising slowly to his feet. He stood looking down at her.

"You don't love me, Nancy," he said bitterly, "and it's madness, I know it—but I'll make you—I'll risk it; I'll marry you on your own terms, I—" he drew nearer again, looking down at her. "I'm taking you at your word, Nancy; you'll marry me on Monday—anywhere on God's earth—say the word and I'll be there!"

She was glad that he had let her go; she could breathe now and she remembered. She had to save Roddy—she had to save the Gordon family honor.

"On Monday, Richard." He caught her hands in his, drawing her impetuously toward him again. His deep eyes kindled but she shrank, shivering.

"It's a gamble, Nancy, but I'll do it—I'll make you love me! I—" He lifted her hands and kissed them passionately, first one then the other. "Don't be afraid of me," he felt them shaking. "I'll do anything for you—you want to borrow money? Listen, Nancy, I know you must have some great need of it, but I shall never ask you, never! You can tell me when you're ready, but I shall never ask you one word about it, never question you. I'm going to take you at your word, though, and marry you on Monday—because I'll make you love me, I swear I will! It's Monday then in Washington?"

His voice was low still, but it seemed to reach through space and touch some quivering, pulsating spot in her soul. She tried to rise, dashing tears from her blue eyes, and her lips shook, but she answered, dragging out one word, the word he wanted.

"Yes." (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 were the attendants. The couple will make their home at Mabel.

DON'T SLEEP ON LEFT SIDE—AFFECTS HEART

If stomach GAS prevents sleeping on right side try Adlerika. One dose brings out poisons and relieves gas pressing on heart so you sleep soundly all night. Flanery's Drug Store.

LOCAL OUTINGS LISTED 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 announced by Dr. Dan E. Clark, assistant director of the general extension division, and head of the session here. Most of the faculty members have been selected from expert educators on the staff of the university, although several outstanding authorities have been drawn from other schools.

Special attention has been given to the recreation program in Eugene, and by taking advantage of the trips and other events to be arranged, students may combine a pleasant summer vacation with valuable study. The first event will be a picnic at Triangle lake, on June 17. On June 24 those who desire may take a trip to Hardesty mountain, up the Willamette river. A two day trip for June 30, July 1, to the Middle Sister up in the McKenzie country, has been arranged. On July 15 an excursion to the 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 weekends.

The gymnasium facilities, including two swimming tanks, excellent tennis courts and two gymnasiums, will all be available to students.

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 writing to the general extension division at Eugene or Portland.

DEGREE TEAM MEETS FRIDAY FOR PRACTICE

Members of Progressive 22 degree team of Juanita Rebekah lodge are to meet at the I. O. O. F. hall Friday evening for their monthly meeting and social. Mrs. 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 Donaldson, Mrs. Bertha Rouse and Mrs. Sarah Johns.

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EASY BUT GRAND

June the month of brides and graduation calls for many gifts. Donors can make it easy for themselves if they select a box of Eggmann's chocolates now and then. We are always glad to pack individual boxes just like you like them. The widest assortment of sweetmeats are offered for your selection.

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

