

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE
One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months \$1.00
Two Years in advance \$2.50 Three Months 50c

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1934

LAW ENFORCEMENT SUPPORT

With law enforcement breaking down everywhere, machine gun bands roving over our country in high powered automobiles and the president making law observance one of his major activities, it is time to take stock in our home county. The following from the Junction City Times is but one angle to the situation in Lane county:

This paper does not agree with Sheriff Swarts that the arrest of Ernest Kleppy for killing Blackie Wilcox in line of duty was a serious blow to law enforcement. On the contrary we believe his exoneration by the grand jury will be an aid to officers who have the courage to enforce the law. Had he not been arrested a certain class would have said many things about the incident. But being arrested and cleared is an edict of the court that law enforcement will be upheld.

The very first step toward law enforcement is the proper backing up of the sheriff and state police by the district attorney's office. And that is the thing they seem not to be getting in Lane county. Officers can not be expected to risk their lives running down hardened criminals and take the necessary steps to affect an arrest if they are going to be faced with an indictment themselves and see the criminal freed or half prosecuted. A situation of this kind is most demoralizing on law enforcement.

The Portland police department has shown a weak-kneed policy through the longshoremen strike. Without taking sides in the strike order could have been kept, the rights of citizens protected and Portland saved much unfavorable advertising. Reason instead of violence might have been a basis for a settlement that is not now in sight with both sides mad.

The dominating position of labor unions under NRA is not born out by the findings of the National Industrial Conference board. It finds that collective bargaining under NRA has progressed as follows: labor unions 9.6 per cent, other organizations 46.5 per cent, and individually 43.8 per cent. The report says that the individual basis of employment still predominates in small establishments.

The United States debt at the end of the war was 26 billion dollars. It was reduced by Republican administrations to 16 billion. It has now been built back up to 32 billions, and the end is not yet in sight. What to do about it will be a problem for future years. We are now on a spending spree without seeing much of the affects of it.

After all there is only one that matters, the farmer—he has to sell his product for less than it cost to produce it. Remedy this one thing and all the other schemes that take expensive bureaus to carry out will not be needed.

The right to declare war seems to be about the only thing left congress. Now if the peace advocates will take that privilege from our national body we can adjourn congress forever.

ANDY GOT HIS—

To keep Andy Loney, popular musician, in LaGrande, the school board raised his salary. That made his salary higher than the principal's, so the principal's salary was raised. That made the principal's salary higher than the superintendent's, so the superintendent's salary was raised. That made the teachers feel they were entitled to their salaries were raised. Everybody is happy but the taxpayer, who not only must pay these increased salaries but also pay thousands of dollars of interest on school warrants outstanding because of tax delinquency. Our authority for the facts is Eastern Oregon News. If President Roosevelt desires equity in the New Deal he ought to annex LeGrande school board as his College of Strategy.—Oregon Voter.

THE BOOK

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

by BRUCE BARTON

LUKE USHERS IN WOMEN

Paul, the most adventurous of the early Christian missionaries, was often sick, and had as a physician a Greek gentleman named Luke. Luke had a friend named Theophilus who, as he thought would be interested in the story of Jesus, but not in the form set forth by Mark or Matthew. Accordingly, Luke wrote:

Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us.

Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus.

You will not that he does not criticize the accounts already written but observes merely that he does not find them adapted to Theophilus. He did not claim to have been, and in fact was not, an original disciple, but he said that he had enjoyed exceptional opportunities for hearing the story from reliable men who had first-hand knowledge. These are perfectly straightforward reasons for writing a book and they furnish a pleasing introduction both to the Good News as Luke wrote it and to that later book, partly compiled from his own experiences as a companion of Paul, the Acts.

Luke did not care a fig about quotations from the Old Testament which might be very convincing to a Jew, for Theophilus was not a Jew. But he did tell of the Good Samaritan, and of the Prodigal Son, and some other exalted stories of the appreciation of Jesus for folks beyond the narrow walls of Judaism. Matthew never could have written this book any more than Luke could have written Matthew's.

One other fact is significant about the third Gospel. In some way the writer got hold of a fresh source of information about the women of that early Jerusalem community. Who told him and what was told we can only guess, but the fact is clear that Luke knew more and tells more about the women who were friends of Jesus than any of the other writers. That element gives an added quality of fineness to his book, which is probably the most beautiful book in the world.

Years later, in Ephesus, where Greek philosophy had tinged the thought and vocabulary of all educated people, a man named John wrote another story of Jesus. It is hardly the life-story; rather is it an interpretation, and a very fine one. We should have lost some of the most beautiful sayings of Jesus if it were not for this fourth Gospel, and one has only to read it through to understand why in every age it has been so greatly loved.

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

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SYNOPSIS—

To get fifteen thousand dollars to save the family honor, Nancy Gordon promises to marry the well-to-do Dr. Richard Morgan. Her beloved brother, Roddy, has come home from New York to confess that he has taken that amount from the bank where he works—because a woman needed it—and that he will be jailed if he is found out before he returns it. So Nancy, in love with the penniless Page Roemer, decides to borrow the money from Morgan, and pledges herself to marry him in return. He agrees to the bargain, feeling sure he can make her love him.

Now Go On With the Story

INSTALLMENT FOUR

"Nancy, you don't quite hate me—do you?" She blushed; she remembered suddenly her cry to her father: "I hate that man!" And she was going to marry him. She felt ill and weak and trembling, but she remembered her father's ashen face in his sleep.

"No, I don't hate you!" she answered faintly. "I—oh, don't ask me, Richard."

He did not; he was silent for a while, looking at her, and then he remembered.

"I'm going to get that money for you, Nancy. Fortunately, I have it here in the bank, in such shape I can get it, the whole of it, today. But it's only eight o'clock, the banks aren't open, won't be for an hour. Will you breakfast with me? I've only got Mammy Polk here, but she's a good cook. Come to breakfast with me, Nancy, for the first time."

The she raised her eyes involuntarily to his and her heart seemed to stand still. How his face had changed! She would never have known it. She trembled. If he loved her like that it was terrible to treat him so; to come into his life and wreck it—for—money! Every noble instinct in her nature revolted against it, and yet there was Roddy and her mother and her father! Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and groaned.

"Oh, Richard!" He was startled; he felt a change in her, and his flush deepened. Something almost like hope quickened in his heart, but he did not speak.

Neither did she, they had no time. Mammy Polk came to the door.

"Breakfast a' ready, Mist' Richard."

She was a tall, old black woman, gaunt and erect in her striped purple calico and her long apron.

"Mammy Polk, we've got company to breakfast," said Richard, quickly. "Miss Gordon is going to eat breakfast with me."

Mammy Polk courtesied.

"Howdy, Miss Nancy? We've got waffles an' coffee; de doctah, he don't eat noffin mornin'. Can't I drop yo' egg on a bit ob bacon, Miss Nancy?"

"No, no! I like waffles, Mammy Polk. I'll take anything you have."

Mammy Polk smiled. "I reckon yo'll like de waffles," she said proudly.

"Mammy's famous for them," said Richard. "Come, Nancy, let's go out to breakfast."

He bent over her, his face aglow offering his arm. Nancy took it and tried not to look at him. Together they walked into the dining room, following the tall figure of Mammy Polk.

Richard led her to a chair opposite his own. Nancy sat down weakly, hardly daring to lift her eyes, she was afraid the old negro woman would see the traces of tears.

"Try to eat something, Nancy, you'll be ill if you don't," she heard Richard's voice.

"Indeed I can't eat, Richard."

She felt his eyes on her and tried to hide her own, trying with her fork. Her lips trembled. Was he wondering why she wanted that awful money?

"Don't ask too much, Richard!" she cried, agonizingly.

He shot a look across at her, and his own color died away, slowly.

"I wish you'd try to eat—see these waffles," he offered Mammy Polk's best.

Nancy took one and sat looking at it, her lips still trembling.

"I don't want to cry into a waffle," she said in a choked voice, "don't watch me, please don't!"

"I can't—there's someone at the door now to see me," Richard rose. "I'll send him off in a jiffy—why, it's Page Roemer!"

Nancy sprang up, her face white. "Oh, Richard, don't let him come in here!" she gasped.

Richard, who had started for the door, turned and looked at her, his heart in his eyes. For a full minute they stood thus, looking at each other, and Nancy's pitiful little secret told itself. Richard knew it. He seemed to be—late, to be thinking hard, and his strange eyes deepened and darkened wonderfully.

"I shan't bring him in here, Nancy," he said quietly, and went into the next room.

Nancy sank down again into her chair at the table. Every nerve in her body throbbed and quivered,

lem'. "Roddy," she breathed in catchy gasps. "I ran all the way—here's the money—go to New York and pay it all back!"

Roddy, utterly amazed, stood staring blankly as she thrust the bulky package into his hands. She had never looked smaller or more childlike; her pale face a little drawn, tears of excitement misting her blue eyes, only her lips touched with red, moist and trembling. She must have gone mad, he thought soberly.

"Take it, take it, Rod! It's all right—bonds and securities as good as gold, you can cash them, take them and go—quick, quick, before it's too late!"

He took the bundle, glanced at its contents and stared at her with his mouth open.

"Where in mischief did you get it, Nancy?"

"I—I got it—" she stopped, leaning against a tree, breathless. She was so pale that her blue eyes looked dark. "It doesn't matter—I borrowed it, you can have it, Roddy."

He was turning the papers over, bonds and securities and cash. His amazement deepened as he counted and assured himself that all were genuine. Fifteen thousand dollars—the whole sum—from the gods! How in the name of heaven—? He stared at his sister, the red glinting in his wine-brown eyes.

"What have you been doing? Where in the world did you get this, Nancy?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I didn't steal it!" she said in a low voice.

He turned on her. "Don't rub that in!" he cried almost fiercely. There seemed to be no gratitude, no response in him. He stared at her as if he thought her a thief, she had hurt him cruelly.

Her face crimsoned under his eyes. "It's mine!" she repeated with stiff lips. "Don't stand there, don't stare at me, go back to New York. Oh, Roddy, go before it's too late!"

A light broke over his perturbed face. Relief or something akin to it. "Oh, Lord, I'm thankful!" he breathed, folding the envelope up and staring at her. "I'm going—but—Nancy, where on earth did you get it? I must know that!"

Her eyes darkened suddenly, she choked back a sob.

"I'll never tell—unless you trust me and go—right away."

Roddy stared, his jaw dropping, he turned white and then red.

"Nancy Virginia, did you tell—to get it?"

Nancy, who felt his shamed misery, threw her arms about him.

"I didn't—I vow I didn't, Rod! I just borrowed it."

"Borrowed it—on no security? Lord, Nancy, how can we pay it back?"

Anger welled up again in Nancy. She had suffered and he took it this way—without thought of her!

"We'll do it somehow, Rod! Can't you trust me—I won't tell, I won't truly! Oh, Rod, do you want to go to jail? Can't you wake up, take it and go—go!"

Their eyes met. She was clinging to his arm, pushing him away, urging him to go, and they were very close together.

"I did it for father," she said flatly, "it was killing him. Now go—go. There's a train, you can catch it!"

He hesitated, in an agony of shame. He wanted to fling the borrowed money back, to say he'd face jail first, but his courage ebbed as the temptation pressed against his heart, he held the package gingerly, but he knew the money was there—the money to save him!

TO BE CONTINUED

STRIKE BLAMED FOR LOW PRODUCTION OF LUMBER

Lumber manufacture in the Western Oregon and Western Washington areas has been decreased by fifty per cent during the period of four weeks. The chief reason for the sudden collapse in lumber production is the longshoremen's association.

Production in the areas during the current week have been as follows: Week ending May 12, 96,771-282 board feet; week ending May 19, 84,916,457; week ending May 26, 61,375,026; week ending June 2, 48,172,942.

LIONS MEETING SET FOR FRIDAY NOON

Regular semi-monthly meeting of the Springfield Lions club will be held Friday noon at Taylor hall, Laurence C. Moffitt and Dr. M. S. Jones are in charge of the program for the noon meeting.

WEIGHT REDUCED FROM 180 TO 137

"Wonderful," She Says

Here's today's story of a woman who knew she carried too much fat and decided the right way to get rid of it—just a few words that wise fat folks should heed—worth reading.

"I use Kruschen Salts to reduce, it's wonderful. Take it daily and eat what I want and still lose. I did weigh 180, now 137. Want to get down to 125." Mrs. Leonard Bass, Ft. Atkinson, Wis., Feb 6, 1934.

When you take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water—you not only lose in weight but you put healthy activity into your whole body—you feel younger and look it—get it at any drugstore in the world.

BAPTISTS LISTEN TO EVANGELISTIC PAIR

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Kishpaugh of Minnesota presented a program of musical number, including several gospel songs and instrumental numbers at the Baptist Church Sunday evening. Each person plays several different instruments.

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