

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1934

THE INDEPENDENT PARTY

We are to have an independent party composed of the defeated candidates at the last primary election and other malcontents. This so-called independent party, although self-appointed and hand picked, is coming before the people at the November election seeking to discredit the duly elected candidates and pretending to be championing the cause of the common people.

Just why a few self-nominated should be better qualified to serve than those chosen by the voters is not clear to us. Under the party primary system those who are nominated are supposed to represent the party and it is not legal for a defeated candidate to run for the same office as an independent. If it were legal then there would be no excuse for the primary. But it seems that a defeated candidate can run for some other office as an independent candidate. Such a situation can only muddy the water and make it harder for the majority to make an intelligent choice. More than two parties or no parties at all usually results in chaos and minority rule. One has to but look at the political situation in South American countries and Europe to realize this fact.

NATIONAL GUARD FIT

Oregon units of the National Guard, the nation's first line of defense in case of war, returned this week from training camp. From all accounts they displayed a knowledge of modern warfare and measured up to the high standards attained by the Guard during the world war.

On account of our small standing army the National Guard, as in the world war, must be the first to meet the enemy and it is this volunteer units duty to hold out until a reserve army can be trained by the regular army. With wars and dissension throughout the world it is very important from that we maintain our national guard up to standard. The national guard has not the attitude toward war of the professional soldier and is the logical unit for this country from the standpoint of peace and safety.

ENGLISH, 1000 WORDS

More than five hundred million people, a quarter of the world's population, either speak English or live under the flags of the two great English-speaking nations. Our language is the most widely-spoken of all.

It is not as easy for those bred to other tongues to express themselves correctly in English as in some other languages. For that reason, efforts are being made on both sides of the Atlantic to organize a simple vocabulary of less than a thousand English words by means of which any idea can be expressed.

This, it seems, is far more sensible than the various attempts to create a new "universal language," such as Esperanto or anything else which is not already familiar to millions.

The production of lumber amounted to 5,363,049 M feet, board measure, in Oregon and Washington during 1933. This was 22 per cent more than 1932 and 18 per cent less than 1931. The NRA seems to be working better in the lumber industry than any other in the west. Perhaps the indirect benefits we will receive from lumber will compensate for the hardships that has been worked on other industries.

We predict that public opinion will rapidly turn against the longshoremen in Portland if the strike continues. Shortages of fuel oil and other necessary freight caused by the strike is now beginning to pinch the Metropolis and the strike will be made forcibly brought into the public mind.

The Blue Eagle News informs us that business has improved the last year as follows: Chicago 32%, New York 12%, San Francisco 18%, Dallas 36%, Atlanta 42% and so on. These are indexes taken from department store sales. There is hope for the future.

Like business, elections need volume to get low cost. Each voter at the primary election cost Lane county 47 cents. Self expression at election time cost the taxpayers money and the people should make better use of it.

Congressman Mott carried every county in his district the vote being 48,073 to 17,289 for his opponent in the primary. Mott has worked faithfully for his district and now that he has had experience should be returned to Congress.

Some of the hardships of the pioneers can be more easily realized by those attempting to grow whiskers.



The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

BITES OF DOGS

I always view the pet dog as an extra hazard in the household. The animal is always harmless if you keep far enough away from him. Our children are entitled to our most watchful care. One baby's life is worth—but you know what is on my mind.

Suppose the patient has been snapped by an angry poodle. Nobody knows anything worth depending on. Even the doctor cannot tell if hydrophobia germs are in the dog's makeup. It takes from two weeks to a hundred days for hydrophobia to develop in the patient. The only real safety is in giving the victim Pasteur treatment, and losing no time about it. Also, confine that dog for the hundred days, if possible to see if it develops the dread without effect in preventing or curing hydrophobia. You destroy some very valuable evidence as to his condition. Pen him up safely and watch him.

But—if the offender be killed early, its head should be sent at once to a testing laboratory for examination. Your doctor will direct you in the proper procedure.

The Pasteur treatment is so prepared now, that any capable physician can administer it. If he cannot, then seek somebody who can, for no chances should be taken; once hydrophobia is contracted a cure has never been known, so far as I know.

I may be writing nothing new. But, only last week an old citizen came into my office and asked me if I knew where she could sell a very valuable "mad-stone!" People are, it seems, still believing in that old bit of witchery of our forefathers. Mad-stones have long ago been proven without effect in preventing or curing hydrophobia. You will not be misled by any such thing.

The Dollar Bride by Mary Inlay Taylor

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.

INSTALLMENT SIX

Day dawned at last and the sun rose gloriously—sunshine mocks at human misery.

It was shining in the kitchen windows where Amanda, with her sleeves rolled up, was cutting potatoes. As she pared she sang: "Take me up an' set me down Sprang in Heaven-town!"

"Po' de Lawd, Miss Nancy, yo' done startled me!"

Nancy had appeared unexpectedly upon the threshold. It was early but she was fully dressed for the street and wore a big hat that shaded her eyes.

"Mandy, I'm going out—I want something. Can I have a cup of coffee now?"

"I reckon so, Miss Nancy; I done made it a ready."

Nancy sat down in a kitchen chair and took the hot cup from Mandy's hands. The coffee was hot and golden brown; Nancy sipped it slowly, watching the deft brown hands at work.

"Take me up an' set me down Sprang in Heaven-town."

sang Amanda, pausing now and then as she flipped the slender slices of potatoes in the boiling fat.

"Take me up an' set me down Where de angels keep my crown! Oh, dere ain't no moths up dere. Oh, dere ain't no rust to spare, Where de angels shines my crown!"

Nancy choked down a little more hot coffee. Amanda, looking up, caught her in the act of setting the cup aside.

"Heah, yo' ain't a'goin', is yo'?"

Yo' didn't drink half dat coffee. Deed, Miss Nancy, yo'll get malaria, yo' sho' will!"

But Nancy was already gone. In the path outside the door she turned and flung Amanda a smile over her shoulder. It was a pale young smile that seemed near tears.

It was very early in the morning and the street seemed to be flooded with light. There was old Major Lomax standing in his garden. Nancy's heart sank, she hated to meet any one but she had to go that way.

"Hello, Nancy, going on a journey?" He was looking at her satchel.

"Just for a little while," she answered hurriedly, "how's Angie?"

"Still bling here. Better come in and see her," he advised, his eyes twinkling.

Nancy hurried. "I can't come in today, but—give Angie my love, please," she faltered.

The major chuckled. "Think I'm a carrier pigeon, eh? Angie and I saw Roddy hurry by last week—what's wrong? He never looked at us, Nancy, went by like a shot."

Nancy felt a thrill of fear run through her. Did the old man know? Se must not betray Roddy, she had saved him so far, she must not fall now. She swallowed the lump in her throat.

"He had to catch a train, that was all," she explained gently. "I'm sure he didn't see you."

Nancy hurried now. She had told Richard not to come for her, to wait at the station. She thought it would be easier to go there alone, but it was not; it was harder every minute. Then suddenly she saw him waiting for her quietly, standing at his own gate.

He seemed to loom up there, not the figure that her fevered dreams had conjured—as a child dreams of the bogie-man—but Richard, tall and strong. The same face, too, not handsome like Page Roemer's, but with something in it that frightened her. Yet his eyes were warm and glowing now and—yes, they were kind!

"I couldn't let you walk all the way there alone, Nancy," he said huskily, clasping her hand a moment and letting it go again. "I've felt a beastly coward, not to come to take your father and mother, and to take you off to a church like a man!"

"You did what I asked, Richard," she got her voice—at first she thought she couldn't—and they walked on together. Once she raised her eyes and gave Richard a sidelong look, and she was stricken by it. Again she saw how he loved her and it terrified her. It was like meeting something mighty and irresistible. She was wicked. It was a wicked and sordid thing to do to a man who loved her.

"There's Mrs. Haddon," said Richard's voice and it sounded strange.

Nancy looked up at the motor and saw Helena's face at the window. Her green eyes looking at them. She leaned forward, started, howling to them, and Nancy's cheeks grew rosy. Helena's eyes looked as if they knew, or thought they knew—something! Nancy, trying to hide her own trembling, saw her looking back, her eyes on Richard, and Richard red under his tan.

"Haddon's going on the train with us," he said quietly, they were in sight of the station now. "He told me so last night. A pleasure trip—it won't bother us, Nancy."

She thought it would; she did not like Helena, and Kingdon Haddon was Helena's husband, and the president of the bank where Mr. Gordon had worked as a trusted clerk for twenty years. Helena would wonder why Nancy was going to Washington with Richard. Would they have to tell him? Her heart sank—it would make it so real before—before it happened. Unconsciously she faltered; her very lips grew pale. Richard saw it. Up to this moment he had been carried along by a rush of feeling, by the depth of his own passion for her, but now—in a moment—the thing fell to pieces. They were almost at the station when he stopped short.

"Nancy," his voice was harsh and broken. "I—I wish I knew—you make a fellow feel like a brute! I can't go on with this—if I'm forcing you to marry me against your heart!"

hurt it but she did not wince. They stood a moment thus and then walked on; the force that was driving him now was too strong even for him, or he made no effort to resist it.

At the station, Richard held the door open and Nancy stepped inside.

She stood still inside the station door. She was conscious that Richard had left her for a moment and, looking across the station, she saw him talking to a tall thin man who stooped a little. Haddon, of course! They knew each other well. Richard was the banker's physician. Was he telling him about her?

Nancy's heart beat hard.

No, Richard had not told Haddon; the banker never looked her way at all. Suddenly she felt as if she wished he had. Why hadn't Richard—

"I thought you wouldn't want to talk to Haddon all the way, so I didn't tell him you were here," Richard said, coming up and taking her bag. "The train's going in two minutes, Nancy, we'll have to get aboard."

The church was almost empty but there were some roses in the white marble font, a little way from the group of witnesses, strangers, two women and a man—the church sexton.

"In the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman—"

Nancy's mind staggered back it. She lifted her white face and looked full into the minister's eyes. She was shaken by their look, their odd, questioning look. A pang of fear shot through her.

Nancy stood beside Richard, but she no longer lifted her eyes. She did not want to meet that look again.

"Not unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, in the fear of God."

How solemnly he spoke. He seemed to be seeking her out and searching her, not Richard. He must be doing it on purpose!

"Nancy Virginia, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

He paused; his stern voice seem to grate and pierce her, to try to drag the truth out of her. He was doing it on purpose!

"I, Nancy Virginia, take thee, Richard, to be—"

Her ears were ringing now and her lips were dry. She had said it, she had repeated it after him, chokingly, meaninglessly, like a parrot. She would see him all her life with that book in his hands and his spectacles slipping down his nose. But she had heard her own voice repeating it, and now it was Richard's turn.

"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow—"

His worldly goods? She turned hot and cold. She hardly knew what she was doing when the minister shook hands with her. Then he spoke to Richard kindly and frankly; she felt the change in his tone. He seemed to know that Richard was sincere.

She was shaking hands now with the witnesses; then they walked down the long aisle—they two alone—past the vacant pews under the low gallery.

Richard opened the swinging-doors and the cold spring air met them like a friend.

Across the city square the blue shadows of the dusk had gathered. Terror and homesickness cloyed at Nancy's heart; she looked up and met Richard's eyes, they frightened her; he saw through her, she knew he did!

"Richard, I must go home!" she panted.

"I'm going to take you home," his voice shook, "my home is yours now, Nancy."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean I'll have to tell father and mother now!"

"Then—" he paused an instant, not looking at her, you want to go home tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" her tone was tinged with agonized dismay. He meant to stay here then—or to go farther away still!

"You want to go now?" he asked quietly, "at once?"

"Oh!" she drew a long breath. "If I could—"

He was silent. They had reached the corner of the street and he stopped abruptly, apparently lost in thought.

"You mean—you'd like to go home alone?—that—" he choked.

For a long moment the man struggled with the mounting passion and fury in his soul. Then he turned quietly, without making her even aware of the tremendous effort he had made to control himself.

"Come with me now," he said coldly. "I've taken rooms at the hotel here, close by. You need rest—I can see that—and I must talk to you."

Something in his tone stung her; suddenly she remembered. She had begged for help and pledged herself. It was her doing, not his, and she was begging off! Even now, married to him, she was longing to escape, to break her word. Had he found it out? She had a strange feeling of being in a dream and walking through an empty street with a stranger—toward a fate yet more strange. His silence, too, began to weigh upon her. She thought suddenly that it was her wedding day—his wedding day—and he loved her! A feeling of remorse shot through her, a feeling of shame.

They had reached the hotel now and a small suite overlooking the same park that faced the church where they had been married.

The curtains had not been drawn and, moving mechanically to the nearest window, Nancy stood looking out upon the city street with blank unseeing eyes. All her senses seemed alive to but one thing, Richard's presence and the sharper consciousness that they were alone together in a strange place.

To him it was a moment in intolerable complexity. He saw the girl he loved, his wife at last, young, lovely, appealing in her evident distress. Yet this, which should have been a moment of exultation and joy, was one of bitterness. How perfect she was, and she was his. The thought surged through him and kindled him like a flame. He forgot the way of getting her for an instant, because she was actually his!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

good seed and purebred livestock? If you use poor seed, scrub stock and half-do your farm work all around, you'll reduce production. But if you do a good job of farming, you're in danger of producing almost as much as usual. What do you mean by it?

"If these people really mean this, they should go on and say: 'What you really ought to do is to farm like your great-grandfather or his great-grandfather. Plow with an iron pointed plow with a wooden mold-board; harrow with a bundle of branches; plant your corn with a dibble; harvest your small grain with a cradle; thresh it out with flails or oxen. Go back to razorback hogs and longhorn steers. Use wild cattle for a milking herd, and lazzo a cow when you want to milk.'

"All this kind of talk is nonsense, of course. There is no conflict between efficiency and production control. Without production control, unregulated efficiency may hurt farmers thru the production of huge surpluses. With production control, efficiency and means more money and less work for the farmer.

"If aiding the farmers to produce more efficiently is a betrayal of the adjustment program, then most corn belt farmers are traitors. The man who raises purebred hogs, the man who breeds for higher production in milk cows, the purebred beef man who tries to raise blocker and eastern-gaining cattle, the man who raises higher-yielding seed corn or oats or wheat or barley or a dozen other crops, are all traitors. So also is every farmer who, out of his years of experience, gives practical hints to his younger neighbor on how to do his work easier and better.

"It is true that before we had a program of production control, the growing efficiency of our good good farmers was often a curse to farmers as was often a curse to the production of more livestock and more grain than the market wanted. Now, good farming is a benefit, not only to the individual who follows sound practices, but also to all farmers. If farm efficiency increased as much as 3 or 4 per cent in one year, it would be easy to plan for slightly less acreage the following year, and so balance production with demand.

"Under production control, the efficient farmer works fewer hours and makes more money than the inefficient farmer. Without production control, they both worked long hours and both lost.

"It is possible, of course, to reduce production by working longer hours than ever and using the tools and methods of our great-grandfathers. But who is fool enough to want to do it?"

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Returns to Ashland — Mr. and Mrs. George Craspey of Ashland left Tuesday morning for their home at Ashland after spending several days with Mrs. Rosa Montgomery, Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Craspey and Mrs. Montgomery drove to Corvallis to visit with Mrs. Montgomery's son, Fred, and his family.

PRODUCTION CONTROL DEFENSE IS PUBLISHED

Reduction Of Working Hours And Acreage Planted Held Benefit When Crops Unchanged

A vigorous defense of curtailed and controlled production of grain and livestock as is being attempted by the Department of Agriculture under Henry Wallace, secretary, is contained in an editorial published recently in "Wallace's Farmer" one of the many publications of the Secretary of Agriculture.

The full editorial reads as follows: "Is every good farmer betraying the principle of production control? Is a man who uses good seed, breeds good livestock, uses efficient farm machinery, gets his farm work done at the right time, and secures excellent results in crop yields and livestock production a traitor to the adjustment control program?"

"Some people pretend to think so. They say: 'You're trying to cut down production, aren't you? Well, then, what do you mean by using

Puzzle by A. B. Chapin

FIND THE MAN WHO'S BEEN TRYING FOR HALF AN HOUR TO DISENTANGLE HIS CAR FROM BETWEEN TWO SATURDAY AFTERNOON PARKING HOGS!



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