

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1934

TAX LIMITATION NOT SOLUTION

Tax limitations to those hard put to pay their taxes may seem a necessity but there are other things worse. Bonds and budget excesses due to delinquent taxes will build up debts until they are a greater load than current taxes.

When people are satisfied with less service from government and fewer studies in schools then a resultant lowering of the cost of government will occur if officials listen to the people.

With the curtailment of expenses in the Springfield school last year there was complaint. People expect less taxes but more service from government and in the majority of cases it is not to be had.

When there is genuine backing up of officials who are trying to practice economy in public affairs then we will have less expense in government but as long as we are trying to eat our cake and have it too, then we will have unwise spending and tax limitation will not curb it.

We cannot put a limit on the number of arrests a policeman can make, the number of runs a fire department can be called on or the number of pupils who attend school so we cannot limit to an exact amount the expense of these departments.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SITUATION

Gone into the third month the San Francisco strike situation defies all attempts at settlement because it has fallen into the hands of irresponsibles, who have repudiated the agreement of the international president of the longshoremen's union.

The average number of longshoremen employed in San Francisco is 1300. The union has a membership of 4000. It is the 2700 who have no jobs who are prolonging the strike because they have nothing to gain by settlement.

If the strike only affected those who are engaged in the dispute then the public might well let these parties remain in deadlock. But the strike now is affecting all business and agriculture as well as the food supply and sanitation in San Francisco.

RELIGION—TOLERANT TODAY

The religious prejudice against the reasonable pursuit of pleasure has pretty nearly faded out almost everywhere. Its basis, of course, was in the human tendency to make pleasure the main end of life, instead of a by-product.

But, among the young folk of both sexes with whom we come into contact, a distinctly religious spirit is growing more strongly all the time; just as in most churches a growing spirit of tolerance of harmless pleasures, even on Sunday.

Some suburban and rural churches hold an eight o'clock service every Summer Sunday morning just for golfers and fishermen.

Californians have invaded the coast country in great numbers since the opening of the Oregon Coast highway. Scores of service stations, auto camps and beach cottages have been built along this beautiful new road and a great amount of this new improvement has been by the newcomers from without the state.

We can conceive of no better existence when we grow old than for Papa United States and Mama Oregon to give us a nice sized pension so we may spend our last days fishin'.

Oregon and Washington are leading the states in the lowest rate of infant mortality. We also have the lowest birth rate—12.2 per cent compared with 16.4 for the whole United States.

There are those in Portland who would recall Mayor Carson for being too firm in the port strike and others because he displayed weak authority. Both sides are probably wrong.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD. Includes a small portrait of a man.

HOT-WEATHER TALK

What a wonderful time is summer, with its warm days, cool nights, sunshine, soft moonlight, with all manner of fruits and vegetables growing and maturing for man's use—it's really a wonderful world, now isn't it? Makes me want to stay here always.

I can't help repeating—it's man that is to blame when things go wrong. Nature's law—God's laws are right. Man is almost incapable of making a good law, and, is twice as incapable of enforcing one.

To have ice in summer is a luxury—but we must exercise temperance in putting iced drinks—iced foods into the stomach. One of the most eminent doctors in my state does not drink ice-water at all—and he is never sick.

Do you know why too much ice does harm? Well, our digestive tracts in a normal state, have marvelous power in resisting germs and germ-propagation. We swallow millions of bacteria,—millions—that do us no harm. The stomach in a healthy state attends to them. But, you chill that stomach—blanch it with ice-water poured into it most of the day, what happens? The stomach ceases to make up its "gastric juice," being chilled and shrunken by the cold—just as cold acts on the surface.

Cold does not kill germs; therefore they thrive in the stomach and bowel—multiply—often cause appendicitis—and terrific attacks of "acute indigestion" and the like. No, it is dangerous to make a practice of sluicing our stomach with iced drinks, be it ice-water, beer, sodas, or other iced-cold beverages. Don't do it.

The Dollar Bride by Mary Inlay Taylor. Includes an illustration of a bride and groom.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Nancy Gordon trades herself in marriage for fifteen thousand dollars—the price of her family honor—and the freedom of her brother, Roddy, who stole, for a woman, that amount from the bank in which he works.

Now Go On With the Story

INSTALLMENT NINE

"I don't call him a decent man now, Sarah; I thought he was. It's not decent, it's not honest to take advantage of a wild girl beside herself with grief about her brother."

"Nancy did it herself, Papa." "Nancy had lost her mind—she's a doctor and he hadn't!"

"He's in love with her; when a man's in love—"

The door opened abruptly and Amanda's round black head came in.

"Doctah Morgan ter see ye, suh." Mr. Gordon's eye glared. "Tell him to come in here, Mandy."

Mrs. Gordon half rose from her seat. She wanted to run, but if she did—? She had never seen her husband like this before and she had swift and horrid visions of murder and sudden death. She cast a startled glance at his drawn face and stopped crying.

The hall door opened quietly for Richard Morgan.

There was a moment of terrible silence. At a glance he took in the situation. Perhaps his own heart-searching had prepared him for it. He glanced at Mrs. Gordon but he faced her husband. He spoke apparently with some effort.

"I see that Nancy has told you sir, that we were married yesterday in Washington."

"My daughter has told me that you bought and paid for her—yes! What I want to know is—how you dared to take advantage of a young girl in such distress as she was? How did you dare to marry her?"

"I married her because I loved her, Mr. Gordon. I've asked her to marry me before. I've loved her for a long time. That was my only reason."

"Fiddlesticks!" roared Mr. Gordon. "How can you love a girl and let her do a thing like that? She doesn't love you—she told me she hated you—"

"Oh, Papa!" protested his wife, don't!"

"Richard Morgan said nothing; he turned deathly white. Mr. Gordon stared at him like an infuriated buffalo about to charge.

"Do you happen to know why she wanted that money?" he demanded fiercely.

Mrs. Gordon half rose from her chair. "Oh, Papa, don't—don't tell!" Her husband ignored her. So did Richard.

"She didn't tell me. I didn't ask—I don't want to know."

Mr. Gordon stopped long enough to loosen his collar button, and then went on furiously.

"I'll tell you all about it. My son's in the Greenough Trust Company in New York. You know it? He's got the get-rich-quick fever and he picked up a handful, fifteen thousand dollars—and spent it in five months. He's a promising boy at spending—"

"William Gordon, I'll leave you if you don't stop!" his wife wailed.

"You hush up, Mother, it's the truth, isn't it? Well, he took it and he was in danger of going to jail. He came here instead—ran away and came home, and we're all broken up. You see, we've always loved the boy—Mr. Gordon choked a little—he and Nancy, as kids, were as thick as peas. It broke her up altogether. She wanted to save her brother, to give him another chance. She went out like a mad woman and went to you. And you—"

by the Lord Harry, sir, I'd like you to explain yourself. How dared you take a gift like that—at her word—and tie her up! You're—you're—"

He didn't finish. Mrs. Gordon's trembling hand was over his mouth. "He's crazy, Richard!" she sobbed, clinging to her husband. "I'm sure he's going to have a stroke!"

Richard turned and looked at Mrs. Gordon and then at her husband, and his look was astonishingly full of light and beauty. "I trusted to the power of my love for Nancy—I thought I could make her love me, if once she was my wife, I think so still."

Mr. Gordon still stared at him. He began to understand that this man loved Nancy deeply, irrevocably, but it did not stop his heart-burn and shame.

"You'll get it back—every cent," he said, "you cannot put me under this obligation. I won't endure it."

Richard's mouth shut hard. He did not answer this, he ignored it.

"You say that Nancy told you she hated me?" he said slowly, turning to Mr. Gordon.

Mr. Gordon nodded. Richard's shoulders seemed to square themselves; like those of a man who had resisted a heavy blow.

"I've already put it up to her," he said, with forced quietness. "I've told her we needn't announce it if she wishes a quiet release. Of course, I—" he was speechless a moment and then added:

"I've loved her ever since she was a child, I think, I'll put it all up to her again. I—" words were seemingly difficult—"may I see her now?"

Mr. Gordon rose and went to the door, opened it, and called up the stairs.

There was no answer. Mrs. Gordon stumbled out of her rocker. "I'll go up, Pape, she—perhaps she doesn't hear you."

"Nancy Virginia," bawled her father.

The kitchen door opened and Amanda's black face appeared. She was showing the whites of her eyes prodigiously; she had heard all the racket and knew as much as they did.

"Miss Nancy ain't in, suh. She done gone down ter de river. She was cryin'."

"Oh, Papa, you—you broke her heart!" wailed Mrs. Gordon, careless of Amanda's ears. "she's—she's gone to kill herself!"

Mr. Gordon's flushed face grew pale, his eyes started.

"I—" he snatched his hat off the rack in the hall and made for the door.

But Richard Morgan was before him. Without a word to either of them, he flung the door open and started down the garden path.

Nancy fled from the house when her husband entered. Her father had painted a convincing picture. She saw herself a brazen creature, offering to marry a man for a price—without excuse.

Where the river was little wider than a stream a heavy log spanned it, laid from boulder to boulder at the ford. Nancy crossed on it. She had gone that way a thousand times with Roddy. It was one of their childish feats. Nancy sat down, took off her hat and let the spring wind blow her soft hair about.

At her feet, in a sunny nook, bloomed the first wild violets. She looked down at them in dull misery. Page always picked the first violets for her; no doubt there were some folded into the letter she had in her handbag. She had found it in her room.

Now she remembered, took it out and opened it. She was right, the first wild violets of the season fell out of it. She looked at them vacantly. It was a moment before she began to read.

"Dear Nancy Virginia: Why couldn't you come down to see me? That headache wasn't excuse enough—I think you know what I had to say then, and I can't wait any longer. I must say it now. Nancy Virginia, will you marry me? I'm coming to-night for my answer."

To-night? She looked at the date; he had written it the day she was married. The crumpled paper fell in her lap and she sat and stared at it for a while. Then, very slowly, she picked up the dropping little violets and kissed them. She sat there for a long time without moving; then, the wind blowing from that direction she heard her father's voice and Amanda's in their garden, and, nearer at hand, the crackling of twigs. In an instant she divined the situation, they were looking for her, her father, and her husband! This might be Richard himself in the brush across the river!

She rose, trembling, and ran up the path. She knew her way here as no one else knew it. She slipped behind some cedars, climbed a steep rock, and came out, by a short cut, on the main street, below MacDougall's drugstore. She crossed Main street and went down Meadow Lane.

At the end of it was an old orchard; no one would find her there! She only wanted to be alone. She strayed along under the bare trees of the old orchard. The short turf was soft and green and gave under her feet. The wind was wonderfully fresh and keen, and it was the only thing that revived her. She felt alive when it blew in her face. But she did not know what to do. What could she do? She had married Richard Morgan and—according to her father—even Richard would disperse her for it. It was true then what her father said, he did not want her!

She went on wandering under the trees, sure that they could not find her there. She wanted to hide, oh hide so that no one would ever find her! Least of all Richard. Yet, all the while, she felt his ring hard and cold on her finger. It felt heavy

there, but she dared not take it off.

In the lonely orchard Nancy's face burned with shame. She had asked him for fifteen thousand dollars. She had set a price on herself!

The sun had set long ago and a mist was rising over the meadows. It ran along the edges in circling wreaths like smoke. Nancy shivered.

Nancy hurried on. Another half hour brought her face to face with the old courthouse, deserted now and dark. On the opposite side of the street were some small old-fashioned houses given up to lawyers and their clerks. In one of these Page Roemer had his rooms. He lived there, in two rooms behind his law office, and the windows were lighted now.

Was Page getting ready to go for his answer? A wave of emotion swept over her, an intense longing for sympathy, for kindness. Page loved her! The temptation was too keen to resist, the longing to see him, to speak to him, to tell him her troubles. Perhaps he would hate her, too, then, and it would make it easier for him.

She turned, went into the narrow hall and ascended the stairs. The door at the top stood open and she stopped, leaning against it, and looking into the room beyond, herself unseen. It was an office, plainly and simply furnished. As she looked, the inner door opened and Page Roemer came in, went to his desk and sat down, taking up his telephone.

She could see him plainly; he was already dressed, and he had some of the wild violets on his coat. The light from the green shaded lamp fell on the handsome arch of his young head. He was younger than Richard Morgan, better looking, more pliable, and gifted with a grace of manner.

What would he think of her? What of her coming here at this hour? The wave of emotion that had borne her up the stairs to his threshold, swept back upon her and submerged her. She turned softly, felt for the banisters with a groping gesture and tried to escape unseen. But he had just hung up the receiver and in the ensuing stillness, he heard the rustle of her garments. He turned quickly, trying to look out of the lighted room into the dim hall beyond. She had to cross his vision to reach the head of the stairs and he saw a woman where, as a rule, no one but men appeared at this hour. His curiosity took him to the door.

Page took a step forward and

Constipation ADLERIKA Flanery's Drug Store. Includes a small illustration of a person.

turned up the old fashioned gasjet

in the hall. As he did so she turned her head away, but he had already recognized her.

"Nancy! Good heavens, Nancy!" he cried, "what is it?"

He caught her in his arms and lifted her like a child, carrying her into his office.

But she disengaged herself, pushing him off with both hands, her white lips shaking.

"Don't touch me," she cried wildly, "don't touch me!"

He stood dumfounded, looking at her, almost as pale as she was.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MORE CREAM QUALITY MEETINGS BEING HELD

A number of additional meetings of the Lane County Cream Quality Improvement association are being held this week, Tuesday evening the speakers were at Willakin grange hall to meet the dairymen in the Coburg, Springfield and Willakin areas.

Last night a meeting was held at Marcola for the farmers of the Mohawk valley, and tonight a similar meeting is set for the Wallowa district to include the upper McKenzie and Jasper districts.

Reasons for the improvement of cream, the financial gain to the farmer, and new cream and butter legislation are discussed at these meetings.

Here's a surgeon's wonderful prescription,—not a patent medicine—that will do more to help you rid yourself of unlighty spots and common skin troubles than anything you've ever tried.

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Soft Drink Days EGGIMANN'S "Where the Service is Different". Includes an illustration of a soft drink bottle.

Eugene invites you to the all Oregon epic OREGON TRAIL PAGEANT. Includes an illustration of a horse-drawn wagon.

Do You drive a horse and buggy? MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY. Includes an illustration of a woman in a buggy and a woman at a stove.