

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1934

DUTY IS TO BACK GOVERNOR

Whether we agree with Governor Meier or not as to the advisability of calling out the National Guard in the Portland strike it is the duty of every citizen to support his action.

Riots, blood shed, property damage, trespass, closing of industry and loss of business to both shippers and ship owners had occurred for weeks.

Encouragement of radicals who might have courage to resist the national guard is clearly an attack on law and order.

OWNERS—THE PEOPLE

Some people persist in talking about big corporations as if they were owned by one or two rich men who were bent on robbing everybody, including their employees.

American Telegraph & Telephone employs 270,000 persons, but it is owned by 680,000 stockholders, not one of whom owns one-hundredth of the shares.

It may come true, as some believe, that eventually a dozen or twenty big corporations will do all the business of the nation.

FIRST SETTLER WAS A WORKER

Elias M. Briggs, who came here with his family by wagon train in 1849, founded the town of Springfield.

Briggs also dug the mill race in 1852 and erected a old flour mill and a sawmill at its mouth.

John Dillinger, whose career of crime cost this country hundreds of thousands of dollars, is dead—Shot to death by an unnamed federal agent.

The CCC boys have seen nothing yet. Roosevelt now plans to plant a belt of trees one hundred miles wide from Canada to Mexico.

People take off their hats when senators enter elevators in Washington. But its different in Portland.

Water costs less in Eugene than most cities if you buy enough say city officials. But who is interested in water since the repeal of the eighteenth amendment.

Postmaster General Farley has now been initiated into the Eugene bushwhackers. The Republicans have called him that for a long time.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR

Yesterday an old neighbor—he admitted being 75—dropped into my office to shake hands and "see about a small patch that has appeared over the right cheek-bone; it is slightly thickened, itches a little, and announces its presence every time I shave."

It didn't bleed, which was fortunate. It was just a skin-lesion on an aged face. I had seen hundreds of them . . . we both were thinking about skin-cancer, technically epithelioma.

I could speak to this old man with authority; here is what I said to him:

"This is not yet unmistakable; it may be malignant, and may not be; but we must proceed with caution. Do not "scratch" this little offender—you get a habit of doing that. Do not shave over this spot—trim the beard here with scissors.

"Do not even subject it to sunburn—I mean to the point of irritation; wear your hat for shade. Above all—do not buy patented ointments or "salves" that may be recommended to you let them alone; nine out of ten of them contain some irritant that lights up a fire sometimes—a fire that becomes destructive—take no chances.

"But, suppose it is not! Then we will be in good shape for applying the X-ray . . . though let's not cross that bridge until we come to it." This applies to any aged patient who has a similar lesion.

The Dollar Bride by Mary Inlay Taylor

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 TEN

"Nancy," again he took a step toward her, "what is it? What has happened? You got my letter? You . . ."

She waved him back and, unable to speak, sank weakly into his swivel chair and burst into wild and passionate tears.

The storm of Nancy's passionate grief spent itself slowly. She lay helplessly in the old chair, her face hidden in her hands, and her whole slight frame shaken by her sobs.

"Nancy, what is it? Tell me—," he pleaded. "I know you've been away, your mother told me so. You're in trouble—what can it be? Let me help you!"

She lifted her head slowly at that and looked at him. "You can't help me—ever again!" she said in a choked voice.

He caught at her cold hands and held them. "You love me, Nancy?" Her white lips moved without words.

Her white lips moved without words. She disengaged her left hand from his and held it out. On the third finger the new gold of her wedding ring caught the light.

"Nancy, what do you mean?" "It's—my wedding ring."

He rose slowly to his feet, staring at her, his young face turning from red to white. He had never looked more boyish, more as she had always known him.

"Are you crazy, Nancy?" he gasped. She began to move her hands restlessly, pleading the fold of her skirt and pressing it down.

"Do you remember where you went Saturday morning, Page?" He frowned. "What on earth has that to do with it?"

"You went to see Richard Morgan—about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, didn't you?" He tried to collect his thoughts, still dumfounded.

"I suppose I did. Yes, I did!" "I was there, Page, I heard your voice—it was after that—"

"Good Lord, have you married Morgan?" She nodded, without looking toward him.

There was a terrible pause. She did not lift her eyes to Roemer's face, but she was aware of it. She could feel his eyes on her.

"There's no one on earth to force you to do anything, Nancy," he said slowly. "There's no reason on earth, that I can see either, unless you want to do it. Morgan's a rich successful man—I congratulate you."

She had not expected this. The irony in his tone cut her to the heart. Here, too, she was to meet, not sympathy, but condemnation; here, too, she would get—not bread but a stone! He had hit the nail on the head, too, hit it most horribly. Money, money—how they flung it at her!

He caught her look of misery, of appeal, and sprang to his feet. "Nancy, you don't love him—you never did!"

She did not answer that. She wavered, standing weakly, not looking toward him.

"You love!" Page Roemer cried, and caught her violently in his arms.

She swayed, her first impulse to resist overwhelmed, beaten down by her weakness, her head dropped back on his shoulder and her eyes closed. She felt his kisses on her face and she had no strength to resist them.

"You love me," he repeated hoarsely, "and you married him. Why—why? I can't understand—Nancy, tell me—you must tell me the truth!"

"I can't tell you," she whispered brokenly. "don't ask me, Page. I—can't!"

His face flushed darkly. "You can't tell me why you married Morgan? What can you mean?"

She stirred, trying to disengage herself. "Let me go, Page. It's—oh, I can't tell you!"

But his arms tightened around her. He saw her misery, he was determined to wring a confession from her.

"Page, I've—I've got to go home!" she gasped.

"You're not going home to that man's house!" he answered hoarsely. "You've come to me for help and I'm going to help you, Nancy."

She shook her head weakly, trying to take a step toward the door, but he still held her. He was holding her when they heard a step in the hall and the door—half ajar—was thrown wide open. Page's arm fell from Nancy's waist, he straightened himself and looked around.

Richard Morgan stood on the threshold.

The two men faced each other then Richard's glance swept from Page to Nancy. It seemed to ignore Page as unworthy of any consideration and fixed itself upon her.

Richard came quietly into the room. "Nancy," he said, "I've come to take you home."

Page turned on Richard. "What does this mean? What have you done to her? She says you've married her—look at her; she's wretched!"

Morgan was startled; she had told Roemer of her marriage then; what else had she told him?

"I've come for my wife," he said sharply, "and what I've done—or what she does—is no concern of yours."

Page Roemer's face blazed with anger. "It's this much my concern—she came to me for help!"

Richard's thin lips tightened, he turned his eyes on Nancy, met hers and held them.

"Is that so?" he asked her in a low voice, "did you come to this man for help?"

Nancy, still leaning on the table, swayed a little.

"I don't know—why I came," she replied at last, faintly.

Richard ignored him and went to her. "Nancy, I've come for you," he repeated in his low deep voice, his eyes searching her face.

She met them and her face quivered like a child's. She lifted her hands from the table slowly, gropingly, and tried to walk toward the door, but her steps faltered and she swayed. Richard put an arm around her, guiding her.

"Nancy," cried Page, "I won't let you go like this! It's got to be explained; you're too wretched. Look at her, Morgan, does she look like a bride? What have you done? If you're a man you'll let her go!"

Richard stopped, turned slowly and measured him.

This is no affair of yours, Roemer," Richard said shortly, "neither you nor any other man will interfere between me and my wife. Come, Nancy."

Without another word Nancy turned weakly and went out with her husband.

It had turned cold; a February wind touched her face like an icy hand. She stood waiting on the curb while Richard whistled up a taxi and helped her into it. She leaned back in the corner and shut her eyes. She felt weak and ill and, when her eyes closed, she seemed to behold visions. She saw Roddy's blank face and open mouth when she gave him the money, and her father! Then she felt Page Roemer's kisses on her face, and the hot blushes burning her own cheeks. A newly wedded wife in another man's arms! Nancy groaned suddenly and hid her face in her hands.

The taxi stopped and Nancy stirred and looked up.

"Be careful of the step," said Richard calmly, holding out his hands.

He held her firmly, keeping his hand on her arm, while he paid and dismissed the man. Then they went up the path together. Not a word was said, but Nancy found it difficult to walk alone. He opened the door and she walked unsteadily into the house. She had no other place to go.

"I'll telephone to your mother at once," said Richard, "they're anxious. Sit down here, Nancy, until I come."

He pushed a chair forward and she sank into it. She was lying back in the chair with her eyes closed when she heard Richard's quick step in the hall.

"You will be my guest, Nancy, until you can decide what you wish to do," Richard's voice said gravely. "It's the best way to avoid scandal. I"—he hesitated—"I can send a marriage notice to the newspapers. Afterwards it will be as you wish. I—" he stopped again.

She was leaning back on the pillows, her face averted.

She drew a long breath. "Thank you," she said simply.

Then she arose, passed him, and went to the door. She put out a steady hand now and opened it, looking into the front hall. It was empty. She was going without a word, but Richard reached her. He caught her in his arms, pressed her close to his heart.

"Nancy," he said hoarsely, passionately, "my wife—stay with me

—don't go—stay, I'll make you love me, I'll win you, Nancy, give me my chance! Stay with me, dear," he urged her almost violently; his love had broken down his pride. She broke away shaking all over; anger and shame and fear held her.

"You promised to let me go—you said you didn't want a wife who didn't love you—I don't, you know I don't! Father will pay it back—let me go!"

He let her go and stood like a man turned suddenly to stone. "Goodbye Richard—forgive me, goodbye!"

He was silent and she ran out of his house into the night.

Angle Fuller kept house for her uncle. Major Lomax had never married. There had been an early and a tragic love affair. Diana Aylett had accidentally shot herself on the eve of their marriage. It was hard to associate romance with the old major. Yet there had been a love affair that seared.

When the smoke of that tragedy cleared away, Lomax found it had killed the power to love another woman. And once, in the Gordon's garden, he had caught Nancy Virginia reaching high for a sprig of lilac. She looked for just one minute as Diana had looked the day she died. Nancy did not know why the old man stared at her. She tossed her sprig of lilac to him.

The old man put it in his button-hole, patted her hand, and went on. Nancy had no idea that she had won a champion for all time.

The morning after Nancy's return, Angle had to get the breakfast. She came into the dining room, her face rosy from the fire.

She set the plate of rusk down in front of her uncle and retired behind the old silver coffee-pot. She was thinking of Rod Gordon.

It was the first time he had ever been in town without coming to see her. They were old neighbors; they had been boy and girl sweethearts. He had walked straight by the house and never looked at it, and Nancy had said nothing about his visit home! What did it mean?

Major Lomax ate a piece of rusk with an audible crunch and turned over his newspaper.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, stopping to read an advertisement more carefully. "The Gordon house for sale—whole outfit—furniture and all!"

Angle was astonished. A shaft of terror shot through her. Had something happened to Roddy? "Why, uncle, it just can't be true—they love the old house so!"

He shoved the paper across the table. "Read that!" he said crossly.

He was cross because, like Angle, a shaft of alarm had shot through him. He had heard something from a cousin of his in New York, old Beaver, accountant in the Greenough Trust Company. Old Beaver said Roddy was running after a fast woman and was in debt. Lomax knew that William Gordon's resources were narrow.

Trouble somewhere? The major's old mouth hardened. "Gordon called me up late last night—wanted to know about selling some securities," he ruminated aloud, more to himself than to Angle. "He had about five thousand in Liberty bonds."

LUMBER REDUCTION IS WRITTEN INTO CODE

New minimum prices on West Coast lumber became effective Friday, July 20, and will run as much as 11 per cent according to Col. W. B. Greeley, manager of the West-Coast Lumbermen's association. The reduction is being made by the lumber industry as a contribution toward the president's housing and home betterment program.

In order to give code prices the complete backing and unquestioned legal enforcement of the administration, an amendment was made in the Lumber Code under which

Stomach Gas One dose of ADLERIKA quickly relieves gas bloating, cleans out BOTH upper and lower bowels, allows you to eat and sleep good. Quick, thorough action yet gentle and entirely safe.

The new price lists were issued by an order of the administrator, on July 16, which specifically establishes the individual prices and makes their observance obligatory to all operators in the respective divisions of the industry. That is, minimum prices based upon ascertained costs of production have thus been ordered as part of the Lumber Code in the same way as the minimum wages for employees which must be paid by the operators in each branch of the industry.

Pengra Man Here—Harold Pengra of Pengra was a visitor in Springfield Saturday.

THIS HEALING OIL Banishes Eczema and Skin Trouble

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

ADLERIKA Flanery's Drug Store

A Gala Week A little of Maid O' Cream modern ice cream will go good along with so much old time offerings this week.

We're Pioneers We did not come here in an ox cart but still we are becoming pioneers in the candy business in Lane county.

FOR JUST ONE DAY HAVE YOU been trying to persuade your husband to buy you an Electric Range? Chances are, he doesn't fully realize the drudgery involved in preparing meals with your old cook stove.