

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1934

### SERVICE—INCENTIVE LACKING

Public service as a career rather than as a means of putting money into one's pocket has not appealed strongly to the great mass of American young men. The national standard of success has been measured in dollars instead of in the social value of the individual's life.

We think there is an increasing tendency among the young men of high ability to prepare themselves for governmental posts, but there are no signs of any change in the system of throwing all the best men out when a new party takes charge of things and filling their places with those whose chief qualification is their partisanship.

Arthur Morgan, head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, spoke wisely the other day when he said that our civil service regulations are wrong end to. They protect the holders of unimportant jobs, which take no particular competence to fill, whereas they ought to protect the important posts, if the real purpose is to improve the public service rather than to take care of political hangers-on.

### A PLACE TO LIVE

With proper flood control, drainage and irrigation the Willamette valley can support at least a million more people. When one compares the climatic conditions here with those that prevail throughout the United States where drought, floods and high winds prevail and climate varies from the extremes of hot and cold we can appreciate the desirable features of the Willamette Valley. A little money wisely spent by the government in this valley will yield returns forever where man is never for long in fierce competition with the elements. We need most to get these facts over to the administration.

Germany and her allies lost the war because world opinion turned against them writes an editor. If our eyes did not deceive us something more substantial than world opinion was being turned on the Germans the last few weeks before she gave up. More shells were shot at Saint Mehell and the Argonne than America had used in all wars together since the Revolution. That we think had something to do with Germany's giving up. World opinion is all right but it is greatly overrated. It did not keep the Japs out of Manchuria you may have noticed.

Those backing the 20 mill tax limitation measure reason this way. "It is not the property owners' problem to find a method of raising sufficient tax money but all the people of which we are only a part." After all you must admit they are right. However, it is wise for the people to dismount from one good horse before another is in sight? To this we expect the answer is, "it's foolish to ride a good horse to death."

Newspaper advertising increased nearly 10 percent in June this year over the same month in 1933, according to a report of Advertising Age. Automobile and Retail advertising showed the best gains. This is taken to be a good barometer of the business situation the country over.

The Eugene pageant was a magnificent display of public spirit and cooperation. We expect the community will benefit as much by strengthened confidence as a result of this show as from its historic value.

We do not fear the "reds" so much as the "pinks." Those who say the constitution is obsolete talk from the mouth without using their brains. It is the one guarantee that they will be allowed to talk at all.

Three propositions for liquor control in Lane county will be submitted to the voters in November. A chance to register "Dry," "moist" or "wet" on the official ballot it seems is the plans.

No more can one dressmaker copy another's dress style if a proposal by the Dress Code authority is allowed. "Style Piracy" must stop say the dressmakers.

"The more abundant life" the administration speaks about will no doubt result when everyone has an automobile to ride to the Red Cross office.

## THE BOOK

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

by BRUCE BARTON  
A KINGSHIP REPUTED

Jesus' miracles caused His reputation to spread before Him, and the most dramatic of them, the feeding of a host of people, was followed by one great moment of triumph, which, however marked the beginning of the end.

That multitude of people whom He had seated in groups of fifty and a hundred rose to their feet after their miraculous meal and discovered that they were an army. They looked up with new eyes at the strong young man who had fed them as Moses had fed their ancestors in the wilderness.

The words of the prophets surged into their minds. Here indeed was a son of David; here was the promised leader who should free his people, drive the Romans before him, and sit again upon the throne in Jerusalem. With a great shout they surged forward.

Did he hesitate for a moment? Was there an instant in which the temptation to seize his proffered leadership battled with His real ideals? We know only the final decision, which was quickly made:

When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone.

From that hour His popularity waned. Most of those who had followed Him in the hope of reward through a successful revolution began to drop away.

From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.

Even the twelve were disappointed and disheartened. Why was it necessary for Him to be so inflexible? Why must He always abuse the Pharisees and other influential people? Why turn away so abruptly from those who could be of so much help? Jesus alone saw clearly. He led them away from Galilee into the foreign shores of Tyre and Sidon. He wanted to be alone with them, to try to make them understand why He must refuse temporal power; why, indeed, it would be necessary for Him to insure the permanency of His message by sealing it with His blood.

He must "go into Jerusalem," He told them, "and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed." Indignantly they sought to dissuade him. "Be it far from thee, Lord," the hotheaded Peter exclaimed, "this shall never be unto thee." Their remonstrances were in vain.

The whole last year of His ministry has a different tone. He is far more emphatic, far more audacious. Knowing that compromise is useless, He lashes out against the smug complacency of the Pharisees who render lip service to Jehovah but are rotten at the core with selfishness and greed.

# 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 she works. Nancy, desperately in love with young Page Roemer, nevertheless agrees to a secret elopement with Dr. Richard Morgan, and with the money he loans her prevents Roddy's arrest. Dr. Morgan is loved by Helena Haddon, a sophisticated young married woman, but he adores Nancy and hopes to win her after marriage. In Washington they are married. Nancy is Richard's bride—and afraid of him.

### Now Go On With the Story—

INSTALLMENT TWELVE  
Then, either the visitor had found out all she wanted to, or she was tired of it; she was actually going. Nancy heard their movements in the hall. Mrs. Gordon came back panting.

"Oh, Nancy, do you think she—she knows anything?"  
Nancy shook her head doubtfully. "How can she? Unless—There was Beaver, but Nancy would not believe that. It was too much. "I think she only wanted you to talk about Richard."

Mrs. Gordon's face changed. "I didn't know that he—that he had ever been engaged," she said blankly. "Anyway, he's in love with you, Nancy. I know that!"

A strange smile twisted Nancy's lips.

"Perhaps he isn't now," she said briefly, "perhaps he doesn't like a secret in the family—and I—" she laughed wildly—"I threw myself at his head, Mama."

"Oh, Nancy!" her mother blushed like a girl.

But Nancy did not blush, she turned suddenly white to the lips and caught at Mrs. Gordon's hand convulsively.

"There's Page Roemer coming in the gate—oh, Mama, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she cried. Amanda's dusky face appeared at the door.

"Mist' Page Roemer, Miss Nancy," she said softly, showing the whites of her eyes. "I said mebbe yo' was in an' agin mebbe yo' warn't but he's waitin', says he's gwinter wait till he sees yo' anyways, yes, m'm."

"That's all right, Mandy. I'll see Mr. Roemer."

Mrs. Gordon gave a little gasp and let the girl's hand slip. She was as eager to escape as Amanda.

Left alone to face the inevitable, Nancy dreaded it. Now, fresh from the thought of Richard's repudiation, of Richard's rage at her fear of him, she must face Page.

"Come in here please, Page," she said faintly. But he heard it, and came into the library. As the sunlight struck his face, Nancy saw the wreck of it. Page had been suffering, too, and the sight of his haggard eyes wrung her with a pang sharper than her own self pity. They stood looking at each other dumbly for a moment. He was the first to recover himself enough to speak.

"I got your note," he said harshly. "I don't understand."

A deeper wave of crimson went up over Nancy's tremulous face and her eyes sank. She averted her face from Page's eyes, clasping her hands behind her back.

"I don't understand," Page repeated hoarsely. "What did you mean, Nancy?"

"What I said; my—my marriage is to be a secret."

"A secret?" there was a new note in his astonished voice. "Why?"

She recognized the note in it and he winced.

"I don't want it known—yet." He caught his breath. She didn't love Morgan, she wanted to hide her marriage—please God, he'd get her yet!

"Nancy, you don't love him! You're sorry you did it—you want to keep it secret because you can't bear it! You—" he came nearer, suddenly he flung himself down beside her. "Nancy, you're not living with him—you're here—you're not actually his wife!" he gasped.

"No," she cried passionately, "no, no!"

Exultation leaped into Roemer's face. He had suffered agonies of shame because Richard had taken her away from him that night!

"Nancy!" his feverish eyes searched her face, "answer me—have you ever been his wife—except in name?"  
She drew a deep breath.  
"No," she whispered it, her head drooping, "never—never—I came home!"  
Page gave a great gasp of joy. "God," he cried, "God, I'll take her away from him yet!"  
The fury of his passion transformed him; his handsome smooth young face was furrowed—not with love but with hate, his hatred and his jealousy of Richard. Nancy saw it; something in his very passion was selfish and cruel, it reached her; suddenly, shaken as she was, she thought of Richard. Would Page have spared her as Richard

### had?

"You mustn't say such things, Page," she said weakly, "and I—I mustn't hear them, I—" she could not finish her sentence.

He caught her hands almost roughly in his.

"Answer me," he gasped hoarsely, "tell me the truth—you don't love him—did you have to marry him Nancy?"

Page Roemer's look seemed to her only the mad passion of his love.

"Yes," she answered faintly, not understanding, "I had to marry him, Page." She was too clean-souled to understand.

Richard would have known it, but Page dropped her hands and rose to his feet, tramping up and down the room like a madman. He had loved her, loved her deeply, and Richard had robbed him. Richard must have done what he would never have dared to do. She—God, was she worthless? He could not believe it, yet she said so. Yet—he drew an agonized breath, he couldn't give her up, he'd get her away from Richard yet, damn him!

He—Page, clenched his fists, he would like to shoot him, but, if he did if it came out—Poor Nancy! She—? He stopped short in his walk and stood thinking; was she worth the struggle? The world would say "no." His own selfish ego cried, no, not now! Then he looked at the girl.

She looked like a broken lily. All the blood in his body surged up into his head; he turned hot with rage. Damn him, he should not keep her!

"Nancy!" he flung himself down beside the girl, hot with his rage and passion. "Nancy, I love you," he cried, "I adore you!" he seized her poor shaking little hands and covered them with kisses.

The girl quivered at his touch. His hot lips on her hands sent the blood back to her heart. Love—dumb, agonized, denied—struggled in her breast.

"Oh, Page!" she gasped, "I—I thought no one cared any more!"  
Nancy felt the fierce intake of his breath, she seemed to feel his love enfolding her, crushing her. A wild relief shot through her, a wild thrill of happiness, of love.

"Page, you mustn't! I—oh, I've behaved like a bad woman!" she wailed, "you've got a right now to despise me, to think I'd—I'd do anything when I behave like this—why, Page I—I'm married!"

"Married?" he snapped his fingers, "that for such a marriage! I'll break it—listen to me, Nancy, I'm a lawyer, I'll break it—I'll—"

"You'll leave this house, sir. That's what you'll do!"

They both recoiled. Mr. Gordon was standing in the door, looking at them, his face on fire, his eyes bloodshot, his iron gray hair standing up in a frill on top of his head.

"Do you hear me, sir, you'll leave the house."

Roemer swung around, facing the older man, for a moment shamed.

"Mr. Gordon, I can't bear this! I know the truth, Nancy told me—she's been dragged into a secret marriage. If it were right, if she loved him, I—I could stand it. As it is I'm here. I'll always be here, ready to serve her, to get a divorce for her, to set her free."

Mr. Gordon made a furious gesture with one hand. "That's enough! I understand. Now—go!"  
He was shaking with rage and Nancy saw it, she looked at Roemer imploringly.

"Please go now, Page!" she pleaded.  
He hesitated and then he turned.

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### Southern Pacific

took her hand, kissed it and went out passing Mr. Gordon with the air of a conquering hero.  
"Good day, sir, I'm sorry, you misunderstood."  
"I don't misunderstand, Mr. Gordon thundered, "good day, sir, and good riddance!"  
The front door closed sharply. Nancy drew a long breath. Mr. Gordon came slowly into the center of the room and stood staring at her.

"Is that your idea?" he demanded hoarsely, "to marry one man—for money—and let another make love to you?"

The girl lifted her head and looked straight into his eyes.

"You're my father," she said simply, "look at me—do you believe I'm like that? That I'd be so—so base? If you do," she cried passionately, "I—I might as well kill myself!"

Her father's face worked, there was something like tears in his eyes.

"Nancy, my girl!" he held out his arms.

She flung herself into them with a low cry of anguish, pressing her face against his shoulder.

"I—I loved Page! she gasped, "I'm wicked—I love him still!"

It was only two or three days later that Nancy—unable to endure the wretchedness of her plight at home—determined to go to Angle Fuller. She could not tell Angle anything. She must keep her own secrets, but there was a soft, plaint sympathy about the girl that was like balm to a sore heart.

Angle met Nancy in the kitchen; she had gone there for some hot water for her uncle.

"He's got one of his awful attacks of gout, Nancy," she explained, flushing a little at the sight of her visitor, "he's as cross as two sticks, but I'm sure he'd like to see you."

The old man was huddled up in a big Morris-chair.

"My soul!" he let his eyes rest on the pair with a twinge of approval as sharp as his twinge of gout. "Where d'you drop from, Nancy Virginia?"

Nancy smiled more naturally than she had for days.

"I've come to help Angle take care of you," she said.

The major chuckled. "I'll soon scare you off!"

Nancy sat down on a low stool beside the old man's chair.

"I've come to thank you, major," she said faintly, blushing and paling by turns, "with—all my heart!"

"Eh?" he gave her an angry look, his brows down, "what for?"

"For buying our house—"

He snorted. "Glad to get rid of it then?"

She shook her head. Speech was going to be very difficult.

"You've—let us stay in it!"

The major settled back in his chair, staring hard at her quivering face.

"Your father's paying rent," he remarked dryly, "I'd call him a pretty good tenant—says he'll make his own repairs."

"Someone else might have turned us out and—" Nancy's voice broke so that Angle dropped down on the floor beside her holding her hand. "We all love it!" she faltered.

The major stirred his tea.

"Where's Roddy?" he asked, abruptly, "still doing well?"

Angle felt Nancy's quick intake of breath; the girl full of her own thought of Roddy divined that there was something wrong.

"I had a letter from him yesterday," she said hurriedly, forcing lightness, trying to be unconcerned, "he's—he's all right, major."

Angle felt Nancy trembling now, and she jumped up suddenly.

"Why there's Dr. Morgan, uncle," she said, "he must have just got back—he's been out all night."

"Go let him in," the major set his cup down. "Here, Nancy, stay! I won't be left alone with a doctor. Dick's enough to kill me anyhow."

But Nancy was on her feet in a panic.

"I've got to go," she panted, "I only came in to thank you—to ask how you were, major!"

But he had hold of her hand and he kept her struggling, until the door opened for Richard.

"I want you to tell this doctor of ours to treat an old man decently," he said chuckling. "He's starving me to death!"

It was the first meeting since that night when Nancy had refused the offer of his name and his home.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Return from Coast—Mrs. F. B. Flanery and children, Richard and Dorothy, and Morris Stewart, returned Tuesday afternoon from Newport where they had spent the week-end.

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