

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1934

REFUSE TO SIGN—VOTE "NO"

Petition peddlers seeking to obtain a vote on the state liquor control law are among us representing both drys and wets. Our advice is to refuse to sign and if either side gets sufficient signatures to put their measure on the ballot, "Vote No." Neither dry fanatics or wet schemers should make monkeys out of us simply because we have the initiative and referendum in this state.

The Knox liquor control law is not perfect. Neither is any other law we have. But our present state liquor system has not had time to prove itself. Better let the legislature examine the set up and improve the law through amendments to make it more workable than to have a measure made by selfish interest.

While there are some bootleggers still among us violations of law under the present system is not one-fifth what it was under prohibition. Under prohibition homebrew was made in a large per centage of our homes. Now hardly anybody makes home-brew, and in hard liquors the boot-legger is finding it difficult to operate in Oregon, regardless of what may be said of other states.

Better policing or abolishing of the exclusive beer parlors is needed and with a few other changes it seems to us the Knox law will work as well as it is humanly possible to handle the liquor situation.

This much can be said with certainty, any liquor control system we may have will not work in the hands of extreme wets or drys. Public welfare demands that we keep the matter out of both their hands. Refuse to sign any petitions and "Vote No."

PROFITS BECOME THE OBJECTIVE

Business is conducted for profit. There is no other motive that has been discovered that will spur the individual to use all his ingenuity and resources as the hope of profit. Nobody objects very much to anybody making profits. Most of the outcry against the very rich is based upon what they do with their profits, or upon the suspicion that they did not deal honestly in getting them.

There is a lot of talk going around now about "abolishing the profit motive." It can't be done. Those who talk about it confuse business enterprise with professional labors. The professional man, if he lives up to the highest standards of his profession, puts service to his fellows first and money profits second.

As a people, we have become imbued with the business idea of profits that we are prone to look upon government as a business to make money in, whereas government service should be the most jealously restricted of all the professions.

We have somewhat of a new deal in liberalism in this state if anyone should ask you. We are now supporting our poor relief with liquor sales money and conducting our 4-H fairs with the profits from horse race betting. Makes one feel like advocating a lottery to pay off the public debt.

This has been the driest year since weather bureau observations have been made in the United States. Now can you appreciate Willamette Valley climate?

The city has a wonderful crop of wild carrots on vacant lots and streets. Breaks all previous records.

THE BOOK
... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible,"
and which contains Four Great Treasures
64 BRUCE BARTON
THE FIRST MIRACLE

The tenth in our list of the disciples is Thomas, a moody fellow who insisted on thinking things out for himself. "Doubting Thomas" he has been called because after the resurrection, when some of the disciples claimed to have seen Jesus, Thomas answered stoutly:

Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

It is unfair to Thomas to remember only his doubt and to forget that when the disciples were trying to dissuade Jesus from His last dangerous journey to Jerusalem it was this same Thomas who exclaimed, "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

There was as number eleven another Simon, whose surname, "the zealot," does not mean that he personally was of an over-zealous disposition but that he had been a participant in one of the sporadic revolutions against Roman authority.

And finally there was Judas, the only one of the twelve who was not a Galilean but who, as a member of the royal tribe of Judah, felt himself superior to the crowd of fishermen, publicans and common folk. Better educated than the rest, a man of business ability, he was treasurer.

When Jesus said, "Take no thought for the morrow, saying, what shall we eat or what shall we drink," it may have sounded all right to the other eleven, but you can imagine the look of mingled cynicism and worry on the face of Judas who had to pay the bills. Equipped by talent and training to be of larger service than any of the others, he was the only traitor.

These, then, were the "twelve" who were destined to change human history.

The public life of Jesus appears to have covered just three years: a year of organization and small beginnings; a year of dramatic deeds and great success; a year of diminishing popularity and disappointments.

He started quietly in the little towns near His home, talking to whomever would listen where people gathered.

There was a marriage in the neighboring village of Cana, and He was invited with His mother. At a critical moment in the celebration Mary caught a look of distress in the eyes of the hostess and with quick feminine instinct divined the situation. The wine had given out. There occurred then the first miracle of Jesus, the transforming of water into wine.

Very few sermons are preached about this miracle, and it is usually glossed over as being not quite in keeping with the character of His life and work. But, it was significant.

The Dollar Bride
by Mary Inlay Taylor
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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. Nancy, desperately in love with young Page Roemer, and Richard is loved by Helena Haddon, a sophisticated young married woman. Kingdon Haddon, Helena's husband, sees the elopers, but holds his counsel. After the ceremony, Nancy returns to her home, and continues to see Page who urges her to divorce her husband, Mr. Gordon, to release his daughter from what he considers her shameful marriage, sells his house to his friend Major Lomax, who rents it to the original owner, Helena is jealous of Richard's interest in Nancy, although she knows nothing of the marriage, and tries to make trouble. Once Page comes to Nancy's home and makes love to her, Nancy is frantic—she loves Page but refuses to go back on her bargain with Richard by divorcing him.

Now Go On With the Story—

Richard started perceptibly at the sight of Nancy, but he came in quietly now, greeting them all easily, even cheerfully.

"I'm sorry I'm late, major," he said simply, "had a bad case—had to stay all night."

The major, releasing Nancy's hand, turned on him crustily. "Killing yourself for some old beggar, I'll warrant!" he said sharply.

Richard laughed grimly. "I'm harder to kill than that major."

"Nancy—where's that girl," the old man looked about, bewildered.

"She went out with Angie," Richard said dryly. "Let me see your foot, major," and he laid hold of the bandages.

Meanwhile, Angie found it hard to keep her friend even a moment. But Nancy had utterly forgotten that Angie might be hurt about her brother. She wrenched her hand free of Angie's detaining fingers.

"I've got to go!" she cried. "Mama wants me—I promised—I'll come again!"

She was off, running down the path like a frightened deer. She swung around, ran down to the back fence, climbed over into some blackberry brambles, stumbled and twisted her ankle.

She tried to take the short cut to her home but a sudden pang shot agony through her ankle. She stumbled again, went lame and tried to hobble toward the river.

She could sit there on the bank until he had gone home, she thought, and then she flushed with anger; she hated herself for being so childish. She winced with shame as much as with the pain in her ankle. Suddenly she determined to walk straight across the field and go home. But her courage failed utterly when she saw that he was taking that way home. If she went a step farther it would look as if she wanted to meet him. There was just time to avoid the encounter.

She turned hurriedly and tried to run down the path behind the pine trees. But her hurt ankle suddenly gave way, her foot turned under her and she went down, full length, in the pine needles, not ten yards from the Morgan gate. She was struggling to her knees crimson with mortification, when Richard reached her.

"You're hurt!" he exclaimed, bending down to lift her back to her feet.

"It's nothing—I stumbled," she said sullenly.

He was holding her firmly, supporting her, and his deep eyes looked straight into hers.

"Good heavens, Nancy, don't hate me so!" he cried, violently.

She pressed her lips determinedly together, tears of anger in her eyes. "Let me go," she panted, "I didn't go lame on purpose—I'm not throwing myself at your head again!"

He let her get out of his arms as if she had stung him.

"Why don't you go then?" he asked her harshly.

She kept her blue eyes fixed on his, fury leaping up in them like a consuming flame.

"You thought I ran this way on purpose!" she said slowly. "I didn't. I didn't want to see you—I don't want to see you at all."

He stood looking at her for a moment, dumb with astonishment, then something—almost a revelation—made the blood go up hotly into his face.

But he did not move. He was watching her, his own breath coming short.

Nancy did not look at him. She tried to walk straight past him to the path. She did achieve three straight firm steps and then a wince of pain shook her. She wavered, stretched out a hand involuntarily and caught at the nearest branch; it saved her from falling, but her face turned white.

He saw it; the angry lover was suddenly merged in the doctor. She was hurt and he could help her. She had done something to her foot in the fall. It would take his skill to mend it. Without a word, he

picked her up in his arms and carried her up the long path to his own house.

"Don't struggle so!" said Richard sharply. "If you've hurt your ankle, you'll make it worse. I'm going to bind it for you."

As he spoke he carried her into his office and put her gently down on the old leather lounge in the corner. Nancy's impulse to spring up vanished with a new pang in her ankle, and he was taking off her shoe and feeling of her foot. Then ignoring her, he went to the door and called sharply:

"Mamma Polk, some hot water!" Nancy, sitting on the side of the lounge, clenched her hands on the edge of it until her knuckles whitened. How cool he was! It made her even hotter with anger to see how cool he was.

"Ain't swelled any, Mist' Richard," Mamma Polk observed dryly, on her knees to help him.

Nancy winced. "She thinks I'm playing hurt!" she thought.

Richard's hands were deft and fine on her ankle. He bound it swiftly, neatly, thoroughly.

"There, mammy, that's a figure eight—see?" he said good naturedly, and then, pushing aside the hot water, "that's all, you can take the bowl away now."

Mamma rose slowly to her feet. "I reckon you-all forgets I've got ter put on her stockin's fo' her," she remarked with dignity.

But Nancy had snatched it up and pulled it on herself.

"I'm going right home," she said. Mamma Polk courtesied. "If you all wants me I'm right out in de kitchen, peellin' potatoes," she said majestically. "I reckons three ain't compny no ways," she added.

Nancy, lacing up her shoe frantically, stared after her with furious eyes.

"Richard, you've told her!" she cried.

He raised his eyes without a smile.

"Is there any new reason to hate me, Nancy?" he asked dryly. "I haven't told her."

She was ashamed of her unreasonable anger.

"I'm sorry," she said in a low voice, "I—I thrust myself into your life, I—was just sordid!"

He looked at her, passion in his eyes. "I love you," he answered; "I want the chance to teach you to love me."

She shook her head. "You don't know me—I'm not a good woman to have for a wife—I—" she stopped, gasping, and then, hotly: "I've let Page Roemer kiss me—since we were married!"

In spite of himself, he started. The instinct of the caveman to seize his woman and keep her, leaped up in him. Uddenly he put his arms around Nancy and kissed her. He kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her lips, her throat. Then she wrenched herself free, hot and trembling.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"How dare I?" he laughed bitterly. "didn't you tell me that you let Page Roemer kiss you? And I'm your husband! Would you rather have another man kiss you?"

She was furious, her face glowed with color. "Let me go," she cried, "I hate you! Let me go—you said you didn't want a woman who didn't love you!"

"Yes, I know it!" he said hoarsely. "I know it—I thought I could let you go, but what if I can't? What if my love is too strong for it—!"

"—" he caught her hands now and held them, looking down at her. Love in his face, love triumphant and beautiful, but dominant and selfish, too. "Suppose I will not let you go?"

She panted, trying to break away from his hold, her eyes ablaze with anger.

"You've got to let me go—you—" she wet her parched lips—"you paid for me—that's how you feel, I know it—and you've taken half the money back. You've got to let me go!"

He flung her hands from him, rising to his feet, his face dark.

"You love that fellow! You want Roemer's kisses not mine! I—" he choked with fury—"he shan't have you!" he began to walk up and down the room; "he shan't have you, do you hear me, Nancy?"

He stopped short. The door of his office stood ajar and he suddenly saw a woman's figure coming down the hall. Unannounced, Mamma Polk had admitted a patient. It was Helena Haddon.

"Nancy, stay here—I'll take her into the other room," he said below his breath, going to meet his visitor.

But Nancy had struggled to her feet. "I'm going home," she gasped, and steadied herself, leaning on the table beside her.

Helena heard her. "Don't let me break in on another patient," she said, smiling, and then, coming to the door: "Why, Miss Gordon, are you ill, too?"

Richard flushed. "It's a twisted ankle," he said briefly, "let me take you into the library, Mrs. Haddon;

Miss Gordon can't walk very well yet, the ankle's just bandaged."

"I'm so sorry—" Helena began. But Nancy cut them both short; she straightened herself and began to walk quite steadily across the room.

"I'm going right home," she said. "Sit down," Richard ordered sharply. "Your foot will twist again."

Nancy flung him a look that breathed defiance. Agony was shooting through the hurt muscles, but she trod on the foot with an iron will. She had the side door open when Richard sprang to her aid.

"I'll help you home anyway," he said. But Nancy recoiled from his touch. "Go back—to her!" she whispered, her face flushed still with anger and pain. "I can walk."

Helena stood by the table, drawing off her gloves. Richard noticed it as he came in, bewildered and angry and in doubt. That ankle hurt hurt horribly, if it hurt at all. The doubt shook him, but he noticed how white and soft Helena's hands looked, and that she had discarded her rings. He did not even notice the usual plain band on the marriage finger.

"I always come at the wrong time, Richard, I'm as inopportune as the measles!"

He pushed a chair forward. "On the contrary," his voice said, "you're always welcome. I hope you're not nervous again, Helena."

She sank into the chair, putting up her hands with a graceful gesture to push back the light veil she wore.

"Well, I don't sleep at all," she replied with her provoking smile. "I suppose you'd scold dreadfully if I should ask for chloral or morphine or anything—to make me sleep!"

Richard dragged his mind back from its absent contemplation and looked at her intently.

"I wouldn't give it to you," he said gravely.

She smiled, drooping her lids over eyes that softened too much when they met his; even a little

color went up in her face and transfused it.

"She's beautiful," he thought reluctantly.

"I've taken lots of it already," she said, laughing quietly. "I increased the dose last night."

"What?"

"Chloral." She stirred in her chair, and he saw that her chin was shaking.

"Look here, Helena, this won't do," he spoke kindly, with genuine concern. "Do you know, I ought to tell King?"

"King!" She sat up, turning the blaze of angry eyes on him. "Why King? He's thinking of nothing—or no one—but his new race horse he got from Lomax. He and the groom: are at him day and night, getting him in shape. He's to race next month. King cares more to have that horse win the race for him—or to win himself in a golf tournament, than he cares for my soul!"

She rose from her chair and went to the window. Helena was winking back hot tears. She had seen Richard's face as he looked at Nancy, and every instinct of her nature leaped up into furious jealousy.

"Richard, I'm wretched—what's the use of lying? King and I hate each other cordially—I—" she covered her face with her hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

Return to Texas—Mrs. Nellie Day and Mrs. Tommie Day left Monday for their homes at Sutter, Texas after spending some time here visiting with Mrs. Day's sister, Mrs. W. A. Taylor, and her father, and mother, Mr. and Mrs. P. Her- rington in Eugene.

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