

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1934

GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES YOUR LOAN

The National Housing program, whereby banks are guaranteed loans to home-owners for repairs, and remodeling should result in increased business for the lumber industry if it goes over at all effectively. For that reason it should receive considerable support from the lumber communities.

For those whose income is sufficient to repay the notes in three to five years it seems a wise measure to take advantage of the loan and make needed repairs to property. New roofs and paint as well as lumber repairs are essential to keep homes in shape.

These loans are from the local banks' money and all that is asked is that you have an adequate regular income of at least five times the yearly payments and a good credit record in your community.

When repairs and remodeling is done it is not only the sawmill but carpenters, plumbers and painters and merchants as well who benefit by the increased business. This is one of the methods of the "New Deal" in providing employment and putting more money in circulation.

TAXES TAKE ONE DOLLAR OUT OF FIVE

Taxes in 1933 reached the all time high in this country of nine billion dollars or more than a billion dollars more than the nation spent for food. Taxes took 20 cents out of every income dollar and they are still going up. The nation's income was forty-five billions.

More than half the federal government's revenue comes from five states—New York, North Carolina, Illinois, Pennsylvania and California. Other items of expenditure in the nation which ran high totals were:

Food	\$7,650,000
Clothes	3,600,000
Rent	3,600,000
Automobiles	2,925,000
Fuel and light	2,160,000

UNCLE SAM HELPING COLLEGE STUDENTS

The federal government will provide aid to 12 per cent of the students in colleges of the country this year in working their way through school. More than \$80,000 has been allotted to Oregon higher learning institutions. FERA jobs will be provided, half of which will be for new students.

The government wants more and more young people to continue in school rather than compete in private industry and business and indications are that the desired increase is going to take place. Large number of applications are now being received by the registrars of the colleges. In Oregon 600 students will receive this federal aid.

It seems the Portland union longshoremen have agreed to arbitration but not to peaceful picketing. Beat-up gangs still terrorize Portland and clubs and firearms are in constant use. The public is getting pretty weary of this sort of thing. A good many think that the national guard should have made a thorough cleaning of the Portland docks before coming home.

There are school districts in Lane county with tax valuations of \$1000 a pupil and others with \$100,000. Then we talk of equal taxation and millage limits. What we need is school taxation by county and state instead of by blocks bounded by imaginary lines.

A London broker predicts an American stock market boom before the end of the year. News reports, however, record the lowest selling in history. Those who believe in miracles might invest their money now.

We have expected to hear that some enterprising young man has started a vulcanizing plant for rubber bathing suits at some of the beaches or swimming holes.

Secretary Madam Perkins says strikes are a sign of better times. Perhaps we had better all go on strike. Surely that would be one grand time.

The village sage says he can't dance but he gets a kick out of holding the ladies while they dance.



The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

THIS MORNING

A case of "infantile paralysis" has just left my office. The formidable disease of the spinal cord, pretty well known over the land because of the experience of our president with the same affection. We know of his interest in the mineral spring in the south, where he goes occasionally for renewed treatment.

My patient, a wife, aged 50, had the acute attack last January. Her home—on the farm in Missouri. Her doctor, a skilled diagnostician, brought her through the acute stages with remarkable judgment. A cultist had diagnosed the case "neuritis," which was vague,—decidedly inaccurate; mistakes in this disease are often had to rectify after the harm is done.

The good family doctor "got out of the case with all he could save." The woman can hobble about a little, with assistance. The febrile stage is gone. It is my business to restore the damaged system as safely and as fast as possible. We do not need medicines now, so much as we need warm baths and trained massage; these we shall give the good woman—and it's going to take time.

One thing that is positively dangerous here—at this stage—is, hurtful manipulation of the spine. I shall not permit the masseuse to attempt to "adjust" the vertebrae. . . . I knew of a man in her condition who took three or four very painful spinal "treatments,"—he never walked again!

This woman has had inflammation of the spinal cord—one of the great nerve centers of the human system. The inflammation has left the great nerve-trunk weakened and incapable; no amount of hammering on the bony structures can help us restore normal function. We want hydrotherapy and skilled massage to restore.

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. 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—

INSTALLMENT FOURTEEN

Richard stood still; a shock of horror shook him out of his pre-occupation. He was not a vain man, but he could not have misunderstood her words or her manner. He drew her hands into his. He made her sit down.

"For Heaven's sake, Helena, don't!" he implored her. "Command yourself—you'll be ill, indeed."

She caught the note in his voice and she laughed suddenly and wildly. "I'd better die," she said. "Why don't you say so, Richard?"

He flushed darkly, still holding her hand. "Helena, I'm King's friend, his physician; he trusts me. In God's name, what can I say? It can't be as bad as that!" he groaned. He could not tell her that he and Nancy were married, not until Nancy gave him leave!

But Helena felt the chill of his silence even more bitterly than his words. She rose slowly to her feet, looking at him a little wildly.

"Go and tell her!" she panted furiously. "Go and tell her I came to you for help and you froze me stiff!"

"Helena!" he cried, aghast. But she continued to laugh wildly, hysterically. Then suddenly she straightened herself.

"I'm crazy, Richard. I've the chills—forget what I've said, forgive me—!" She caught his hand and pressed her hot cheek against it. "Forgive an unhappy woman—who is your friend!" she cried, and made her way unsteadily past him to the door.

He turned, conscience-stricken, and sprang to help her. "Helena, let me go with you. I—"

But she wavered him back, evaded his outstretched hand and went out alone, shaken from head to foot with an emotion that seemed to tear at her very heart. She hated Nancy. She blamed it on Nancy. But for Nancy she would have had his love to heal the cruel wound she had inflicted on her own heart.

Bravely Nancy neared her own home. But she got no farther than the back door, when all the misery—physical and mental—came to a climax. She crumpled up against the door-post.

"Mandy!" she cried faintly. "I declare 'ter goodness!" The colored woman, strong and broad-shouldered as a man, stopped and picked the girl up. "Dere—yo' keep still, honey; yo' ain't gwine-ter walk any more now." Amanda bore her into the library and laid her down on the lounge.

"Yo' wait, Miss Nancy; I reckons I can fix yo' up as good as a doctah."

Nancy, cuddling down in the old pillows with her first feeling of relief, smiled. "It's been done already, Mandy; Dr. Morgan's bandaged it."

Mr. Gordon had just come from the bank, his day's work done, and he had some papers in his hand. He had, in fact, succeeded in selling out some old shares in a copper mine. He would be able to pay Richard Morgan another five hundred. He was half way to the center table before he discovered her, and he stopped short, looking at her over the top of his spectacles. "Hello, Nancy! Got a headache?"

"I hurt my ankle—twisted it—that's all, Papa."

He came across the room and stood looking down at her kindly.

"Which ankle? Whereabouts did you twist it, child?"

Nancy blushed. "Richard bandaged it. I hurt it in the field as I left Angie Fuller's. He saw me fall, and—he drew a quick breath—he's bound it up."

Her father eyed shrewdly. "In the field? Nancy, you were running away from Morgan?"

Her eyes fell under his, and she winced miserably. He sat down in an arm-chair beside her and sighed heavily.

"Child," he said gently, "don't you want a divorce?"

He felt her start of amazement and fancied it was one of relief. She did not look up; she seemed to be considering his question.

"How can I get one, Papa?"—her voice sounded smothered—"without telling people I'm married?"

"You might—there'd be some talk, of course. I put it up to Laverick the other day. He pointed out that it was not a marriage in fact; there was a possibility of annulment. He said it might be suppressed a good deal if Richard—if the man would agree to keep his mouth shut, too."

Nancy stirred sharply, averting her face. She remembered Richard's cry: "I swear it, I won't give you up!"

She drew herself up on the couch, clasping her arms about her knees, a huddled figure. "I shan't ask for a divorce—I did it myself, Papa, and I've got to stand it!"

He turned and looked at her, and she saw the tears in his eyes.

"Good for you, Nancy!" he said, and put his shaking hand on her bright head.

He was holding her silently when the telephone bell rang sharply. Nancy started violently. Even Mr. Gordon looked startled, but he rose heavily, crossed the room and took up the receiver. His daughter saw his whole figure stiffen.

"No, sir, she's not at home to you!" he said sharply. "Yes, Mr. Gordon speaking. My daughter's not going to answer you. Good day!" and he hung up.

Then he turned and stared at Nancy, his face utterly transformed. The emotion of a few moments ago was lost in the wrath of his discovery.

"You're flirting with that Roemer boy still! He's been at the phone—thought I was out! Nancy, I'm ashamed of you."

She said nothing, still huddled in the lounge, her knees cradled in her arms.

"You said you wouldn't get a divorce, didn't you?" he went on with rising anger. "What d'you mean? You can't play fast and loose with two men. I—good Lord, girl, where's your mother? She's got to teach you sense—d'you hear? I won't have two men about. I'll—by the Lord Harry I'll shoot 'em both if you don't stop! D'ye hear me?"

Nancy winced again, but this time not from the pain in her ankle. "I hear you, Papa."

There were bitter days, too, for Page Roemer. He had been sure of Nancy Virginia. Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, the bolt fell.

She had married Morgan against her will, she had married him secretly, and she refused to confess her motives.

He walked the floor at night, his nails biting deep into the palms of his hands. Out of these vigils of agony he emerged haggard but determined. Morgan shouldn't have her! He would take her away from him now by main force.

Love and Hate contended for his soul, and the love that he made his god was more dangerous to poor Nancy than hate.

But she did not know it. Stinging from her father's denunciations, shrinking from her mother's reproachful eyes, uncheered even by letters from Roddy, home was intolerable to Nancy. As soon as the hurt ankle let her walk without wincing she went out again, and she met Page. He was always lying

in wait for her in his hours of leisure. Not even Angie Fuller, who had taken a sudden unaccountable dislike to him, could prevent those encounters. One day, when the two girls were down in the river meadow, Page had joined them. The two were so intent on each other the girl left them, a little hurt and angry.

A storm was gathering, too, behind the hills. Angie saw it. She shook her head and went into the house, aware that her own heart was sinking. She had had no word of any kind from Roddy.

Nancy and Page walked steadily out on the old river road. There was a pungent fragrance in the very air.

Nancy drew a long breath. "How peaceful it is out here! What a beautiful world, Page."

He did not answer. Hate, that was working in his heart against Richard, was suddenly swept aside by love. She looked so beautiful to day.

The had walked a long way now and suddenly she realized it. She hesitated, looking about her.

"Where are we going, Page?"

"We're going to the end of the rainbow, Nancy."

She laughed faintly, startled, looking at him now, her eyes wide with surprise.

"We shan't find a treasure there," she said sadly; "it looks like a storm. We'd better turn back."

He caught her hand and held it fiercely.

"Nancy, will you come on with me, or will you turn back to him?" She stood still, and instead of blushing, she turned white and her lips tightened.

"Don't ask me," she said faintly, "don't talk of it now—I was happy here. Let me be happy for a little while, Page. I've been—so miserable!"

They walked on silently. Nancy was trying not to think. She drew long breaths of the fresh sweet wind that had risen suddenly. As suddenly the sun had gone out and a purple-black cloud was rolling up on them. It had an effect at once glorious and terrifying, for it was torn with jagged flashes of lightning, and the edge of it curled like the froth of the sea.

Nancy loved it; it had no terrors for her, the very fury of it helped her lift her soul. Then a rush of wind came, torn leaves whipped about them, the rain began to fall in great drops.

"Come—we'll have to go into the inn over there," he said briskly. "You'll get wet, Nancy."

Nancy yielded to his guidance and ran across the lane into the old tavern that had been made into a roadhouse for the convenience of summer motorists.

The inn dining-room was long and barren, with here and there a

group of small tables. As yet there were but few summer visitors. Only a few people were in the room, driven in by the coming storm.

"You'll take something, Nancy, just for form's sake? People notice—there's Haddon over there. His wife, too! The storm must have driven them in, too. He's been down to his racing stables I reckon. They're always quarreling, poor fools. I wonder they're together."

Their alcove isolated them. Page put his hand out suddenly and laid it over hers.

"Nancy, are you going to endure it? You're wretched, I see it! Break with him now—right off—before it is too late."

"Too late? What do you mean, Page?"

"I know what to do. Trust me, Nancy, let me—set you free!"

"Free?" she sighed. "Oh, Page, if I only could be free—as I used to be!"

"You can be—you shall be!" he said in a choked voice. "Nancy, I adore you—I won't give you up, I swear it, he shan't have you."

She did not look at him now. "He won't let me get it," she said faintly, "he won't give me up."

"You can make him give you up," he said in a voice of smothered passion.

She shivered, shaking her head. "I can't see how—he's like granite, Page. I can't make him yield."

"You can!" The girl lifted her head and look-

ed at him questioningly. "Come to me," said Page, thickly, passionately, "I love you—you love me. Come to me, Nancy, we can go away from it all together. He'll know it's useless then. He'll get a divorce."

She stared at him innocently, bewildered.

"What do you mean, Page?" He bent nearer, his face flushed, his eyes glowing, love triumphant and determined and unscrupulous, and without pity or remorse. He was sure of her now.

"Come to me, I said," he panted, "come now—today—let us go away together. The world's a big place. He can't follow us. We love each other. We have a right to our love—he has robbed us. It's like life—love is life—we'll be together—and Morgan will get a divorce then!"

TO BE CONTINUED

O. S. C. PREPARES FOR LARGER ENROLLMENT

With freshman week, the introduction to the regular fall term, only a month away, workmen are busily engaged in getting the Oregon State college campus and buildings ready for what is expected to be a somewhat larger number of students than were at the college last year. A crew of workers has been on the job most of the summer painting and making necessary repairs, the first on many of the buildings in several years.

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Do You drive a horse and buggy?

OF COURSE you don't. No one does any more. Time is worth too much these days to poke along at 7 or 8 miles an hour when a car will whisk you there and back at 30, 40... 50 miles an hour. In the horse and buggy days mother worked in the kitchen from early in the morning 'til late at night—and was proud of it. She glowered in the endless hours of cooking over a hot stove, scrubbing, cleaning and scouring. Now-a-days we look at things differently. It is no longer considered sinful to spend part of your time outside of your kitchen in healthful pleasure and wholesome recreation. Yet, today, there are people whose kitchens are still back in the horse and buggy age. An old fashioned fuel range is just as wasteful of time, effort and money, just as old fashioned in comparison with an Electric Range as a horse and buggy would be in comparison with the automobile today.



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