

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at  
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon by  
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS  
H. E. MAXEY, Editor



Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,  
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE  
One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months \$1.00  
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months 50c

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1934

## HIGHWAY SIDEWALK HELD UP

We feel that the reasons advanced by the SERA engineer for not building the gravel sidewalk between Eugene and Springfield city limits were not well taken. In the first place the walk is badly needed and the stretch of highway has caused the death of five persons the last few years.

Later the road may be widened and straightened at Judkins point but if the sidewalk were constructed from Springfield to the point most of the damage would have been eliminated and it would have been a simple matter to extend the sidewalk when the road is widened.

The engineer's argument that people would not use the walk and that cars would park on it has not worked out in the Santa Clara district where a gravel walk of lesser standards has been constructed. Formerly there were several people killed in the Santa Clara section but there has been no pedestrians killed since the walk was constructed.

SERA workers are now employed on many projects of doubtful value simply to provide work. We think that it is far better to build something that the community can use and of economic value such as the gravel sidewalk.

We hope the highway commission will see fit to build a sidewalk along the highway between the two cities soon. If there are more deaths on this section of road as the result of pedestrians being struck by cars, then the responsibility will be with the highway department.

## CROP REDUCTION

Senator Borah, speaking in Meridian, Idaho, denounced the administration's crop reduction program and raised an interesting question as to distribution. He said the reduction program was in opposition to President Roosevelt's political philosophy. "The Senator's contention was that if the American people had enough of the good things this country produces there would be no annoying and embarrassing surpluses."

Destruction is not the remedy, declared Senator Borah when there were 60,000,000 on charity and 20,000,000 "living meagerly." He said "this destruction of food and the thing of which clothing is made in the midst of millions of hungry and ill clad men and women is the last spasm of pessimism. It has never seemed to me to be any part or parcel of the philosophy of recovery or the political philosophy of the President."

It is the Journal's impression that for the last four or five years millions of good citizens of this country have been subsisting on part rations. Freight car loadings would be much closer to the million mark weekly if everybody had all the physical necessities of life needed to keep them fit. Destruction does not seem to be the proper solution.—Sioux City Journal.

The state college is doing some research work on diet of trout. We have spent a lot of time in that particular field of study ourselves.

come under the hardware authority or be independent, Washington as to whether the hog nose ring code should come under the hardware authority of be independent.

This inflation business is just like making a bigger loaf of bread by using more yeast. You use the same amount of dough but more wind.

Upton Sinclair is the choice of the democrats of California. Democrats it seems prefer socialists to their own kind.

Victoria is again seeing its sea monster. Since the new Oregon blend came on the market we have been expecting to hear of a sea monster on our coast line.

As we understand it the government is trying to raise the price of food and reduce the price of electricity.

No foreign power has landed marines in New Orleans to prevent disorder as yet so we can still feel secure.



## The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

### A PROPHET DISHONORED

The death of John the Baptist was the first warning Jesus had of the fate in store for Him. Cast into prison for denouncing the licentious marriage of Herod, John was sacrificed to the wicked request of the wife, Herodias, and her abandoned daughter, Salome.

And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt and I will give it thee.

And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist.

And immediately the king sent an executioner.

And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel: and the damsel gave it to her mother.

The death of John cast a permanent shadow over the heart of Jesus and added greatly to the force and bitterness of His denunciations. His rejection by His home town, Nazareth, was another blow. It is easy to imagine the high hopes with which He had turned His steps toward it. He had already succeeded in Capernaum and near-by cities; He had made a great stir in the capital. For the first time in history the name of Nazareth was linked with the name of a national character. He would go back to His old friends and neighbors, give them the glad tidings, heal their sick, and share with them the joys of success. But the town received Him scornfully. You may have fooled them in Capernaum," the cynical faces said, "but little old Nazareth isn't so slow. You're no prophet; we know you. You're just the boy who used to work in the carpenter shop."

He could do there no mighty work because of their unbelief.

His mother and brothers gavered, feeling it unsafe to be closely connected with one who was stirring up so much opposition. They urged Him to go up to Jerusalem.

For even his brethren did not believe in him.

So, deserted by those who ought to have stood by Him most staunchly, abandoned by his popular following, supported only by His original little group of disciples, and they wavering and in doubt, He made His way back to Jerusalem to face the events of that last great week which the Gospels give us in such full detail.

In the final hour of tragedy even His disciples were missing. Only a few stricken women huddled at the foot of the Cross, and the last word of faith was spoken not by a friend but fell from the lips of a crucified thief.

Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

So He died, and those who had demanded His blood regarded their triumph as complete.



## 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 FIFTEEN

Nancy understood. With a gasp she wrenched her hand out of his and stood up. She did not even see that Helena Haddon had risen from her table and was coming toward them. She looked only at Roemer.

"Oh!" she gasped, "what have I done—that you should think me like this?"

He rose, too, staggered by her look.

"Nancy, I swear I adore you—I—"

"Hush!" she cried fiercely, "hush—never say such things to me again! I—"

she clung to the back of her chair. Then she turned, put out her hand gropingly and went toward the long window where the rain was beating in.

Page sprang after her, but she waved him back. "Let me alone—don't speak to me," she gasped. "Go and talk to that woman, Mrs. Haddon. I mean, she's coming. Keep her away. I must be alone a minute. I—I don't want even to look at you yet!" she panted.

Aghast, Page stood still. He was aware, too, that Helena was coming idly toward him. He turned to face her—he had to cover Nancy's retreat. What on earth would this woman think?

Nancy stood only a moment on the piazza, then she slipped the bolt on an unused window-door in the half-enclosed porch, opened it, and dropped softly to the ground below.

The rush of the rain was welcome. She felt it as if it might wash away the contamination of Page's thought of her. She did not care where she went. She turned, and was swept along the new road, beyond the inn, farther and farther from town. It did not matter! Her clothing was so drenched that it weighed her down, and the rain continued in torrents.

At last her mental anguish began to give away to her physical weakness; she could go no farther, and she climbed down a muddy bank and looked out through the mist and rain. There was a house—no twenty yards off! She drew a long sigh of relief, gathered herself together, and breasted the storm.

It was a mere shanty, a tumbled-down house. But it was shelter from the storm. Dripping and breathless, Nancy knocked at the door. A woman opened it; there was a glimpse of bare interior, a spark of fire dying in the old stove, a close smell of cooking and medicine, and the fretful cry of a sick child.

Not a word was spoken. The wind and the rain swept the storm-beaten girl in. The woman slapped the door to, struggling, her shoulder against it, shot the bolt, and ran back into the room where the child was moaning.

Nancy moved over to the stove and began mechanically wringing the water out of her dripping clothing. After the rush of the wind and the cold driving rain, it was suffocatingly hot in the wretched little room, but gradually her mind cleared. She began to heed the wail of the child and the woman's sob of a prayer.

"Please th' Lord, ain't I hed enuff? Don't take him, Lord, I ain't done nothin' ter make ye!" she choked, sobbing aloud, and evidently turned back to the child. "Thar, thar, honey, yo' drink et, yo' ain't goin' ter die—the Lord ain't goin' ter take yo'—I-se been a-talkin' ter Him."

Nancy's mind came back sharply. She moved swiftly across the room to the open door and looked in.

The storm had darkened the place, and the woman had set a candle in a bottle on a table beside the low cot in the corner. The flare of it fell full on the flushed face of a very sick child. The woman, on her knees by the bed, did not even look up.

Nancy went in. "Let me help," she said softly, "you're tired out. You must rest!"

"Get him!" Nancy cried, on fire with zeal, we need a racer. Polestar can do it in half the time! Can you ride him?"

Henry's grin widened ecstatically. "Ise trainin' fo' er jockey—sho, I can ride him!"

"Then get him quick!"

"Lord, Miss Nancy, Ise afeard—I reckon de boss'd skin me alive, yeasir!"

"Never mind de boss! It's a life, Henry. You know Dr. Richard Morgan? He mu-t come if you can get to him!"

"Sho de doctah's come—he ain't skeered ob noffin, he'll come—but Ise skeered. Deed, I can't go, Miss Nancy!"

Nancy held out her hand imperatively. "Give me that key!" she snatched it from his hand, "now—you come with me!"

"Deed, Miss Nancy!" Henry gasped. "Deed, miss, I can't ride no horse outen dis yere stables, de boss, he'll kill me, he sho will!"

"He won't. I'll make it right with him. There's a child dying for a doctor, you hear me? That's all that matters, you've got to go on Polestar!" As she spoke she unlocked the big barn door.

The wind swung it open but she held it. In the dim corner she discerned the box-stall of the racer.

"Henry! Get Polestar out this minute!"

Her sharp tone of command, the flash of power and authority in her eyes awed the boy. He sidled away from her, but he sidled toward the stall.

"De boss get my hide!" he said, half whimpering. "Deed, Miss Nancy, I can't—I ain't got no orders, I—"

"I give you the order!"

She stood outlined against the fury of the storm, her eyes glowing, a flush on her face now. The negro boy stared at her, fascinated. He undid the bar. In a moment the great racer came out, quivering, eager, tossing his splendid head; he strained at the halter in Henry's hand.

"Get on him!" Nancy held the door open. "You've got to, I'll make you, it's a child's life—get on that horse!"

Henry obeyed. He had to obey. He made a wild snatch at Polestar's mane, grinning, and flung himself astride the racer's bare back.

Nancy jumped from Polestar's head and flung the door back.

The boy, clinging to Polestar's mane struck his heels in the racer's flank. In an instant the horse shot out past Nancy, plunging and furious. Nancy trembled with anxiety. Could the black boy keep his seat? Then—like an arrow from the bow—Polestar shot away into space.

Nancy pressed her hands over her eyes. Dripping again, she turned back to the house and heard the woman wailing aloud.

Nancy opened the door quickly. The stove fire made the room stifling and she seemed to feel the child's gasps for breath. The mother was walking up and down, rocking herself and crying.

"He ain't able ter breathe—he ain't able ter breathe muc' longer—I reckon God's clean forgotten me!" she wailed, "an' I ain't got no doctah fer him!"

"Yes, you have, one's coming—the best in town." Nancy said softly, taking hold of her and trying to still her. "Don't act so, you'll frighten Tony—the doctor's coming I've sent for him. We must have towels and hot water ready. Where are your things?"

The girl was roused; every nerve in her body tingled. Here was work she could do. Get ready for the doctor; Richard would find it as ready as she could make it.

"I ain't got no towels, I ain't ironed 'em, I ain't done nothin' but take care o' him. I—I reckon I do have er clean sheet, I kep' it," she lowered her voice, "I kep' it in—case he died."

"Give it to me, please!" she held out her hand, the same power and authority came to her that had frightened Henry.

Mrs. Kinney felt it. She stumbled to an old dresser and found a sheet clean but ragged at the edges, and a couple of rough-dry towels.

TO BE CONTINUED

### DINNER PARTY HELD FOR VISITOR SUNDAY

Mrs. Riley Snodgrass entertained with a dinner party at her home here Sunday complimenting her son, Kenneth DeLassus of San Francisco who is here on his vacation. Guests at the dinner included Mr. DeLassus, Earl Hill and Judd McQueen of Cottage Grove, Miss Clarabel Wagner of Corvallis, Lloyd Garrison of Marcola, Miss Eunice Gerber, Miss Maxine Snodgrass and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. DeLassus will leave the coming Sunday for California.

### REBEKAHS WELCOME MEMBERS AFTER TRIPS

Mrs. Mary Hoffman, Mrs. Susan King, and Miss Doris Girard were welcomed back to Juanita Rebekah lodge Monday evening after extended absences. Miss Girard was installed as recording secretary.

Mrs. Clara Snodgrass, Miss Maxine Snodgrass and Mrs. Bertha Rouse were named members of the social committee for September.

Mrs. Rose Montgomery and Mrs. Genevieve Louk were named to correct and revise the by-laws of the lodge.

# MARTIN

for GOVERNOR

A safe, sane and economical administration of state affairs in the interests of economy and reduced taxation.

Application of the New Deal principles to Oregon by an administration friendly to and cooperating with President Roosevelt.

Increased Federal Economic aid to Oregon through sympathetic cooperation with the national administration.

## WIN WITH MARTIN

A new "Rooseveltian" deal for Oregon and its people.

Pd. Adv. by Martin Campaign Comm.

## For Farmers and Workingmen

# Wolverine Shoes

They are Soft, Acid Proof and Don't Crack

Agency

## FULOP'S DEPT. STORE

334 Main Street Springfield

## All Kinds and All Flavors...

Our Soft Drinks have long been famous for their goodness. Delicious and wholesome they are not surpassed as thirst quenchers.

Mixing of soft drinks is an art acquired only after years of practice. You'll enjoy your drink here like hundreds of others do.

# EGGIMANN'S

"Where the Service is Different"

## GAS HOT WATER

\$1.50 Down and 10 Months to Pay. Ruuds Going Fast

NOW—is your opportunity to have steaming hot water for bathing, shaving and a hundred and one other hot water demands.

Pay only a small sum down. You will gladly pay the small easy payments for the comfort and convenience the Ruud will bring from the moment you connect it.

## Northwest Cities Gas Co.

## MILK - the complete food

Adults as well as growing children should drink more milk regularly because milk contains every necessary food element except iron, in the proportions that are closest to human needs of any food known.

Milk and Milk Products should be properly handled and that is the reason for our large plant. We guarantee our milk to be pure, rich and sweet. Be safe—it's pasteurized.

Ask your dealer in Eugene or Springfield for Maid O' Cream Butter

## Springfield Creamery Co.