

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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BONNEVILLE AND FLOOD CONTROL

Full development of the Bonneville dam power plant depends upon one of two conditions. Either the power must be sold to the patrons of the now existing utilities or to new settlers on the land. If it is to be new settlers then there must be a greater development of the Willamette valley in small acreage tracts. And this leads us to another development—flood control of the Willamette valley from Cottage Grove to Portland. For it is only on the good land of the river bottoms that a dense population can be supported.

Draw a circle 500 miles around Niagara falls, where there is greatest development of power, and you include 70 per cent of the population of the United States and the same percentage of markets. Draw a circle 1000 miles around Bonneville and you have the most sparsely settled area in the United States. Large industries do not go away from their markets any more than a merchant moves a big store out of a city to the country cross roads. Bonneville will never attract many large industries with a 1000 mile freight haul differential. The market must be here in the west and the answer to that is more population on the fertile lands of the Willamette river bottom. And before this more intensive settling of these lands takes place there must be protection from floods and this must come about by government aid in flood control.

Bonneville is to be the nation's power yardstick the president said at the dam site. If it is to be a yardstick instead of a white elephant then it must be used to its full capacity. There is no other way in justifying the millions it cost than by full use in a new field. The government should see that it is good business to control the floods of the Willamette valley in preparing a new field for settlement of new power consumers.

The chief occupation of some of the middle west farmers it is said is feeding the corn, they are paid for not raising, to the pigs they are paid for not raising.

The voters at the November election will no doubt "plow under" a few surplus candidates.

Who is the vice-president of the United States? Give you one guess. Wrong!

THE BOOK by BRUCE BARTON

The peril of building up an organization around a single person is that when he dies or withdraws the organization falls to pieces. "An institution is the lengthened shadow of a man," but there have been many men eminent in their day who cast no such shadow.

The good they did, as Marc Anthony said, is oft interred with their bones. Surely this process of disintegration, natural enough following the death of their leader, would be inevitable when Jesus, The Leader, had died a felon's death and the followers were unlettered peasants. The authorities at Jerusalem took this complacent point of view and rested easy.

They received a rude shock within a very few days. Peter and John, in preaching on the streets of the city and performing deeds of healing, gathered crowds that interfered with traffic and caused them to be arrested. Thinking to overawe these simple fellows, the High Priest Annas and his colleagues presided personally at the trial. Picture their amazement when Peter broke into vigorous denunciation of them as the murderers of the Lord.

Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.

Those words deserve notice for the light they throw upon the figure and manner of the real Jesus as contrasted with the unsatisfying portraits of Him that have come down to us through the ages. Painters have painted Him and writers have written about Him as a "man of sorrows", a physical weakling, a "lamb," an unhappy man who was disappointed and glad to die. The conquering attitude of the disciples does not tally with such descriptions. The Bible does not say of them, "seeing the lamb-like character of Peter and John" or "seeing that Peter and John were men of sorrow and acquainted with grief," but "seeing the boldness of Peter and John" the authorities knew that such men must have been the friends and companions of Jesus.

So characteristic was this boldness, so vigorous were the disciples in the propagation of the faith, that within less than twenty years the rulers of the far removed city of Thessalonica were troubled by the report that

These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also; . . . and these all do contrary to the decrees of Caesar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus.

Only a little later, not more than forty years after the death of St. Paul, Pliny the Roman Governor of Bithynia is compelled to write to the Emperor Trajan for instructions as to how he may check the growth of this extraordinary new sect.

The Dollar Bride by Mary Inlay Taylor

FINAL INSTALLMENT

Roddy ran down through the Morgan grounds, into the river meadow. Then he stood still a moment, thinking, his clenched hand at his chin.

He remembered Major Lomax. Lomax! He started. The major was the man! He loved Nancy. He had always petted Nancy.

There was a light in the study window; he knocked at the side door. How long the old man was in coming!

Then the door opened. The little old man stood there in his shirt sleeves, his eyes peering out of their creases.

"I've got to see you, major, at once—alone!" he panted.

The major closed the door deliberately. "Come in here. There's no one about—Angie's gone to bed."

"Sit down, Rod. What's wrong? Out with it!"—he smiled grimly—"honest confession's good for the soul."

"I haven't come to confess any thing," said Roddy, with a dry throat. "I've come to ask you to do me a favor, the greatest favor!"

To be his second? I've challenged Richard Morgan to fight me tonight—out on his own lawn—to the death."

"What?"

"Morgan has insulted my sister with a secret marriage, he's dragged her name in the dirt, and I've challenged him to fight—now, to-night!"

"A secret marriage? What the deuce d'you mean?"

"What I say! He did it and backed out because—because I'm a rotter. He's ashamed to marry my sister. He's insulted Nancy Virginia. I've challenged him. He's accepted, he's got to fight!"

The old man got up and began to walk about the room. "I've known Dick Morgan all his life, there's something wrong—Nancy's been trying to hide something, to save somebody. I've seen it!" he stopped short. "Rod Gordon, you're the nigger in the woodpile!" he shouted.

"It doesn't matter what I am. I am not here to answer questions!" Roddy replied fiercely. "You know my sister. I'm defending her honor. I'm ready to die for it. Will you stand by me, or won't you? That's the question."

The old man drew a long breath. "I will!"

There was a moment of silence. "I'm an old man," said the major, "this is illegal. Who's his second? The cartel should be properly delivered. You could fight to-morrow at sundown. He has the choice of the weapons, the place and the hour."

"It's all fixed—I won't wait until tomorrow!" Roddy's breath came in short gasps and his eyes blazed. "he'll have a second when we get there: he's chosen pistols; the time is now, the place, his own lawn—he'll die there or I will, please God, to-night!"

The major thought a moment. Then he brought out a polished wood box.

"Dueling pistols, Rod, I've had 'em years. Maybe they'll come in handy."

Roddy nodded, his white face drawn. "I'll use anything he's got," he said shortly, "come major. It's time—the moon's right!"

"Bully for you!" the major chuckled. His fierce old soul scented the smoke of battle.

They took the short cut to the Morgan house. Two figures were standing on the steps.

"By gad," ejaculated Major Lomax, "he's got Haddon!"

As he spoke, the banker came down the steps.

"See here, Lomax," he said in an aside, "can't we fix this up? It's—It's deplorable! It's our duty as seconds, can't we stop this young— young firebrand?"

The major's jaw snapped to. "D'you know what's it's about?"

"Some quarrel about Rod Gordon's sister, isn't it?" Haddon was utterly confused; had it been his fault? His fault for telling Helena?

The major set his black box on the sun-dial. "I reckon you've heard of the scandal!" he said in an undertone.

Haddon started violently. "My God! Is it that?"

Roddy was stripping off his coat and waistcoat; his hands were firm now. The moonlight caught the red in his hair and showed it, clipped close from the nape of his neck. Richard watching him silently, was straighter and taller and stronger. The boy was right, he ought to be shot—he would fire in the air.

Richard came down the steps; challenged and challenger took their weapons. Richard walked to his place and the moonlight shone full on him, a big man, big in body and soul. He had not uttered a word. Both Lomax and Haddon objected.

"Shift around—you're a shining mark!" they exclaimed in unison.

Richard laughed dryly. "There's a saying that Death loves a shining mark. Rod, I believe we shake hands first."

"I'm damned if I do!" Rod said, shaking with passion. "I'll fight. Time up, major?"

As he spoke there was a crackling of twigs behind them and a shout, a hoarse vociferous shout.

"Hi, there! Hold on, you—you young rascal, what're you doing here?" Mr. Gordon came up, breathless, hatless.

He plunged into the middle of the group, snatched his son by the nape of the neck, like a puppy, and fairly shook him.

"Lomax, Haddon, Richard—what the devil d'you-all mean by this?"

Roddy blazed, at white heat, wrenching himself away from him.

"I'm here to avenge my sister's honor," he shouted, "if you've forgotten it, I haven't, I'm a Gordon still!"

"Gordon fiddle sticks!" his father shook with a passion as great as his. "It's a damned pity you didn't think of being a Gordon before, you young scoundrel! D'you happen to know that that man's money kept you out of jail?"

His son gasped. For a moment he was dumb. Then he rallied, his young face set hard and tight again.

"Did my sister go to this man for money—to save me from jail?"

"Yes, confound you, she did—that's it, that's the whole of it. It's your fault every bit of it, sir!"

Roddy reeled. For an instant the world turned black; then a blaze of fury burnt his shame up.

He went up to Richard and shook his pistol in his face.

"I know why she married you now, damn you, I'll—I'll kill you for it!" he shouted, "you damn coward!"

Richard folded his arms. "Go ahead, Rod," he said bitterly. "I deserve it—but I've a word to say. Mr. Gordon, Major Lomax, Haddon, all of you. I didn't know until tonight of the scandal that has been launched against the loveliest girl in the world. I deserve to be killed for exposing her to 't. I stand here tonight to expire it in my blood, Nancy Virginia is my wife, gentlemen, and I love her. I have always loved her, and I am glad—I say this facing death here, as you know—I'm glad and proud that she bears my name."

Mr. Gordon caught at his son again. "You hear him? He speaks like a man. He loves your sister. He's married her. Confound you, you donkey, you, you're making a public scandal. Lomax, help me take this boy home! Richard, go in the house!" he shouted, "what d'you mean by standing up there for this lumox to shoot at? You're a brave man. I take off my hat to your courage, sir, but I've had all I can bear! Rod Gordon, he's married your sister!"

"Has he?" Roddy breathed heavily, his face rigid, "I want to see the license, I want to see the certificate of this secret marriage. I want to know if he's made a dupe of my sister!"

Richard met his look squarely. His own face was hard now. "You can see them all. We were married in church. But we'd better settle our differences now. Do your duty, gentlemen, I accepted his challenge and I'm ready."

"This can't go on!" Haddon gasped, coming forward, "I want to say—"

"Richard threw back his head. "All right, Haddon, another time! Give us the signal, gentlemen."

Lomax caught hold of Roddy's father and held him by main force. Mr. Gordon was struggling violently.

"Damn you, Lomax, unhand me—Roddy you young devil, you—"

"Give the signal, Haddon," said the major sharply. "I can't hold this old octopus forever!"

Roddy sprang to his position, his weapon gleaming in the moonlight. Richard faced him. Haddon, shaken and gray, began to count.

"One, two, three—"

Studiously a white-clad figure sprang out of the shadow of the shrubbery. Like a flash it leaped between the duellists. Nancy covered Richard with her own body.

"Stop!" she cried, panting, "you—"

"I'll have to shoot me first, Rod!"

Roddy recoiled, his mouth fell open. His eyes fixed themselves on her— incredulous, startled, mad—dened with surprise. There was a terrible moment of silence.

"God, you love him!" he gasped.

His father, broken loose from Lomax now, had him by the arm, and he wrenched the pistol from the boy's relaxed fingers. Roddy sagged over against him, while Nancy still faced him, her face as white as a star and her beautiful hair tumbling about her shoulders.

Roddy was dumb.

Mr. Gordon dragged him along. "Come!" he said huskily, and then: "You young fool, you, she loves him—you've made trouble enough, let

"em alone!" he whispered.

Roddy was still speechless. He yielded to the older man's force; he let himself be dragged away, Lomax and Haddon following them—as dumb as he was. They walked slowly. Twice Roddy stumbled. His ears were ringing, but he heard his father's voice, after a moment.

"You young donkey, you!" and then it broke and grew husky; something melted in him. He looked at the boy's dejected face.

"I'm proud of you."

"I'm proud of you."

Roddy was silent, his head sagged with his shoulders, his face burned. He knew now the price his sister had paid to keep him out

(Concluded On Page 3)

ELECT A LIBERAL JOE E. DUNNE for GOVERNOR His Platform Summarizes: UNEMPLOYMENT—I unqualifiedly pledge my earnest effort to solve the scourge of unemployment. A willing man's right to a job is a basic humanitarian principle. AGRICULTURE—Oregon's department of agriculture must be further developed to render immediate and greater service to farmers. This condition is serious. Prices can and must be improved and stabilized. OLD AGE PENSION—I pledge my support of an old age pension system that provides a reward for good citizenship and not charity. A new method of taxation must be found to relieve homes and farms from this tax. LABOR—I will support the minimum wage law, protection of women workers, limitation of hours, the workmen's compensation act and healthful working conditions, and an adequate system of unemployment insurance to which labor and industry jointly contribute. TAX REDUCTION—Tax reduction is vital to recovery in Oregon. Rigid economy in expense of government is necessary for tax relief. Strict supervision of tax-exempting activities and placing more departments on a self-supporting basis are imperative. BALANCED BUDGETS—I advocate a "pay as you go" policy and I pledge myself to the principle of a balanced budget. PUBLIC UTILITIES—I believe in strict regulation of utilities and the sales of their securities to investors. EDUCATION—Oregon must maintain its splendid system of education. It is the guarantee of our future progress and stability of government. DAIRYING—New markets, adequate profit margins, stable prices are important to the dairyman and I pledge my efforts along these lines. FISH AND GAME—Administration of Oregon's great fish and game resources should be removed from political manipulation. BONNEVILLE POWER—This project is under the complete control of the Federal Government, according to the President. I pledge co-operation. I oppose state bond issues on this Federal project to further burden our taxpayers. PUBLIC WORKS—If Oregon is to grow new industry must come. We should encourage it. LAW ENFORCEMENT—I believe in vigorous and fearless enforcement of law. Oppose judicial procedure granting delays and easy paroles to violators. HIGHWAYS—Present highways now authorized by law should be completed, but I oppose issuance of more bonds except in dire emergency. VETERANS—As in the past, I promise the veterans my sympathetic support. I endorse the stand of organized veterans against communism. NATURAL RESOURCES—Oregon's unlimited mineral and other resources justify a development that will bring wealth and employment. "FATHER OF THE \$5.00 AUTOMOBILE LICENSE" Paid Adv. by Republican State Central Committee, 325 Morgan Building, Portland, Oregon

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