

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1934

## MORE INTEREST IN SCHOOL AFFAIRS

"Serving on a school board is one of the finest services a man can render this community yet it is the most thankless one," remarked an eminent jurist to us a few days ago. His summary of the situation is about right.

More people took an active interest in the Springfield school election this week than ever before. Continued interest of a constructive nature can be of great benefit to our schools. The board from now on will meet in some public building and it invites the criticism and advice of the public. Few people ever attend a school board meeting but nearly everyone has an idea he can run the schools better than they are now conducted. If these ideas were presented to the board instead of being discussed on street corners they might be made practical use of.

With half of the taxes delinquent the last two years school finances are facing a critical situation all over the country. Yet in the face of this situation school district 19 has by more careful management than ever before improved its indebtedness more than \$15,000 in the last 12 months. Outstanding warrants a year ago were \$20,000 and now have been reduced to approximately \$10,000. The bonded debt has been reduced \$5,500 in the same period. All this has been done not by raising taxes but with a five mill lower tax than last year. Since the schools were conducted this year with practically the same faculty personnel that has been here the last several years it can not be said that efficiency has been greatly impaired.

In spite of the depression Springfield High school this year graduated one of its finest and largest classes. The future looks better.

## HOW TO LIVE

Education has two purposes: (1) How to make a living, and (2) how to live. E. B. Lemon, registrar of O. S. C., told the graduation class of the Springfield high school. Most of us whose time is pretty much taken up trying to make a living lose sight of the second reason for education.

A man may have a good education and be working at a job of common labor. If his education has taught him how to live and be a better citizen of this country then it is serving a useful purpose. The salvation of the human race is through education. No matter how humble one's occupation may be education is not a loss, if it has improved character and taught that person better how to live.

"Is it sensible that in a world where men button up their coats to hide the fact that they have no shirts, a Congress should discuss a bill to punish the farmer who grows more cotton than a government bureau tells him he may?" asks a farmer. Who can answer him? Only the brain trust.

It seems that the longshoremen's union is feeling the pressure of public opinion more than the Portland police force and is "pulling the punches" of its leadership. It seems silly that 300,000 people would let less than 1000 make a fool of them and they are waking up to that fact.

Congress has adjourned at last after making a record. It appropriated more than seven billion dollars or a greater amount than any other legislative body ever did at any other time in the world.

# THE BOOK

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

## by BRUCE BARTON

### THE UNFORGETTABLE SENTENCE

A few weeks ago two young men desiring to enter the Christian ministry were asked, "Do you believe in the Virgin Birth of Jesus?" Upon replying that they did not know how to answer the question, nor regard the answer as vital to their work as ministers, they were rejected.

It is no part of the purpose of our little book to deal with controversial subjects, but in approaching the life of Jesus we may perhaps be permitted to point out that the question of whether He was or was not born of a virgin did not seem very important to two of the writers of the Gospels. Mark makes no mention of it. John ignores it. Paul does not once refer to it, and if Jesus Himself was much concerned there is no evidence of that fact. When He was assembling His disciples, He called a certain Philip of Bethsaida:

Philip findeth Nathanael, and said unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.

If this assertion on the part of Philip was a mistake Jesus did not rebuke it nor refuse Philip and Nathanael as disciples because of it. Indeed, one astonishing fact about His life and the doctrines which have been built up about it is this—that most of the points on which the bitter controversies have been waged were apparently regarded by Jesus Himself as of lesser significance, and some of no significance whatever.

How many cruel debates have arisen over the question of His miracles. He was often reluctant to perform them, and was as fearful that He might be advertised abroad as a wonder-worker and thus have the real significance of His teaching blurred that He frequently urged those whom he had healed to "go and tell no man."

The question of baptism has split Christian communions. Jesus, when His success began to bring great crowds to Him so that His disciples were baptizing more than John the Baptist, ceased Himself to baptize anybody.

When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John. (Though Jesus himself baptised not, but his disciples,) He left Judaea, and departed again into Galilee.

The question of forms and ceremonies and revisions of prayer-books occupies the time and discussion of many church assemblies. But there is no record that Jesus ever prayed in public. The one prayer which He gave to His disciples is the simplest imaginable and consists of sixty-six words. As for the place and manner and form of worship, He dismissed the whole subject with one great and unforgettable sentence.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

# The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

## SYNOPSIS

To get fifteen thousand dollars to save the family honor, Nancy Gordon promises to marry the well-to-do Dr. Richard Morgan. Her beloved brother, Roddy, has come home from New York to confess that he has taken that amount from the bank where he works—because a woman needed it—and that he will be jailed if he is found out before he returns it. So Nancy, in love with the penniless Page Roemer, decides to borrow the money from Morgan, and pledges herself to marry him in return. He agrees to the bargain, feeling sure he can make her love him.

While they are talking at his house, Roemer comes to see him. "Oh, Richard, don't let him come in here," begs Nancy when she hears his name. And as Richard looks at her the pitiful little secret of her love for Page is revealed to him. **Now Go On With the Story**

"If you stay—if they come to get you before you pay it back—it will kill them both—I mean father and mother. You must go, Roddy!"

"You're a trump, Sis!" he said thickly. "You've saved me—I feel like a brute to let you do it. I'll go, but I've got to tell them first. I mean the governor and mother."

"I'll tell them!" Nancy shivered. "You can't stop for it—if you lose this train they—they might arrest you, they may be on their way now!"

She kissed him suddenly. "Oh, Rod, he's good now!" she sobbed. He could not speak, but he wrung her hand; then the gate slammed and he was gone.

Nancy rose slowly, steadying herself an instant with one hand on the old bench where she had sunk, and then she went slowly into the house.

Her mother was sitting in a rocker by the window, her face hidden in her hands. Her father sat in the same chair where he had slept that morning. His gray hair was standing up on top of his head and he had not shaved; he looked older than ever.

He stared around at Nancy. "Where's Roddy?" he demanded hoarsely. "Where's he hiding? I haven't seen him this morning—my God, I can't think where he got his streak from—my son a common thief!"

"You shan't say that of Roddy!" Mrs. Gordon cried for the hundredth time. "It isn't true, he never meant to take it, it's some mistake. He meant to pay it back!"

"Yes," her husband assented harshly, "he did. You're right about that, Sarah, I never knew a thief who didn't mean to pay it back. They all do!"

"We've got to pay it back then!" his wife sobbed. "We've got to save him—if I take the clothes off my back, if Roddy's sent to jail I shall die!"

"Die?" Mr. Gordon raised his haggard face and stared at her. "I'd rather see Rod dead this minute than a common thief. God knows I wish I had him in his coffin now—nailed down tight!"

"Papa!" Nancy's tone startled him, he raised his eyes again to her face, his lips twitching with intolerable pain.

She swayed toward him, her blue eyes beautiful and soft; she loved him in his agony. She understood it. He had lost his pride in his son and he was too poor to pay; he was thinking of her and of her mother. Nancy's lips shook but she commanded herself.

"Papa," she said softly, "Mama—she held her hands out to them tenderly. 'I've come to tell you—Roddy is safe; he's got the money, all of it, and he's gone to pay it back. I think he'll get there before

they even find it out. Her father merely stared, incredulous, but her mother uttered a choked cry.

"Oh, Nancy! How did he get it? Who lent him all that?" Nancy held her breath. If she told them, she did not know what her father might do. He loved her, he might take it hard, he might even go to Richard about it, and he could not pay it back, it would ruin him. She looked from one worn white face to the other and her eyes misted; she was doing it for them—because she loved them, she loved them so much it was anguish to see them suffer.

"I borrowed it, Mama," she answered softly, "I got it and—Roddy and I will pay it back."

Mr. Gordon half rose from his chair. "Who did you get the money from, Nancy?" he demanded hoarsely.

Nancy backed away from them; they were both dazed but their eyes followed her. "I can't tell you today," she gasped, "that's part of it—the pledge, mean, but I'll tell you next week."

She broke away; she must not tell them, she dared not—yet! She turned a little wildly and ran out of the room.

Nancy lay quite still, face downward on her bed, hands clasped close over her eyes, shutting out the light. Her head ached terribly, it ached so that the throbs ran down through her body and shook her with anguish. It was fearful, yet it was a blessing, while it ached like that she could not think. If he tried to think she would remember that she had promised to marry Richard on Monday. She did not want to think.

Through her went the crashing and rushing of Roddy's train going to New York; she felt as if the steel wheels passed over her and left her bleeding. She had saved him, he would get there in time to pay the money back, they would never know. And she had spared the two downstairs, too.

It had crushed her father to think of his girl shamed for her brother, Nancy's lips twitched with pain at the thought; he had looked so like death in his sleep. The feeling had come to her with a horrible swift surprise—her father was growing old! She clutched at her pillows, shaking. Her world might tumble down and she would have no one left—no one but—it was too much.

She rose on her elbow and stared out of the window with pain blurred eyes—Richard! She gave a little cry and plunged her head down again into her pillows, sobbing and shaking with fear.

Then the pain in her head began again and she stopped thinking, she lay after a while very still and limp, like a shot bird unable to use its wings. Sheer exhaustion, a sleepless night and the long racking of her nerves had told. The girl had fallen into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

She was still sleeping when her mother quietly opened the door and came in. The huddled figure on the bed startled her; there was something in Nancy's very attitude that suggested misery and apprehensions. Mrs. Gordon came hurriedly across the room and touched her flushed cheek and her hot forehead. She had the skillful mother hands and she knew the feel of fever.

Nancy started up on her elbow. "What is it, Mama?" she cried feverishly.

Her mother shook her head. "Nothing at all now, dear. Papa went out to the bank for a while, had to do something. He wanted to

come up here and see you but I stopped him. Don't you think you ought to tell him about the money you borrowed, Nancy?"

Nancy, sitting on the side of her bed now, slipped her arms about her mother's neck, laying her cheek against hers.

"I'll tell him—I'll tell you both next week—I promised that. Oh, Mama, don't ask me—I was so glad to get it for Roddy."

Mrs. Gordon drew a long breath, a sob in her throat; her face puckered and quivered with tears like a child's.

"Oh, Nancy!" she sobbed. They clasped each other weeping.

They held each other for a long time and then Mrs. Gordon felt the girl's hot cheek. She drew back, looking at her.

"You're ill, child!" "Only my head, Mama, didn't sleep last night."

Her mother rose. "You lie down," she said gently, struggling to be herself again. "I'll get you a cup of tea."

The hot tea and toast revived her a little, and the touch of her mother's hands on her hot forehead soothed her. She felt like a child again, being comforted after a hurt.

"Don't go yet!" she whispered, and in the twilight Mrs. Gordon sat for a long time beside her daughter's bed, holding her hand.

They did not talk much. The older woman was thinking of her son; the girl, of tomorrow. But after a while they heard the front door open and Mrs. Gordon rose hurriedly.

"There's Papa; I'll go get his dinner for him. I hope he can eat! You needn't come down, child, if your head still aches."

Nancy let her go; her head did not ache so badly now, but she was glad to escape her father's questions.

She had work to do. She packed a handbag with a few things she would need and she hurried, tumbling things over. Her wardrobe was small enough; she had not much choice, but she selected the simplest things she had, a dark blue serge and a plain hat.

The moon had risen splendidly and across the window was stretched the long branch of the pine, etched black against the silver sky. It was very still in the house.

Nancy knew her father and mother had finished dinner. They were sitting in the library now, on the other side of the house. She could not even hear their voices, but the pine trees swaying a little, tapped on her window sill. Then she heard another sound, soft and sweet but penetrating, the faint notes of a lovesong strummed on a guitar.

Page! The girl trembled like a leaf; he had come, of course, with his guitar.

Nancy stumbled to her window and looked down. The moonlight made the old garden like day. Below her, the grass-plot looked as if a hoar-frost had whitened it. Nearer still was Page Roemer.

Nancy looked at him. How tall and slim he was—so much lighter in build than Richard. She could see his clean-cut profile and his white forehead. He strummed on the guitar again, calling her with the old soft notes appealingly.

Nancy answered. Page stopped playing instantly, and in the moonlight she saw the joy in his face.

"Come down, Nancy; it's a lovely night!" She clung to the window sill. "I can't, Page, my head aches terribly."

"The moon will cure it. Come down," he pleaded. "I've got something to say to you tonight, Nancy, please come down."

Nancy knew what he had to say to her; it had been trembling on his lips so long, and he had delayed it—because delay is sweet. They liked to wait; an unspoken love was so much more tender, more elusive, more desirable than mere words. But now it was too late.

"I can't come down to night, Page. No, really! Didn't mother tell you?" He drew down his brows anxiously. "Yes, but I didn't believe you'd

stay up there—a night like this. Nancy, when can I come?" he asked gravely.

She trembled. She could make no more promises! "I—I don't know—don't ask me tonight, Page, my head aches so!"

He looked up earnestly. He could not read the eyes so far above him, but he felt a change, an incredible change, in her.

"Are you really ill, Nancy?" he cried.

Where he stood, with his face lifted and unshadowed, she saw him plainly. She could see the look in his eyes. It set her heart beating again and her fingers tightened on the sill.

"No," she said faintly, "not really—but my head did ache dreadfully. I can't talk to you tonight, Page, indeed—I'd come down if I could, but I—can't!"

Her voice broke and he caught the change in it. Hope mounted in certainty; he was sure she loved him, but she was coquetting with it, playing with it, like a girl. He lifted his handsome head confidently.

"Nancy, come down!" he cried. She said nothing, and in the stillness the pine branch tapped against her window like a warning finger. Again he felt that there was something amiss.

"Nancy, come down!" this time his voice pleaded. "I can't Page, I—good night!" she waved her hand to him.

"Cruel!" he said, and then: "tomorrow, Nancy!"

She did not answer. She was leaning against the window now, watching him go. He swung his guitar under his arm, waving his hat to her. But half-way to the gate she called to him.

"Goodbye, Page," she called to him softly, "goodbye!"

She could see his figure receding down the long quiet street. He was going out of her life and he did not know it. It was incredible but it was true.

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

## MRS. OLSON WINNER IN CONTRACT BRIDGE PLAY

High score in contract bridge was won by Mrs. Carl Olson last Thursday afternoon when members of the contract bridge club were guests of Mrs. Harry Stewart at dessert bridge. Mrs. William Meyer was a guest at the meeting.

The next meeting of the club will be held in two weeks at the home of Mrs. Walter Scott.

## CARD OF THANKS

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation and thanks to the voters for their loyal support in electing me clerk of Springfield School district No. 19. Severt Jacobson.

## VARICOSE OR SWOLLEN VEINS—ULCERS

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—by A. B. Chapin

