

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1934

WHO IS PASSING THE BUCK?

Nobody knows whether it is the county, state highway department or the SERA officials that are holding up the gravel sidewalk project in West Springfield. Anyway this sidewalk between Eugene and Springfield city limits, which the highway commission chairman agreed should be built, and the county offered to furnish the necessary crushed rock and other materials, is not getting started.

It has been recommended as a worthy SERA project that will employ common labor of which there is plenty unemployed. Five lives have been lost along this stretch of road the last few years and it behooves those in charge to do something about it. If we are to have several governmental bodies doing the same or similar public work then they should not be "buck-passers."

With the oil road and green dustless foliage the McKenzie valley is now one of the leading vacation and picnic spots in the west. Fifty miles of fast running cold water from the snow fields, springs and lakes in the headwaters make it unlike most rivers in this country. Hundreds of tourists visit the McKenzie valley each year and the fame of the river is spreading wider and wider. Improvements in the resorts and camp grounds along the stream have kept pace with tourists and excellent accommodations can be had. We can all boast and none need apologize for the McKenzie river country.

A strike in a factory or mine usually affects only those people involved but a strike in transportation ties up the goods of other people, who are in the end the most damaged. Other means than striking should be employed to settle differences in the transportation industry.

Things are done differently in this country. General Johnson recruited five men to take his place while he went on a vacation. Adolph Hitler killed 60 men in Germany to keep them from taking his place and then went on a vacation.

Half of the government's 13 billion dollar relief war chest is reported spent. Old man recovery must come back within the next year before the bottom of Uncle Sam's sack is reached.

A third of the federal forest road money allotted to Oregon will be spent in Lane county. The Willamette and Siuslaw highways should be considerably improved this next year.

The Democrat newspapers seem to be worrying most about the future of the Republican party.

Strikes some people say are evidence of prosperity. Suppose then we all strike.

The vine maples are beginning to turn red. Some say that this means an early winter.

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

TWO RULERS TO FORE

Inevitably Jerusalem came under the conquering power of Rome, but the vigor of the Macabees promised to perpetuate itself in a new line of kings. Herod, a military leader from across Jordan, allied himself with Rome and was made a kind of feudal king. He married a Maccabean princess, Mariamne, whose beauty and tragic fate gripped the imaginations of the people and made the name Mary so common in New Testament times and later. Herod murdered her, and she was only one among his many victims.

Rome passed from a nominal republic into an empire. Caesar Augustus was Emperor and Herod (beneficiary of the brave Macabees) reigned in Palestine when Jesus was born.

The policy of Rome was tolerant; local customs and even local prejudices were not greatly interfered with, and the Jews were permitted to carry on their worship and, to a large extent, the internal affairs of their government as they chose under their own rulers. But Rome was the power that ruled, and naturally the Jews were not happy. They had become a nation whose ideals were bound up in a book. If they no longer had their independence they still did have the Law, the Prophets and the Writings. They studied these and though they found promises that Jerusalem was given to have political power. They looked back to the days of David and Solomon, idealizing the reigns of these great kings. They were sure that some day another king of David's lineage would sit on the throne in their sacred city and they even found in Micah a verse which some imagined to mean that their king would be born in Bethlehem:

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.

It is necessary to have this little historic background in order to understand why there were two rulers simultaneously in the days of Jesus; Herod the King, whom Jesus characterized as "that Fox," and Pilate, the Roman governor; and why the Jewish crowds, fired by patriotic enthusiasm, sought to take Jesus, "Son of David," by force and make Him their king; and why, when He refused, they melted away from Him and allowed the shouts of "Hosanna" of Palm Sunday to be drowned out on Friday by the shout of "Crucify."

As nearly as scholars can figure it out, Jesus was born about 4 B. C. The Christian chronology was not fixed until the sixth century, and our subsequent study of Roman records indicates that a mistake of about four years was made. Assuming the date 4 B. C., therefore, we now approach the nineteen hundredth anniversary of Jesus' thirtieth birthday.

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

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, nevertheless agrees to a secret elopement with Dr. Richard Morgan, and with the money he loans her prevents Roddy's arrest. Dr. Morgan is loved by Helena Haddon, a sophisticated young married woman, but she adores Nancy and hopes to win her after marriage. In Washington they are married. Nancy is Richard's bride—and afraid of him.

Richard held the door open for her gravely. "I suggest that you ask her," was all he said. Helena laughed, but she said no more. She stood a moment, looking back at him. An unhappy woman, unhappily in love with him, and he knew it.

Mrs. Gordon was sitting in the old wicker rocking chair, by the library window, her hands lying idle in her lap. She could not read, she could not even knit; she had cried over Roddy until her eyelids were puffed and her eyes ached. He was safe, she knew it, but—now that she knew he was safe—she began to feel the disgrace that his mere rescue from jail could not wipe out. Her boy had stolen money! The escape from punishment did not sponge out the sin.

She had borne him and she had reared him and he was a thief. His father called him that and she cringed from it as if she had been struck a blow. She wanted to cry, to throw herself into some one's arms and cry like a girl, but Mr. Gordon was not receptive. He was there. He had come in from the bank and was sitting grimly upright in his chair, reading the paper.

They had been sitting thus half an hour when she heard the familiar sound of the gate and started up.

"Papa, it's Nancy!" He laid his paper on his knee. The broad afternoon light fell full on his worn face and his wife was shocked.

They heard the door open, a light step, and Nancy came into the room. She was very pale but her blue eyes shone. She came slowly toward them and stood still.

"I don't want you to worry any more," she said abruptly. "I borrowed that money from Richard Morgan. Roddy and I will pay him back. I—I married him yesterday."

Her mother dropped back into her rocker, speechless, but her father rose. His face turned gray.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said I married Richard Morgan yesterday, in Washington, because—because he gave me the money to save Roddy."

"Where's Roddy?" Mr. Gordon's voice shook. "where is he now? He had no business to take that money from you!"

No one answered him and he broke loose in terrible denunciation. All the pent-up misery found vent. He made no bones about it. He spoke the truth as he saw it, spoke it brutally without seeing its effect.

The storm of his wrath swept over Nancy's bowed head like a hurricane. She clung to a little table in the center of the room.

"What kind of a girl are you?" roared Mr. Gordon. "what did you do? Go down there and tell him you'd marry him for fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

Nancy fixed her blue eyes on her father. He was so amazed that his mouth hung open. His shot had been a random one; that he had hit the bull's eye nearly prostrated

him with horror and dismay. "Good Lord!" he said below his breath.

Then he rallied himself. "I'll wire Roddy, I'll make him confess and bring that money back—it isn't his to pay in. 'I'll—I'll—' he sputtered breathlessly.

"You can't," said Nancy. "he's put it back; he's not going to confess and go to prison now!"

"He shall—I say he shall!" Mr. Gordon slammed an old chair back with such violence that he broke a leg off; it toppled over helplessly and fell into the corner with a crash.

"I'd a darned sight rather that Roddy stayed in jail for life than to have him take that money! Can't you see that your daughter's sold herself?" he appealed to his wife. There was a terrible vehemence in his tone.

"Where's that man?" he swung around to Nancy. "where's Morgan?"

"He came home with me—he's in his office now. We—we haven't told any one—he wanted to come here with me, and I—"

"I should think he'd better come here like a man. I want to ask him if he thinks he's living in his grandfather's time. I reckon old Morgan bought his slaves about the same way—only cheaper!"

"Papa!" his wife almost shrieked now. "Papa, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am, I'm ashamed to have such children! I've got a pair of them—the boy steals and the girl sells herself to the first rich man who'll—who'll pay for her!"

"Hush!" Mrs. Gordon cried. "hush, Papa!"

Nancy, who had never stirred from her table, did not lift her eyes now, but her white lips moved.

"Let him alone Mama; it's true! Only a minister married us in church. It—it wasn't an auction, Papa."

Her father snorted with fury. "True! I reckon it is! There's one thing I'd like to say to you, though," he added with sudden and terrible courtesy. "if you'll permit me, Nancy?"

She choked back a sob.

"It's this—" he took a step nearer, striking his fist on the table—"you've sold yourself darned cheap!"

She gazed at him, speechless. "You're young, you're strong, you're good-looking, you ought to have made a better bargain, Nancy. I've heard my father say that a pretty slave girl always brought a big bid. You're too cheap!"

"Papa," Mrs. Gordon rose from her chair, fairly tottering on her feet, but snatching at her husband's coat-tails. "Don't you see that—you're killing the child!"

He swung free of her with an angry swish of his garments, a mild-mannered man beside himself. "She can stand it. She's got an all-fired lot of brass to go and tell a man she'd marry him for fifteen thousand dollars cash!"

"Oh, Nancy dear, he doesn't mean it!" Mrs. Gordon cried timidly.

Nancy did not hear her. When her father's furious fist struck the table she let go her hold upon it and drew back, staring at him, fascinated. Then she turned slowly and started toward the door.

"Nancy!" her mother's voice quavered.

The girl did not answer her; she turned and looked back at her father. "We—we may keep it secret—the marriage—Richard leaves it to me."

"Secret?" Mr. Gordon roared. "secret? What's this? Is he ashamed of it already?"

Nancy gasped. "No," she said with white lips. "he isn't—I am!"

As she spoke she went slowly out into the hall and they heard her going slowly upstairs. Mrs. Gordon sank down again into her rocker. Her husband marched tumultuously about the room. A fancy, lace bordered sofa-cushion caught on his

sleeve button and he sent it flying. "Oh, Papa, you've broken Nancy's heart!"

He swung around on her, his flushed face and standing hair terrifying her.

"Heart? Broken her heart—I'd like to thrash her!" he bellowed. "You'll have a stroke, William; you'll have a stroke—if you don't stop!"

"Stroke he bawled!" he said, and rushed to the telephone. He had just thought of it.

He called up Richard. "Yes, I want to see you—now—right away! All right, I'll wait!" He hung up the receiver and began to stride up and down again.

Mrs. Gordon knew the girl must be wretched and her heart went out to her. But there was a thrill of secret relief Roddy was saved. His father couldn't make him return the money now. Should she go upstairs and try to make it up to Nancy? She half rose and Mr. Gordon smashed a little glass paper-weight that had fallen in his way.

"He's going crazy," she thought feebly; then she remembered Richard Morgan. He was coming soon and there would be an explosion worse than the one that had greeted Nancy. What would happen?

"Fiddlesticks! What's nature got to do with it? She married that—that fellow to get the money quick for Roddy." He brought his fist down again on the table—"I'd like to thrash the minister who married them! What business has any man got to marry people in that way? He ought to have had them both locked up in the police-station!"

"William Gordon, I've heard you say yourself that you wished Nancy'd stop flirting with Page Roemer and marry a decent man like Richard Morgan!"

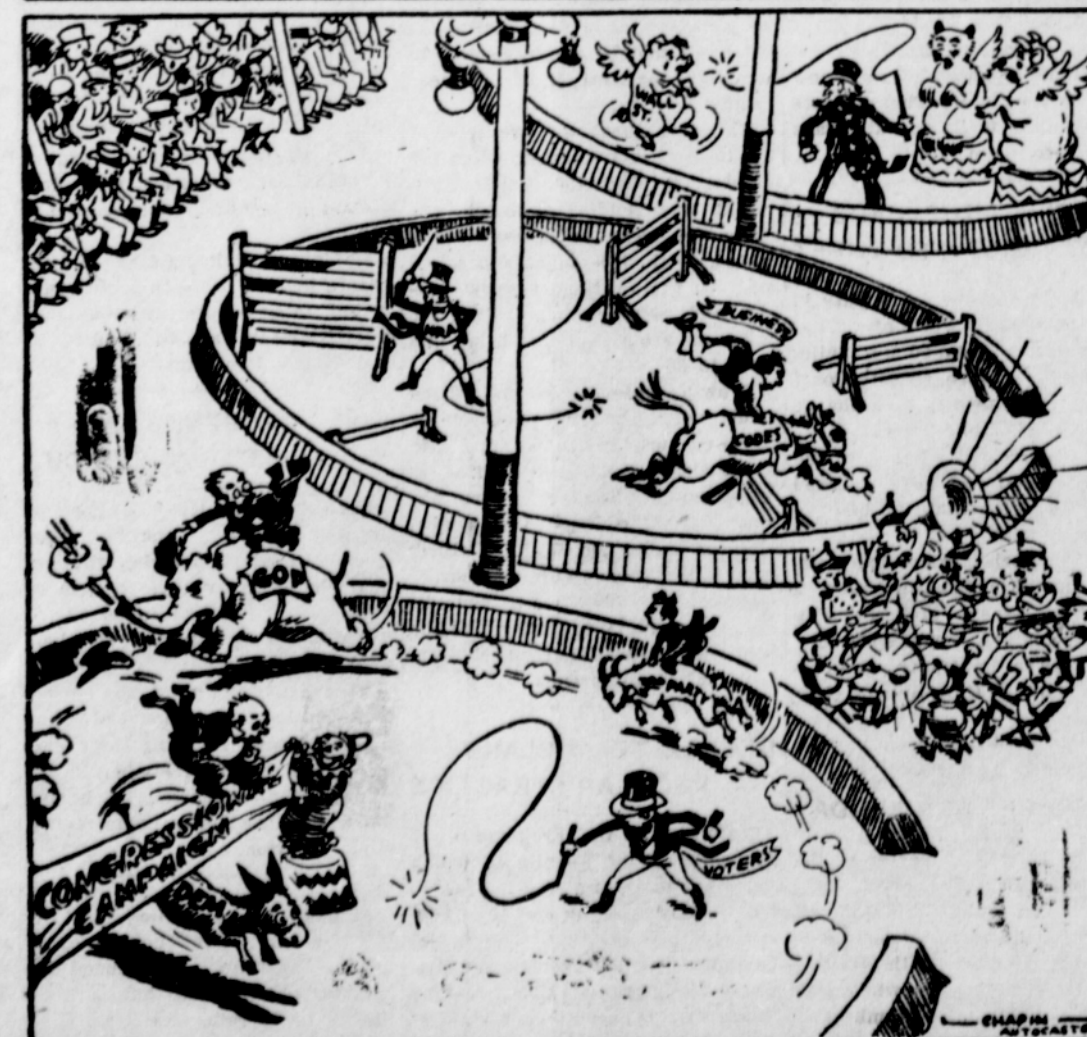
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