

# 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 .75  
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months .50c

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1934

### A 44 PERCENT CUT

Passage of the 20 mill property tax limitation measure would reduce the Springfield school district operating budget 44 per cent according to estimates made at the University of Oregon. There is no doubt about it that in the event of the passage of this measure there could be no high school and only a few months grade school in Springfield next year—unless the legislature finds some other way of raising finances. From the overwhelming defeats administered the sales tax, even when it was offered as a direct property relief tax for school purposes, indicates that it can not be enacted. Tax commission figures indicate that little if any more money can be gotten from the income tax until there is improvement in business and industry—nobody is making much taxable net income.

Washington passed an occupation tax, which is raising five million dollars, at the same time it placed a 40 mill limitation on property. We should think this tax would meet the same objections as a sales tax but it will undoubtedly be what is offered if the 20 mill limitation is passed in Oregon. Then if it is referred we will be as bad off as before.

There is no provision in the 20 mill tax limitation bill, so far as we can see, for union high schools to get any money at all. We wonder if country people supporting the measure realize this fact.

Curtailment in school expense and still operate nine months is not possible because in the last three years expenses have been cut from 25 to 40 per cent by most schools. In Springfield last year the operating budget was about \$12,000 lower than the previous year. What to do will be beyond the power of the school board if this bill passes. If we are to have school it will be up to the people and the legislature.

### BIG INCOMES MISSING

If we had a 100 per cent income tax on all the net incomes in this state above \$10,000 the government would receive only five million dollars, or less than it takes to run the state. Where, oh where have the big fellows gone that radical politicians rave about. Four-fifths of our state income tax comes from those making less than \$10,000 a year. In fact the little fellows with incomes less than \$2,000 pay more income tax than those with incomes above \$10,000 with a tax rate many times higher.

Of course if we actually did have a 100 per cent income tax above \$10,000 net earnings there would be no net earnings. People would simply stop earning at \$10,000 when they had to give it all to the government.

We have no sympathy for those who evade the income tax and we do not defend the rich as a class, but, from the standpoint of government there is no use fooling ourselves. Either the income is there to tax or it is not and there is no use trying to pass the tax "buck" without there actually is some one to receive it. A clear analysis is necessary and this the state tax commission has given us.

There is a cry of redistribution of wealth. When we look at our own we realize this has been going on for several years now and if it is speeded up much faster we soon will be at the end. Strange part of it is though no one seems to have benefitted by redistribution. It is like cutting your cake in smaller and smaller pieces until you have nothing left but the crumbs.

It has been charged that while the administration is priming the pump of industry with RFC money the radical wing sits on the handle.

Zimmerman sends his political stories to the press on red paper. Is there any significance to that?

## THE BOOK

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

### by BRUCE BARTON

THE STORY THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Surely a little group of unlettered peasants could do nothing without leadership and Jesus was dead. Jerusalem and the Roman power would now be safe from the menace of one who gave common people the foolish idea that they were sons of God and, hence, the equals of the king. What actually happened is set forth with force and conviction in each of the four Gospels, separately. Jesus' disciples declared that He still lived. On their report the tomb was examined and found empty. In the city where He had been put to death disciples set to work with results so immediate and astonishing that even the Roman authorities were shortly compelled to take notice. They began to produce a literature.

The pious men who broke the Bible up into chapters and numbered verses contributed something to our convenience but they destroyed the swing and charm of the unbroken narrative.

The Scriptures are fed to us in Sunday-school in measured doses of about eight verses a week; we read the Bible, when we read it at all, one or two chapters a day. This is not our habit with other thrilling literature; we give a good story a real chance by reading it straight through in a single interested sitting.

Try this plan some day with the book of Luke and follow it with the Acts. Forget that you have ever seen the Bible before; read the whole account of the great beginnings as you would read any other finely told chapter of history.

It is the story that changed the whole world. In saying that we are not unmindful of the limitations of the work of Jesus. He did not overthrow the oppressive government of Rome. He did not lower the tax rate. He did not improve sanitary conditions in Jerusalem, nor erect a public library at Nazareth. He did not increase the wages of Christians over those of infidels. He taught no sure cure for disease.

The economic status of Jesus' followers was exactly as it had been; He found them fishermen, He left them fishermen. He did nothing to justify those who talk as though the "economic interpretation of history" were the last word in wisdom.

But His fishermen were different fishermen, transformed, endowed with power, capable of great faith and magnificent achievement. Through them and their successors He started more philanthropies than all men who have ever lived. Hospitals and clinics, charities and libraries, schools and colleges, have multiplied where He has inspired the souls of men.

His religion is the best asset of civilization. That part of the world outside of which very few of us would willingly spend our days is named for Him, Christendom.

# The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Nancy Gordon, loving Page Roemer, sells herself in marriage to Dr. Richard Morgan for fifteen thousand dollars, the amount her brother Roddy stole to give to a woman, Helena Haddon, sophisticated married woman, in love with Richard, does her best to make trouble for Nancy, although she knows nothing of the secret marriage. Mr. Gordon sells his home to repay Richard. Nancy permits Page to continue making love to her, but when she finds that he wants her to run away with him she recoils from him in horror. Taking shelter in the hotel of a poor woman whose baby is dying, Nancy realizes that Richard is the best man after all, and sends for him. Although he saves the baby's life, he repudiates the his of his wife, Helena, finding that they have spent the night together in the miserable hotel, spreads the scandal about town. Angie Fuller, Roddy's childhood sweetheart, and niece of Major Lomax, tries to stop the scandal. Just then Roddy returns home—drunk. His mother believes him crazy and sends for Dr. Morgan, who takes Roddy home with him. Nancy goes to Richard's to see her brother.

### Now Go On With the Story

### NINETEENTH INSTALLMENT

Richard opened the door and she went in. She heard him close it behind her and she seemed to hear, too, his footsteps going downstairs. They sounded heavy, final, like the footsteps of a man who had too much to do to bear other people's burdens! Then her eyes cleared of the mist in them and she saw Roddy, half dressed, sitting on the edge of his bed, reaching for one of his boots.

"I don't want to make a mess here for Richard—he's been pretty white to me," he said bitterly. "I'm going out and kill myself."

Nancy went over and sat down on the edge of the bed beside him. "Rod," she said under her breath, with something like a gasp, "have you—been doing it again?"

He turned and looked at her, utterly uncomprehending.

"What the deuce do you mean, Nance?"

Her lips were dry. "Stealing?"

"No!" he snapped, then his hands clenched on the edge of the bed and he choked back a sob. "She took that money—the money I stole to save her old father from jail—and bought a trousseau—and—got married—and went to Europe!" He staggered to his feet, shaking his fist at space. "Went to Europe!" he shouted, "her old father was all a blooming lie—she went to Europe with the man she had been engaged to for two years!"

Nancy, sitting alone on the edge of the bed now, gasped with relief. "I'm so glad," she cried, "so glad!"

Roddy stopped in his furious outburst to glare at her.

"Money! She wanted money!" he raved, "a woman who uses a man's love for her—to get money—!" he stopped, choking, "there's nothing bad enough for a woman like that!" he cried, "nothing!"

"I've got nothing to live for," Roddy went on, "the world's rotten—I'm twenty-three and I've drained life to the dregs! I've thrown up my job, sis, I couldn't face it any longer—I'd lied enough for her. I resigned."

"Rod, you didn't—you didn't owe anything, did you?"

"No! Not a dam' cent—what do I want with money! The whole world's like a rotten apple, the inside's ready to come out! I went on a spree, Nance, the biggest spree I ever had in my life. I drank up all I had. I—!" he sank down in a chair opposite and rested his head on his clenched fists—"I'm a darned loafer. I ought to be shot. I've disgraced you all. I've stolen. I'm out of work. Why don't you shoot me, Nance?"

His sister did not answer him; she was choking with her own misery. It had been no use, no use in the world; she had not saved Roddy, she had only made him worse!

"Oh, Roddy," she gasped, "oh, Roddy, I wish I were dead!"

Roddy stared at her, his jaw dropping; suddenly the selfishness of his own anguish was penetrated. Nancy's forlorn cry went to his heart.

"Nancy, I'm a rotter!" he groaned, "I'm no good on earth!"

"Neither am I!" Nancy's voice was smothered, "I'm—I'm just as bad! It's my fault—I—I've made everything worse!—I—it's all gone for nothing!" she cried.

"It hasn't—listen!" he came over and seized her by the shoulder, almost shaking her. "It hasn't gone for nothing—if you mean that confounded money? I paid it all in—they never said a word about it; I've thought, sometimes, that old Beaver knew—but he's only watched me, that's all. And now—well, they don't need to worry about me any more—I quit."

"Roddy, we thought you'd try to make good!"

He crimsoned with shame. It seemed to take the high tragedy out of it.

Nancy, watching him, saw how he felt. She got up slowly from her seat on his bed and went to

him. "Come home soon, Roddy," she whispered, "please come home—we all love you—all of us! Don't hurt us any more!"

Nancy shut the door softly and went downstairs.

Richard was standing with his back to his own door when she came down.

"Thank you for Roddy," she said with stiff lips, "please send him home."

"Nancy," said Richard hoarsely, "you're unhappy, I see it. I will hold you against your will. You can get a divorce. I—you want it, don't you?"

She turned her face away, refusing to look at him.

"The sooner the better!" she cried, and ran past him out of the house.

The task of telling Mr. Gordon about Roddy fell to Nancy; her mother would not face it.

Mr. Gordon's face worked.

"Give him another chance, Papa! Poor Rod."

Mr. Gordon passed his other hand over his face, then he let it fall heavily on his daughter's shoulder.

"My poor girl! You ruined your life for that—that young scoundrel!"

She did not trust herself to look up.

"Nancy Virginia," her father said at last, slowly, "I won't have this secret kept any longer—you've got to get at divorce. I'll—make that fellow give it to you!"

Nancy rose slowly to her feet. "He says I can have it," she told him, moving away from him. "He doesn't want me, that's all," she added with a little gasp.

She ran upstairs and shut herself in her own room. Dropping on the edge of the bed, she stared out of the window with unseeing eyes.

In her pocket was a letter from Page Roemer; in it he sued for forgiveness—pleading his love.

"Forgive me, trust me, I only want to serve you."

Nancy tore it in little pieces, just as Page Roemer had torn her love for him in little pieces and trampled it in the mire—when he asked her to run away with him.

Roddy, tramping in the wet meadow grass, had gotten to the bottom of his misery. "Pretty white to treat a poor devil like me so well!" he mused bitterly, with that rush of friendship for Richard that comes to a man at the end of his tether. No one had told him that he owed his freedom to Richard.

Roddy, in the rush of his friendship and gratitude to Richard, did not know how much he owed. He was tramping up and down the river meadow in the dusk when he came suddenly upon old Major Lomax.

"Eh, there!" he shouted.

Roddy stumbled. He knew the voice and it brought a rush of memory.

"It's only Rod Gordon, Major," he said in a choked voice.

The old man set down his lantern and held out his hand.

"Come and shake hands then, sir," he said sharply, "drat it, I thought I'd caught my chicken thief!"

Red in the face, Roddy came up and shook hands. The old man swung the lantern in his face.

"Been drinking?" he asked grimly. "You look fishy, but come in—Angie hears your voice."

Roddy wanted to escape. Then he looked up and saw the girl in the lighted doorway. Before he knew it, he was holding her soft cool hands in his.

"Come in, come in," said the major testily, "I'm playing chess to-night with Haddon, but you and Angie can talk if you've a mind to."

The major, hanging his lantern on a hook by the door, surveyed him. "Beaver says you've given up," he remarked sharply, "going to turn into a foot-pad, young man, or a toe-dancer—which?"

"Uncle Robert!" gasped Angie. Roddy swallowed hard. "I'm going to work here," he answered thickly, "I'm looking for a job near home this time—I'm done with New York."

"New York's done with you," corrected the major grimly. "I'll give you a job," he said flatly, "got one in the insurance office now—twenty dollars a week to start—and no fooling. Take it, Rod?"

Roddy gasped, "I'd—I'd like to think about it, sir."

The major laughed shortly. Then he heard their mad-of-all-work admitting a visitor.

"There's Haddon! Did you set out the chess table, Angie? A! right, then, you take this young firebrand in hand and talk sense to him." He started down the hall to meet Haddon, but threw a word back over his shoulder, "Better take it, Rod, unless—you want to foolky for Polestar."

Roddy said nothing.

"Won't you sit down, Rod?"

He swung around and found her, sitting in her corner, just as she

used to sit.

"Angie, I'm not fit to lace your boots!" he cried impetuously.

She was startled. "I'm so sorry uncle was rude—" she faltered, "please don't mind it, Roddy. He—he means to be kind."

"No one could be dreadful enough to me," said Roddy flinging himself on a low stool at her feet.

She was shocked, but her heart began to beat in her throat. He was always impetuous. He had come back to tell her—he was sorry then!

"I've done awful things," he went on, in a passion of self abnegation, "do you remember—when I was here last? I didn't come to see you."

"Yes, I know. I saw you go by—I thought you had forgotten."

"I had," said Roddy, "I was ashamed to remember. I'm a rotter, Angie. I'd been stealing to help a bad woman out of trouble."

The girl shrank back into her corner. It was a long while before she could speak. "I—can't believe it, Roddy, you're—why, you're a Gordon!"

He turned crimson. She had touched the tenderest spot about him.

"I stole fifteen thousand dollars from the trust company, Angie. I ought to be in jail," he went on, pouring it all out in a molten stream of passionate regret and repentance. "My sister helped me. Nancy borrowed the money and kept me out of jail! A girl, Angie! I'm a rot—I let her do it."

Angie's quick gasp escaped him. He was too much wrapped up in himself to perceive that he had given a key to a mystery. Richard had money—could Nancy have gone to him?

"I—I'm so glad you didn't go to jail!" she gasped, and then: "Rod you ought to have gone. We ought to pay for what we do—ourselves."

He caught her hand and held it feverishly; he had forgotten his hatred of the sex.

"You don't despise me—for it?" he asked huskily.

She shook her head. Then, suddenly, without warning, she burst into tears. Her tears melted Roddy; he felt a rush of self pity as great as her pity for him.

"Oh, Roddy!" sighed the girl meltingly, and before she knew it her soft fingers touched his brown hair with shy fondness: "Oh, Rod, there was a woman, you said—"

"I hate her!" he owed. "I was a fool, Angie. She fooled me. She begged for help for her old father—oh, a touching story—and she said she'd return it. I—I thought I could myself. Then I found out she was married," he blazed.

Angie dried her tears angrily. "She ought to have gone to jail!"

"That's what Nance thinks," he admitted a little sheepishly, then, abruptly, he kissed Angie's hand.

"Roddy, you're going to work here? You'll—!" she hesitated—"you'll take Uncle Robert's offer?"

He rose slowly and began to walk up and down, with the same picturesque melancholy. "I think I—I'll ask Richard, you see Richard took me in—drunk—and took care of me." Roddy's voice choked, "pretty white, wasn't it? I'm grateful to Richard."

"Grateful?" Angie sprang up, her face crimson, "you've no reason to be grateful to Richard Morgan!" she cried impetuously, "no reason in the world!"

Roddy caught the change in her tone, and he saw the anger in her face. He stood still, with a shock of surprise.

"What do you mean, Angie?"

"Don't be grateful to that man!" she answered furiously, "that's all I—can't tell you why, but—let him alone, Rod!"

"Richard Morgan? Why I don't understand—Tell me, Angie."

She drew back at that, she saw the look on his face and suddenly remembered. If she told Nancy's brother the story that was going the rounds, the story that linked Nancy's name with Morgan's, Roddy would go to Richard and demand satisfaction. He would have to go—and it would mean death!

The girl began to tremble; she had been a fool, what could she say?

TO BE CONTINUED

Find Mule Deer—Although Clayton F. Barber and Walter Gossler failed to bag their mule deer on their hunting trip in Eastern Oregon during the week-end several other members of their party were successful.

The first day of fall bring many colds which may become serious if not attended to. Our cold capsules are very effective in stopping colds in a hurry. Scott's Drug Store.

VARICOSE ULCERS—OLD SORES Healed At Home

No enforced rest. No operations nor injections. The simple Emerald Oil home treatment permits you to go about your daily routine as usual—while those old sores and ulcers quickly heal up and your legs become as good as new.

Emerald Oil acts instantly to end pain, reduce swelling, stimulate circulation. Just follow the easy directions—you are sure to be helped or money back. For sale by druggists everywhere.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

### KEEP BUILDING, LOAN STOCK SAYS C. H. CAREY

Warning holders of building and loan company stock to hold on to their investment and not transfer their shares to another company Charles H. Carey, corporation commissioner, has issued the following statement:

"Almost every day complaints are made to the Corporation Commissioner that one A. K. Wilson, of Portland, is getting assignments of building and loan shares from members. These assignments are taken in the name of Union Bond and Trust company. He does not pay anything more than one dollar to these members, but promises to pay them fifty per cent of 'all the net proceeds realized from the sale or adjustment of said certificates as and when received.' Whether or not he makes fraudulent misrepresentations I cannot say, but doubtless he convinces them that he can do something for them or they would not sign. I do not believe he can do anything whatever to justify giving him such assignments as the Corporation Department is doing without charge all that anyone can do in the interest of the members."

Guests at Hotel—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chandler of Bend were guests at the Springfield hotel Friday.

### OREGON TO HAVE 41 WINTER THREE-C CAMPS

Forty-one civilian conservation corps camps will be located in Oregon and 35 in Washington during the coming winter according to C. J. Buck, regional forester. The winter change will mean an increase of two camps in Oregon and a loss of three for Washington compared with the summer allotment.

Nineteen summer camp sites in Oregon will be vacated on account of elevations and locations and will move to lower locations where they already have equipment and buildings which have been vacant during the summer.

Camps in this district will be located at Mapleton, Reedsport, Nestucca, Cape Creek, Steamboat, Wolf Creek, Mary's Creek, Cascadia, Belknap, Fall Creek, and Oakridge.

### WARRANT CALL

City of Springfield warrants are hereby called as follows: General Fund up to and including No. 13,752 dated December 9, 1930; St. Improvement up to and including No. 13,860 dated Feb. 28, 1931 and Library warrants up to and including No. 15,167 dated July 31, 1934. Interest on said warrants will cease after Sept. 28th, 1934.

W. E. BUELL, Treasurer, Springfield, Oregon. 927

## Keep Sweet

Cool, brisk days and frosty nights whets the appetite and makes ones taste for candy and other energy foods keen. Pure, wholesome and delicious candy which is found at Eggmann's is a delightful food and energy builder.

Our fine candies are appreciated by young and old who know candy quality. Our chocolates are the standard of excellence in this community.

Keep sweet at Eggmann's.

# EGGMANN'S

"Where the Service is Different"

## Health Foods

Butter, Milk and Cream! There are no finer foods in existence. Milk is in itself one of the most complete foods. Butter and Cream rank among the highest in foods that contain large energy factors in easily assimilated form.

If it is Maid O' Cream butter, milk or cream it is pure and wholesome and pasteurized for safety.

Daily deliveries of milk and cream on request.

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

### Springfield Creamery Co.

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First 2000 Cubic Feet Used During Month 75c Per Thousand Net. All Over 2000 Cubic Feet Per Month 50c Per Thousand Net.

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No enforced rest. No operations nor injections. The simple Emerald Oil home treatment permits you to go about your daily routine as usual—while those old sores and ulcers quickly heal up and your legs become as good as new.

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# Northwest Cities Gas Co.

Eugene, Springfield