Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1879.

Represented by
WEST-HOLLIDAY

New York—21 East 40th Street, Chicago—360 N. Michigan Ave.—San Francisco—620 Rush Street—Detroit—719 Stephenson Bldg., Los Angeles—433 S. Spring Street, Seattle—603 Stewart Street, Portland—520 S. W. Sixth Street, Vancouver, B. C.—711 Hall Bldg., St. Louis—411 N. Tenth Street, Atlanta—525 Grant Building.

Subscription Rates

Daily, per year by mail	$5.00
Daily, 6 months by mail	2.50
Daily, 3 months by mail	1.25
Daily, by carrier per month	.65
Daily, by carrier per year	7.80

Back to the People

THE defeat of the reorganization bill in the House of Representatives meant a great deal more than merely the rejection of an unpopular piece of legislation.

The reorganization bill was unpopular. It had many friends in principle but few friends in fact. The point is that there was vast difference between the idea of remodeling the cumbersome machinery of government, and the bill which the congress was asked to pass. The president himself virtually declared its portent when he stated that he did not feel like being a dictator.

* * *

The bill was voted down by the House because house members, all of whom are up for election this year, were flooded with letters and telegrams from home warning them not to vote for the bill. Two things inspired them to act. First and foremost, most of them want to be re-elected. Secondly the flood of communications was indicative of the wishes of their constituents, and when they were thus reminded they realized their positions as representatives of the people and not the administration.

Why the people responded so violently is now a subject of argument. The administration forces claim the telegraphic barrage was promoted by paid propagandists. That is an easy and broad general claim to make. It is like including all newspapers in a general reference to the "subsidized press." But it is not very pleasing to the hundreds of thousands of people who drew considered conclusions and spent their own money to voice those conclusions to their congressmen. It is not in the least likely, for example, that any paid propagandist on earth could persuade between 10,000 and 15,000 conservative citizens of Oregon to fire telegrams to congress. We know Oregonians and believe that is true. Doubtless the people of the other states are similar.

* * *

Why, many people have asked, did not the president go on a national radio hook-up with a fireside chat and defend the reorganization bill and urge its passage. He used that devise to beat congress into submission before. One answer to that question is that he did lay heavy emphasis upon the necessity for the reorganization bill in several previous talks. Furthermore, in the heat of the struggle he announced that he did not want to be a dictator—which should, doubtless according to his reasoning, have been enough. Then there was the technical problem. The whole thing developed rapidly. Until not more than four days ago few people believed the house would vote the measure down. Hence the expense of a radio hook-up for a fireside chat was not thought necessary. When the danger became apparent the president did not have time to have radio station time cleared for a nation-wide broadcast. Such arrangements take time.

* * *

The defeat of the revamped bill was the greatest event of this decade for it marks the turning point from authoritarian government. Previously, and for nearly six years, acts of congress have been at the will of the president and without regard to how the people of the country felt about legislative proposals. The authority of government, intended by the framers of the constitution to be vested in the people, was held by the president and his advisors.

A confused and discouraged people permitted that to go on unhindered for a long time but at last became aroused and congress experienced the weight of a new and all-powerful pressure—the will of the people. Last week the government of the United States was returned to its citizens.

Six Blossoms on One Stem, Latest Exhibit Of Lamb's-Tongue

Apparently the Umpqua valley spring flowers have joined the New Deal. The federal government sends out inspectors to make sure farmers do not plant too many acres of corn. Then an expert is assigned to show them how to grow more corn to the acre and thus produce a bigger crop than before. Now the flowers seem to have adopted the policy.

A few days ago Harlan Melton, South Deer Creek boy, brought the News-Review a lamb's-tongue stalk carrying five blossoms. That number of blossoms on one stem is extremely rare.

But today Dale Woodruff, 1103 Mill street, Roseburg, brought in a flower with six blossoms on a single stem. He picked the flower on Mt. Nebo.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

scribing his methods, the idea of CAPITALIZING HATRED AND INTOLERANCE.

He figured, you see, that if he could just stir up enough hatred and then could make himself the vehicle of this hatred he could ride into office with votes to spare.

The pity of it is that such things CAN BE DONE.

IN THE years just past, demagogues have been successfully capitalizing hatred and prejudice and intolerance.

Special interest has been appealed to and PUBLIC interest has been forgotten. The have-nots have been set against the haves. Employees have been turned against their employers. The country has been made suspicious of the town. And so on.

The result is a state of mind in which FEAR OF EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY predominates. We're beginning to find out what such a state of mind does to business and employment.

It does VAST HARM.

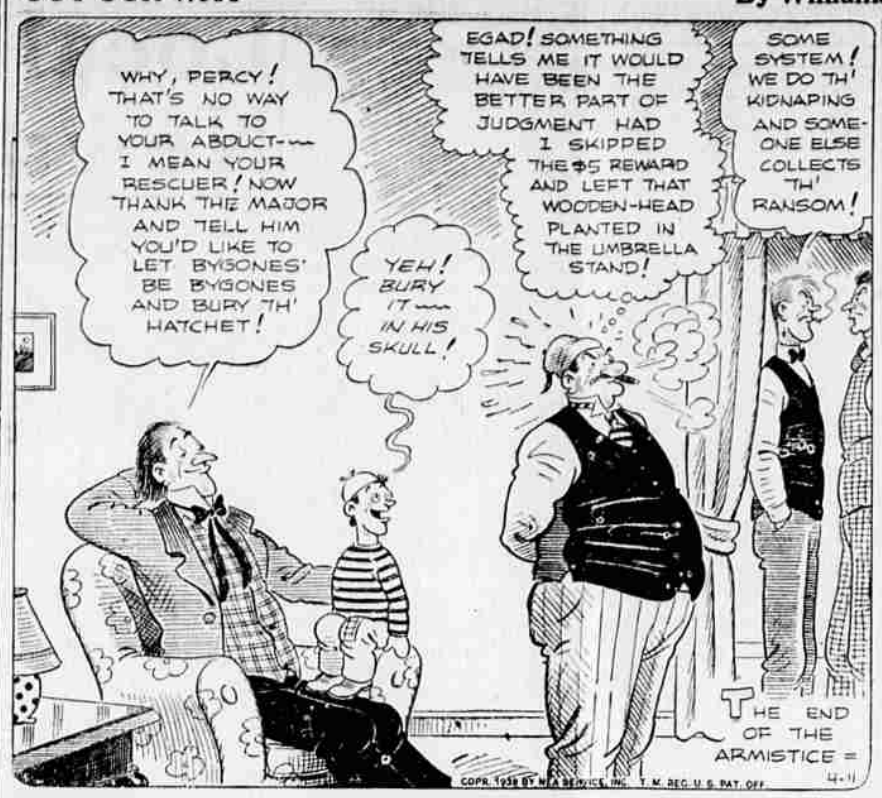
SO LET'S not laugh at this anecdote—which on its face appears to be humorous. It's too much like laughing at a cripple and then looking on horrified while he strips off his clothes and reveals his shocking deformities.

Capitalizing hatred really is a horrible political deformity.

WOODBURN, Ore., April 9—(AP)—Mrs. Eleanor J. Harding of Gervais, who has been a patient at a Woodburn hospital for several months, will celebrate her 100th birthday at the hospital Thursday, April 11.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Richest Girl in the World

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CONSTANCE CORBY—heroine; richest girl in the world.

BRET HARDESTY—hero; bridge builder.

RODNEY BRANDON—Connie's fiance.

KATIE BLYN—Connie's "double."

* * *

Yesterday: Bret turns the tables on Connie and leaves so she may win her divorce uncontested.

CHAPTER XXIII

When Connie reached the pier where "The Constance," her million-dollar yacht, was docked, ready for a midnight sailing, she thought at first that Rodney was not yet there. There was no one in sight, no sound except the swish of waves lapping against the sides of the big white boat, whose lights shimmered in myriad reflections upon the dark water. Then as she started up the plank, Rodney stepped from the shadows.

"My dear—you did come! I was afraid you wouldn't. I couldn't believe it, really. I can't believe it now." He caught her arm, held her off, as though he would feast his eager eyes upon the reality of her presence.

"I've been waiting a long while," he said. "Though I knew you had said midnight. I've been waiting all my life for this moment, Connie dearest."

"I'm sorry," she said, in a voice that sounded weary and tired, "to have kept you waiting, Rodney. I'm sorry for what I have come to tell you. Rodney, dear—I want to thank you for trying to be of some use to me, for being such an understanding friend, for waiting so terribly long. . . . But, Rodney, I came to tell you: I'm not going."

"Not going!" He dropped her arm, stood staring at her. He was so taken back that he looked a bit foolish. Here they were, just the two of them, at midnight, as they had planned, half way up the gangplank to the yacht that was to take them away together—and Connie stood here telling him she was not going.

"No. I'm not going." She waited a moment. "We could go in and talk. But I haven't much time to spare. I'm going away, but not with you, Rodney."

"I don't believe I quite understand you." He drew himself up; spoke stiffly.

"I don't expect you to. But I came to try to help you to understand. I didn't want to run away from you again, Rodney. I'm never going to run from anything again. I've found that isn't the way to escape, the way to find freedom—or happiness."

"I still don't understand you," Rodney said. "Only this afternoon you asked me to meet you here. You made all the plans. You said you were going to divorce Bret. Going to marry me, afterwards."

* * *

"I know," Connie said. She laid a hand on his sleeve; her eyes were full of a sort of pity, her smile sweet and sorrowful. "I don't blame you, Rodney, for taking it this way. But at least, as I said, I didn't run away again. You see I'm not going to divorce Bret. That wouldn't do any good. I would still be married to him, Rodney. He would still be my husband. Nothing could change that, not even if I were married to you."

"You are talking like somebody's grandmother," Rodney said shortly. Then: "I'm sorry, Connie." He never forgot his good manners. "But I told you today you couldn't do this to me a second time—practically jilt me at the altar! You know I'd marry you take care of you, spend the rest of my life trying to make you happy."

"I'm sure you would," she said. "But as I just told you, I'd still be married to Bret. I'm going to be married to him always. Even if I never saw him again, even if he does hate me now, won't let me try once more, this time to work at our marriage. No matter and I are husband and wife; we belong together."

"You never belonged together. It was all a mistake. He'll always be different. Not of your world. Or you of his. . . ."

"Then we'll have to make still another one," Connie said. "You see, Rodney, there's something else—the strongest thing in the world, bigger than any of us, than all the money, our foolish impulses and desires, than logic or reason. It's love, Rodney."

"You think you love Bret, then?"

"I know I love him. Oh, I was foolish enough for a little while to pretend that I didn't. I'm a great pretender, didn't you know that, Rodney?" Her laugh rang out on the still night air, rippling, edged with an acid bitterness. "I pretend at whatever amuses me for the moment. At being miserable, or gay—or somebody else—or even at being just what I truly am. I'm spoiled and pampered and young and foolish. I've always had everything, except the one thing I wanted, that I could not buy with all my millions. But now, Rodney, I've grown up, at last. Maybe too late. I'm not sure. For the thing I want, that is, Maybe too late to try again. To stop pretending for all time.

* * *

"And so," she finished, and now she held out her hand to him, "this is goodbye, Rodney. I am sorry I could not love you. Sorry to have to hurt you a second time. I shall thing of you as my very good friend, always."

"You're going after Bret," Rodnew said. It was not a question. He accepted her hand, held it between his own, let it go, reluctantly.

"Yes. If I can find him. If he'll give me another chance."

"He will. No man could refuse you. You're very beautiful, and desirable, Connie. And—no matter what you think, what you've said about yourself—you're very brave, too."

"Thank you, Rodney dear." There were tears shining in her eyes, a lump in her throat. "I'm not really. Though I'll try to be. Because you thought it of me. Goodbye again, my dear. I must hurry. Will you explain to Captain Stevens? And—will you say a little prayer for me, Rodney? —I feel I shall need it."

He did not answer, except with his eyes, promising her anything within his power to give her. He stood, looking after her, as she turned, almost running, to go down the gangplank again, to the car that she had kept waiting.

Before she got in, she turned once more and waved at him. A gallant little up-flung movement. Her head thrown back in that way he knew so well.

Then she was gone. He knew he would not see her again. This time she would not come running back to him.

* * *

"To Jersey. The airport," Connie said to the chauffeur. "Make it as quickly as you can, without getting arrested for speeding or running anyone down." On her way to the pier she had stopped at a drug store and phoned Winton, her pilot, to have her plane, "The Skyrocket," a 450-horsepower engine ready to take off. She would pilot herself. She knew she could trust winton to keep her departure secret.

This was not another mad impulse. It was the result of those long hours since Bret had walked out of the drawing room of the Brownstone mansion, hours through which Connie had lived what might have been an eternity. For during them, through her tears and remorse, her pride and her shame, she had, as she had told Rodney, grown up. The myth that had been Constance Corby was dead.

This girl, white-faced, small hands clenched tightly, heart beating hard, yet with a single steady purpose, was another person. Not the old Katie Blyn, not the heiress of all those millions. She was just herself, a woman, without pretense, going after the man she loved, the man whose wife she was and always would be, forever and ever.

Whether she would find him or not, whether she would have found him too late, that was still, as she had said, unanswered.

She did not believe that Bret loved her any more. If he had loved her he could not have walked out of the room, out of her life. He could not have relinquished all that he held to be right, allowing her to win.

An empty victory. For with it she had lost all that counted in the world, the one person without whom she could not go on living.

Would Bret give her another chance? Would he forgive, and understand, a second time? Would love be big enough for this?

(To be continued)

How's Your Health?

By DR. IAGO GALDSTON

Mental Health

It's really too bad that there is so much distinction between the words "sane" and "insane," and that most persons assume that he who is sane is therefore not insane, and vice versa.

The term sane is derived from the Latin "sanus," meaning whole. And after all who is really "whole?"

Modern psychiatry teaches us to see that many of the reactions (behavior patterns) of the so-called insane person are irrational only in that they are ineffective, and at that only from the socially accepted viewpoint. Modern psychiatry shuns the term "insane." The mentally sick person is diagnosed and labeled according to the cause of his illness, when that is known, or according to the symptoms he presents.

Perhaps the most serious objections to the term insane are due to its implications. Because the insane are the care of the psychiatrists, it is reasoned that whoever is treated, or seeks treatment from a psychiatrist is, or confesses to be, not "whole" mentally.

There is little or no stigma attached to being sick physically, but much to being sick mentally, or emotionally. It is not hard to understand why. Physical illness can be charged to infection, accident or overwork — all, at least partly, beyond the individual's control. One's "mind," however, is considered to be entirely within one's own being, and hence fully subject to one's control. To be mentally sick, from this viewpoint, is to confess mismanagement of one's mind.

Of course, all this reasoning is faulty. The person physically ill is as much or as little to blame for his state as the mentally sick one is for his. Besides, blame and shame do not help in healing.

In both instances we are confronted with human beings who need prompt, effective help.

In speaking here of mental illness, I do not mean those serious disturbances which completely disorganize the sufferer. I mean the more widespread and numerous, but milder, disturbances which are chiefly the result of bad mental hygiene.

Many persons, because of a false sense of shame, suffer for years from forms of mental illness easily remedied by appropriate psychiatric treatment.

NURSERYMEN PLAN MEET AT CORVALLIS

OREGON STATE COLLEGE—The Oregon Nurserymen's association has scheduled its spring meeting to be held on the campus Tuesday and Wednesday, April 26 and 27. The nurserymen arranged the Corvallis meeting in order to be able to inspect the work being done by various departments in the Oregon experiment station in the solution of nursery problems.

College staff members working on these problems under terms of the recent legislative appropriations will prepare exhibits, give progress reports, and conduct the members to places on the experiment station where the research is being carried on. A banquet is planned for the evening of the first day.

HEAD OF R. O. ASSN. DATED IN ROSEBURG

Major Carleton E. Spencer Will Extend Invitation to Convention.

The local chapter of the Reserve Officers association will be visited Tuesday by Major Carlton E. Spencer, of Eugene, departmental president of the organization for Oregon, it was announced here today.

Major Spencer will carry an invitation from the Eugene chapter to the organized reserve officers' annual convention scheduled in that city for May 21. Plans already are under way to make the annual meeting the most outstanding in the organization's history.

The meeting of the local chapter at 6:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Umpqua hotel also will be marked by the return of Major C. S. Pettee, unit instructor, who has been ill for several months. It will be Major Pettee's last visit for the school year.

Other departmental business will be transacted by Major Spencer during his trip. When the tour is completed Major Spencer will have visited every reserve chapter in the state except that at Astoria, where he plans to go in the near future.

Major Spencer holds his commission in the judge advocate section of the reserves. He has been active in various phases of military work in Eugene and other sections of the state. He is a professor of law at the University of Oregon, where he has been a member of the faculty since he obtained his degree in law there in 1915.

After leaving Roseburg he will visit Klamath Falls, Medford and Marshfield.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
4:15—Backyard Astronomer, MBS.
4:30—Helen Jane Kerr.
4:45—The Children's Hour.
5:00—"Melody Lane," with Wanda Armour.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Victor Young Orchestra.
6:00—Knickerbocker Symphony.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—L. A. Symphony.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—American Family Robinson.
8:15—Jack Betzner's Orchestra, MBS.
8:30—Pancho & Orchestra, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Red Norvo's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

Tuesday, April 12, 1938

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Morning Melodies.
8:30—Pinky Hunter, MBS.
8:45—Let's Get "Organ"-ized with Frank Roadman.
9:00—Man About Town.
9:45—The American Christian Hour.
10:00—Welkes Orchestra, MBS.
10:15—Microphone in the Sky, MBS
10:30—Homemakers Harmony.
11:00—That Was the Year, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Women's News Parade, MBS.
11:45—Music for the School, MBS.
12:00—Katz on the Keys, MBS.
12:15—Jean King, Vocalist, MBS.
12:30—Moods in Music, MBS.
12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Cripple Creek Cowboys.
1:45—Book a Week, MBS.
2:00—W. P. A. Transcription, MBS
2:15—Bob Mitchell at the Organ, MBS.
2:30—Today's Front Page.
2:45—Women and the World Fair, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:15—Horace Heidt.
3:30—UCLA-Penn State Debate, MBS.
4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.—MBS.
4:15—WGN Concert Orchestra, MBS.
4:30—Headlines, MBS.
4:45—The Children's Hour.
5:00—Modern Vocalists.
5:15—Morton Gould's Orchestra, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Jan Garber.
6:00—Evening Varieties.
6:05—Grand Hotel Program.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Say it with Music, MBS.
7:30—Witches Tales, MBS.
8:00—Knicker Bocker Symphony.
8:30—World Affairs, MBS.
8:45—Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Sammy Kayes Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

Attend Funeral—Out-of-town people here yesterday to attend the funeral of Edwin Weaver, of Myrtle Creek, included Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fields, of Marshfield; Mrs. Johnny Rundell, of Longview, Wash.; Mrs. Irene Garboden, I. S. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Elmore and Mrs. Etta Schrader, all of Eugene, and Mr. and Mrs. George Rudolph, of Glendale.

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Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus from that hour seems to have felt that no matter what happened to Him now, a word had been spoken which could nevermore perish from the earth. The kingdom had come. The next step was revealed. The transfiguration experience stands at the beginning of the road which led to Jerusalem and the Cross. It was the moment of rededication to His task of redeeming Israel, in full awareness of the suffering, sacrifice and defeat. In the company of Moses, and Elijah sharing the fellowship of their suffering and under their blessing as the fathers of His people's faith He gives Himself wholly to carrying to its conclusion God's great redemption of man, and in the hour of His dedication He was transfigured by its joy and glory. We praise Thee, O God, for Thine unspeakable gift. Amen.

HEAD OFFICERS OF D.A.V. COMING HERE

National and state officers of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War will meet with the membership of Dean-Perrine chapter, No. 9, of Roseburg, Wednesday, it was announced today.

Among the visiting officers will be Captain Cicero F. Hogan, national senior vice-commander and national rehabilitation officer, of Portland; Dr. Roy Reynolds of Bend, state commander; Lile Dailey, state adjutant; Rudolph Brentano, chief of staff, and Mrs. Verne Ostrander, department commander of the ladies auxiliary.

Arrangements have been made for a trip of inspection to the veterans' facility; radio program over station KRNR at 4:30 p. m., and a meeting with the local chapter in the banquet room of the Grand hotel in the evening. The local post is inviting all disabled American veterans of the World war to attend.

CLUB ROOMS BEING FITTED FOR EAGLES

Installation of club rooms in the Maccabee hall is announced by the Eagles lodge of Roseburg which has started work of remodeling the entire upper floor of the building. The section over the Parkinson grocery store is to be fitted up for game room, fountain, lounge, etc., with a private club room and parlor for ladies. Steward service will be provided.

Entrance to the lodge rooms will be changed from Pine to Cass streets.

The remodeling is being done by lodge members under the supervision of Earl Hill.

MRS. J. ANDREWSON PASSES AT DRAIN

Mrs. Jensine Andrewsen, 74, who recently came from St. Paul, Minn., to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Clara Satherburg, at Drain, died suddenly Sunday at that place. She was born March 31, 1864, in Denmark and came to this country when she was about 20 years old. She was married to Andrew Andrewsen in Chicago in 1884 and had made her home in St. Paul prior to her coming to Drain in March of this year. Mrs. Andrewsen was a member of the Danish Lutheran church. Besides Mrs. Satherburg, she leaves two sons, John Andrewsen of Hall, Montana, and William Andrewsen of St. Paul, Minn.

The body has been removed to the Douglas Funeral home, and funeral arrangements will be announced later.

ROAD REPAIRING ORDERS ARE ISSUED

County road supervisors have been given instructions to start cleaning up storm damage as soon as weather will permit, the county court announced today. The unusually heavy winter and spring rains, it was stated, have resulted in an exceptionally large amount of damage, principally in the form of slides and cave-ins. Damage roughly is estimated at about $30,000.

Vacationing —Miss Evelyn Gillmore, News-Review employe, left Saturday for San Diego, California, on a two weeks' visit.

Reflections

Easter Sunday April 17th

H. C. Stearns

Laymen understand the meaning of Easter! It is the time of year when birds build their nests, animals wake from their winter's sleep, buds burst into leaf, grain in the field receives its command to sprout; when living thing is reborn.

Easter time is the most beautiful time of our year, it is the time when all life answers to the cosmic urge of recreation—certainly no more positive proof, if proof is needed, of an ever-lasting life can be found.

Easter Sunday is a day of rejoicing! It is a day of hallelujahs! Sing to express the joy and gladness in your heart! Sing to fortify your faith in human nature, in yourself and in your God.

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ROSEBURG

FEATURE FLASHES FROM KRNR

ON THE AIR FROM EVERYWHERE

Weaker Sex Proved Weaker

The "weaker" sex has come off second best in the competition between men and women teams on genial Dr. Harry Hagen's increasingly popular "True or False" programs heard every Monday from 7 to 7:30 p. m., PST, over the coast-to-coast network of the Mutual Broadcasting system.

Life of James Buchanan Duke

James Buchanan Duke, tobacco tycoon and one of America's greatest philanthropists, will be the subject of "Famous Fortunes" when this trans-continental broadcast reaches Pacific coast air lanes, Tuesday, April 12, from 8:15 to 8:30 p. m., PST, over the Mutual-Don Lee network.

The noted industrialist, like many other famous figures, started life as a poor boy. In 1889 he organized the American Tobacco company, one of the largest corporations of its kind in the world. In 1924 he created a $40,000,000 trust to aid charities of his homeland. Another trust provided that if Trinity college, Durham, North Carolina, should change its name to Duke university it would immediately receive the sum of $6,000,000.

With the name changed, Duke university now has an income of $12,500,000 annually under the terms of James Buchanan Duke's will. He died in New York City in 1925, leaving the great tobacco firm to his heirs.

"Say It With Music"

More of that rollicking music of Chester Smith's orchestra comes to west coast air lanes on Tuesday, April 12, between 7 and 7:30 p. m., when the popular leader starts a new program for the Mutual-Don Lee network entitled "Say It With Music."

The program originates in the studios of KFRC, San Francisco, and reaches the entire Don Lee network through facilities of KHJ.

SEE TWICE AS MUCH!
Go East
THRU CALIFORNIA

DOUBLE the variety and interest of your roundtrip East. Swing south thru California; then East over your choice of three famed transcontinental routes. Return on a northern U.S. or Canadian line (or reverse the order, if you wish).

You'll actually see twice as much scenery, twice as many places and have twice as much fun this way.

The cost? From most western Washington and Oregon points to Chicago, New York and many other eastern cities *it doesn't cost one cent more rail fare than you would pay to go straight East-and-back.* Here are example East-thru-California roundtrips from here to:

	Coach	Tourist	Standard
Chicago	$65.00	$ 74.00	$ 90.30
New York	97.40	106.40*	140.80

*Coach fare, Chicago & New York

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