

CELEBRATING LIBERTY ARE WE NOT SLAVES?

"Stand Fast In the Liberty
Wherewith Christ Hath
Made You Free."

Hypocritical Slaves of Mammon and
Custom—Ignorant Slaves of Fear and
Superstition—Helpless Slaves of Sin
and Weakness—"The Liberty of the
Sons of God"—Slaves in Pulpits.
Slaves in Pewes—Slaves to Wealth.
Slaves to Poverty—Slaves to Sinful
Passions, Appetites—Way to Liberty.



New York City,
July 4.—Pastor
Russell, last night
at New York City
Temple, W. 63rd
St., took for his
text, "The creature
also shall be de-
delivered from the
bondage of corrup-
tion into the glori-
ous liberty of the
sons of God."—
Romans 8:21.

The Pastor de-
clared that his text, one of the grandest
promises for humanity, does not relate
to true Christians, but to mankind in
general. True Christians are already
freed, so far as their hearts, their
minds, are concerned. Saintly Chris-
tians are a rarity, a "little flock," as
the Master declared. (Luke 12:32.) The
world's blessing tarries until the com-
pletion of this saintly company, kath-
ered out of all nations during the past
nineteen centuries.

According to Scripture, six great
Thousand-Year Days have already
passed over us. During this time God
has allowed our race to experiment
with sin and to note its bitter results—
to experiment also in endeavors to re-
cover from sin and its penalty, death
with its concomitants of sickness and
sorrow. But mankind are not to be left
to destruction. In the great Seventh
Thousand-Year Day they will be recov-
ered from death. Christ will then be
the great King over all the earth, and
associated with Him will be the Church.

God has laid a broad foundation for a
great work for humanity, in providing
not only the necessary kings and
priests for Millennial Kingdom bless-
ings, but also valuable experiences
through the reign of Sin and Death and
through human endeavor to overcome
these. By now all mankind should be
satisfied that life everlasting must
come as a gift from God.

A Race of Slaves.

The Pastor then called attention to
the terrible bondage upon mankind—
ignorance, superstition, weaknesses
mental, moral and physical—and to
the needs of the hundreds of millions
alive today and of the thousands
of millions unconscious in the tomb.
God has promised that Messiah shall
recover all these from the power of
death, not merely awakening them
from the tomb, but uplifting all the
willing and obedient to human perfec-
tion, lost in Adam, redeemed at Cal-
vary. This does not signify universal
salvation, but a universal opportunity
for everlasting life. (1 Corinthians
15:21-23.) Those who shall intelligently
refuse to obey God's reasonable re-
quirements will die the Second Death.

Christians should recognize the lib-
erty already come to them. (Galatians
5:1.) The speaker would not be misun-
derstood to refer to the 400,000,000
noted in the statistics as Christians;
for according to Bible standards and
their own confessions, they have no
part in the true Church of Christ. This
great mass is well represented in the
European nations warring for com-
mercialism and the world's wealth. These
nominal Christians neither know Christ
personally nor give evidence of having
come into God's family. Like the hea-
then of other lands, they are bound
fast in ignorance, superstition and
misunderstanding of God.

Responsibility of Clergy and Laity.
The Pastor believes that responsibil-
ity for the present condition in Europe
lies especially close to the door of
religious teachers of all denominations.
These ministers number more than a
quarter of a million, and represent a
highly favored class, far above the
average in education and leisure for
thought. Apparently a fearful retribu-
tion awaits these professed ministers
of God and of Christ who, instead of
using their wonderful opportunities for
the emancipation of the people from
ignorance, superstition and error, use
them to promote mental bondage.

The clergy neglect their opportunity
for educating the people to a proper
conception of the rights of man. They
have fostered the fallacy that the
kingdoms of the world are God's king-
doms, and that serving the king is
serving the Lord. They have not
taught the broad patriotism that "the
earth is the Lord's and the fulness
thereof"; and that national barriers of
selfishness and national aggressiveness
are contrary to the rights of man. If
they have not taught the people that
the voice of the king is the voice of
God, they certainly have not disabused
them of that idea, which the clergy of
past generations inculcated.

Now that the war has come, and the
misdirected people are blindly fighting
for their errors and misconceptions,
what is the attitude of the clergy? Are
they not all supporting the govern-
ments from which they receive their
pay? Policy and hypocrisy are written
all over the affairs of the world falsely
called Christendom—Christ's Kingdom.

ARCADE ONE DAY September 13 25c Admission 25c

A THRILLING DRAMA DEALING WITH A TRAFFIC IN SOULS

PROHIBITION

Thrills and Teaches---The Photo Play of the Hour---Full of Throbbing Action---This is not a
Sermon but a human interest story with an inherent argument which is convincing.

ADMISSION 25c SHOWS AT 2:30, 7:30 AND 9:00 P. M.

WEDNESDAY ROBERT EDESON **THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME** A great Western military and Indian war CHILDREN 10c
September 15 a Broadway favorite drama. This will make you hold your seats ADULTS 15c

Who Pays?

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Story No. 5.

UNTO HERSELF ALONE.

This is the story of two girls—two
girls and one man. Of course, there are
other people in the tale, too, but the
three are all that really count. We
might mention, for instance, John Hal-
stead. He was the father of one of the
girls. His health was ruined in a grip-
ping stock market battle, and because
Felix Lynn, the man of the story, had
been his principal opponent. Halstead
forbade his daughter, Esther, to act as
sponsor at the christening of Lynn's
new yacht. Esther yielded to his wishes
and suggested the other girl—Alicia
Knight. Alicia had her troubles, too, but
she was made of sterner stuff, and when
her mother refused to accompany her,
she went alone.

The launching was a great success
and Alicia, light as a bird and already
more than half way in love with Lynn,
went home in the best of spirits. The
butler met her at the door and handed
her a note from her mother. As soon
as Alicia saw the envelope she knew that
she had reached the parting of the
ways. "Take me to the Goldcrest
apartments, please," she said to her
escort, and so bid goodbye to her old
home forever.

The break between mother and daugh-
ter was a nine days' scandal, and so-
ciety eagerly accepted the invitations
for the housewarming at the bachelor
girl's apartments in the Goldcrest.
Esther was to be there and so was Felix
Lynn. For had not Alicia visited him on
his yacht and given him the invitation
herself. She had gone to him on the
evening of a perfect day that was suc-
ceeded by an equal night. Curiously,
impishly, the stars had stared down on
them—down on this handsome man and
this impetuous girl who stood together
at the rail while the waters whispered
assurances. Leander swam the Helles-
pont on such a night. On such a night
Helen looked into the eyes of Paris.
Just such a night it was as had caused
kingdoms to totter and to fall. Stronger
beings than Felix and Alicia have yield-
ed to the influence of such surround-
ings.

Came the evening of the housewarming.
The dazzle of Alicia's spirits was
bewildering. The very air was vibrant
with it. But Felix Lynn alone seemed
immune as he moved silently from place
to place, a little absent, a little apart
from every one and everything. But
the hostess could not keep her eyes from
turning in his direction. She wondered
why all in that throng did not realize
how grand and how wonderful he was.
She longed to tell them all that he was
hers. And that she was his.

Off in some distant part of the house
the telephone bell sounded. And now a
maid was coming with the message.
Straight to Esther Halstead she went,
and whispered in her ear.

Alicia from across the room saw the
cold, dread look that filmed Esther's
eyes as she parroted the words after the
maid:

"My—father—dead?"
Then with a sob that seemed to hold
all the agony of a world she reached up
her arms, simply, unaffectedly, and bur-
ied her head on Felix Lynn's chest.

There was a sympathetic forward
surge on the part of kindly friends.
"Please do not crowd—please."
Lynn's voice was firm and calm. "My
wife's father has just died. The mar-
riage was kept a secret to prevent this
very thing; his heart was bad and we
feared the effect."

"It's a lie; a lie; it can't be true!"
Like a tigress, Alicia Knight swept
forward.

Her eyes a pointed flame, she could
see nothing of the shrinking guests,
could see nothing of anybody but Es-
ther held in the arms of Lynn. Some-
thing in his attitude told her that what
he said was true.

"Oh, you—you—thief!" she man-
aged to utter. "You common mongrel.
You shall suffer for this. For that one
night on the yacht you shall live a
thousand nights of hell."

Wall Street knew the old Felix Lynn
no more, after that terrible evening.
True, there was a Lynn who came to the
"change and transacted business in a
listless sort of way, but the brilliant,
powerful Felix was gone forever. In
his place was a tired, shrinking recluse,
whose cheeks grew more and more sun-
ken, and whose eyes glowed with a
strange, unnatural light—the light of a
man afraid to look at something and
yet compelled always to look.

For Felix Lynn the light had gone
from life. Unable to stand the double

sorrow of a father's death and a hus-
band's failure, Esther had never con-
sented to believe in him again. "I
have sinned, Esther," he had moaned;
"I do not ask forgiveness; just for a
chance to prove to you that I am
worthy your trust; just for a chance
to redeem myself."

Esther had softened. They were in
the garden of her dead father's estate.
He was kneeling before her and was
arrested in his passionate plea by the
sudden, wild, startled look that came
into her eyes as she stared over his
shoulder and past him.

Lynn followed the direction of her
eyes and met those of Alicia Knight.
With a groan he arose and fled, and
his last chance with Esther was gone.
And so it was always. Like a nemesis,
Alicia followed him. At the theater,
in the street, in the park, at the most
unheard of places and unexpected
times, she suddenly appeared with her
burning eyes—gazing—gazing—gazing.
Gazing, sometimes reproachfully, some-
times with blazing anger but never
speaking a word. She seemed to spend
her time just following him.

Lynn felt something snap within his
head and he knew her relentless pur-
suit was driving him insane. He
sought his yacht and ordered his cap-
tain to put to sea. It was only a scant
two hours later that the yacht was
hailed by a little puffing tug, and up
the landing stage came Alicia Knight.
Lynn's listless, dull gaze fell upon the
girl, and then he staggered back as
from a heavy blow in the face.

"For God's sake, won't you end this
torture? Always those eyes and never
a word. Marry me, Alicia! I owe it
to you. Marry me and we'll go away,
and never come back. Marry me
and—"

The answer was a slow, deliberate,
negative shake of the head.

Felix Lynn became a madman. An
insane series of cries racked his throat
as he grasped a chair in his furious
hands and smashed it to a thousand
bits against the other chair behind
which Alicia sought refuge. He seized
another before the astonished captain
and crew could spring upon him and
pin him down.

And Alicia Knight, trembling like a
frightened horse, stood by and watched.
Her whole heart went out to this strug-
gling maniac, whose reason she had just
destroyed. Her heart was filled with
its old love—too late.

Felix was struggling in the grip of
a powerful attendant, when Esther
called to the sanitarium to arrange for
his care next day. And when she saw
him a great pity welled up within her
heart, and, fearless of his demoniacal
rage, she went calmly up to him and
placed her hand upon his head. Lynn
ceased to struggle, and a look of child-
like, almost doglike devotion came in-
to his eyes as he rested there hungrily
on her face. Then there was a com-
motion in the hall and Alicia burst in-
to the room. A moment Lynn stared
at her, one terrible moment which
caused Alicia to shrink fearfully away
from him and made Esther cling the
tighter to the hand she held.

Then, at the savage, bestial guttural
of rage that came from his throat, doc-
tor and attendant leaned forward, re-
straining him, lest he would have
lunged at the woman who had driven
him to this pass. Like bits of tissue
paper he tossed them about, tossed
them about till he wore himself out
from his own efforts. But the eyes
that stared, and glared out at them
were the eyes of one whose brain had
suffered irreparable shock at the mo-
ment of finest balance.

Esther choked bravely down the sob
in her throat at the verdict. And
Alicia asked aloud, over and over
again, the question to which no doc-
tor's answer was required by that one
who looked upon the lunatic—
And the only answer was the mock-
ing echo that two women knew has
always to ring in their ears:

"Pay—Pay—Pay!"

WHO PAYS?

Mrs. Walker Entertains in Honor of
Her Birthday.

A very pleasant evening was spent
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F.
Walker Wednesday, Sept. 1, the event
being Mrs. Walker's birthday anniver-
sary. The evening was spent in card
games and musical selections, after
which delectable refreshments were served.

Invited guests were Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Culver, Mr. and Mrs. Jorgensen,
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rodgers, Mr. and
Mrs. Wm. Skillings, Mr. and Mrs. F. O.
Coffman, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson,

the Misses Jorgensen, Rogers and Walk-
er.

Iowa Is Hit Hard.

Waterloo, Iowa, Aug. 30.—Heavy
frosts, in some instances taking the
form of ice, were reported in this city
today. The government thermometer
here registered 34 above. All tender
vegetation, including melons, late pota-
toes and some sweet corn, is said to
have been damaged.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LANE COUNTY

In the matter of the estate of Mary
Peckham, deceased.
Citation on Hearing of Final Account
To all persons interested in the estate
of Mary Peckham, deceased:

You are hereby notified that on the
26th day of August, A. D. 1915, Al-
bert Stocks, administrator of the estate
of Mary Peckham, deceased, filed in
said Court his final account as said ad-
ministrator, and that said final account
will be heard on the 7th day of Oc-
tober, A. D. 1915, at the hour of 10
o'clock A. M. at the County Court
Room in the city of Eugene, in said
County; and you are hereby cited to
appear at the time and place above
designated, and show cause, if any such
exists, why said account should not be
allowed and said administrator dis-
charged.

Dated this, the 31st day of August,
A. D. 1915.

ALBERT STOCKS,
Administrator of the estate of Mary
Peckham, deceased.
H. J. Shinn, Attorney. sep7-oct6

Home : Made : Flour FOR HOME PEOPLE

Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour

H. & H. Hard Wheat Flour

Made by Cottage Grove Milling Company
Phone 80

One stroke of a bell in a thick fog does not give any lasting
impression of its location, but when followed by repeated strokes at
regular intervals the densest fog or the darkest night can not long
conceal its whereabouts. Likewise a single insertion of an adver-
tisement—as compared with regular and systematic advertising—is in
its effect not unlike a sound which, heard but faintly once, is lost in
space and soon forgot.

FURNITURE HARDWARE KNOWLES & GRABER

When is a cigarette Sensible?

A cigarette is not sensible
for you if it leaves your
taste and your smoke-hun-
ger a little bit unsatisfied.

—nor if it bothers your
throat or tongue

—nor if it makes you "feel
mean" after smoking your
usual number.

None of these things will
happen to you if you find
(and stick to) the right
cigarette.

But the cigarette that is
right for one man may not
be right for another. For
instance, Fatimas may not
just suit your taste—in spite
of the fact that they are the
best-selling cigarette costing
over 5c.

Fatimas ARE cool and
friendly to the throat and
tongue—and they will NOT
make you "feel mean" after
smoking all you want.

So they surely are sen-
sible for you—except pos-
sibly for the taste.

And when it comes to that,
it will be mighty strange if
you don't like Fatima's taste
—they couldn't sell so fast
if the taste weren't extra
good, could they?

Why not get Fatimas this
very day and find out for
yourself how sensible a
cigarette can really be?

Lyette's News-Times Co.



FATIMA was the Only Cigarette Awarded the Grand
Prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

FATIMA THE TURKISH BLEND Cigarette

20 Distinctively Individual 15c
FATIMAS 15c