

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1934

LIQUOR PROFITS?

Criticism of the liquor commission for not making large enough profits seems to us inconsistent in light of the spirit of the Knox law. In the first place there is not more than half as much liquor consumed as it was estimated when the profits were pledged for relief. Necessarily the profits must be less than a quarter as much with this decreased volume since with the same expense the commission could sell much more liquor.

The Knox law specially charges the commission with promoting temperance and prohibits advertising and promotion of the business. Its authors expected that there would be less and less drinking under the system and consequently we should expect less profits.

We can expect too that there will be complaints from the wholesale liquor dealers who do not think that they are getting their share of the business. If the governor is going to listen to this type of criticism and discharge the commissions when ever he pleases he will find that honest capable men will not take appointment on the commission. Soon the handling of the state liquor will be back in the hands of the old saloon crowd.

Governor Meier elected on the independent ticket with the pledge he was going to take politics out of state government has injected more individual bickering than ever before into government. Witness what has happened to the highway commission, board of education, board of control and now the liquor commission.

ONE YEAR OF NRA

Not all of the tremendous gains of the past year can be attributed to NRA, of course. It is only part of the President's machine.

But NRA has been the main factor working toward restoration of a proper balance between the share of labor and the share of capital in the profits of industry.

Since the President signed the National Recovery Act last June, NRA has added billions of dollars to the industrial pay rolls of the nation.

It has found jobs for at least 3,000,000 workers.

It has wiped out the evils of child labor.

It has shortened working hours. And it has bettered working conditions.

Such reforms are so great, the changes are so sweeping that it is difficult to recall fully the depths of depression from which they have dragged us.

They have transformed a nation—in a year.

The material benefits of NRA are themselves enough to justify its existence. But there are others.

Most important is establishment of the principle that labor has equal rights with industry—that industry cannot thrive unless labor also thrives.

NRA has made the nation realize that prosperity of a nation depends upon the well-being of its workers. It has taught industry that it has obligations to labor.

It has shown that industries cannot work independently and selfishly for their own benefit. That every industry must sell to the workers in other industries if it is to survive.

That wages must be high enough to distribute purchasing power to all the people.

With concentration on the essential elements of NRA—higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions—there will be even further gains.

Proud today, NRA should be even prouder upon its second anniversary.—Philadelphia Record.

The labor board should offer Hitler the job of settling the longshoremen's strike.

THE BOOK

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

by **BRUCE BARTON**

BORN IN TROUBLED TIMES

Jesus was much more tolerant toward heretical opinions than were any of His followers, either those of His immediate circle or those who have taken His name in later days. His attitude was set forth clearly on the day when one of His disciples came boasting that he had found a man doing good in His name and, since this man was an outsider and not of their own number, the disciple had forbidden him. He doubtless expected praise, but he met a rebuke.

Jesus said, . . . Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us.

His was the broadest sort of invitation to fellowship, having no petty barriers of creed or formulae or ceremony. "He went about doing good." "Never man so spoke." These—His good works and His good words—are the things for which He wished to be remembered; they constitute the story of His life.

He was born in troubled times. In previous chapters we have traced the rise of the Jews from their beginning as nomadic shepherds to their glory as a nation under David and Solomon (about 1000 B. C.). We have seen the kingdom split into two parts, and the long sad years of bickerings, intrigues, foreign entanglements and decline, eventuating in the capture of Jerusalem and the exile of its leading families into Babylon.

In this running survey we have no time to trace the various reestablishments of the sacred city—though this means the elimination of some fine figures, such as Nehemiah—not its various phases of destruction. The successive conquerors of the ancient world reached their climax in Alexander, who overran more territory than any of them and, weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer, died of dissipation in his early thirties in 323 B. C.

Immediately his vast kingdom was broken up. That part of it which included Palestine came under the control first of Egypt in the days of Ptolemies, who built the great library at Alexandria, translated the Old Testament into Greek in the version known as the Septuagint (work of seven scholars), and opened a home in Egypt for many thousands of Jews.

Egyptian domination gave place to that of the sporadic Greco-Roman Syrian kingdom, in which King Antiochus is the most interesting figure to us, since his tyranny inspired the revolt of the Maccabees.

The Maccabean family, a heroic Jewish priest and his seven brave sons, began a war with no higher hope than that of dying for the faith, and they achieved the impossible result of winning the freedom of their country. Again a race of Jewish kings ruled in Jerusalem, this in the middle of the second century before Christ (about 150 B. C., as a rough easy date).

The Dollar Bride

by **Mary Inlay Taylor**
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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 he adores Nancy and hopes to win her after marriage. In Washington they are married. Nancy is Richard's bride—and afraid of him.

Now Go On With the Story—

Installment Seven
He could keep her, he had a right to her. Then he saw her shivering like a leaf. By a kind of violence then, blinding himself, he had married a woman who did not love him, who shrank from him now with terror and repulsion. He turned away, without a word, and began to walk to and fro in the room.

If he looked at her he might yield to the natural impulse of his own love for her; he might take her to his heart, and it would be against her will. It would be actually an act of violence rather than an embrace, for she was afraid of him; he saw it! He moved him, perhaps, more than anything else. Then the tumult of his feeling drowned even thought itself.

He crossed the room quietly. In a moment his arm was around her, his hand on her shoulder.

"Nancy," he said softly, "my wife!"

She tried to answer him, but her white lips refused to move. She could not even lift her eyes to his.

He felt it, felt that she actually shivered at his touch. He let her go, his arms fell at his sides, and he stood still, regarding her.

"I knew you didn't love me," he said at last; "I gambled on the chance that I could make you—I—God forgive me, I took advantage of you, I—"

"You mean—" he turned away, and then at last, hurriedly: "I'm going to take you home!"

"You mean—" her lips shook.

"I mean I don't want you to hate me, Nancy. This thing can't go on, I see it! This marriage—I stopped, unable to go on."

"Richard—" she began faintly, taking a step toward him.

He looked around at her and their eyes met. She was shaken again by the power and passion of his glance. She had never really known the man and now, in the depths of those strange, green-brown eyes of his, she saw love and passion and rage, not untouched, too, by compassion, the compassion a man might feel for a spoiled child. Nancy's face burned suddenly. She came nearer, holding up her hand.

"Forgive me, Richard," she said faintly, "and give me a little time." His face softened wonderfully.

"Nancy!" he gathered her trembling hands into his, "you don't know what love is, you child, you!" He drew a little nearer. "I wonder if you've ever really been in love in your whole life?"

She winced with such a tremor of feeling that the red blood mounted from her bosom to her throat.

"I've married you," she said in a low voice. "I'll try to do my best—I will truly, if you'll give me a little time, Richard."

"And you take no thought of me?" He laughed a strangely bitter laugh. "You've married me and you forget I'm a man like other men—I—"

"I'm going to try to win you now," he said grimly, and added in an undertone: "don't hate me so much you can't eat, Nancy!"

She raised her eyes suddenly and looked full at him for the first time. She was shocked at the change in him in one night. He looked old. He was ten years older than she was, five years older than Page—he might be fifty now in the crude light of the swaying train. He was looking at her and their glances met, met with a shock of mutual feeling. He put his hand out involuntarily and took hers and felt it icy cold.

Sitting opposite her in the dining car, with the little white covered table between them he had another change of heart. He could not give her up! "She's mine!" he thought cruelly; "she's mine—I'll never let her go!" and then he was ashamed.

"Eat something, Nancy," he urged, "you've got to."

She tried, choking down her food, but her hands shook.

He saw it, saw that she would not—or could not—even look at him now, and choked down his own food and took her back to her place in the sleeper, and left her to herself.

"I think you want to be alone," he said.

She assented without words and they made the rest of the journey apart.

It was late afternoon when they finally got home. There were only a few people at the station and Richard and Nancy walked up the street unmolested. They did not speak until they reached his gate and Richard stopped there.

"Won't you come in, Nancy?" His very tone appealed. For an instant his pride broke, there was hunger and longing in his voice. She gasped.

"I—I'd like to go home first—I—what do you mean, Richard?"

He gave her a tense look. "I'm human—God, I'm human!" he said, "you know what I mean!"

She hung her head, she did not know what to do but—unconscious-

ly—she wrung her hands. "Can I come home with you now," Richard pleaded, "and see your father and mother—or am I to stay here?" "Oh, I must go!" she gasped, "I must!" "Go? As you will, Nancy; see—I keep my faith," and he stepped back aside his own gate and stood there, waiting to watch her.

She felt his eyes, gave one glance back, whitened to her lips and fled. Richard was a proud man and he reddened under his tan. He had seen the agony in her face when she shivered at his touch, she, his wife—incredible! Then the flame of passion leaped up again. "She's mine—mine!"

He was startled at a voice. "Richard, I've been waiting ever so long for you!"

It was Helena Haddon standing at his door.

He was taken back without reason. It was no unusual thing for Helena to come. He was the Haddon's physician and she came—sometimes with bald excuses, sometimes in real need of something to quiet her nerves, but today—!

"What's the trouble?" he asked, striving to be natural. "Nerves again, Helena?"

"Oh, it's everything!" she smiled at him. "It's nerves and King—and the spring weather."

"Principally the spring weather, I fancy," he said reassuringly, opening the door for her.

He meant to take her into his office, but she walked straight into the library. He saw her mood and he had begun sometimes to fear its consequences; today he was thinking hard: "At least I don't have to tell her now!"

"I hope you haven't got the same old headache, Helena?"

"No, it's no my headache," Helena laughed, looking around at him, opening her green eyes wide and laughing at him. "I see there's been a visitor here before me," she added mockingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAIL ORDER INSURANCE WARNING IS ISSUED

Salem, Ore., July 5—The frequent warnings issued by the Oregon insurance department against the public patronizing mail order insurance companies have been justified through recent action taken in California against the National Security Life Association and its officers of Beverly Hills.

A. H. Averill, insurance commissioner, states that he has received information that nine Beverly Hills business men were recently arrested, charged with mulcting the public of many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The indictment, containing nine

counts, charged that the defendants issued policies against illness and accident at a premium cost of \$1 per \$3000 of protection and then "through subterfuge" refused to pay their obligations.

Postal inspectors said that the concern operated through advertising in 1700 newspapers throughout the United States. They claimed operations formerly were conducted from Chicago.

Association said to have been controlled by the parent company include the Sterling Underwriters, Inc., Sterling Penny-Day, Ltd.; Sterling Policies; Sterling Penny a Day Policies; Sterling Associations; U. S. Life Association; Sterling Security Life Association; Pacific National Life Association; and Guaranty Union Life Insurance company.

The indictments charged that the accused would evade payment in case of illness and accident by declaring the policies void by reason of disease of the policy holder, or a like pretext.

The public is again warned against patronizing mail order insurance companies, most of which have limited responsibility. Commissioner Averill says they have no representatives in Oregon on whom legal service can be obtained in case of dispute of liability claims. They contribute nothing to the financial welfare of the state through maintaining an office therein, and their first aim seems to be to collect as much as possible from the public and give as little as possible in return.

Take Coast Trip — Mrs. Pearl Schantol and family left Tuesday to spend the Fourth on the coast beaches.

Colorado Man Here — Archie Lorah of Ft. Collins, Colorado, is here to visit with his aunt, Mrs. Linn Stone, and with his uncle, John Lorah.

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— And Still It Waves — by A. B. Chapin



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