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THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

We hear a great deal about "capitalists" as if they were a small handful of people who were fattening at the expense of the rest of us. But some recent figures we saw suggest that a great many more of us are capitalists than is commonly supposed.

Everybody who has a dollar not in use or an interest in any kind of wealth in any tangible form is, to some degree, a capitalist. There are, for example, ten million individual stockholders in the 9,000 corporations whose shares are traded in on the public exchanges. There are eight million individuals who own government or corporate bonds. Twenty-odd million persons have life insurance policies on which they have paid premiums. Eleven million Americans own shares in building and loan associations. More than twenty million people own automobiles. Two million families own their homes free and clear and two and one-half million own mortgaged homes. There are six million individual farm owners and fifty-three million persons who have savings bank deposits, averaging more than \$500 each.

Of course, those groups overlap; one man or woman may belong to most of them. But the total of capitalists certainly runs into many millions, including the two and one-half millions who paid income taxes for 1933 and the other million and a half who made returns but paid no tax.

It is the people in those groups who pay the taxes for the operation of the Federal, State and local governments of the United States. When we hear loose talk about "overthrowing the capitalist system" in this country, we wonder if the people know what they are proposing to overthrow.

Another group of letters are thrusting themselves into our economic practice and they were not formulated by the "brain trusters" either. Old H. C. L. is taking its place along with AAA and NRA. No doubt we are going to hear much more about this in future because it is one thing that talk nor legislation can not stop. It knows no law except supply and demand and it works most effective when this law has been violated.

The state wants to have some of its lots acquired by mortgage set out of the city limits. The limits of this city were created by vote of the people and it is by the same method that any vacation should be done in our opinion.

With the county ministers heading the dry league it is not difficult to tell what most of the church sermons will be on this fall.

There is one thing to remember if this textile strike lasts long enough even the strikers will not have a shirt on their back.

With a strike going on and the women taking to shorts and backless blouses, like ducks to water, the life of a textile mill owner must be very difficult.

The man who stole a truck loan of candy in Eugene surely had a sweet tooth.

California will make 50 million gallons of wine this fall. Wine, Hollywood women and Upton Sinclair are the three things California is most famous for.

The slate makers are again active and endorsements are now in order for the fall elections.

Sometimes we wonder if history will not record this as the "Age of Hooley."

The FAMILY DOCTOR
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.
A CENTURY ROLLS BY

So rapidly has the shadow of the Cross extended that in less than a single century it falls across the emperor's throne. Let us turn back to the Bible record and trace the dramatic steps by which this incredible success was won.

The book of the Acts of the Apostles opens significantly:

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach.

That sentence tells us that the book was written by the same man who wrote the Book of Luke and to the same man, Theophilus; and, second, that the writer, in common with the other disciples, regarded the three brief years of Jesus' public work as merely the beginning of His larger life and influence. So the events proved.

Jerusalem of those days was a populous and crowded city, and the disciples were countrymen from an outlying province. Yet, after a brief period of bewilderment, they organized themselves and became immediately a center of power. Thousands of men, some of them prominent in the city's life, came out to their meetings, confessed to the crime that had been done in the murder of Jesus, and became his truest followers.

Jesus and the original twelve had pooled their revenues in the "bag" which Judas carried, and he had paid all the expenses. For a time the Jerusalem community attempted to operate on this basis and, while there was no hard and fast rule, the sentiment was in favor of a common purse, and most of the group acceded to it. This led to the first tragedy.

A man named Ananias and his wife Sapphira wanted credit for having given their all, but they kept back half of the price of the land they had sold. Peter called Ananias to account, and he brazenly repeated his lie. Peter looked hard at him and said:

Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whilst it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men but unto God.

And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost; and great fear came on all them that heard these things.

And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him.

Three hours later Sapphira came in and repeated the lie and met a similar fate. The incident, profoundly impressed the young community. It appears from the narrative that the disciples were not required to give up their property and that some of them did not do so and suffered reproach. But the sham of pretending to do so met with tragic rebuke.

The Dollar Bride
by Mary Inlay Taylor

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE—

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, and Richard is loved by Helena Haddon, a sophisticated young married woman. Kingdon Haddon, Helena's husband, sees the elopers, but holds his counsel. After the ceremony, Nancy returns to her home, and continues to see Page who urges her to divorce her husband. Mr. Gordon, to release his daughter from what he considers her shameful marriage, sells his house to his friend Major Lomax, who rents it to the original owner. Helena is jealous of Richard's interest in Nancy, although she knows nothing of the marriage, and tries to make trouble. Once Page comes to Nancy's home and makes love to her, Nancy is frantic—she loves Page but refuses to go back on her bargain with Richard by divorcing him.

Now Go On With the Story—

INSTALLMENT SEVENTEEN
Helena leaned over and deliberately kissed Mrs. Gordon. "He's going with me. We'll find her. Don't be frightened," she said.

"I know where she is, dear boy," she said softly to Page. "I've just found out—we'll go and get her. She can't walk home through this mire."

Page knew nothing and divined nothing beyond his own mad anxiety. He knew that the mad infatuation of his own passion, his blind belief in Nancy's love for him, had led to this. Nancy had gone out into the storm to escape him. He hated Morgan again, hated him with all his soul, because Morgan had done what he could not do. But he followed Helena into her car. If she knew where Nancy was, he would find her and—if he found her—he would make her forgive him.

Nancy was drying her shoes by the fire when the big car—falling to cross the stream—stopped nearly a quarter of a mile away and Page and Helena took to the path over the hill.

Richard was still with the child, but the crisis had passed in the night and his poor mother, in the collapse of relief, was lying asleep on the floor. Nancy, shut out of the sick-room, was trying to get ready to walk home.

She was putting on the wrecks of her shoes when there came a knock at the door. Richard himself came to answer it. He was still in his shirt sleeves. He had stripped off his collar and the strong cords in his throat showed like the scrolled muscles of an athlete.

The next moment the door opened and the broad sunshine showed her Helena and Page Roemer. Helena caught at Richard's arm. "Richard!" she cried anxiously, "you're killing yourself! It's not right—we can't let you do it—you're too valuable!"

"Don't touch me, Helena," Richard said, not ungently, looking down at her kindly. "It's diphtheria."

"I don't care!" she cried, "you're worn out—where's the nurse? Who's that? Why—Nancy Gordon?" Nancy, facing them suddenly, felt that she looked a fright.

"I came in because of the storm," she said sharply. "I'm going now!" "My car's up the road. Page, help Nancy over the hill; she's exhausted, too," said Helena sweetly, "been sick nursing all night, I suppose?"

"No, she hasn't; she can't stay, and you can't either, Helena," said Richard sharply. "Roemer, can you take a message for me? Send my man down here?"

"Of course, I'll phone—I reckon some wires are up. Mrs. Haddon, you're coming with Nancy and me?"

Nancy, at the door, looked back full in their faces. She was outlined against the sunshine, small and slight and mightily defiant. "I'm not going in the car, I'm going on foot," she said flatly. "Richard, I'll send the nurse, if she can leave her case."

"Nancy—Richard took a step forward, but she never turned her head. They could see her walking straight and steadily across the wet path to the road.

Page uttered an exclamation and ran after her. Nancy was at the top of the hill when he overtook her.

Unconsciously, the other two stood at the door and watched. They saw Page reach her and Nancy turned, said something, and walked on. But the young man, nothing daunted, pressed close behind her.

got to his desk and began to figure on William Gordon's indebtedness to him. Not even the house had quite wiped out Gordon's initial plunge. It wasn't like Gordon. Of course there was a reason.

Lomax had his own suspicions, fed up by letters from his cousin in the trust company. Old man Beaver had conceived a chronic distrust of young Gordon. "Going on another hat, I think," he wrote Lomax. "Something eating the boy—women or wine or something, can't make it out. Don't lend the old man too much."

Major Lomax rubbed the end of his nose with his pen. He was thinking of Nancy when he heard the front door shut violently and the rush of feet in the hall. Angie came in, dropped into a chair by his desk and began to cry. The major eyed her for a moment, then laid down his pen.

"What's the matter? Shut off the water-works! What's wrong now, child? Who's hurt your feelings?" Angie dashed away her tears, choking and gasping.

"I'm not hurt, I'm mad!" she said fiercely. "Uncle Robert, they're saying things—perfectly awful things about Nancy Virginia."

The old man picked up his pen mechanically and added up two sets of figures. His niece strangled another sob.

"It's about Richard Morgan—it's DOLLAR BRIDE—THREE—it's perfectly awful. Uncle Robert."

One thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine plus—The major suspended his pen.

"Tell me the whole business, Angie."

The girl's eyes fell before his. "It's a horrid thing, uncle!" "Humph! Where did you get it?" Angie told him. The woman had a good name, not much of a gossip either, she had it on good authority. "Everybody knows! Dr. Morgan 'bbed. 'I'd like to kill Dr. Morgan!"

"You haven't told me what it is yet," said her uncle dryly.

"I hate to soil my mouth with such talk!" his niece cried, her face aflame.

Little by little the old man drew the story out of her. It had grown since Helena started it, and it was very reasonable.

The major drummed on his desk with his fingers, his eyes fixed on the distant view from his windows. He had known Richard from boyhood. Not a usual boy, a good deal of a man always, the major thought.

"It's a darned lie, Angie," he said finally.

"Of course it is!" she agreed, "and you've got to stop it, Uncle Robert."

The major patted her hand. "That's right! I like to hear you, but you can't stop women's tongues, child. You'd better get Nancy to come out with the truth. That's the way to meet it."

"As if she had anything to tell—she can't have!" Angie turned indignant eyes upon him.

He shook his head. "No! But there's something at the bottom of it; too much smoke, Angie."

It was ten days before Haddon heard the story, a garbled story, but he came home white with rage.

"By God, Helena, if I thought you'd started this!" he stormed fiercely, finding her alone in her room.

She looked him over from head to foot, beautiful and insolent.

"Do you imagine you were the only one to read that register?" she asked cuttingly.

He recoiled in spite of himself. Of course he had been a fool and flown off the handle about nothing.

EXPECT MORE FRESHMEN TO START COLLEGE WORK
Freshman Week Starts September 24, Others Register On September 29

Freshman week at the University of Oregon and Oregon State college opens Monday, September 24. This is considered by officials as the most important week for the beginning student, and far from merely a "rush" week that some have considered it in the past.

Events of this year's freshman week include many forms of personal guidance found by 10 years of experience with this introductory period to be most helpful to the incoming student. Such close personal relationships are established with faculty members during the week that a student coming without definite decision as to his course may be assured of adequate guidance. Social events are not omitted either.

Indications point to a substantial increase both in freshman and other student registration this year at the state schools, reports from the registrars show. Advance credentials, dormitory room reservations and work requests are all well in advance of those of the last year or so.

Freshman week events will continue from Monday to Friday, during which time only a limited number of former students are on the campus. From Friday to the next Monday is the first "rushing" period for the fraternities, while the sororities continue to decide on their invitations to pledges throughout the following week.

Registration of former students is set for Saturday, September 29, with regular classes work starting Monday, October 1.

NEW PAPER PRINTED FOR LANE COAST POPULATION

"The Mapleton Bee" a new eight page, 15 inch, five column paper edited by Benjamin H. Inman at Mapleton was given its first circulation Thursday of last week. The paper is printed in Eugene and has as its ambition the development of the Siuslaw valley, cheaper electric power, and some form of old age pension.

Mr. Inman came to Oregon from Los Angeles and has purchased a tract of land near Mapleton.

AFRICAN VETERINARIAN LAUDS O. S. C. WORKERS
Veterinary science has made livestock production possible in the Union of South Africa, and the research carried on there in animal diseases has benefited the entire world, according to Sir Arnold Theiler, veterinary director general for that British dominion who recently visited men in his field at Oregon State college.

Dr. Theiler stopped at the college enroute home by way of New Zealand from the international veterinary congress in New York this summer. There he was awarded the Budapest trophy for the most outstanding work in veterinary science in the past 10 years. His greatest contribution was the discovery of phosphorus deficiency in cattle feed in South Africa and some other parts of the world.

Dr. Theiler praised the work that has been done in the veterinary department at O. S. C., showing particular interest in the research in salmon poisoning of dogs. He also praised the work of Dr. W. T. Johnson in developing chicken pox control. Dr. Johnson described this research at the New York meeting before scientists from more than 25 countries.

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