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THE SHOOTER

ROBERTA WILSON, Editor.
Entered at the Springfield Postoffice as class matter.
Subscription Rates: Those taking Springfield News gets the paper free.

OLD SCARFACE

(From the English Six Class.)
In one of the numerous blind and box canyons of the Rocky mountains was nestled a small ranch house. It's sole owner was a tall, splendid old plainsman who lived a life which he loved. His trade and sole occupation was the raising of wild horses.

Three years before in his wandering he had chanced upon this snug little valley and had found and penned up, a splendid herd of wild mustangs, at who's head ran a splendid, creamy white stallion.

The valley was shaped like a large triangle whose only opening was at the apex of it, which was now closed. It was well watered and had splendid forage, both winter and summer. In the three years the herd had doubled in number and had become comparatively tame and old Scotty, the owner looked upon them with pride. He protected them from the mountain lion, the scourge of the Rockies, and lost few colts from this cause. His only worry and greatest enemy was Scarface, a huge and mighty grizzly, weighing at least a ton, whose name was derived from a huge scar across his face and was made by a slug from Scotty's 30-30. This king of the mountains was a terror to the mustangs of the valley. In the evening he made his kill and retreated back to his lair.

Scotty was getting tired of his depredations on his stock and resolved to get him. So one morning upon coming upon one of his best colts killed and half eaten he decided to try and trail the killer. As it had rained that night he was able to trail Old Scarface easily. The huge tracks led off up the valley towards the limestone cliffs at the northern end. Late that morning Scotty reached the cliffs and there lost the trail and he searched in vain. The cliff, fast weathering, was rough and rugged and honeycombed with caves and gullies. Scotty gazed long and thoughtfully at the cliff. "I have got to get rid of the old brute," he muttered. "Might as well do it now." He looked carefully at his rifle, shifted his long knife into a better position. He scanned the cliff closely as if seeking an easy trail but found it all seemed the same. The constant weathering had eaten great holes and the place was covered with dangerous slides, huge boulders ready to totter almost at a touch. At last with a tightening of his belt and a short grunt he went at it.

His way was torturous and slow but he kept on, watching for a hole big enough to hide a grizzly or a trail which would lead him to one. After an hour's slow progress he gave a sigh of satisfaction for before him was a faint trail over and through the jumbled rocks. Bits of hair still clung to the rocks bordering the passage and mud from the valley faintly outlined the bears huge tracks. He advanced cautiously along the trail which ended abruptly into a large cave. Scotty had found Scarface's lair. He knelt down and peered into the cave. As his eyes became accustomed to his gloom, he made out a huge but undistinguished form. "Might as well try to kill him there," he said, "and if he comes out I will have to make tracks."

Raising his trusty 30-30 to his shoulder he pumped seven shots rapidly at the form. He then leaped lightly on a rock above the entrance.

There came a dull muttering roar and from the cave came a huge, enraged mountain of fighting grizzly, his wicked red eyes gleaming and his huge slavering jaws dripping. From his neck blood spurted and his body was rapidly turning crimson. As he reached the trail he let out a terrible bellow and then stood still, his body swaying and head close to the trail. He had scented man and he was trying to locate it. Scotty had refilled his magazine and now opened fire. Old Scarface turned and came at him, walking on his hind legs. Barely twenty feet away was the old plainsman shooting with a deadly

aim. The 30-30 slugs literally shoved Old Scarface back and off the trail, so great was the velocity and punching power of the rifle. As Scotty emptied his last shell, the bear lost his balance and fell off the trail and went rolling and plunging down the cliff, a slide of limestone and dirt following him.

When Scotty reached the bottom he did not find the bear as he knew it was covered deep under the slide. "Well, there yer resting in peace, Scarface, and ye will never bother me any more." With that he set off up the valley whistling cheerfully.—C.F.

"SOUP"

LOST—A reputation in or around the school building. Finder please return to "Tuffy McHenry" and receive reward.

Mr. Roth says when he gets a Ford he's going to feed it Mellen's food. If he does maybe it will grow into a real car.

Seniors' motto:
Early to bed, stay as long as you can. Eat ham and eggs and you'll soon be a man.

Some things we'd like to know: Why Mr. Roth couldn't crank Mrs. Plank's Ford? Why Russell never tries growing a "Charlie" any more? Why Clifford looks at Grace with such a strange expression in his eyes? Why Roberta blushed when we looked at the diamond ring her sister sent her?

Wonder if Mr. Roth can ever look a lemon pie in the face again. If he can't the domestic science girls are responsible for it.

Mr. Blank: "Seeing is believing, you know." Mrs. Blank: "Not always. I see you quite often, but I very seldom believe you."

Miss Derflinger: "Orpheus of old could make a tree or stone move with his music." Bright Eng. IV student: "That's nothing. There are piano-players today who can make whole families move."

WANTED—By I. Voris. A girl to escort him to the S. H. S. parties from now on. Answer quickly and quietly.

We know how others see us now, because we had our pictures taken Thursday afternoon. The world moves on though you may frown.

Or smile in fortune's cup. For one half's busy turning down.

The crank that will turn up. Joe Deets, our famous junior president, made hold enough Friday morning when the "time" was gone to look up press on diamonds. (The Ring)

Teacher: "Thelma, keep your mouth shut when you have your picture taken so that we can tell who it is." Thelma: "No, I want to look natural."

"BOOKKEEPIN' JANGLE"

George Signor has drawn up his articles of co-partnership" but he keeps his books locked up and so we'll announce the lucky or unlucky girl partner later.

If there's any scandal around school, a person can hear all about it in our class just before we begin work each day. (I mean among the girls.)

The other classes that use the book-keeping room also use our ink and Joe Deets is racking his brain over the problem and here is his solution: swipe some f ma's bluing and mix a little water with it and then you have first class ink by the barrel. (It's good enough for the ink hogs.)

The seventh period class is a girls' class, therefore it's a combination between a singing and physical training and manual training and bookkeeping class.

So long, Jim O'Seed.

In Society

By Doris Leah Sikes.

Mrs. Carl Olson was a delightful hostess last Thursday when she entertained the members of Needlecraft at her home on Emerald Heights. Mrs. Olson's invited guests were Mrs. Harry Whitney, Mrs. Riley Snodgrass and Mrs. Elvin Willis.

Club members present were Mesdames W. F. Walker, C. E. Fischer, H. E. Walker, Ethel Bally, W. H. Pollard, W. N. Long, S. Ralph Dippel, George Catching, H. M. Stewart, O. H. Jarrett and J. E. Richmond.

Mrs. Henry Adrian will entertain the club on May 6 at the home of Mrs. Henry Korf.

A pleasant social afternoon was enjoyed by Priscilla club members at the home of Mrs. N. L. Howard on Friday. Members present were Mesdames J. M. Withrow, Riley Snodgrass, I. D. Larimer, Karl Girard,

IF OUR ICE CREAM BE CHOSEN



for the dessert your only trouble will be in the serving, and that's no trouble at all. You can be confident the cream will be delicious. You can feel that no home prepared dessert could be better. So save bother and have the best by using our ice cream.

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"A Good Bakery"

William Donaldson, W. L. Rouse, John Tomsoth, Mrs. H. B. Freeland and Mrs. Paul Brattain. Mrs. Irl N. Stewart was a special guest for the afternoon.

On April 30 Mrs. Paul Brattain will entertain the club.

Miss Agnes MacGinnis, a student at O. A. C., was a Sunday dinner guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Olson. Miss McGinnis left Sunday night for Grants Pass.

CHURCH NEWS

Baptist Church
Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. by Rev. H. W. Davis of Eugene. A cordial invitation extended to all.

Methodist Church
Just a word to the public. We are interested in you who have not seen fit or have not had time to attend Sunday school or church service. We

want to invite you anew to the services of next Sunday. Sunday school begins next Sunday at 9:45 instead of 10 a. m. An orchestra of a number of instruments will help make the service interesting. Morning service at 11 a. m. It is your service, come and help. Epworth league at 7 p. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. The Methodist church has consented to give its building over to the Christian Endeavor society of the city to hold its last meeting in. The Endeavor societies of the entire county will be here for a convention and will close their convention with a meeting in this church.

Prayer meeting on Thursday, 8 p. m. Mr. Tuff of Portland will be there to talk to us on bringing the Bible back to its place as an inspired book. Friday evening 8 o'clock choir practice. Saturday evening the Epworth league social. A good time for all young people. Come promptly at 8 o'clock.

Read the story, Investing for Profit.

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