

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1931

IF GERMANY HAD WON

President Hoover's suggestion that the German war debt payments be suspended for one year evidently has merit. However, we can not help but think if the war had ended with Germany the victor that little consideration would have been given to the allies. Certainly Germany showed France no mercy when she took Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. She showed the Belgian people little mercy when she violated the neutrality of that country in order to get to France more effectively. Following the war, which Germany lost, she was asked to make reparations for damages done and to pay the war debts she owed. Germany has been complaining bitterly about settling up and pointed repeatedly to the distressed conditions of her people. However, recent visitors in this city who have just returned from trips to Germany report that she is in the best condition of any country in Europe.

We can not weep any tears over the distressed condition of the Germans. The memory of cooties, the itch, muddy trenches, musty billets and dead and wounded American boys is still too fresh for us to pity the Germans.

THE MOST IMPORTANT CONVENTION

Washington city has been the scene of many important meetings and conventions in the past year, but none of the gatherings held there has held quite the importance to the future of the United States as the one which began on the 17th of June.

Great gatherings of statesmen have been held in Washington to discuss the reduction of war debts. How could anything be more important to the future of the United States than that? The heads of great industries have met there to consider how to put prosperity back on its feet. Can here be anything more important to our nation than that? Every few weeks lately political groups have been meeting in Washington to try to pick the best man for the next president of the United States. Who would say that anything could be more important than that?

Yet there is a gathering this week in Washington which is of greater importance than all of these. It is the annual camp-convention of the 4-H clubs. Two boys, two girls and two club leaders from each state are living in tents on the grounds of the Department of Agriculture, to exchange ideas about what? About the future farmers of the United States and their wives. That is the most important thing for our country's future. There can't be any question about it. Nothing that happens to the generation that is now passing is of great importance; that is really important to the welfare of the nation is the character, the integrity, the standards and the ideals of the generation which is about to take up the reins where we older ones are beginning to drop them.

Too much food, too much raw materials and too much gold are the principal things that are ailing America today. Many people are going hungry in the land of plenty. There must be something the matter with the economic system which produces a situation of this kind. Science and invention which have brought us so many miraculous discoveries have failed to bring us a solution to over production.

We rode in an automobile up to a point on the Squaw Creek road Sunday where snow balls could be rolled. If California had a road which led to snow in the summer time, one which you had to scare the mule deer off in order to pass, the world would forth with be told. But, Deschutes county is content along with the rest of Oregon for the most part to take these things as a matter of course.

A dozen men with modern road machinery now build more roads daily than 100 men and 50 teams did a few years ago. That's one of the reasons for unemployment. But the world must move forward—we must find jobs for human beings which machines can not perform.



SITTING THE WORLD RIGHT

Carle Conway, head of the Continental Can company, has a customer in Massachusetts who makes cranberry sauce. One day when Wall Street was thinking that the world was going to the dogs, Carle dropped in on this Yankee manufacturer and found him very serene.

They dined together, and after dinner the talk turned to world business conditions which, says Carle, "seem to have eliminated prohibition from conversation, so that there is that much to be said in favor of depression at least."

The cranberry man said: "During the war I was making cranberry sauce and we were not able to get sugar except at an exorbitant price. Every one in the industry said we had better go out of business because we had to have sugar to make cranberry sauce, and sugar at thirty cents a pound would stop sales."

"I went into a huddle with myself that night and came to the conclusion that I would let the customers decide whether they would buy cranberry sauce made with thirty-cent sugar; that I had just one job in the world and that was to run my business, and I was going to let the world take care of itself, and every one else take care of himself, and I was going to figure how I could take care of my business and solve the problems each day as they came along."

"I did not think I was big enough to help or harm the world's progress, but I did think I could help or harm my own business."

One thing which makes this depression seem more discouraging than others is the fact that all countries have been so closely knit together. In other periods of slow business we in the United States did not worry because the coffee market was bad in Brazil or the corn plaster industry had collapsed in Timbuctoo. We had our own troubles to fight.

This year our newspapers, through their truly wonderful news gathering forces, have brought us all the bad tidings from everywhere. The result is that the average American business man is going around trying to carry the troubles of the whole big world.

I may be all wrong, but my idea about the other countries is that they are all having serious difficulties, just as we are, but in every one of them there is a solid backbone of people just like you and me—hard working, sensible men and women who have their homes and families, who do not want to see the social order overthrown and who are doing their individual best to solve their own problems.

Ultimately, I believe, this silent majority will win. In the meantime, when anybody comes into my office to discuss world conditions, I courteously ask to be excused. I am trying hard to work out my own salvation.

If everybody in the world does that the world will be saved.

TIGER EYE

by B. M. Power

Fourth Installment

The Kid's name was Bob Reeves, but back home on the Brazos they called him Tiger Eye, because one eye was yellow—the eye with which he sighted down a gun barrel. His father was "Killer" Reeves, but the boy did not want to kill. If he stayed home he would have to carry on his father's feud, so he headed his horse, Pecos, northward and encountered Nate Wheeler, who drew his 45 and fired just as Tiger Eye did. The Kid didn't want to kill Nate, only to cripple him, but his aim must have been wild, for Wheeler dropped from his horse. Babe Garner came riding up. Wheeler was a "nester," he said and had it coming to him. Tiger Eye rode to Wheeler's cabin to notify the dead man's widow.

The Kid breaks the news of Nate's death to his widow and then goes out and brings in his body, discovering he had not missed his shot to disable Wheeler but had broken his arm, while another shot had killed the man. A gang of strangers ride up. One of them insults Mrs. Wheeler by coupling her name with the stranger. The Kid shoots a hole in each of the ears of Pete Gorham, who hurled the insult, making his escape in the confusion.

Learning that the "nesters" plan to draw the Poole riders into a trap, the Kid informs Garner, telling him at the same time he had learned it was the latter's shot that killed Wheeler and not his own. Garner is grateful and gets the boy a job riding range for the Poole outfit. The Kid sees a lone rider attack a man and a girl driving in a wagon and wounds the assailant, and then finds out he is Wheeler.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

Old man, all right. Her old pappy, shot without a chance in the world to help himself. Didn't even have a gun on him. Old farmer, by the look of him. Bald-headed and little and old.

The Kid investigated his head injury. Didn't seem to be any crack in the skull, but still you couldn't tell, with an old man like him.

The Kid got up and looked in the wagon. A sack of flour was there, and a box of groceries, all jumbled together, and a demijohn lying on its side. The Kid hoped it held whisky, and reached a long arm for it. Shoah enough—old pappy liked his eye opener when he got up in the morning, and was taking home a jugful. The Kid gave him an eye opener now, holding the old man's head up and tilting the jug to the ashy lips pinched in together in the long beard. Then he poured a little in his palm and rubbed it on the blue lump in the thin gray hair, and after that he trickled a pungent little stream on the bullet wound, front and back. The man's faded blue eyes opened and he stared vaguely up into the kid's face.

"Reckon you'll feelin' some better, huh," the kid said shyly. "Right smaht crack on the head, but the whisky'll keep down the swellin'." And when the old eyes still questioned, the kid offered further encouragement. "Bullet dug itsself a trail in yo'all's side, but it ain't deep, no how."

The old man opened his mouth and moved his jaw uncertainly, trying to speak. His eyes never left the kid's face.

"Where's Nellie?" The old man was still dazed, but at least he could speak once more. The kid gave a sigh of relief.

"Why, huh, she—," he turned and looked back down the hill, "—she's comin'. She'll be heah directly, huh."

The drink revived the old man a little, but he seemed to have only a vague idea of what had taken place.

"Team run away," he mumbled. "Threw me out. Where's Nellie? She was in the wagon when the team run away."

She came, her long yellow hair pulled forward over her shoulder. Her face was pale and her mouth drooped at the corners, and her eyes were glassy with terror, but the kid thought she was beautiful and he blushed a dark red as he tipped his hat to her.

"You hurt, Pa?" The girl sank on her knees beside the old man. "Pete shot you, didn't he?"

"Pete? Pete who? The horses run away. Guess they throwed me out. Where was we goin', Nellie? Want we goin' some place?"

"We were going home, Pa." She was kneeling there, looking at the blue lump on her father's head, and from there her staring eyes turned to the bullet wound in his side, which the kid had left uncovered ready for further ablations of raw whiskey. "Don't you remember when Pete Gorham took in after us, after Nate Wheeler's funeral, and you remembered you never got your gun back from the bartender before you left town?"

"Pete Gorham! Who's he? I don't remember any—"

The kid's hand left its slow stroking of the horses' sweaty jaw. He walked over and stood beside the kneeling girl, bashful but determined.

Nate Wheeler's funeral taken place yeste'day?"

"Why, of course it was—," she checked herself abruptly, one swift, troubled glance going to her father on the ground. "You must be a stranger in the valley if you don't know—." She cast a swift, suddenly enlightened glance upon him. "Are you one of them Poole rim riders?"

"I happened to be up t'reah when Pete Gorham shot yoh pap," he said, with slow meaning. "I taken it upon myself to stop Pete befoah he could carry out his plan."

"Well, wasn't you rim riding on the valley?"

"I just happened to be t'reah at the time."

"You're a Poole rider, ain't you?"

"Poole? Poole rider?" The old man scrambled to a sitting posture, his face working furiously as memory came back with a rush. "One of them Texas killers, I bet! Was it you dry-gulched my son, Ed? Where's my gun?" He claw-

ed futilely at his hip, where no gun was holstered.

"No, huh, it wasn't me."

The girl gave an involuntary shudder and closed her eyes for a second.

"Even if he is a Poole rider, Pa, he—did us a big favor," she said, a little color staining her cheeks. "We've got to be grateful for that."

"Are you the fellow that shot Pete in the ears? They were talking about that yesterday at Nate Wheeler's fun—," she caught herself up, biting her lip.

"Nate Wheeler's funeral," the kid finished softly. "Yes'm, I had the pleasuah of ear-mahkin' Pete the othah evenin'."

"Then you're one of those Texas killers. They said it was a Texas killer done that. Pa, ain't you able to get in the wagon? I can drive if you can sit and ride."

She was in a hurry to get away from him, even though he had saved her from Pete Gorham. Saved her and her papp's life, and this was all the thanks he got. The kid swung on his heel and gave all his attention to backing the wagon off the buckbush so the team could be turned around.

He worked swiftly, surely, his capable hands never wasting a motion, never uncertain of the thing they should accomplish. The team was restless, wanting to go home, and the kid turned to the girl.

"If you'll would be so accommodatin' as to come hold these haws a minute," he said stiffly. "I'd be shoah pleased to tote yoh pap ovah and lay him in the wagon."

"I kin walk, dang ye!" the old fellow cried pettishly. But he couldn't, except with the help of the kid's arm under his shoulders, taking all the weight off the old wobbly legs.

"We're much obliged," the girl said constrainedly, after he had lifted the old man into the wagon. "Even if you are a rim rider for the Poole, I want to thank you for—all that you've done."

Then she looked at Pete Gorham, who sat cursing beside a sage-bush, took her foot down off the hub, and came over to where the kid stood stroking the nose of the horse he was holding by the bridle.

"If you don't kill Pete Gorham, he'll kill you," she said in a fierce undertone.

"Reckon it'll be a right smaht while befo' he's able," the kid did not look at her.

She glanced again toward the querulous murmur of her dad's voice. "You better quit the Poole and get outa the country," she said hurriedly. "The valley folks'll kill you—"

She seemed to think that was saying more than she dared, for she turned sharply away and drove off.

He went over to Pete Gorham, lifted him to his feet and faced him toward the valley.

"Go hunt yo'self a coyote den and crawl into it," he advised harshly, and started back up the hill, climbing like one in a great hurry.

The kid's lips thinned and straightened when he remembered that girl running for the hill. Pete after her with his rope. Any other man would have shot to kill. But somehow this thing of killing—



was plumb easy to do, but yo'all never could put the life back in a man once you'd shot it out.

Funny about the nesters being wise to Poole rim riders.

That funeral was another strange thing. They buried Nate Wheeler yesterday, she said. Then what did they want to carry out a coffin and start another procession to-day for? The kid couldn't see any sense to that.

The kid turned his glasses on the now-distant wagon and looked for Pete. Might as well make shoah he wasn't trying to trail the girl. No, Pete was going straight across the flat, making a beeline for Becker's coulee, as nearly as the kid could judge. Satisfied, he turned the glasses again upon the wagon.

Shoah was a pretty girl. The kid never had seen such yellow hair in his life. Wasn't much like that darned stuck up girl back home that had made fun of his yellow eye. This girl, Nellie, never notic-

ed his eye.

He sighed and gave another sweeping glance at the valley. Shoah was a funny thing about that funeral. Reckon they were just trying to fool him with it, like the girl hinted. Maybe they wanted to go all in a bunch somewhere and couldn't figure out any way to keep from being seen, and maybe they just had a fake funeral to fool any Poole rim rider that happened to be keeping cases.

Plumb foolish. Easiest way was to send somebody along over here to bush-whack him. The kid gave a sudden grunt of understanding. The nesters had sent somebody, all right, or they thought they had. They'd sent Pete Gorham. And Pete had kinda got side-tracked, thinking he could kill off that old man and get the girl.

The kid's face darkened at the simplicity of the scheme. Pete had thought he could do it and lay it to the Poole. They'd blame the Poole, and they'd go running after them harder than ever. But Pete didn't make it stick. The kid had come along and fixed Pete good and plenty.

There was something in her voice that was like her hair. Something like gold. Of course yo'all couldn't say a voice was yellow, or had a shiny sound, but yo'all could kinda imagine it was like gold. That girl down in Texas—her voice was like a tin pan. Funny about voices—they say more than words, sometimes. More than a person wants their voice to say. Hers did. Hers said she'd shoah hate to have anything happen to a rim rider.

The kid rode dreamily along, watching the wagon as it bumped over the dim trail in the grass. Watching out in case she might need help or something. Girl like that didn't belong with no nester outfit. She oughta have some big rich cattleman for a pappy and ride along on a nice, gentle horse.

The wagon finally turned into a shallow depression and was seen no more from the rim. The kid marked the place where she lived; marked it with a special significance in his mind.

Now and then he swept the valley with a perfunctory glance, but most of the time he was staring at the ridge which hid her home. A thin line of cottonwoods ran up along a creek there. There were places where the tops of the trees showed above the ridge. One place where the ridge dipped a little, the kid thought he could make out part of the roof of a building. Might be rocks, but it shoah did look like a roof.

The kid stirred uneasily and let the glasses drop from his eyes. A long, oddly attenuated shadow was sliding stealthily down the rocks beside him, a big hat and a pair of shoulders growing longer as he looked. The kid sprang up like a startled deer, his gun in his hand and pointing straight at the man who stood looking at him. Then suddenly the kid smiled sheepishly and tucked the gun back in its holster.

"Come alive like a rattler, didn't yuh?" Babe Garner grinned. "You been asleep?"

"No, I been watchin' the valley."

"Huh!" Babe's tone sounded skeptical. "See anything?"

"Saw a fune'l ovah to Nate

Wheelah's place."

"You didn't report it to the Poole," Babe charged grimly. "What was the matter? Paralyzed so you couldn't git to the pinacle?"

"No, huh, I was right busy soon aftah," he said mildly.

"Doin' what?"

"Shootin' a nestah!"

"Hell! Why didn't yuh say so?" Babe's tone had warmed amazingly. "Some one trying to dry-gulch yuh, Tiger Eye?"

"I reckon he was aimin' that-a-way, Babe."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STATE LAW GOVERNS SALE OF FIREWORKS

Old Statute Prescribes Limitations on Explosives Used in Fourth of July Celebrations

Legal restrictions governing the sale and control of fireworks in Oregon are being brought to the attention of the people of the state this week by A. H. Averill, state fire marshal.

Citing laws which have been enacted by the state legislature, he says, "It is against the law to sell, explode, or give away any fire cracker in the state of Oregon over two and one-half inches in length and five-eighths inch in diameter."

Moreover, he states, "It is unlawful to sell exchange, barter or give to any child, under the age of 14 years, any explosive article, device or substance containing more than 10 grains of gun powder." Violation of these statutes carries a penalty of from \$25 to \$50.

Not Legal in Forests

Under the provisions of section 33-427 of Oregon Code 1930, it is unlawful to throw or explode any firecrackers, or any other lighted material, on any forest land, private road, public highway or railroad right of way in the state of Oregon during the closed season of any year, May 15 to October 1. Violators of this statute are subject to a penalty of \$75. This legal inhibition, besides its fire preventative intent, will also operate to protect motorists and others on the highways of the state from the annoyance and dangers incident to the indiscriminate use of firecrackers and torpedoes which have been the cause of many serious accidents.

This law also prohibits the throwing of lighted cigars, cigarettes, or matches along the highways during the closed season.

Old Law Forgotten

During recent sessions of the legislature efforts were made to secure enactment of laws regulating the sale and use of fireworks in this state but in every case strong lobbies representing the manufacturers and wholesalers of such commodities, it is said, have succeeded in defeating them. The 1911 statutes have evidently been overlooked and forgotten until the compilation of the 1930 Code brought them to light.

Enforcement Assured

Fire Marshal Averill states that, with the cooperation of the state police, the forestry service and peace officers of the state, rigid observance of these life and fire safety measures will be enforced, where local regulations do not conflict, and the public is urged to cooperate in the interest of fire safety.

A city ordinance prohibits the sale of fireworks of any kind in the city limits of Springfield.

Marie: Who was the chap that won that booby prize in the guessing contest at your party?

Antionette: That fellow? Oh, he was the weather man.

Pond Love—My kisses must be weakened into pats.
getting better. Your slaps have some Baby—I know—I'm tired.

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LANE COUNTY Amateur Golf Championship

QUALIFYING ROUNDS
JUNE 21st. TO 27th INCLUSIVE

Two Tournaments Run Simultaneously. One for Men —One for Women.

Five Hundred Dollars in Prizes. Prizes are on Display in the Windows of Paul D. Green's Store for Men, 957 Willamette Street, the week of June 21st.

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is here and as in former years Eggimann's is the most popular place in town. Folks come here and go out feeling better after they have had one of our fountain specials.

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