

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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RUSSIAN HOPE AND OUR MARKETS

Russia last year exported 30,000 tons of butter. She did this for the reason that money was needed to buy goods and machinery from other countries and only by trade could the transaction be made.

Denied of many of the comforts of life the Russian lives on hope—that the hardships which he undergoes now will bring in the future a more glorious Russia with plenty for him and his children.

A STATESMANLIKE MOVE

In calling in the leaders of both of the major political parties and getting their approval beforehand, President Hoover acted in a statesmanlike way in putting forward his proposal for a one year suspension of payment of principal and interest on war debts.

It seems to be the belief of the men who know most about such things that this will bring about an immediate improvement in business conditions all over the world.

We do not understand that anyone expects an instantaneous return, or a return in a single year, to the high point of prosperity which we reached in 1928.

After all, it is only good business to give a debtor easy terms if he cannot meet the terms agreed on. That is true as between nations, as it is between individuals.

The farm board has purchased 200 million bushels of wheat at a loss of 90 millions of dollars to the government.

Statistics say that 45 per cent of the homes in the United States have no radios. There are still a few places left where static has not jarred the American nerve.

Grandmother would not have believed that pies could be baked in paper plates, yet the chemists have produced such an article for bakery use.

Food prices have gone down 18 per cent since January 1, according to the bureau of labor statistics. Surely the buyer today has all the best of it.

Down in Tahiti they have a wife exchange. In this country we have the circuit court. In some things civilization has not progressed so far.

A South African antelope which never drinks water has been found. We've known Frenchmen like that.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D. "ROUGHAGE"

We hear it, read it, sense it in the very air, "roughage." It's the slogan of the swivel-chair patriot, whose colon has been on a strike for the last twenty rubber-tired years.

Well, the prodigal son ate the husks which the swine didn't take—and repented of his sins right away,—the first victory for roughage, so to speak. Then he lost no time getting back to the fatted calf—the smooth diet.

Let's talk about bran—shorts, "tailings," husks of wheat, or what have you? The sort recommended by solemn physicians, smug dietitians and artful manufacturers; and, let's talk sense.

I have not found one in twenty-five routine investigations, upon whom bran had the least effect in obstinate constipation. I have tested carefully in my own case; I might as well have taken that much Portland cement, so far as laxative effect was noticeable.

Sometimes I wonder how many pecks of bran one would have to eat, to acquire a single grain of iron? And what form of iron? Possibly a trace of ferrous oxide—rust! There is as much iron in a single Blaur pill as there is in a bushel of wheat bran,—so there.

One of the latest and best books I have found, condemns "roughage" as a routine procedure in lazy colons—a practice that may actually do serious harm, and I agree most emphatically. The "smooth diet" is far more rational to coax the weary organ back to normal function; I do not believe in whipping the tired horse to restore his vigor.

If commercialism were taken out of this country, and our people used real food and exercise instead of substitutes, we'd live longer.

TIGER EYE by B. M. Dower



Fifth installment place. Seven miles of bald prairie, and four miles under cover. Savvy now?"

"Shoah do, Babe," said the kid, his thoughts flashing to the girl and what little she had dared to say.

"Shoah hope yo'all didn't have no trouble, Babe," the kid said. "Never had a word of trouble, Tiger Eye." Babe's eyes veiled themselves suddenly from the kid's questioning look.

"Learnin' 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.

"You son-of-a-gun!" Babe stepped forward and clapped a hand admiringly down on the kid's shoulder. "I knowed there was some reason why you let that damn' fake funeral get by."

"No — shore we didn't. But we shore beat them to that buryin' ground! Thirty-five punchers was settin' on their horses back on the ridge about a hundred yards away, when that funeral procession come along.

"Yo'all shoah they buried Nate Wheelah ovah theah?" "Nate Wheelah? Naw, they never buried Nate Wheelah there. Jim Poole's nobody's fool. He saw through their little scheme right off.

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The music timed the easy swing of the kid's slim body in the saddle, and the occasional click of his iron-bound stirrups against Babe Garner's wooden cues. The tune didn't matter; a melody of this thing and that thing drifting along with his idling thoughts.

When the kid played, he thought of the girl down in the valley behind him. Reckon her old pappy was a rustler, like all the rest of them down in the valley. Leastways, the kid had gathered that Nellie's brother Ed had been shot by a Poole rider, and they shoah seemed to hate the name of Poole.

The kid didn't feel that he knew Babe even after a week of living with him. Babe always seemed to have a lot on his mind. But Babe shore was a fine man and a fine friend, and the kid wasn't the kind to pick flaws in any one he liked.

Babe got out his tobacco and papers and rolled a cigarette as he rode along. He lighted it, blew out the match, broke the stub in two and dropped the pieces to the ground.

Far ahead across the level bench land a faint veil of dust crept slowly toward the north, carried far on the breeze that fanned the kid's left cheek as he rode. Cattle, bunched, and riders driving 'em, reckon maybe Babe was taking him over so he could go to work on round-up. The kid hoped so, for that was the work he wanted and had come all the way up from the Brazos to find.

"Shoah will enjoy swingin' a rope again, Babe," he said in his soft drawl. "Swingin' a rope?" Babe's voice had a startled note.

"Er ridin' herd—anything, so it's cows." "Yo're ridin' with me," Babe reminded him shortly. "Old Man ain't likely to put yuh on the round-up."

The kid did not argue the point, but his eyes clung to the slow-moving dust cloud, and because his heart was there he unconsciously communicated his desire to the horse.

Riders were visible now in the fringes of the cloud. Riders and a slow-moving river of backs seen dimly as the breeze whipped up the haze. Cattle going to some chosen round-up ground. The kid's eyes glistened at the thought.

"I'll ride over and see who's in charge," Babe said suddenly, and struck his horse with the quirt he carried.

The kid's hand tightened on the reins. A cold weight fell like a lump of iron upon his chest. He didn't know those riders up ahead. They were not the same old boys, with Pap, tall and hawk-eyed, and Plumb strangers, these were. Babe knew them, but he didn't. He was just an outsider, and Babe wasn't taking him over to get acquainted.

A man galloped out to meet Babe and the two talked, hands and head making little unguarded gestures now and then. The kid's sidelong glance saw every move they made. They were talking about him, and they seemed to find a right smart lot to say.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER By Francis Scott Keys O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, where so gallantly stream'd the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there, O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines of the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

"Said I'd plumb enjoy swingin' a lasso rope, Nevah said I was achin' to meet anybody, though." "Jess is wagon boss," Babe further explained. "Good man to know. Might put you on, when this trouble with the nesters is settled."

"Reckon I bettah make shoah of my job, first. And if yo'all want me line ridin' ovah on the rim, I'd shoah love to stay with yo'all."

"Jess is a Texas man," Babe remarked in too casual a tone. "Thought maybe you might know him. Don't the name mean anything, Tiger Eye?"

"Shucks, Babe, names don't nevah mean anything to a Texas man. Not up No'th. Plumb easy to lose yo'all's Texas name awn the trail."

"Did you?" "Ain't wore my name only twenty years, Babe. No call to change it yet."

Babe accepted the reproof and said no more, though his eyes stole another sidelong glance at the kid. In unspoken agreement they touched spurs to their horses and went galloping steadily across the prairie at right angles to the herd.

This way lay the headquarters ranch of the Poole, which was in reality a firm of Eastern capitalists dabbling in range investments.

The Poole owners never saw their cattle. John Poole, president of the Poole Land and Cattle company, gave orders from his New York office. This sum for cost of operation, that sum deducted for normal loss, and the investment

paying a certain percentage to the shareholders. But when the calf tally dwindled out of all proportion to adverse weather conditions, John Poole sat up in his office chair and dictated a letter to his superintendent. Rustlers or disease or whatever the cause, this alarming shrinkage must stop right there.

The superintendent was an old range man named Walter Bell and he was growing rich at managing the Poole. He replied to that letter and he didn't beat around the bush. The nesters, he said, were rustlers in reality and were stealing the Poole blind. John Poole replied that Bell must know what medicine to use on rustlers, and Bell wrote back that he did, but it would cost some money.

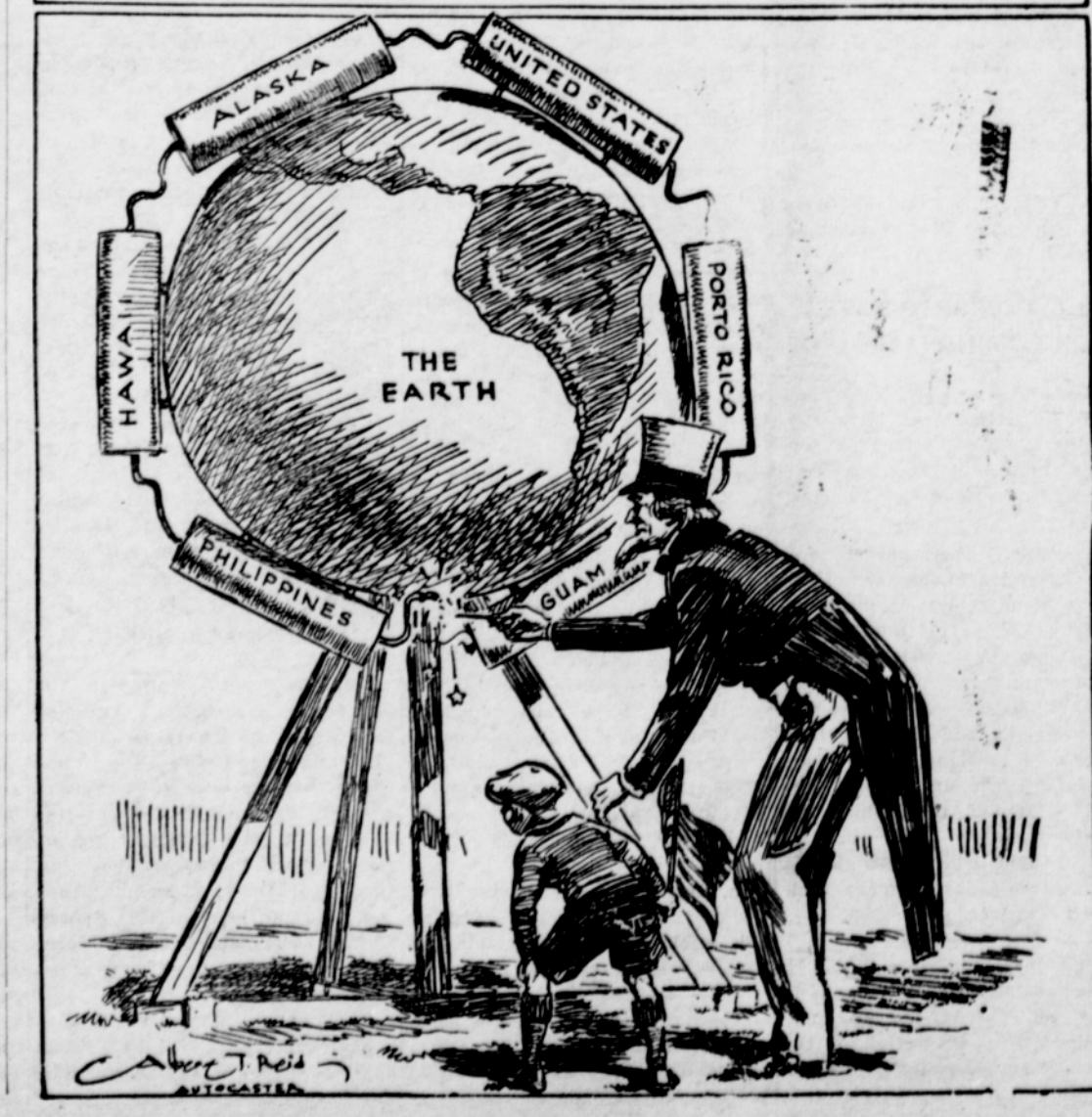
So Bell went quietly and methodically to work, hiring men skilled in the fine art of administering leaden pills as required, with no talk or fuss about it.

Saddled horses stood in the shade of a big cottonwood tree, some still breathing quickly from hard riding, others resting a leg while they dozed. These awakened with a start as the two rode into the unfenced yard. Loan riders perched on the top rail of the nearby corral or squatted on boot heels against the fence. The kid felt them eyeing him as he swung down from Pecos and followed Babe, but they didn't smile at the sight of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PEP UP WITH CANDY Nothing stimulates you when you have that "tired feeling" like a piece of candy—especially if it is the pure, wholesome and delicious kind Eggimann's makes. EGGIMANN'S "Where the Service is Different"

Our Fourth of July Goes 'Round the World— - By Albert T. Reid



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