THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by THE WILLAMETTE PRESS

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the pustoffice Scringfield, Cregon,

H. E. MAXEY, Editor

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE one Year in Advance\$1.75 Three Months ...\$1.00 Single Copy . Six Months THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1931

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. In Russia, where all prices are fixed by the government, a commodity is not exported primarily because there is an exportable surplus above what is needed for home consumption. The common people are simply dprived of an article if there is demand for it in export trade as in the case of butter, which is almost unobtainable by the working class. Once a year the government allows the worker to purchase a quarter of a pound of butter at four or five dollars a pound while Russian butter is sold in other European countries for 25 cents a pound.

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. The question is how long will the Russian continue to accept hope as a substitute for butter and meat for so long as he does that country with its "dumping" methods must be a menace to American trade. Lumber, which we feel more here in the northwest, is but one of the products dumped on the American markets.

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. President Hoover's justification is, of course, that it will benefit the United States of America. We are not in the business of doing things because they will benefit some other country unless we get a corresponding benefit. But when men like Owen D. Young, the famous Democrat whose name is attached to the Young plan for German reparations, such men of big affairs as Charles G. Dawes and Andrew Mellon on the Republican side, and statesmen on the order of Newton Baker and Carter Glass on the Democratic side, all agree that to ease up the economic pressure on Germany will result in improved business in America, we, naturally, have to agree with them. They know a great deal more about it than we do.

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. But already the financial and business world is demonstrating its confidence that the upswing has begun, and the outlook for the coming year seems distinctly brighter than it did a month

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. Everybody who owes more money than he can immediately pay has found his creditors generally willing to take what he could give them, rather than to apply undue pressure. It is only fair to Germany to give that Republic the same kind of a chance to catch up that, private business interests grant to their customers who may be in difficulties.

The farm board has purchased 200 million bushels of wheat at a loss of 90 millions of dollars to the government. July wheat is quoted at 57c the lowest since 1895. It is hard to believe that we have yet found the proper method of stablizing farm crop markets.

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.

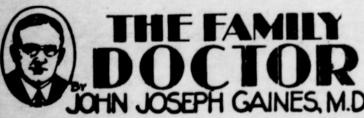
Grandmother would not have beleived that pies could be baked in paper plates, yet the chemists have produced such an article for bakery usey.

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.



"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. Treat 'em rough, these tired, lazy-stuffed colons; just got to have roughage!

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

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

The Kid's name was Bob Reev- now?" es, but back home on the Brazos they called him Tiger Eye, because rel. His father was "Killer" Reev- say, but the boy did not want to kill. If he stayed home he would have to carry on his father's feuds, so he headed his horse. Pecos northward and encountered Nate Wheeler, who drew his .45 and fir-ed 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 "nestcabin to notify the dead man's

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 had killed the man. A gang of sults Mrs. Wheeler by coupling her name with the stranger. The Kid sult, making his escape in the con-

Learning that the "nesters" plan trap, the Kid informs Garner, telllearned it was the latter's shot that killed Wheeler and not his own. Garner is grateful and gets Babe did not know. 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 Gorham.

After rescuing the girl's dad, the Kid is given a grateful warning by the girl, who thinks he is one the Texas killers, to get out of the valley before the nesters shoot him. The boy is touched by Nellie's oncern and lets his mind dwell on her, realizing she must have liked him personally to warn him when tried to ambush him NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY: and looked away again.

reason why you let that damn' fake Eye.' funeral get by."

Babe? in' to pull off something. You was worn through to the brass. sent over here to keep cases, but one of the boys over at the Poole happened to see 'em when they come up on the bench. Old man, he suspicioned something was wrong about that percession, so he Tiger Eye." sends us all over to the buryin' That's where they was headin' for. what they figured on!"

"Yo'all didn't fight 'em, Babe?" "No - shore we didn't. But we got t' be ridin' at dawn." shore beat them to that buryin' ground! Thirty-five punchers was settin' on their horses back on the vicious yank and sat holding it in The kid's hand tightened on the ridge about a hundred yards away, when that funeral percession come along. There wasn't no grave dug is to be happy about. Tiger Eye." so we set there and watched 'em | "Damned if I can eithah, Babe."

"Yo'all shoah they buried Nate and went out into the night.

Wheelah ovah theah?" off. It's like this. Right up the settled down to a walk and the A man galloped out to meet and it's a good seven miles across long trail up from Texas took hold gestures now and then. The kid's to Cotton Creek from here. If they of Tiger Eye. Instinctively his sidelong glance saw every move funeral percession, they could easy and pulled out his mouth organ, about him, and they seemed to find

his thoughts flashing to the girl iron-bound stirrups against Babe one eye was yellow—the eye with his thoughts flashing to the girl from sound string. The tune which he sighted down a gun bar and what little she had dared to Garner's wooden ones. The tune waster of the

> "Shoah hope yo'all didn't have o trouble. Babe," the kid said.

"Never had a word or trouble, figer Eye." Babe's eyes veiled themselves suddenly from the kid's questioning look. "Know what they ione, Tiger Eye? They knowed they had to go through with that buryin' or we'd smell a rat. So er," he said and had it coming to they did. They buried a coffin full Tiger Eye rode to Wheeler's of rifles they aimed to use on us. When they was gone, the old man The Kid breaks the news of had us dig up the box and open it." Babe folded a paper into a trough, sifted in a little tobacco, evened it with a careful finger tip, proken his arm, while another shot rolled it deftly and drew the edge of the paper lightly along the tip strangers ride up. One of them indown and folded up one end. He shoots a hole in each of the ears fished a match from a pocket, of Pete Gorham, who hurled the in-flicked his thumbnail across the head and got a flame, and lighted the cigarette, then snapped the to draw the Poole riders into a match stub in two and dropped the pieces at his feet. The kid watching him at the same time he had ed him, his mind piecing together certain details of the story which

"I shore was worried about you, Kid," Babe said finally, drawing a mouthful of smoke. "Where'd that assailant, and then finds out he is feller jump yuh, Tiger Eye-if it's a fair question?"

"Back down the rim about a mile."

"Unh-hunh. Musta took juite a while." Babe, fanned the smoke away from his face while he ooked hard at the kid.

"Takes a right smaht while, he was supposed to be one of the Babe, to trap a wolf." A strange, imported gunmen. Later he tells implacable look came into the kid's Garner he wounded a nester who boyish face. Babe looked at him

"Shore, Well, let's go," he said 'You son-of-a-gun!" Babe stepp- after a silence, and there was a ed forward and clapped a hand ad- new note of respect in his voice. miringly down on the kid's shoul- "I'll tell the Old Man how it was. der. "I knowed there was some You done the right thing, Tiger

In the cabin at Cold Spring line "Yo'all says it was a fake fune'l, camp that evening, the kid was playing the mouth organ, his slim "Shore it was a fake. One of browned fingers cupped and touchthe boys got wise 't they was go- ing the metal where the nickel was

"Moah rim ridin', Babe?" "Why? Yuh like rim ridin'. Tiger Eye?"

"Shoah do, Babe." "Yuh shore look happy to-night,

Babe spoke from the bunk, when ground over on Cotton Creek, the kid's dreams could no longer be dimly as the breeze whipped up ompassed by the music and he say Shore had more mourners than staring at the smoky bottom of the chosen round-up ground. The kid's dishpan hanging back of the stove. "Time to roll in though. We

"Shoah feel that-a-way, Babe." Babe pulled off a boot with a he carried.

one hand while he eyed the kid.

"Nate Wheeler? Naw, they never drops of dew on the grass winked knew them, but he didn't. He buried Nate Wheeler there. Jim like diamonds in the sun. The hors- was just an outsider, and Babe Poole's nobody's fool. He saw es had galloped steadily for more wasn't taking him over to get acthrough their little scheme right than a mile, but now they had quainted. creek, about two miles from that reins lay loosely along their necks. Babe and the two talked, hands buryin' ground, is the Poole ranch Riding so, a habit born of the and head making little unguarded got over on Cotton Creek with a hand went to his breast pocket they made. They were talking

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

old melodies as he rode.

The music timed the easy swing Babe. "Shoah do, Babe," said the kid, dle, and the occasional click of his daylight, Babe." didn't matter; a medley of this thing and that thing drifting a-

long with his idling thoughts. When the kid played, he thought ed to meet the boys. You saidof 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

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. The kid was watching for that little trick and his eyes twinkled when Babe's fingers went true to form. Almost a week now he had lived with Babe, and never had he seen Babe throw away a whole match stub. Always broke it in two. The kid wondered why, but he didn't ask. Pap shoah had learned him not to ask ques

tions unless he plumb had to. Far ahead across the level bench land a faint veil of dust crept slow ly toward the north, carried far on the breeze that fanned the kid's What is that which the breeze, o'er 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

"Yo're ridin' with me." Babe re inded him shortly. "Old Man ain't likely to put vuh on the round-up. The kid did not argue the point, but his eyes clung to the slowmoving 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 eyes glistened at the thought.

"I'll ride over and see who's in struck his horse with the quirt

"Damned if I can see what there lump of iron upon his chest. He didn't know those riders up ahead. They were not the same old boys, He picked up the water buckets with Pap, tall and hawk-eyed, on there, giving his quiet orders. The air was clean and crisp and Plumb strangers, these were. Babe

sneak on up the creek to the Poole and he began to play soft snatches a right smart lot to say.

beckoning gesture, but the kid kept to meet anybody, though."

"Hey Tiger Eye! Y' asleep?" dangling foot might find its stir- shoah love to stay with yo'all." rup, and yawned as he looked at

of the kid's slim body in the sal- "Yo'all got me outa baid befo

"Ain't impawtant, is it. Babe?



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER By Francis Scott Keys shore was a fine man and a fine O say, can you see, by the dawn's

early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright of the Poole Land and Cattle com- felt them eyeing him as he swung stars, through the perilous

where so gallantly stream-

the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there, say, does that star-spangled ban-

ner 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,

the towering steep. it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, full glory reflected now shines of the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner! long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the

home of the brave! 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 washed out their foul footstep's pollution. 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!

shall stand Between their loved homes and

the war's desolation! charge," Babe said suddenly, and Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the Power that hath made

and preserved us a nation. reins. A cold weight fell like a Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just, And this is our motto: "In God

> is our trust." the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the

> > home of the brave!

"Said I'd plumb enjoy swingin' a paying a certain percentage to the dle and flung out an arm in a lasso rope. Nevah said I was achin' shareholders. But when the calf

qhis face straight ahead and gave "Jess is wagon boss," Babe furtion to adverse weather conditions, no sign that he saw the signal, ther explained. 'Good man to John Poole sat up in his office Babe cupped his hands around know. Might put you on, when this chair and dictated a letter to his his mouth and let out a loud 'Ya- trouble with the nesters is settled." superintendent. Rustlers or disease "Reckon I bettah make shoah of or whatever the cause, this alarm-

my job, first. And if yo'all want ing shrinkage must stop right The kid slid over so that his me line ridin' ovah on the rim, I'd there.

marked in too casual a tone he was growing rich at managing Thought maybe you might know the Poole. He replied to that letter him. Don't the name mean any and he didn't beat around the bush. thing. Tiger Eye?"

mean anything to a Texas man. Poole blind. John Poole replied "Hell no!" Babe gave him a Not up No'th. Plumb easy to lose that Bell must know what medicine studying took. "Thought you want- yo'all's Texas name awn the trail." to use on rustlers, and Bell wrote "Did you?"

"Ain't wore my name only cost some money. wenty yeahs, Babe. No call to hange it yet."

aid no more, though his eyes stole leaden pills as required, with no another sidelong glance at the kid. talk or fuss about it. in unspoken agreement they touchgalloping steadily across the prairfirm of Eeastern capitalists dab the unfenced yard. Loan riders bling in range investments.

O'er the ramparts we watched, operation, that sum deducted for sight of him. normal loss, and the investment

tally dwindled out of all propor-

The superintendent was an old "Jess is a Texas man." Babe re- range man named Walter Bell and The nesters, he said, were rustlers Shucks, Babe, names don't nevah in reality and were stealing the back that he did, but it would

So Bell went quietly and methodically to work, hiring men skilled Babe accepted the reproof and in the fine art of administering

Saddled horses stood in the ed spurs to their horses and went shade of a big cottonwood tree, some still breathing quickly from ie at right angles to the herd. This hard riding, others resting a leg way lay the headquarters ranch of while they dozed. These awakened the Poole, which was in reality a with a start as the two rode into perched on the top rail of the The Poole owners never saw nearby corral or squatted on boot their cattle. John Poole, president heels against the fence. The kid pany, gave orders from his New down from Pecos and followed York office. This sum for cost of Babe, but they didn't smile at the

(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 makes. Years in the candy business has taught use how to

Our fountain is hot weather headquarters. We're always glad to have you visit us.

EGGIMANN'S

ALL OUTDOORS

Is Calling You-

WHY LET YOUR MEALS KEEP YOU HOME

MEAT--The Main Dish

Steaks and Chops Quickly Cooked Roasts and Pot Roasts in slow oven Need No Watching

> FOR QUALITY MEATS VISIT OUR MARKET

INDEPENDENT MEAT CO.

4th and Main Sts. E. C. STUART

Phone 63 PRATT HOLVERSON



That's What You'll Say When WE Deliver YOUR PRINTING

The Quality of Printing, the Service and Price is the Best to Be Had Anywhere.

Phone Eugene 1046 or Springfield 2

THE WILLAMETTE PRESS

Offices: 119 E. Broadway, Eugene

and 4th St. Springfield