# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Springfield; Lane County, Oregon, by THE WILLAMETTE PRESS H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice, Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE One Year in Advance ....... .\$1.75 Three Months ..\$1.00 Single Copy Six Months ... THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1931

### YES, AND HOW?

We are told on the one hand by Governor Meier and his hand-picked tax league that taxes should come down 20 per cent. We are told on the other hand by Governor Meier and members of the highway commission that the state should spend a million dollars this winter on road building to give employment, and the counties should do likewise.

We are told further by Governor Meier that salaries should not be reduced by school districts or counties.

In other words the municipalities should create all the employment they can, keep wages up and cut taxes 20 per cent. Since nearly all of our taxes goes to pay off principal and interest on bonded indebtedness, (obligations which we cannot escape), and for personal service and public improvement (chiefly roads) it is difficult to see how Governor Meier's program is consistent.

Nine out of 10 of all budget committees we have seen in action worry and plan on how they can keep expenditures inside of the six per cent limitation with the demands of the people confronting them for more and more service. They would surely throw up their hands and surrender if they attempted to follow the governor's program.

True, if taxes are to be lowered, they must be lowered by the county, cities, road and school districts. The governor, to be consistent, should say to the county officials:

"You must cut wages 10 per cent and reduce the size of your force 10 per cent to come inside my 20 per cent program. You shall build no new roads and make the maintenance crews work harder for less money on the ones you

The governor should say, to be consistent, to the city

"You should make the same reductions in wages as I have demanded of the counties and also not sweep the streets and flush the sewers so often; let each merchant and property owner be responsible for the condition of the street in front of his own door. Also turn off every other street light and don't burn so much juice.

The governor should say, to be consistent, to the various school boards:

"You should employ 10 per cent fewer teachers at a 10 per cent reduction in salary and make them teach more pupils. Also have them come early in the morning that they may sweep their respective rooms out and save janitor

If the governor would put out a program as outlined above he might as well go one step farther and declare a moratorium on all state and municipal indebtedness. He would then have accomplished in full his 20 per cent program. Also, he would have sung his political swan song.

## ARMY AVIATION NEARER TO US

The visit of the planes of the U.S. Army 489th bombing squadron to Eugene has reminded the people here that in the event of another war aviation will be one of the chief branches of the service. These are the birds that will make life miserable for the warring countries. They not only drop bombs on the opposing armies but also all over the civil population. We have seen cities in France that were almost a total wreck after a few days of nightly bombardment by German planes. The people each evening went into caves or into the fields to find places to sleep where they would not so likely wake up with a bomb in bed.

Major Logg, who commanded the squadron on its Eugene visit, was a private in the same National Guard company with us in Mexico in 1916. Then he did not think much of the "flying coffins," as the infantrymen termed the airplanes. But now he thinks differently. Aviation has made great strides in 15 years along with other and more deadly methods of warfare.

The science of flying is developing rapidly to be sure when a one-eyed man can fly around the world in nine days over countries he has never seen before.



RADIO AND HEALTH

Radio, the crowning achievement of its time, and one. of our greatest blessings, may be degraded to a mere matter of dollars and cents, when mankind descends wholly to that level. Did you ever think that your receiving set may lead you headlong into the open arms of the nostrum-vender and quack, solely in the interest of his pocketbook? That you are made poorer and he the richer by your own soft gullibility?

It gives me a first-rate of nausea to hear the blatant yawp of some hired man for a quack concern, pleading with me and you to go to the drug store, first thing in the morning and BUY a bottle of germ-killer that knocks 'em in a specified number of seconds!

These fellows that never crossed the threshold of a pathological laboratory in their lives, presume to tell me about "bacterit." They infer off-hand that you and I have a mouthful, neckful, stomach full of potent germs, deadly in character, if not killed off at once by the great bottled savior of mind and body; they juggle handily with laboratory terms, as though they had been raised on test tubes and retorts and chemical reactions; all to get YOU and ME to BUY their gully wash and soak it into our systems.

And do we buy it? We certainly do; we buy stuff of which we know absolutely nothing, at the solicitation of an itinerant who is solely interested in the sum he can extract from your purse, and who knows and cares nothing about the stuff he is paid to peddle. He gets his pabulum into the family, into your children, into you and your wife -and if you all use it four or six times a day, all the better -for the nostrum-vendor. For, nine out of ten, you could use hot water and boracic acid with better results at onetwentieth the cost.

A good rule for the rural radio-fan is, to believe nothing he hears from a paid propagandist. He has an ax to grind. and you, dear reader, have been picked out to turn the grindstone. Summon your horse sense; that my advice.

# TIGER

Bob Reeves, the Kid, was nickamed Tiger Eye by his friends down in the Brazos country be his "gun-eye" was yellow When his father, "Killer Reeves. died the Kid left Texas to avoid his father's Reaching Montana he is forced to draw on Nate Wheeler, an irate ster. In the exchange Wheeler drops dead, the Kid later learning that Bob Garner who had t at the same time, really killed Wheeler.

Garner gets the Kid to join the Poole outfit as a rim rider. The Kid accors Wheeler's widow and is interrupted by Pete Gorham and me other nesters. He shoots Gor ham through both ears for coupling his name with Wheeler's widow Later he rescues a girl, Nellie, and her dad from Gorham, wounding ete again. The girl, in spite of her belief the Kid is an imported Texas killer, warns him the nesters will kill him. The Kid warns Garner the nesters are planning an attack the Poole outfit. He meets Jess Markel, a Texan who is boss of the

oole wagon crew. That night the Kid shoots Markel through both hands when the latter attempts to kill him for being the of Killer Reeves. The rest of the gang approves of the Kid's ac-While near Nellie's home he hears the crack of a rifle and finds him then; looked at him long be her dad has been shot from ambush and helps carry the dead man into

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

The kid's face was bleak and old when he turned from the bed and Nellie's mother kneeling beside it, her arms thrown out and clutching her dead with the tensity of despair. Nellie was holding herself lay on the bed under a sheet, Killcalm in spite of her horror. The kid saw her in the kitchen, dipping water into the wash basin on the bench beside the back door. But as he went out to wash her father's life blood from his hands, he remembered her words and halted, look ing at her strangely.

"What call have you got to think I done it?" he demanded. "He was shot in the back, from somewheah up awn the hill. I was awn the road coming along by the old stack Yo'all can go look at the hawse tracks and see foh yose'f."

"I don't have to. I know what didn't do it."

"Reeves," said the kid, flushing a little "Bob Reeves is my name,

"Murray," said the girl, and put color crept into her cheeks as she met the kid's grave look.

Some nestah would try and shoot sign more than boot tracks. me foh a Poole ridah, I reckon. If theah's a hawse yo'all can ride-"

to catch.'

Oh. hurry!"

with meticulous care. The girl looked at him, toward Bushwhacking nesters from bethe cabin where her mother was hind rocks; that's what he was doweeping in great heavy, heartbreak- ing. Playing the kid for a sucker. the kid. He closed the door against and barley for hogs materially, in ing sobs.

They Eat Their Heads Off

romise I won't come back."

tie watched her ride off at a gal. getting back up on Big Bench, for and a rifle shell." his glance fell then to the tramp-

ed dirt under his feet, and the urned and scanned the ridge. Its side was mostly brushy and with a stunted tree growing here and there, but at the top there was a rough outcropping of brown sand- that Babe Garner had fired that but they did not go for his gun. stone with rock slabs tilted this rifle shot not to save the kid's way and that.

The kid was sure the killer had waited behind those rocks; just as sure as if he had seen him there. But he didn't go up right then to prove it. He went into the house nstead and stood with his hat in on the floor beside the bed.

The kid stood looking down at her for a minute.

He took the two tin water buck ets and followed a path from the back door to a spring, and brought back fresh water. She looked ct fore she took the glass and drank.

"You're a good boy," she said. Where's Nellie?" She stared round her

The kid told her. She did not seem to listen, but returned to her weeping. The kid wished she wouldn't cry like that; she sounded so much like his mother when Pap ers oughta be made to sit and listen to the widows of the men they shoot in the back.

The kid turned on the doorstep and leaned his head in at the door-

"Good-by, Ma'am," he called softy. "Reckon I'll have to be goin'

don't get you!'

ised Nellie he'd go. Somehow a turn bluish in Babe's forehead! made a bond between them which made me say that. Mr.—I know you going because Nellie made him pro- from a nightmare. He was on the out the match, snapped it in two, Nellie's old pappy he had shot.

Insolence leered up at the kid against a split peak. from every boot mark behind the up a hand to smooth her hair, tilted slabs of rock. The killer had snapped back to clear and pitiless kid's eyes met his with shamed "What shall we do?" She bit her not even tried to scuff out his thinking. He lifted his head, pur. understanding. lips, fighting back tears, and the tracks with a side-wise drag of the ked his stiffened lips and whistled The kid sat down on the bunk,

"I'll stay, heah, Mis: Murray, and there. Killer as careless as this stood there grinning as the kid He would have shot Babe just on while yo'all go foh help. I'd go my. and as sure of Poole protection- rode up. The kid grinned back at the strength of a broken match! If se'f, but I couldn't do no good, 'pears like he might leave some Babe, but his eyes gave their warn-Been smoking up here too.

The kid's thoughts halted as ab-"I could ride Prince, but he's up ruptly as his body. Even his heart stare of a tiger stalking his kill. in the pasture, and he's awful mean stopped dead still in his chest; or at least it felt as if it had. The "I reckon I can get 'im. My blood froze in his veins so that the kid swung down at the door. hawse is plumb foolish ovah any his face had a pinched, old look ridah but me, or I'd let yo'all take He bent stiffly with a slow reluct. Tiger Eye. Goin' to be a rip-snortance, utterly unlike himself, and er, when it gets here." "No, you'll have to be ready to go picked up something here, over before any one gets here. Prince there another something, and he a greenish-black cloud mass came is the sorrel with one white eye, stood up, looking at them in the palm of his hand.

He rode into the pasture and. Two pieces of broken match! roped the sorrel with the white eye, Two pieces fitting together-match found a sidesaddle and put it on snapped in the fingers and dropped. Babe! Babe a Poole killer!

Lay on the bunk, pretending he "I'm-we're much obliged, Mr. was reading story books all even- against it, his thumbs hooked in gon Experiment station and report-Reeves. You-you always come ing-hell! Lay there planning how side his cartridge belt. The kid's el in station circular 104, entitled, when I-when we need help. Pro he'd go out next morning and dry vivid picture of him revised itself "Preparation of Oats and Barley mise you won't stay till they come gulch some poah devil of a nester, in certain details with pitiless ac. for Pigs." that's what! Babe!

Pecos had to use his horse sense himse'f behind a ledge up awn the and take the full responsibility of hill. Left his boot tracks theah-

op, her gingham shirt whipping the kid just climbed into the sad- "Yeah? Well-" out beside the sorrel's flanks, her die - his foot fumbling like a vellow braid swinging in the breeze. drunken man's for the stirrup-and rode unseeingly away from that hellish spot, where he had seen the palm. bleak look returned to h.s face. He fair face of friendship blacken and Babe looked, lifted his glance to A little gold that's sure each week shrink to a grinning death's head the bleak face of the kid, and to before him.

He ought to have known, that eye. Babe's teeth caught at his But from a dead man in his grave, first day. He ought to have seen under lip. His fingers quiveredlife, but because he wanted to make certain Nate Wheeler was dead.

Up on the Bench there the other day, riding over to talk to Jess Markel. Babe lied and the kid knew he lied-and then had to go and swallow what Babe told him about his hand, looking down at the dead that talk. Babe more'n likely told man and at the woman huddled Jess all about Tiger Eye Reeves, and helped Jess plan how he could get him. Damn' fool-let Babe lie him blind. A cold-blooded killer like that!

Kill the kid some of these days. more'n likely.

He remembered the look on man, name of Joe Hale. Babe's face as he stood outside the The foreman talked while he ate Poole mess house, watching Jess largely of the supper Babe had Markel go by with his bandaged cooked. Babe talked too, but not With health in body, peace at heart on general business conditions, he hands.

Babe had lighted a cigarette. He it, soon as Joe Hale was gone. snapped the match in two-like Shoah storming. So dark inside the these pieces, here in the kid's kid got up and lighted the lamp. palm-and looked at the kid and . The foreman emptied his third said he'd rather be dead than cup of coffee, wiped his mustache with his handkerchief, hitched the crippled like that.

The kid's clenched hand rested box seat two inches back, and on the saddle horn and his head drew his tobacco and papers from was bowed, his cleft chin rest his pocket. Soon as he had his ing on the soft folds of his silk smoke going, he would get up and neckerchief. His eyes were star- leave. ing. He saw Babe, in a new and ter. The foreman reached thumb and finger into the watch pocket of his rible guise.

He was seeing Babe standing by vest, groped there, taking his time. the kitchen table, looking down at He finally drew a match from his shattered knuckles, and he was his packed, looked at it, used it "Good-by," she answered broken- hearing Babe say, "Put a bullet with little stabbing motions in the ly. "Look out them Poole killers through my damn' brain, Tiger air to point his meaning while he Eye! I'd rather be dead than like talked to Babe. Gosh, did he al-"Shoah will," said the kid. Prom- this." He was seeing a bullet hole ways talk that a way? It seemed to the kid that half an hour passed

The kid started and looked before the cigarette was finally the kid would never break. He was around like one suddenly awakened lighted. The foreman absently blew mise. And he was going to hunt last slope of the ridge running up dropped the pieces on the floor and down tne killer, because it was to the tiny walled in basin where got up, reaching for his hat. Babe's cabin stood snugly sheltered Babe lifted his head and looked full at the kid. He saw the kid's

He gave himself a little shake, lips loosen, saw them quiver as the the signal of all Poole ritters, his arms resting on his knees and The kid's eyes went seeking here Babe pulled open the door and his face bent to the floor. Babe! ing. His blue left eye was squinting and the amber right eye was opened full and had the baleful

"Well, yuh made it ahead of the storm," Babe called cheerfully, as 'Fraid yuh might get caught out,

The kid turned and looked where coiling up from the southwest.

He brushed past him and went inside, turning to face Babe. "What's the matter, Tiger Eye? Anything happen?"

"Yes, suh. Righ smaht happend, Babe. A nestah got killed." Babe's cold gray eyes scrutinized a puff of wind, leaned his back a study just concluded at the Orecuracy. Babe would not fall be-

By Albert T. Reid

tween the stove and table. He would topple over toward the buck more'n likely. 'Who was it, d'yuh know? Cr

"Left anotha sign. Pabe."

"Yeah? What sign's that?"

They did not dare.

"Left this, Babe." He opened his

whistled signal all Poole riders

kid's face. He turned his back.

the foreman hadn't come right

when he did, he'd have killed Babe

Garner-the best friend he ever

Babe! Clearing the table, scrap-

ing thep lates just as if nothing

had happened. Stopping now to

make himself a cigarette while the

kid watched him from under his

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FINELY GROUND GRAINS

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Soaking Grain for Growing Pigs

has Very Little Advantage

Finds College Expert

Fine grinding has been found to

improve the feeding value of oats

to growing pigs under 100 pounds live weight, while the barley ex-

periments were with fattening pigs weighing about 100 pounds at the

start and about 180 at the finish. Good feed grades of barley and

Grinding improved the feeding quality of barley even more than

of oats, says A. W. Oliver, assistant animal husbandman, who con-

ducted the experiments. Steam

rolling of barley increased its feed-

ing value 16.5 per cent, or 3.4 per

cent more than fine grinding, but

is too expensive a process for gen-

eral farm use. Steam rolling of

Little or no advantage wasgain-

Little or no advantage was

gained from soaking whole oats

for growing pigs, or from soaking

barley for fattening pigs. Coarse

grinding of both grains improved

their feeding value slightly but not

enough to make it an economical

practice. Grain was considered

finely ground when the particles

were so small that it was difficult

to distinguish the hulls from the

kernels.

Oliver.

oats lessened their value.

oats were used.

had in his life.

ong eye-lashes.

foreman owned that voice.

was there. Flag of truce.

back.

maybe yuh ain't tellin.' "Old Pappy Murray, shot in the

"Hunh. Well-" Babe hesitated '-he's a nester and a cow thiof. He had it comin', Tiger Eye." TRULY GREAT "He nevah had it comin' in front of his own doah. The killah cached

By William H. Davis My walls outside must have some flowers. My walls within must have some books;

A house that's small; a garden large. And in it leafy nocks,

That comes not from my living that tiger stare of the yellow right kind.

Who cannot change his mind. A lovely wife, and gentle, too; Contented that no eyes but mine Interruption came. The shrill, see her many charms, nor

voice knew. Babe's eyes searched the To call her beauty fine.

pulled open the door, answered Where she would in that stone age

"Supper ready, Babe?" The Poole A self-made prisoner with me; While many a wild bird sang

Nothing would happen while he around. On gate, on bush, on tree.

Cards lay as they fell till the foreman left again. Meant to go, And she sometimes to answer them, In her far sweeter voice than all; all right. Didn't unsaddle his horse -meant to ride on to the Poole Till birds, that loved to look on leaves soon as he had his supper and the

Will doat on a stone wall. storm was over. Straight, honest

With this small house, this garden

very much. Knew he'd have to face Show me a man more great.

POULTRY PRODUCTION HOLDING OWN IN STATE

arge Flocks Necessary to Meet Expenses When Operating on Small Profit Margin

In spite of the fact that poultry rices seem to have hit rock botom during the past year, poultry production on the whole is more than holding its own with other Oregon farm enterprises, according to A. G. Lunn, chief of the poultry department of the Oregon Experiment station.

"I do not know of any major branch of agriculture today that is paying the producer as well as the poultry business," Lunn said. "The poultryman who has good stock and enough of it can more than pay his basic cost of production, even though he may not get interest on investment.

The situation during the past ear has emphasized more strongly than ever, Lunn believes, the importance of the size of the poultry flock. Where poultry constitutes the principal farm income a flock of not less than 1000 hens is essential. Small flock owners are just "out of luck" during such times of stress, he says.

Lunn believes that the lowest evels of egg and poultry prices have been reached that may be expected for at least a couple of years, and that with fewer eggs in storage and fewer birds being raised, the price of eggs this year will be an improvement over last. This little gold, this lovely mate, This, however, depends somewhat

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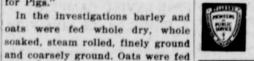
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Yet it costs but a few cents a day.

Most hammer mills of the type commonly used on farms will grind grain finely when a screen with 1/4 inch holes is used. Burr mills are less suitable for fine grinding, says

The Carnegie Commission has awarded nearly 2500 medals and more than \$4,000,000 in money for deeds of valor since 1904.



KEEP RIDING TO THE HOUNDS IF UNCLE SAM QUITS SUPPLY THE HAY AND MEAT