

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
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Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE
One Year in Advance \$1.75 Three Months .75c
Six Months .90 Single Copy .5c

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1931 THE CASCADE HIGHWAY

Delegates from every town from Oregon City to Springfield met with the highway commission in Salem last week to ask that the Cascade highway leading along the foothills between the above named cities be placed on the state secondary road program. This road if built will serve territory not now on state highways and shorten the distance to Portland. People of Silverton, Lebanon, Brownsville and smaller places must now travel west several miles to the Pacific highway before going north to Portland.

The new road would shorten the distance from Eugene and Springfield to Portland 18 to 20 miles. It would also lighten the through traffic on the Pacific highway by providing a substitute route. It should be built before the Pacific highway is widened as it will relieve the congestion which is now the basis of argument for widening this highway.

The Pacific highway, one of the finest roads in the country when it was built, does not now measure up to modern road standards. There will need to be much straightening and changes in alignment before it can be brought up to date and widened. This will no doubt cost as much as to build a substitute road in another location, thus developing sections of the Willamette valley now poorly served by both highways and railroads. The Cascade highway has the endorsement of the county courts of Clackamas, Marion, Linn and Lane counties. It should be on the state program.

TYING THE NATION TOGETHER

The process of tying every part of the United States to every other part of the United States by means of modern hard-surfaced highways is going on more rapidly than ever before. It is a big program, for this is a big country. But we only have to look back a few years, to the days before the automobile, to realize what tremendous progress has been made.

One would have to go a long way into the back country these days to find a main-traveled road as bad as even the average highway was twenty years ago. Where today is there a main road that is not passable for teams in any weather? There used to be thousands of them in which wagons would be mired hub-deep in the spring and defy all efforts of horses, mules and oxen to move them.

It has cost us something to build our national system of highways, but the result has been worth the cost. Some states have built more roads than others, but every state is doing its share. This year the greatest increase in highway expenditure is being made by Louisiana, with a \$71,950,000 road budget for 1931 compared with about half as much last year. All told, states, counties and the federal government are spending \$259,897,000 on roads this year. That is only \$15,000,000 or so more than last year. New York, naturally, is spending the most, a hundred and fifty-three millions, with Pennsylvania, second. Sixteen states are spending less on roads this year than last, 32 of them more.

One noticeable result is the greatly increased freedom of intercourse between all parts of the nation. The people of one section no longer regard those of others with suspicion, as strangers. It is probably true that the majority of Americans have travelled farther from their home communities, seen more of the rest of the world outside their local boundaries, than have any appreciable proportion of the people of any other country. That alone will, in time, make us a broader-minded, more cultured people than is to be found anywhere else.

Scientists announce the growing of a new tobacco without nicotine. We imagine this brand will be about as popular as near-beer.

German educators want to exchange children for a few months among nations to promote international tolerance. Seems to us that might lead to another world war.



I went to see Frank Craven's play "That's Gratitude." After the show Mrs. Craven and Grantland Rice took me up to Frank's apartment. Other friends dropped in, and presently Frank himself arrived—genuine, whimsical, modest, totally unspoiled.

Seeing him in his own home made it easier to understand his success. Everything was simple and old-fashioned and sincere. When he writes a play he just picks a situation out of an ordinary American home, and then he walks on the stage and is himself.

On the way home another thought struck me. He is the author of the play, and his name is printed on the program and written in front of the theatre in electric lights.

Yet it is a play without a star. At least five other characters are just as important as he is. He is on the stage no more than they are, and they are given just as many good lines.

He might have written the piece so as to monopolize the spot light, and it might have been a success or it might have been a flop. But being the sort of chap he is, he is content to be in the background a good share of the time. His royalties will award his good sense.

Years ago Cameron McKenzie wrote a short story entitled, "The Man Who Was It." The story told about a business that had been making good profits for many years. The president took life very easy. He played golf, travelled in Europe, and let the boys assume responsibility.

Afr his death a young and very efficient executive was brought in, who decided that everything needed tightening up. When the purchasing agent was about to sign a big contract, the new Boss jumped into the negotiations himself. When the sales manager had a large order to close, the Boss said: "I'll pack my bag and go with you." When the production manager made plans for rearranging the plant, the Boss revised his plans. He worked about twenty hours a day, and was always criticising his predecessor who had seemed to work so little.

The result was that his associates, being robbed of both responsibility and credit, lay back and let him do it. He worked himself into a nervous breakdown, and the business went on the rocks.

I am told that the Jesuits had this motto: "A great deal of good can be done in the world if one is not too careful who gets the credit."

Wise leaders recognize this golden principle and profit by it. The foolish hog the spotlight, and frequently go to smash.

TIGER EYE

By B. M. Power



Bob Reeves, the Kid, was nicknamed Tiger Eye by his friends down in the Brazos country because his "gun-eye" was yellow. When his father, "Killer Reeves," died the Kid left Texas to avoid continuing his father's feud. Reaching Montana he is forced to draw on Nate Wheeler, an irate neater. In the exchange of shots Wheeler drops dead, the Kid later learning that Bob Garner who had also shot at the same time, really killed Wheeler.

Garner gets the Kid to join the Poole outfit as a rim rider. The Kid succors Wheeler's widow and is interrupted by Pete Gorham and some other nesters. He shoots Gorham through both ears for complaining his name with Wheeler's. Later he rescues a girl, Nellie, and her dad from Gorham, wounding Pete 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 on the Poole outfit. He meets Jess Markel, a Texan who is boss of the Poole wagon crew and shoots him through both hands.

Nellie's dad is shot from ambush and the Kid suspects Babe against his wish. The latter thinks another neater killed the old man. Babe is wounded by hidden enemies, who also shoot at Tiger Eye but miss. The Kid pulls Babe back into the cabin and wounds one of the attackers.

Nellie comes to the cabin secretly to aid the Kid and the latter crawls through the roof and makes plans to escape with the wounded Babe at night. He and Nellie wait for darkness outside of the cabin. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

Tenth Installment

"Babe's woke up." The kid lowered the mouth organ from his lips, heaving a big sigh as he wiped it on his sleeve and slid it into his pocket.

He sighed again as he rose, hitched up his gun belt and looked gravely down at her.

"We all could get out o' here easy if it was just us two. But I can't leave Babe. He's been powful good to me, Babe has—"

"Of course, we can't leave him. They'd kill him sure, and there's been too much killing already. We'll make it somehow. I—you can just do anything, Tiger Eye!"

"Shoah feel like I could, from now on," said the kid, looking at her with shy meaning, and started to climb. "We'll make it," he called softly down to her. "We've plumb got to make it!"

They did make it. Down the gully, with Babe tied on his horse, insensible to pain or motion. Fifty yards, a hundred, with the rifles on the ridge barking foolishly at the empty cabin.

The sun went down behind the rim, the daylight was merging into dusk when the kid forced the horses up the steep bank.

"Say, where do you think you're goin', Tiger Eye?" Babe roused suddenly to consciousness and speech when they stopped beside Nellie's horse, circling the rock anxiously in the starlight.

"Reckon we'll go awn o'vah to the Poole, Babe."

"What you goin' to the Poole all of a sudden for?" Babe's voice sharpened. "Think you'll beat me to the bounty? You've got another think comin', Kid. I'll do the collectin' on this one."

"Don't know what you're talkin' about, Babe." The kid glanced easily toward Nellie. "I'm tottin' you'll o'vah to the Poole, account of that bullet hole in yoh side."

"You're a damned liar!" Babe's voice was abnormally loud and distinct. Nellie, mounting her horse, reined close to listen. "You're goin' to try to gyp me outa my money for old Murray. You can have the pay for gettin' Ed Murray, if you want to be on the grab, but I'll be damned if you're going to collect for the old man!"

"Oh, you—you fiend!" Nellie forced the words out through her clenched teeth. "Paid killers, both of you!"

"Ain't paid yet, but I'm sure as hell goin' to be. Damn right!" The febrile strength that had upheld Babe for a minute began to ebb. He swayed in the saddle. "Dirty work—and it's money talks, in this neck up the woods. Damn right I'll be paid! Tiger Eye ain't goin' to get the best—the best of me—he can't!" His head lolled on his chest then, as his body sagged against the ropes that held him in the saddle.

"You killer!" Nellie jumped her horse toward the kid.

She had pulled her quirt from the saddle horn, and she struck him across the face; swift, slashing blows which the kid never felt at all, save in the heart of him. He just stood there in the starlight and held the frightened horse quiet, while the quirt he had given her left its mark on neck and shoulder and cheek.

"And I trusted you like a fool—and thought you were good!" With one final blow her arm fell to her side as if in despair at ever wreaking vengeance upon him. "Shoot me now, why don't you? I'll turn my back!"

"You're crazy as Babe." The soft drawl of his voice had a chill. "Yoh brothah was shot befo' I evah came into the country. I nevah did kill a man in my life—but I plumb

tempted to right now, lessen he's dadd a'ready."

"Why? Because he gave you away?" Her voice shook with stubborn rage.

"You'll know bettah than that, Miss Murray. You'll know in yoh own mind I nevah harmed a livin' soul." He leaned forward, staring up in'o her face with a cold intensity that thrilled her with something like fear. "But that ain't sayin' what I will do from now on."

"Bob! If you didn't—if I knew—"

"Evenin' Ma'am. You'll know the way home."

He loosed the bridle and struck her horse on the rump with the flat of his hand and watched her go, and the thud of hoofbeats on the prairies, fell like blows upon his heart. When no sound came back to him, the kid mounted Pecos, took Babe's bride reins in his hand and rode away into the night.

The kid was pulling out, but he was taking his time about it and he was not leaving anything he owned behind him. With his gray hat set low over the utter misery in his eyes, he stood in the middle of the cabin at Cold Spring and his lowering glance moved slowly around the room, just to make sure that he had not missed any of his possessions. It was not a cheerful looking place. The glass from the one window lay in splintered fragments on the oiled table cover, and a few early flies buzzed in and out through the shattered panes, where rifle bullets had buzzed in yesterday. The log walls were scarred with the thin leaden hail that had beaten intermittently against the cabin.

The kid swung toward the bunk and looked at the pillow still nested to the shape of Babe's sleek black head. The muscles tightened along his jaw. Babe wouldn't have liked the look in the kid's eyes just then. Crazy as he had been from fever, Babe would have sensed the deadly quality in the kid's arrested glance, the tiger eye round and staring.

He got his own pillow and tucked it savagely under his arm. The nights when he had laid his head down beside Babe's in contented comradeship fairly slapped him in the face now with a bitter contempt for his blind faith.

And when he talks like you're the one that did the killing—when he talks like that right before Nellie, and makes her so crazy mad she starts in quirtin' you over the head and calling you a killer, just because she's only a girl and can't shoot you down like a dog, it's something worse than hate you feel toward him, Babe had brains sharper than any old he-wolf, but his brains sure weren't working last night, when he made that talk up there on the Bench.

Most men would have shot Babe right then and there. They wouldn't have cared a damn about his being drilled through the middle and plumb out of his head. But even with the welts of Nellie Murray's quirt on his cheek and the lash of her contempt searing his heart, the kid couldn't pull his gun and send a bullet into Babe Garner, wounded and sagging against the rope that held him tied on his horse. That would be putting himself down on a level with Babe, killing a man that hasn't any chance to shoot back. Had to go on and take Babe to the Poole ranch, same as if he were a friend.

The kid rolled himself a cigarette, lighted it with a match held steady in his fingers, picked up his rifle where it stood leaning against the cabin beside the door, slid it into the scabbard on his saddle and mounted. Where he was going, he did not know or care.

His hand went up suddenly to a livid welt across his cheek. He hadn't earned that cut of Nellie's quirt. His quirt, if you came right down to it. Braided in pride and high hopes down on the Brazos last winter, before Pap and Ben were shot. Never did think that quirt he had braided would be laid across his own cheek with all the strength there was in a girl's arm. Another half inch and it would have laid him that yellow tiger eye of his—and that, too, would have been something he hadn't earned.

"She nevah will call me a paid killah no moah," he told himself savagely. "She'll heah things about Tiger Eye Reeves that will shoah prove I'm death on killahs. Poole or nestab, it's all he same to me from now on. She'll know—and she'll know why!"

She'd shiver too. He'd have her eating grass before the summer was over. She'd be ready to go down on her knees to him. He'd show her he wasn't called Tiger Eye for nothin'. He'd shoah make that name mean something more than just the color of his eye. They'd remember that old Killer Reeves down on the Brazos was his pap, and they'd say the father wasn't a patch to the son. Yes, sir, they all better hunt their holes now, Poole killers and nesters! They'd pushed him too far. A shoah-enough tiger was loose on the range, and every man was his meat!

He pulled his hat down over his eyebrows and reined away from the valley rim. To the north there rose a huddle of timbered buttes with deep-set canyons between. Ten miles, no more, from the valley; twelve or fifteen from the headquarters ranch of the Poole. There should be some sequestered little nook in there where he could make his lair.

The kid's fingers lifted again to that welt slanting down across his cheek. One last glimpse he had of the low ridge and the line of cottonwoods down there in the valley, and then the rain blotted the place from his sight.

Before dark he camped in a thick grove of young spruce that grew beside a natural meadow. He slept, his quirt-scarred cheek cuddled in the crook of his arm—and dreamed of making love to Nellie Murray. Dreamed that she was going to marry him, and they planned the homestead they would take in Wolfe Buttes, somewhere, and how they would build themselves a ranch with honeysuckle vines all over the cabin.

It was morning and it was raining with a cold, steady drip on the spruce boughs that sheltered him like a thatched roof.

bushes that had caught the kid's attention when he looked that way. Except for that tell-tale fragment, the cabin was absolutely hidden in the thicket. When he looked beyond, he saw where there had been a corral and a stable, all built of rock cunningly piled for strength and concealment. There had to be a spring too, of course. He found it, ice cold and crystal clear, in a niche of the cliff that was a part of the back wall of the cabin.

He also saw a rock-walled meadow swelling out like a great fat jug below its narrow neck of a pass not wide enough to let a hayrack through without scraping the wall on either side. The kid climbed upon a boulder and for five minutes he gazed out over this lost paradise. Lost from the world, to be found by him when he needed it most.

It took the kid nearly a week to make the place habitable, though he worked furiously from sunrise until it was too dark to see what he was doing. It took him two days to find his way out of the intricate network of canyons to the open range beyond.

The kid drilled himself and his horses in the twisted canyons of Wolfe Buttes, and let the sword of Justice dangle awhile over the unsuspecting heads of the paid killers of the Poole. Let Nellie wonder awhile what had become of him, too. He reckoned it wouldn't hurt her to wonder and guess. Bound to guess plumb wrong, and he'd prove it to her, when he got good and ready.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's bower;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plow.

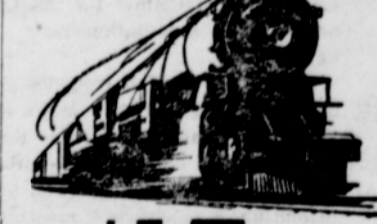
They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark,
Then, fasting their sheep, they hasten to sleep
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with
birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose
minds are bent
To follow the useful plow.

GRAVEL DREDGING MAY
DAMAGE LAND, REPORT
Installation of a county rock crusher on the Coast Fork of the Willamette north of Walker for contemplated road work in that area has brought a request from a number of farm owners along the stream for a conference with the county court before the crusher is set up.

A letter from Clyde E. Wright received by the court states that farm owners fear that the taking of gravel from the stream bed at this point will change the course of the current and may damage farms below.

The court announced that before the crusher starts operations a hearing either here or at the scene of operations will be held.

FROM MAIN LINE POINTS BY TRAIN



\$15 TO
SAN FRANCISCO

ROUNDTRIP . . . \$28
Coach ticket, good in day coaches or reclining chair cars—also in Tourist Sleepers on payment of berth charge (about 1/2 the Standard Pullman cost.)

\$24 TO
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One-way coach ticket that saves you many dollars. This is train comfort at the lowest possible cost.
ROUNDTRIP . . . \$45
(50 pounds of baggage may be checked free on these tickets.)

Southern Pacific
CARL OLSON, Agent
Phone 66

JULY RECEIPTS GOOD FOR CLERK'S OFFICE

Receipts at the office of the county clerk for the month of July totaled \$1805.55, according to a report made Saturday. This is quite

a big total for July when business is usually not so heavy.

The total receipts were segregated as follows: Recording fees, \$572.25; circuit court fees, \$834; probate court and county court receipts, \$138; marriage licenses, \$156; miscellaneous fees, \$105.30.

Men's Hose 10c pr.
Curtain Scrim 10c yd.
Full Size BED SPREADS - - 95c
at
Hoffman's Dry Goods Store
The New Store in Springfield I. O. O. F. Bldg.

DRUGS
WITH A REPUTATION FOR PURITY
Our drugs are the purest that money can buy. If you have not experienced the satisfaction of buying your drugs at our splendidly equipped modern drug store, come in and get acquainted with our quality merchandise and our everyday low prices.
Ketels' Drug Store
In New Store Main, Near Fifth

Ice Cream...
FOR DINNER—
BUT BE SURE IT'S EGGIMANN'S—
Certainly! Junior would welcome the opportunity to dash over to Eggimann's for that coveted ice cream without any inveigling on your part. Just say "Ice cream for dinner" and see how quickly you'll get his attention.
Eggimann's ice cream is healthful for old and young.
EGGIMANN'S
"Where the Service is Different"

Forty Miles from Nowhere ---
He thought that weak tire would run a few days more—but it didn't. Again we say—bring that weak tire to use in time. We'll put the weak parts in good condition and you will be rewarded by the many more miles of service you will receive.
"A" Street Service Station
Home of VIOLET RAY and ETHYL

ELECTROLUX
THE Gas REFRIGERATOR

THE MODERN KIND OF REFRIGERATOR — ELECTROLUX — IS AUTOMATIC WITHOUT ANY MACHINERY AT ALL. A TINY GAS FLAME AND A TINY FLOW OF WATER TAKES THE PLACE OF ALL MOVING PARTS IN THIS REMARKABLE REFRIGERATOR.
See it demonstrated at our office
NORTHWEST CITIES GAS Co.
931 Oak St. Phone 28

The electric washer substitutes electric power for human labor



primitive life requires food, clothing and shelter. MODERN LIFE DEMANDS COMPLETE ELECTRIC SERVICE

The primitive woman who washed her simple garments by soaking them in water and beating them against a stone didn't have such a bad idea—the electric washer operates on the same general principle, only scientifically modified and adjusted so that no harm is done to the daintiest articles of wearing apparel.

There is one important difference, whereas the primitive woman actually worked when she washed clothes, the modern woman simply watches an efficient machine substitute electric power for human labor.

In a few hours, and at the cost of only a few cents... because electric service is cheap... an electric washer will do the biggest kind of a family wash. Select the one you like from your dealer's stock.

Mountain States Power Company