THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1931

WHEN THE MILLS WILL OPEN

The lumber situation was summed up for us a few days ago by managers of several large plants about as follows:

Usually there are few orders for lumber during the months of July and August but the mills operate on excess orders coming in during May and June. This year there was not only a very low price but very little demand for any lumber and no orders accumulated in the spring months for summer run. Consequently many of the large mills have shut down.

Whether these mills will reopen in September depends on whether any orders are received. Usually the market strengthens by the first of September. Whether it will this year is problematical but there is hopes. While none of the mills expect to make a profit, when the situation comes to a point where they will lose less running than by being shut down, most of them will reopen.

Mill managers feel that if possible they should run to give labor employment. However, they must also consider, that they are depleting their stumpage and wasting their resources by running at a loss.

Lumber mills of the northwest are now running about 40 per cent capacity. Fall may see them running from 60 to 80 per cent capacity.

MAKING UP THE TICKET BEFORE A SALE

We read in the daily press that Governor Meier has been cutting out a half million dollars here and lopping off another half million there until it seems that soon we will not be paying any taxes. Truth is the governor started out by signing appropriation bills for \$11,451,079 from the general fund revenues of \$9,973,732 or nearly \$1,500,000 more than he had revenue to pay. Necessarily he must make some cuts or somone will go without pay.

After the governor has deducted the savings made the state it looks like his two year fiscal administration will cost the state 18 per cent more than the previous biennium. The price tag was marked up considerably before the governor started advertising his sale,-state government at reduced

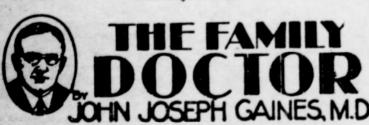
A GOOD CODE FOR ANYBODY

Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of the revolution against British rule in India, told newspaper men the other day the rules of conduct which have governed his own life. He would not presume to lay down rules for anybody else, he said, but he had a code which he had consistently followed. These are the rules of life, as Gandhi observes them!

Love. Truth. Chastity Fearlessness. Service to others. Belief in the equality of all mankind. Abstention from alcohol, tobacco and drugs. Belief that all great religions are of equal worth. Taking nothing that is not paid for by one's own work. Valuing possessions not for themselves but for their usefulness.

It is not easy to live in a world which professes, in the main, such a code, and to obey it literally. For while these rules of conduct as laid down by Gandhi differ in no important respect from those laid down by Jesus Christ and before Him by Buddha and other great religious teachers, very few human being have had the hardihood to even attempt to live up to them. Gandhi himself, even his enemies admit, comes about as close to it as any man in modern times.

It seems to us that one of the causes of the trouble in which the world finds itself today is that most people have forgotten these ancient rules of life, which have always been sound and still are. We have been carried away, all of us, both in America and elsewhere, by the idea that there is some magic in material possessions which will make us happy in spite of ourselves. Nothing was ever farther from



THE EVIDENCE

My readers may possibly wonder why I am so frequently denouncing the six o'clock dinner; this, when so many of our foremost citizens indulge the feast as a sort of triumph

(1) From a study of aged men and women, I find the longest-lived to be those who are hearty breakfast-eaters, and who do not load the digestive tract at the evening meal.

(2) From a study of vital statistics, I find that six o'clock dinner devotees succumb to "heart disease" or cerebral hemorrhage, never later than the middle sixties. These are city-dwellers, who are too busy to attend necessary meals until the day's business is done.

(3) If I were to inject the expressed juice of the average six o'clock dinner into a patient's veins, I feel sure that I would kill him instantly! Well-the six o'clock dinner glutton gets those juices into his veins more slowly, hence he is slower about dying of "heart disease" than he'd be with intravenous injection.

(4) The tired body—the tired, half-exhausted nervous system cannot supply the necessary gastric and pancreatic fluids to digest a heavy six o'clock feed; hence the juices of the "gorge" are taken into the system by absorption, and in a shape that cannot be utilized in the repair of bodily tire not all, nor half of it can be said to be fit.

(5) Hence, it is carried with the blood-current, an active poison, unfit for the human systemic repair. Hence the eater does not want breakfast next morning-has a feeble appetite at noon—but is ready for the disappointing over-feed at the following six o'clock. The very arteries of the heart become poisoned slowly. The vessels of the brain give way in their walls. Short breath and apoplectic symptoms develop slowly, insidiously. They finally kill.

(6) Any thinking physician, if he will observe carefully, cannot fail to agree with me. Lastly, if I want to have a groggy, heavy, indolent feeling tomorrow, I will stuff my carcass with a six o'clock dinned tonight, at the church dinner that I am billed to attend.



ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

died the Kid left Texas to avoid this strange conglomeration of hills ntinuing his father's feuds. and hollows and wild crooked can-Reaching Montana he is forced to draw on Nate Wheeler, an irate yons. nester. In the exchange of shots The kid moved his glasses a little things ovah at the cabin, 'Peahs like killed Wheeler.

Garner gets the Kid to join the the canyon. Poole outfit as a rim rider. The The kid rode slowly along the ner the nesters are planning an attack on the Poole outfit. He neets Jess Markel, a Texan who is Nellie Murray, dressed in her attack on the Poole outfit.

his wish. The latter thinks another of her saddle as she rode. She carnester killed the old man. Babe is ried her dad's rifle in the crook of cabin and wounds one of the attackers.

ly and aids Tiger Eye to escape let it down again. with the wounded Babe. While they The kid looked at her with that any. are riding off, Babe becomes deon the killers of both factions.

costs money.

So he sat one night in a poker burrow. Honest player, though. fo'." Never caught him in any funny "Well, that remains to be seen, killing. Ed was one of the first-

ney taking careful, nippy steps to fighting nestahs, I know that. But 1 "Well, it's Reverse E. But 1 halance the big and bulging pack on than his master that day. Tobacco they don't steal cattle, Miss Murmyself." and five pounds of candy and a ray." songbook and two cartons of cart- "Oh, don't they? Walter Bell gruffly. ridges wrapped in the kid's slicker and tied behind the cantle. The ing that!" kid's pockets sagged with six new mouth organs, Key C and D, in bright red pasteboard boxes.

The kid was almost ready now to show Nellie Murray he was neither a killer nor a cur to take a licking and crawl off under the brush and name of Tiger Eye would send men's glances back over their

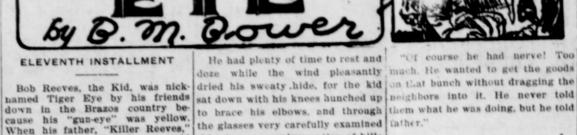
growth through which the kid was giving himself away. riding. They came out finally off with our cattle!" against a barbedwire fence, built straight across through the thicket. Good stout posts that looked solid as the teeth in the kid's mouth. Poole?" hummed like a tuning fork when their right-of-way.

Plumb strange to find a fence like that over in this part of the country. This wasn't Poole land, and he never heard of nesters over in this direction. No trails coming up

a sandstone ledge where the last too. You know why, don't you?" post stood in a hole drilled into solid rock and was set there with said drily." cement. And that was plumb Nellie flushed and looked down at strange too. Nothing to do about the rifle sagging in her grasp.

to the other arm of the sandstone fit in the pen."

An hour or more later Pecos cigarette was lighted but the kid stopped on the crest of a long ridge forgot to smoke it. His mind went and stood with braced legs, com- shuttling back and forth, weaving pletely winded after the steep Nellie's story into certain puzzling climb, though the kid had been con- fragments of information he had siderate enough to come up on his never been able to make anything



Wheeler drops dead, the Kid later and saw a horseman just riding out 1 wasn't trusted at no time." learning that Bob Garner who had of sight behind a chokecherry thicalso shot at the same time, really ket. He semed to be coming down

Kid succors Wheeler's widow and canyon bottom, playing his mouth out our cattle were gone. I rode is interrupted by Pete Gorham and organ as he went, and letting his ham through both ears for coupl. long legs sway to the rhythm of the ing his name with Wheeler's widow, tune. The kid's eyes lightened with sight. I saw where they'd been Later he rescues a girl, Nellie, and a peculiar gleam but the tune he driven off, and then when I went her dad from Gorham, wounding Pete again. The girl, in spite of her belief the Kid is an imported until a black horse and rider came Texas killer, warns him the nesters into view. The kid gave one startled will kill him. The Kid warns Gar- look and the music stopped with a

boss of the Poole wagon crew and dead brother's overalls and blue shoots him through both hands.

Nelile's dad is shot from ambush and the Kid suspects Babe against of yellow hair sweeping the cantle his wish. The letters was a support of the same of t wounded by hidden enemies, who her arms, as if she meant to meet also shoot at Tiger Eye but miss. danger a little more than halfway, their own accord, she lifted the Nellie comes to the cabin secret- rifle midway to her shoulder, then

lirious and accuses the Kid of try- curious, steady stare of his yellow ing to cheat him out of the pay for right eye, and his face had the ex-killing Nellie's brother. Nellie, out-pressionless look of a rtained gamraged at being betrayed in her faith in the Kid, slashes him across the as he stared at her.

wanted more money than he had in way!" she exclaimed, in a tone that from any of the valley folks, for his pocket. Wouldn't be working for was worse than another cut of the they don't know it. The Poole wages now for awhile, and grub quirt. "Where are the cattle?" "What cattle?"

He rode out of town at noon, Bar- "Shoah wish I did. The Poole's I find 'em-

the Poole." No. How long since?"

outa Cold Spring cabin."

poor shooting." whimper over his hurts. He was the kid's ears red as if she had over on the farther slope. just about ready to start in taming slapped them, but he made no an- Adios, Miss Murray!" The kid

use? shoulders and make a prickle go up around the saddle horn and began a reed so that the note buzzed like into the roots of their hair. The to roll a cigarette, taking plenty of a bee in a bottle. range tiger was going on the prowl. time. A man could do a heap of He rode on ahead of her. Didn't It was hot down in that willow thinking over a cigarette without act like she was going home. Didn't

"No. kain't say I do."

"Well, they did."

sure," she retorted sharply. "None him a chance. the kid leaned over and gave one a of our neighbors would do it, and the fences the railroads built along wants to run us out of the country. si awful rough country." You know why, don't you?"

"Kain't say I do, lessen it's because yoah a nestah."

"Oh, of course all the nesters are being made the goats for Walter this way, no nothing. Shoah was Bell! He's got to lay the blame They followed the fence for half he's scared to death of us Murrays a hour of steady plodding along the and he means to drive us out. He's narrow lane cut by the fence build. got Ed and father out of the way, ers. The came slap up against but he's afraid of Mother and me "Kain't blame 'em for that," he

it, though. Couldn't even ride back "It's because old Walt Bell is along the edge of the willows be- afraid Mother and I know what Ed cause it was just a mess of broken found out about the Poole. Ed rock and rubble from the steep caught the Poole cowboys stealing slope that evidently stood above Poole cattle, that's why! Some of them-that stand in close with Once more the kid turned Pecos Walter Bell. Joe Hale for one, and short around, and rode back along Jess Markel for another. He caught the fence. He crossed a creek bed them running a wildcat brand on covered with hot sun-bleached cob- Poole calves, over this way someblestones with stagnant pools in the where. He found out a lot, and hollows. There the fence became a then he wrote back to the head brush and wire barrier higher than moguls in New York and told them the kid's head. No animal bigger what was going on." She bit her than a rabbit could wriggle through lip. "That was away last March, there. He rode another half mile and they haven't done a thing about or two before he came to the edge it, though Mother says Ed sent of the fence and found it anchored enough proof to put the whole out-

"Shoah had nerve, that boy." The



Plumb strange yo'all nevah men tioned it, when we talked these

"I didn't know it then. Mother knew, but they were afraid to talk about it, much. She only told me early this morning, when we found cows and there wasn't a hoof in whole story."

"Shoah would like to know what yoh mothah said." he observed, in what would have been a cold and formal tone, except that the kid's soft Texas voice made a pleasing melody whenever he spoke.

"Mother told me Ed was always trying to figure out why the Poole had it in for the nesters, after let ting them settle in the valley with out making a fuss. Ed did a lot of Pale, trembling age, and flery youth, riding outside the valley. The Poole And childhood with its brow of claimed he was rustling calves, but The rich and poor, on land and sea, that's a lie. I know how we got every hoof we owned. We only had forty-two head. Now he haven't got

If yoah broathah got proof-" "He got enough to put the fear of the Lord into Walter Bell," she declared bitterly. "We don't know in the Kid, siasnes him across the for war he looked, but he didn't feel whether they saw Ed watching But other men our lands shall till, Babe over to the Poole outfit, Tiger that way. Hot crimples went chasthem, or whether the eastern own- And others then our streets shall Eye finds a deserted cabin and de- ing up his spine, and the back of his ers wrote back and told Walt what termines to wage independent war neck had a queer tightened feeling. Ed said about him and his outfit. The Poole certainly must have His grub was getting low. He "Well! I've found one of you, any- found out somehow, and it wasn't started in-dry-gulching, if you ROBBERY CHARGE IN know what that means, and I sup-"Our cattle that you Poole men pose you do, all right." She sent game with three cowboys from over stole out of our pasture last night. him a quick glance and looked away toward the Rosebud and a lucky Every hoof we own! I'm going to again when the kid failed to meet prospector just in from the Black get them back, if I have to fight her eyes. "Before, it was just mean Hills. Walked out at daylight with every Texas killer in the country." range tricks-hogging the range his pants bulging at the sides like "I'm a Texas man, all right, but and accusing the nesters of rustla pocket gopher packing grass to its I'm no killah. Told yo'all that be- ing calves and killing beef and all that. But all at once they started

business. Plain lucky, that kid with You're a Poole man, anyway. You "If yoh'd give me the brands so must know where our cattle are." I'd know yoh mothah's cattle when

"You must know the Poole ran couldn't think of troubling you, Mr. Reeves. I intend to get those cattle

"it's a man's job," the kid said

now, so it's my job. So long, Mr. "He kain't. I'm not working for Reeves!" she gathered up the reins and tapped her horse lightly with the quirt-just as if it never had "Since that night we got Babe been put to a more sinister useand rode on past the kid with her "I suppose the Poole fired you for chin tilted upward and her gaze bent ostentatiously upon a straggl-Her short scornful laugh turned ing, small herd of cattle feeding

the killers. Right soon, now, the swer to the taunt. What was the kicked Pecos into a trot and rode on into the rocky pass, playing his He wrapped the bridle reins mouth organ so loudly he cracked

try to catch up with him, either. The kid got to worrying about what she meant to do, and finally he pulled in behind a ledge and waited for "You'all right shoah it was the her to come along, so he could give her another piece of his mind. Yet Four wires strung so tight they "I wouldn't say it if I wasn't when she rode up she didn't give

"If you're bound to hunt our catjerk. No fooling with that fence. besides, I trailed them up on the tle, I guess we better work to-Cattle proof and storm proof, like Bench and over this way. The Poole gether," she said cheerfully. "This

"Go awn home like I told yo'all."

"Ch. forget it!" she snapped. "I'm not going, and that settles it. If you want to get rid of me so bad, hurry up and find our cattle."

"If it wasn't for yoah mothah, I wouldn't tuhn my hand ovah foh vo'all!" the kid blurted fiercely. (TO BE CONTINUED)



A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

By William Goldsmith Brown Oh, where will be the birds that

A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring.

A hundred years to come? The rosy lip, the lofty brow,

The heart that beats so gaily now-Oh, where will be love's beaming

Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh.

A hundred years to come? Who'll press for gold this crowded street.

A hundred years to come? Who'll tread you church with willing feet.

A hundred years to come?

truth

Where will be mighty millions be, A hundred years to come? We all within our graves shall sleep,

A hundred years to come; No living soul for us will weep A hundred years to come;

While other birds shall sing as gay, As bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come!

NEW YORK ADMITTED

On a charge of robbery of a Inited States postal sub-station in New York City, Fred H. Fink is held at the Lane county jail.

Fink gave himself up to officers ere and admitted the New York robbery which involved a theft of \$760. Federal officers will take the prisoner back to New York.

WIFE SEEKS DIVORCE FELONY IS CHARGED

Florence Broom filed suit for divorce in circuit court Saturday Broom. The couple married Nevember 17, 1927, and have one child. The plaintiff charges that defendant has been convicted of a felony. Custody of the child and \$20 a nonth is sought by the plaintnt.

ATTORNEY NAMED ON TAX REDUCTION BOARD

W. W. Harcombe, Eugene attorney, has been appointed one of the committee of three for Lane county to make a study of tax reduction. Mr. Harcombe takes the place of E. U. Lee who resigned.

Others of the Lane committee are L. S. McCready and W. F. Walker.

DESERTION ALLEGED AS GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

Desertion is alleged in a divorce suit filed in circuit court Wednesday by Ronie Salt against his wife May Salt. The couple married October 28, 1929, at Vancouver, Wash., and have no children.

The alleged desertion is stated to have been January 1, 1930.



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Wednesday AUG. 19



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