

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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HIGHWAY DANGERS INCREASE

That the unrestricted speed limit on Oregon highways has greatly increased the dangers of driving and turned our roads into race tracks where an almost daily death toll is taken by wrecks must be evident to those who travel and read the newspapers. While statistics are not yet available, the steady rise in insurance rates conforms what the average observer can find out.

There is reckless driving on every hand and few arrests have been made under the new law. With the state police now dividing their duties among a dozen other law enforcement jobs we can expect even less policing of our highways. Speeders no longer fear arrest and they run wide open in all kinds of traffic.

The auto truck is also becoming more and more of a real menace. Drivers turn them down the highway as fast as they will go. With the truck bodies obstructing the view and the trailers bouncing from side to side it becomes a game of chance whether a car can safely pass one or not. Now days trucks are traveling in fleets which also increase the hazards of the light car driver.

Oregon highways are daily strewn with wrecks, people are killed or injured for life, and there is a great loss of time and of property by the reckless way a minority of the people travel. How long will we, the majority, stand for this kind of a condition?

WAGES AND DIVIDENDS

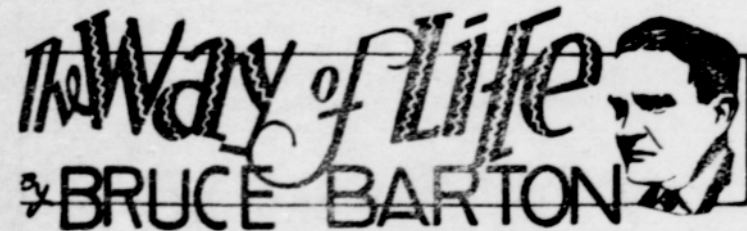
It is a most significant sign of the times that the directors of the United States Steel Corporation, confronted with diminishing profits, elected to make their stockholders instead of their employees stand part of the loss. They reduced the quarterly dividends from \$1.75 to \$1, and at the same time went on record for the maintenance of wages at the old scale.

There have been a few instances of important industries resorting to the old-fashioned method of reducing expenses by reducing wages. On the whole, however, wage scales have been maintained throughout the business depression in a way that clearly indicates that the industrial world realizes that any degree of prosperity depends upon the purchasing power of the common people, and that general wage reductions, by reducing the purchasing power, merely delay the restoration of business prosperity.

We do not know how much Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., actually has to do with the management of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, but we hope that he will use his influence to restore the wages paid by that company to the former scale, as he has petitioned to do.

The Bureau of Census analyzes the population of the United States according to color and race and reports that of the total of 122,755,046 in 1930 there were 108,864,207 whites, 11,871,143 negroes, 1,422,533 Mexicans and 332,397 Indians. The remainder, amounting to only 2-10 of 1 per cent of the total is composed of Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Hindus and all others.

Of course it doesn't help much so far as swelling the bank account is concerned to know that if wheat is lower in this country than it ever was before it is lower on the Liverpool market than it has been since 1654. And yet it ought to do something toward keeping our thinking straight. Nobody in Liverpool is blaming the low price of wheat on President Hoover or the American farm board.



"I WAS WRONG"

Like many other business men, I subscribe to a confidential bulletin issued by a private news agency in Washington.

It contains interesting comment on affairs both here and abroad, gathered from official sources and from important visitors to the capital. No one is quoted by name and hence the writers of the bulletin can exercise considerable freedom. Sometimes their information is useful.

In a recent number they answered certain questions as to how they get their news. I quote the following paragraph:

"For example, take the Washington predictions as to when business will recover. There have been two kinds. First, the formal, publishable statement of officials, which the newspapers have carried. Second, the unofficial, private, more sincere views which the Washington correspondents have known but were under obligations not to print. We have sent you the latter. Our advice has been less wrong than most, but not particularly good at that, and this is one example of why you should not trust our letters 100 per cent."

That made a great hit with me. If the writers had said: "We misled you a little about the time of the business recovery, but we were not responsible. The officials deceived us;" or, "While we were wrong on the business recovery, still our competitors were much worse"—if they had written any sort of alibi at all, every word of it would have lessened my confidence.

But when they come out frankly and say: "We were wrong, and you should never depend on us one hundred per cent," then I begin to think they must be pretty smart men.

I have never forgotten an experience with one of my first employers, a man who is now at the very top of his profession.

In those days I was getting \$40 a week, and he was earning \$40,000 a year. He lived in a fine apartment on Park Avenue, and I lived in one room in the Y. M. C. A.

One morning early I was called out of bed to answer the telephone. It was my employer. He said:

"After you left the office last night I hunted up some additional information on the subject we had been discussing. I tried to reach you during the evening, but you were out. I am calling you now to let you know that you were right, and I was wrong."

You can imagine what that did to me! I would have jumped off the roof for that boss, and I never meet him even now without an impulse to raise my hat.

Little fellows feel that they must be infallible in order to maintain the world's respect. It is a badge of bigness to be able to say frankly, "I was wrong."

TIGER EYE

by D. M. Power



TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

"Well, nobody asked you to!" Nellie retorted. "You can suit yourself, you know."

"Shoah am to, Miss Murray," the kid grimly assured her, and loped off down the canyon without once looking back.

He looked back up the canyon and rode into the willows. At the fence the kid turned and rode toward the dry creek bed where the ground was rough and humpy, gouged with spring freshets and undermined by burrowing small animals. When he found a spot where the fence went up over a small ridge he dismounted and kicked the wires loose from three posts, forced them to the ground and anchored them there with a couple of rocks and led his horse across.

He kept going straight ahead until the willow growth ceased on higher ground and he could see what sort of place it was that had need of a fence like that.

Some one was running cattle in here, all right. The edge of the thicket was broken and trampled where stock had pushed in for shelter, and there was cattle signs everywhere.

The kid's nerves began to tingle a little. Cattle bawling.

Shoah would be funny if he was to run right onto her bunch of cattle. Be better if he'd let her come along, he reckoned. And somehow his spirits rose a little at the perfectly logical reason he had just discovered for wanting her with him.

The kid lifted his hat and swept the reddish waves of hair back off his forehead, settled his bullet-scarred hat at a careless tilt, pulled his holstered gun into position on his thigh and rode forward with an eager gleam in his eyes.

From the pole corral set back in a thin grove of cottonwood and box alder, a gray dusty cloud rose into the hot sunshine of noon. Within the corral fence a small herd of cattle tramped uneasily round and round, swerving and ducking aside when a cowboy's loop swished out like the vicious flat head of a striking rattler.

A man on guard outside unhooked the chain and swung open the gate to let out a rider dragging a husky bull calf over toward the branding fire, where two calf wrestlers grabbed and threw him on his side with a thump.

A man lifted a branding iron deliberately out of the blaze, looked at it, waved it to and fro in the air, looked at it again and decided that it was about right heat, and walked over to the calf lying there, with two sweating cowboys braced and holding him motionless, one half sprawled across his head, the other hanging from dear life to a leg.

"Aw'right," he signalled carelessly after he had branded the calf and turned to thrust the iron again into the fire.

It was at that moment that the three of them and the gate tender discovered that they had a new arrival in their midst.

"Well, I'm damned!" jarred from the slackened mouth of Joe Hale, range foreman for the Poole.

"Howdy, Joe," said the kid, and felt for a match. He nodded to the calf wrestlers, who were on their feet and mopping their perspiring faces with soiled bandannas. As the man at the gate came toward him, the kid's yellow eye changed curiously to the steady stare of a tiger.

Babe Garner! Babe with hollowed eyes and a sallow, indoor tinge to his swarthy face. Babe, with a question in his cold gray eyes and a smile on his face.

"Hell's brass buttons!" cried Babe, swearing his very choicest oath kept for special occasions. "Where the hell did you drop down from, Tiger Eye?"

"Rain washed me down the canyon, Babe."

"Old Man send yuh over?" Joe Hale tried to make his voice sound casual, but there was an undertone of constraint which he failed to control.

"Nevah did see Waltah Bell since that night I toted Babe into the ranch."

"Oh," Joe studied on that. "Thought likely you come from the Poole."

"Awn my way to the Poole, but I done changed my mind!"

"Oh. Kinda outa the way, this calf pasture, and I just kinda wondered. Want to see me for anything? Wanna go back to work again?"

"Much obliged to yo'all. I taken a job of riding, Joe."

"Yeah? Sorry to see yuh quit the Poole."

Polite. Too dawgoned polite to be natural. Peaked like Joe was getting kinda suspicious. Babe too. Babe was edging around uneasy like, as if he wanted to get in back of the bunch of them. Had that cold look in his eyes. The kid knew that look now for the killer look. Get around behind and send a bullet into a man's back—that was Babe's stripe. The kid shifted his position a little and looked at Babe.

"What outfit yuh ridin' for now, Kid?" Joe looked up from kicking a half-burnt ember back into the fire.

"Ridin' foh Missus Murray, down in the valley. Widow woman. Old man that was killed and put the nestahs on the fight the time they shot Babe, that was her husband. The one Babe got the bounty on."

Eyes turned sidewise to meet other guarded glances. Babe's shoulders jerked backward as if from a blow on the chest, but no one spoke.

"Lost some cattle last night," the kid continued, in his purring drawl. "I come out aftah them."

The atmosphere of the Poole men froze for a second. Only Babe, knowing the kid of old, went for his gun and ropped it as the kid's pitiless bullet went crashing through the knuckles of his hand.

The hands of the two calf wrestlers went up as if they had been jerked with pulley and rope. The man on horseback clapped spurs to his horse and galloped like mad away from there. Joe Hale knew better than to try a shot. He remembered too vividly how Jess Mar-

which now wore a blackened and smarting window-sash brand where yesterday had been a tan-colored Reverse E. She released her horse over to the corral and stood in the stirrups to look over the fence and inspect the milling herd.

"Well, they're all here, I guess," she remarked to the kid who, ten feet away, was kneeling beside the calf wrestler and was yanking the last knot tight. "You made quite a haul, didn't you, Bab?"

"Might be bettah," the kid owned, with a covert glance from under his hat brim. "One got plumb away."

"Well, I told you we ought to work together. But you kept on trying to pick a fight with me, you know. Looks like you got all you wanted of fighting here."

She glanced around at the sullen captives. "I hope you're ready to admit now that the Poole outfit are a bunch of cow thieves."

"Shoah am," said the kid, his lips ready to smile the instant he



"Line up with yoah backs this way," the kid said, softly.

forgot himself and let them go.

"What you going to do now?" "Reckon I'll go aftah my hawse."

She followed him, riding in silence while the kid went mincing along on his high heels, his spurs gouging up the loose soil at every step.

"There's something I've been wanting to say," she went on hurriedly. "only you just won't give me a chance."

"Penah like I nevah do set the way I feel," said the kid. "Always did want to show yo'all I was a friend."

"I know that. I just want to say that I made an awful fool of myself that night when Babe began to shoot off his mouth about the both of you being Poole killers," she confessed, with a kind of shy defiance. "But it seems to me I had some excuse, with father killed just the day, before. And I hadn't any sleep, remember, trying to get to Cold Spring and warn you the neighbors were sending men over to kill you and Babe. And getting trapped that way—and then when Babe said you shot my brother for five hundred dollars, why—I just simply blew up for a minute."

"Shucks! I nevah did think a word moah about it," the kid declared earnestly, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Well, I just want you to know I'm sorry."

"Yo'all needn't to be."

"I am, just the same. You ought to know I never did class you with the Poole. It's just this ornery temper of mine—"

"Shucks! If yo' call that a tempah, yo'all oughta see mine!" The kid gathered up the reins, mounted and swung along side her.

"You? Why, Bob Reeves! You know very well I'm the meanest thing on earth! After all you've done, to—to do what I did—and talk the way I've talked to you, it

THE END

FOUR-H CLUB AGENTS OF STATE IN SESSION

Annual meeting of Oregon Four-H club leaders was held at Corvallis last week. R. C. Kuebner, county club leader of Lane, attended the conference.

A tentative program of activities for the coming year was outlined. State club leaders met with the county agents for the talks on club work.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS OF COUNTY RECEIVED

Books from the state library to be distributed to Lane county school districts are now at the office of the county superintendent.

These books are purchased through the school library fund and 10 cents for each pupil is provided by this annual fund.

Yes Sir! We are Headed for the Fair

THE Biggest Event OF THE YEAR



FOUR GRAND DAYS and NIGHTS

Lane County Fair

August 26, 27, 28, 29

MORE ATTRACTIONS — MORE INTEREST — MORE TO SEE!

makes me so ashamed—

"Aw, hush! When you'll talk that-a-way, yuh make me feel like battin' my hand against a rock! You'll don't know how I felt this last month, thinkin' I had nothing but hate com' yo'all—"

"Hate!" cried Nellie Murray, as one who stands agast before so harsh a word. "Why, if you only know—"

And then she stopped and began to blush furiously, so that that crimson flood rushed up to the band of yellow hair on her temples.

The kid reached out and gathered Nellie Murray into his arms.

The kid sat on the ground with his back against a tree and drew his mouth organ across his smiling lips while he tapped the time with his foot, played the kid, over and over again, while his prisoners sat and listened, and wondered what kind of a man was Tiger Eye Reeves, who could shoot a man in cold blood, capture three others who had thought they were well able to take care of themselves, and then sit all the afternoon playing that darned mouth organ like he hadn't a care in the world.

The kid didn't know or care what they thought about him. The kid was living in a world of his own, where a girl with yellow hair loved him enough to marry him and settle down. Gone into Badger now after help and the sheriff, to come and take this punch with the evidence of the cattle right there behind him in the corral. Gone to bring a doctor out to fix up Babe's hands. But she'd be back, all right. And when she got here, the kid would take her over to the ranch and they'd tell her mother there was going to be a man in the family that shoah would be right on the job.

He played, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," with more warbles and trills and low happy notes than he ever dreamed of putting into the song. The rather bare and desolate ranch where Nellie lived he made a paradise in his dreams. Honey-suckle oughta grow up here all right. He'd send down to his mother and have her get him a pair of mocking birds. Take her and her mother back down to Texas, only Pap's old enemies would want to go on with the feud and he'd have to kill somebody. Reckon the killing was about over, up here.

The afternoon waned and the Poole men began to swear at the chill and the cramp in their limbs, but the kid never even heard them, he was so busy making plans for the future. Darkness came. He sat there very still, trying to realize the amazing truth that Nellie Murray was going to marry him. She loved him. She said she did.

He was still sitting, two hours later, when Nellie came with the doctor, the sheriff and half a dozen men, who worried the kid with questions and talk. But that ended, and he was riding away with Nellie, hitting straight for the valley and the ranch his dreams had glorified.

When Things Go Wrong

Stop to the nearest phone and call us. We have a mechanic who is expert on car trouble. That is part of the service offered by this station.

Violet Ray and General Ethyl gasoline is the country's best seller for motor fuel. You should be using it.

"A" Street Service Station

Home of VIOLET RAY and ETHYL

All Fagged Out?

When you have that feeling the place to come is to Eggmann's fountain. Our delicious cold drinks, ice cream and confections will make you feel like new.

We have something for both youngsters and oldsters.

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One of these Pencils will be given with every purchase of a latest style streamlined Parker Pen at \$3.50, \$5, \$7 or up to \$10, including Guarantee for Life Duo-fold Pens.

Our chance to offer—you to secure one of these gold-crowned Parker Pencils free, comes because Parker discontinued these pencil models. Every one a beauty, in colorful non-breakable Permalite barrels. Offer ends soon. Come in now.

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