

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1934

FLOOD CONTROL NEEDED

The \$15,000,000 loss in Oregon, Washington and Idaho as the result of the recent floods should call the government's attention to the necessity for better flood control on the northwest rivers.

As the large forested areas of the northwest are gradually denuded of trees in logging operations we can expect that the run off of rains will be faster and hence flood conditions will become even worse. The government has a direct responsibility in its forest reserve lands and the ordinary responsibility for the protection of its people in this matter. If we are to prevent further loss of life and large damage to property then this responsibility must be met.

MAKING HONESTY COMPULSORY

From the beginning of time, organized society has concerned itself with the effort to protect the weak against the strong. Away back in the beginning of human relations there were honest men, easily exploited, and dishonest men, who found ways of taking their property away from the honest.

There is no means of legislating crookedness out of a crook. The deliberately dishonest will find loopholes through which to crawl, no matter what sort of laws are passed. Also, there is no way of making honest men, by law, into careful men. The fundamental weakness of the honest man, which makes him an easy victim for the dishonest, is that he credits everybody else with being as honest as he is himself. The crook, on the other hand, assumes that everybody else will take advantage of him unless he takes advantage of the other fellow first.

Fortunately, most men are honest. If that were not true, there would be no such thing as credit, upon which practically all business is based. But many are honest because it is the best policy, rather than inherently honest because they abhor the idea of doing injustice to anyone, even when it is to their own profit.

The main purpose of the recent laws governing the practice of banking, the offering of securities for sale, the regulation of business and industry, is to make it more profitable to be honest than dishonest. That is what appeals to everybody, whether he is a crook or an honest man. It has been said that the system which is now being overhauled put a premium on dishonesty. We do not quite subscribe to that. We can think of a few examples of men who accumulated great fortunes through dishonest methods, but the last state of these men has been worse than the first. Some are in exile, some in prison, some are excommunicated and cut off from the respect and confidence of their fellow-men.

All that law can do in this matter of honesty is to close some of the loopholes through which some of the big crooks crawled in the past. It cannot insure that a new crop of crooks will not find new methods of dishonesty.

The appointment of an inspecting engineer by the CWA will no doubt eliminate projects in future which are being done only for work's sake. If we must provide employment more substantial projects which will provide lasting benefit is desired.

The Wall Street Journal sends us a 50 million mark note, for a souvenir and tells us it was once worth 12 million dollars before inflation set in. At that it is no more worthless now than a good many stocks sold on the street.

Motor vehicle fees have totaled 73 million dollars since the law was passed in Oregon. It used to be the "man who danced must pay the fiddler," now it is the man who rides that is paying for the roads.

It even rains in California, land of sunshine, so it is rumored.

Retreading of automobile tires is a new business growing up. Soon we will be giving the car a half-sole or a heel.

A new sweet-scented fly spray has been invented. Some perfumes would just about do the trick.

THE BOOK

... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures

by BRUCE BARTON
FAT AND LEAN CATTLE

Jacob lost no time in becoming the father of twelve sons, of whom the next to the youngest, Joseph, is the second important figure after the flood.

The oldest of the twelve brothers was Reuben, to whom Jacob on his death-bed said significantly, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." He would have liked to protect Joseph from the envious hatred of the others, who saw all too clearly Jacob's favoritism for him, but Reuben was too weak to accomplish anything. The hatred of the others cast Joseph into a deep pit. It was their first intention to kill him, but at the suggestion of Judah, who wanted to save Joseph's life, and could plan no other way, he was lifted out and sold to a passing caravan and taken to Egypt.

A fine parade of human attributes now marches before us—Potiphar, captain in the service of Pharaoh, who took a liking to Joseph and made him an overseer; Mrs. Potiphar, who fell in love with the bright youngster and, when out of his loyalty to her husband, Joseph refused her advances, caused him to be cast into prison; the royal butler, whose release Joseph secured by interpreting a dream, and who promised in turn to get Joseph out of jail, but success quickly banishes the memory of old-time friends.

Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.

Presently, however, Joseph secured his own release, having been able to interpret a dream for Pharaoh himself. Pharaoh had seen in his dream seven fat cattle and seven lean cattle, and beheld the seven lean cattle ate up the seven fat ones. What could it mean? "It means," said Joseph, "that we are going to have seven good business years and then seven very bad ones; and we better get ready for the bad ones right away." Thus Joseph made the first Babson chart, showing that the area of financial inflation precedes that of depression and is of equal size and density. Through Joseph's foresight and organizing ability the Egyptians stored up food in the seven fat years and came through the lean years with flying colors.

Joseph was big in nature as well as in ability. He sent for his father and brethren, forgave them, got them good jobs in the public service and settled them in luxury in his adopted country. Thus things went swimmingly for the children of Israel until Joseph died, after which calamity descended. The Pharaoh who had been so friendly also died and "there arose a new king in Egypt which knew not Joseph." Envy and jealousy of the smart fellows were rampant; there was a universal demand that they should be evicted from the rich jobs and fat concessions. They not only were evicted but they were thrust down to the very bottom of the social ladder.

Whispering Rock

By JOHN LEBAR

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Warren, who lived in the East, is willed three-fourth interest in the "Dead Lantern" ranch in Arizona by her only brother who is reported to have met his death while on business in Mexico. Arriving in Arizona with her husband who has ailing lungs, and their small child, they learn that the ranch is located 85 miles from the nearest railroad. Old Charley Thane, rancher and rural mail carrier, agrees to take them to the "Dead Lantern" gate, 5 miles from the ranch house. As they trudge wearily through a gulch approaching the ranch house, a voice whispers "Go back! . . . Go back!" At the ranch house they are greeted suspiciously by the gaunt rancher partner, Snavely, and Indian Ann, a herculean woman of mixed Negro and Indian blood. Snavely is difficult to understand but regardless, Ruth takes up the task of trying to adjust their three lives to the ranch and its development. Kenneth, Ruth's husband, caught in chilling rain contracts pneumonia and passes away before a doctor arrives. Ruth tries to carry on. She is not encouraged by Snavely in plans to try and stock the ranch or improve it. She writes to her father in the East asking a loan with which to buy cattle. She receives no reply. Will Thane comes home to visit his father . . . and Ruth meets him. A rancher nearby decides to retire and offers to sell Ruth and Snavely his livestock on credit. Snavely tries to balk the deal but Ruth buys to the limit of her three-quarter interest in Dead Lantern ranch.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY—

INSTALLMENT FOURTEEN

Old Charley himself had remarked to Ruth that the rains began about the end of June; Snavely had admitted that it might rain around the twenty-fourth of June—before the real drought set in; but Ann, Don Francisco, Alfredo, and Magda had stated calmly that the rain would come in abundance beginning with the Day of San Juan. It was now the twentieth of July and since the single storm of more than two months before, there had not been a cloud in the sky the size of a pigeon. The grass which had sprung up so brave and green after the storm was now wilted and the color of broomstraw. The lacy leaves of the mesquite curled on drooping branches, dust laden; the broad, flat leaves of the prickly pear were shrunken and yellowish; small bushes were as brittle as glass, and the twigs and weed stems underfoot rustled like dry paper. The birds, rabbits, coyotes and lions had left the country—all was desolation. Rattlesnakes abounded.

Each morning the sun rose naked above the eastern mountains and as it rose a wave of stifling heat swept over the desert as though a mighty oven door had slowly swung open. Ruth had rather expected rain on the Day of San Juan and, when that passed cloudless, felt that in a day or so she would see the clouds billowing over the mountains and smell the indescribable perfume of desert rain. As day succeeded day, each hotter, dryer, more hopeless than the preceding day her anxiety increased—she seemed trapped in a corner while disaster crept relentlessly nearer. The increasing awareness of her responsibility drove her to assume more and more the control of the ranch. Before she realized it was giving the orders for the day's riding. Snavely left everything to her. He rode out each morning but he rode alone and he returned alone.

Occasionally as she rode about the ranch, Ruth came across him. Sometimes he was riding casually up some canon as though he cared not where he went, as long as he had no company; again, she had seen him sitting in the shade of a

scrubby live oak high upon a ridge top. Whenever she saw him those days, Ruth had an odd, uncomfortable feeling that Snavely was waiting for something.

One day she met Old Charley and Will as she was riding the southern boundary of the ranch. The two men came up to the fence and talked with her. That evening she told Snavely that he ought to go to town for a wagonload of cottonseed meal which could be given to such cows as needed it badly. She also suggested that he get a certain brand of dried milk—much advertised in the cattle raisers' magazine—which, mixed with water, could be given to the underfed calves and the orphans.

Snavely thought for a long time, then said he would go. It seemed to Ruth that there was an undercurrent of eagerness in his voice in spite of his objections to the trip. He started the next morning with a team and wagon, returning a week later with the load. He appeared oddly satisfied.

Now, whenever the riders found a weak cow with a starving calf or some calf without a mother, these animals were brought to the home ranch, turned into the small horse pasture, and fed. Some sixty cows were receiving their daily ration of meal, and about the ranch house and corrals wandered a band of nine or ten orphaned calves whom Ruth was bringing up on the bottle.

The gulch had been fenced by the Mexicans under Ruth's direction; also all the ponds were now deep—and all but one in the south pasture was bone dry. Half of the herd watered at this pond, the other half at the corral troughs on the home ranch. The corral troughs could only water this number. Very little wind came to turn the windmill which fed the tank by the corrals. Even after Alfredo had constructed a primitive hand pump, it usually meant three hours of back-breaking labor to raise the required amount of water.

And no signs of rain. Each day, as she returned from the south pasture, sometimes driving a weak cow, or even carrying a day-old calf across her saddle, the swelling fear in her heart increased. A hundred times a day she looked for clouds; if her riding took her near a hill she went to the top, eagerly scanning the new-made horizon.

She knew that the Mexicans were praying for rain—she had given them all the candles in the house for the sacred picture they had hung in the barn. And once she had entered the gulch after a calf, which had gone through the fence, and upon the rock had found a grotesque little mud image holding a tiny pot of cornmeal. Ann did not reply when Ruth asked her about it; but the girl had come to know the footprints of the gnat-eaters.

There came a day when the water in the south pasture had shrunk to a thin sheet of wet mud. Then Ruth knew that the end had come; with the full herd trying to water at the home ranch where there was barely enough for half, there could be only one result. If no rain came within a week the cattle would be dying by dozens.

For the last few days as she watched the water so relentlessly disappear, Ruth thought less about meeting her note and more about the cattle themselves. The tears often started in her eyes these days. When the girl came upon a gaunt cow lying in the stifling shade at the bottom of some gully, with a shriveled, panting calf at her side, she wanted desperately to explain to these poor creatures that

she could not help, that she was not to blame. When the last of the water was gone in the south pasture, Ruth felt that she would gladly give every animal on the place to any one who could take them to green fields and running water. Feeling as she did, the blow which fell on the following mail day was robbed a little of its power to hurt.

She had written a letter to Parker explaining the situation and thanking him for his previous offer to extend payment. And although Old Charley would be bringing the mail and would not be going into town again until next week, the girl rode to the box.

But the mail had already arrived when she reached the box. There were two letters addressed to her. The one with the earliest postmark was from Parker who explained that for business reasons he had been obliged to take a loan on the note. It was now in the hands of J. H. Witherspoon, Inc., a broker. The second letter was from the broker. After reading it the girl stared at the cloudless skyline, then rode home. Her lips were set and her face shone yellow under the tan. "Consequently, the cattle situation being what it is owing to the present drought, we feel it necessary to call payment on the note when due; namely, November first, next."

"Well," said Will, "there's one thing certain—when the rains hold off as long as this they make up for it when they do begin."

Again, Ruth shook her head.

Old Charley studied for a moment, then slowly climbed out of the car. Will followed. "I've seen some pretty bad times mended," remarked the old man. "Things most always seem worse than what they are. But pshaw—we're bound to get rain before long and when we do, it'll likely be a good one, same as Will says."

The last pond went dry a week ago," said Ruth dully.

Old Charley tried not to show his surprise. "So? Well, they'll get a little thin water in the well, but it won't hurt them."

"Oh!" Ruth suddenly turned away. After a moment she said slowly, "I gave my note to Parker for the cattle—my interest in the ranch will be gone by November—there's no water—the cattle will be dying in another week."

"Another week!" Both men stared at the girl. "You must be wrong," said Old Charley.

"No, the well's going dry—it gives out sooner each day."

"But, Mrs. Warren—Will looked from Ruth to his father—"I don't understand. There was surface water there late last June, worlds of water. Why, there must be two or three thousand acres which drain into that well!"

"It's going dry," said Ruth.

"New wells sometimes give out quick," replied Old Charley slowly, "but it sure seems funny. You see, Will, here, helped your brother locate that well. You ought to be able to take care of a good half of your herd—let part of 'em water at the corrals."

"At—the—corrals? But I don't understand—do you mean—that do you mean?"

Old Charley looked at his son and then at Ruth. "Why, just what I said; use the well at the corrals, the one with the windmill—the old well."

"But that's what we have been using," cried Ruth; "that's the one that's going dry!"

"What?" ejaculated Will. "Aren't you using the upper well at all?"

"Upper well—what upper well?" asked Ruth in a dazed voice. "Well, I'll be—" Old Charley looked at his son.

"He never went on with it," said Will, softly.

Old Charley nodded and turned to Ruth. "The prospect Harry and Will found last summer was in the upper end of the north pasture—I guess Harry didn't get around to developing it before—he left. But didn't anybody tell you about it?"

"No—" Ruth's heart was beating wildly. "I never heard about any other water."

"Harry bought the pipe," said Will. "Remember, Dad? We passed a load of it on the way to town last fall."

"There's a big pile of pipe behind the barn," said Ruth. "Tell me quick! Is there water we can use in the north pasture?"

"I'll have to be developed," said Old Charley slowly. "Shouldn't take more than a day or two," responded Will. He thought a moment, then pulled an envelope from his pocket and wrote on it with a pencil. "Here Dad, you run on into town and send this telegram—I'll be staying over a few days." He turned to Ruth, "Suppose I ride back with you and show you that place. Seems to me you ought to develop plenty of water with a day's work or so."

Snavely slowly arose as the riders came straight up to him. Ruth spoke: "Mr. Thane has told me of a place in the north pasture where there is indication of water—and my brother found it last summer." She paused. "Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I had reasons," said Snavely, his eyes on Will. "I didn't want to gettin' your hopes up—there ain't no use diggin' in that gully bottom jest because of a little rain seepage."

"But, Mr. Snavely," said Ruth, "now that we have need of water don't you think it would be wise to try to get it?"

"If you can—you won't find nothin' though. Maybe a little rock basin full of water under the sand."

"There had been no rains for several months when we located the prospect last summer," said Will; "the sand was wet and we dug far enough to see that water was running into it from that big dike. That dike is a natural underground dam."

"All right, all right—go ahead and dig all you're a mind to if you've got such an all-fired interest in the Dead Lantern, Mr. Thane."

Will made no reply and Ruth thanked him with her eyes. To Snavely she said, as she started her horse, "Please have the two men follow us with picks and

shovels." It was not long before Will guided her into a small arroyo, one of the hundreds which led down from the mountains.

MUCH MONEY RELEASED BY FARM BANK LOANS

Federal Land Bank loans closed during the week ending December 13 increased nearly forty percent in number over the previous week. This resulted in \$616,650 being mailed to farmers over the Northwest during this short period. It has been brought out that this money was mostly released to trade channels through the process of consolidating the farmers' debts.

To date the total amount advanced by the twelve Federal Land Banks since the Farm Credit Administration was organized last May has passed the \$145,000,000 mark, having about doubled the amount loaned each month since July when the new loan policy swung into action. The amount advanced in October, 1933, \$28,091,726, exceeded the total of all loans made by these banks during the entire year of 1932.

Returns to Work — Clayton F. Barber has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to be able to return to his work in the office at the Booth-Kelly Lumber company.

Injured in Fall—Mrs. H. M. Dow is recovering at the C. W. Mungler home from bruises to her back and spine which she received last Friday when she fell on the porch there. Her condition was reported as greatly improved this week by her attending physician.

HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favor of Other Men
Unless two pints of his juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movements get hard and constipated. You get yellow tongue, yellow skin, pimples, red eyes, they only move out the tail end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. (Sometimes won't help at all.) Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decay poison in your bowels. The one mild vegetable medicine which starts a free flow of your bile juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No calomel (mercury) in Carter's. Only fine, mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to win men, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions today. 25¢ at drug stores. Refuse "something just as good." For it may grip, loosen teeth or sour stomach. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. ©1933, C.M.Co.

New Ice Cream Prices

Owing to increased production costs under the NRA code adopted by the Lane County Ice Cream Manufacturers association a slight advance in retail prices was made effective January 1.

The new prices	Qt.	Pt.
Bulk (dipped)	- - -	46c
Factory filled containers	- - -	35c 20c
Bricks	- - - - -	40c

Less than gallon lots, 15c extra for packing.
Pop Sicles and Nickle Sellers remain at 5c.

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CONGRESS IS IN SESSION

By Albert T. Reid



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