

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 table with columns for One Year, Six Months, Three Months and Two Years in Advance.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1934

YOUR ARE IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS

With or without your consent you are in the liquor business as the state of Oregon buys a stock and proceeds to open stores and agencies in every community.

In Springfield there likely will be an agency opened in some store as it seems to be the present policy of the liquor board to start stores only in places of 5000 or more population.

The higher the calibre the man given the agency the better it will be for your business and the community at large.

Criticize and oppose your local liquor agent and you'll see the business fall into the hands of less reputable persons—back into the custody of the old saloon crowd.

Yours is a responsibility which demands clear thinking and a straight line policy. Do not let yourself be swayed by the scheming wide open wets or the passions of the fanatical dries.

MOTT ON THE JOB

Congressman James Mott did a splendid piece of work for Lane county last week when he persuaded the war department to modify previous orders for a river survey of the recent flooded areas around Portland to include the upper Willamette river and tributaries.

If the engineers will turn out a favorable report on the proposed flood control project in Lane county then our energetic congressman can be relied upon to fight for an appropriation for the work by congress.

HOUSES—ANOTHER ROOM

"One more room for every family in the United States with an income of \$2,000 a year," is the slogan suggested by Professor O. M. W. Sprague, as a means of stimulating the building industry.

There are plenty of houses for people who have incomes above \$5,000 a year, but not enough, or not good enough, houses for people who have to live on a lower scale.

To carry out such a project will mean more economical methods of building, but many great business organizations are at work on ways to solve the problem of cheap, attractive and durable homes.

We may expect to see the day when a completely modern five-room or six-room house, with land enough for gardening, can be bought in the vicinity of any big city for \$4,000 or less.

THE BOOK

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

by BRUCE BARTON THE LAST TEMPTATION

See, Jesus rises in his place at the last supper. He speaks, this proud young man who had refused to be a king and now is to die with common thieves. And these are his words:

"Let not your hearts be troubled. . . I have overcome the world."

There is nothing in history so majestic! Already one of his disciples had slipped away to betray him. That very night the soldiers would take him, bind him, throw him into prison.

They went out into the garden where so many of their happy hours had been spent. The very air was fragrant with their most sacred confidences. Under this tree they had gathered for worship, while the setting sun gilded the towers of the city; in the waters of that brook they had found refreshment; to left and right of them the very stones cried out in heartrending reminder of the days that were gone.

It was all perfectly possible. The rulers in Jerusalem would have been glad to rid of him on such terms. He might so easily have continued on down the hill to peace and comfortable old age—and oblivion.

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.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY—

"Might be a good idea," said Snavelly slowly, as they rode up to the remains of the cow which lay at the mouth of the gully.

Snavelly dismounted and examined the cow, Ruth sat on her horse, watching. "Say!" he said in a surprised voice, "it might be no. Never heard of that in this country."

"What do you think it might be?" "I ain't saying yet—have to see another one or two. But if it's what it looks like—Hmmm." Snavelly lapsed into silence as he and Ruth rode on.

"Well, I ain't saying yet, but if it's what it looks to be it's a lucky thing I'm here. I reckon I'm the only man in this country that's had to do with that sickness, 'Liver fever,' 'We heard it called in Texas—nobody knows what it is. Very uncommon."

"What shall we do—will the whole herd get it?" "I've got the cure for it. We're mighty lucky to find out about it so soon. It's easy, dead—easy, to cure, but if we let it go it'll clean out every animal on this ranch and out of this section of the country. It's a very rare and uncommon sickness, liver fever is, but I can cure it." Snavelly's eyes glinted eagerly.

"I had occasion in Texas with a herd that near died of it—nobody, no veterinary, nor smart man could do a thing. Just when things was worst an old nigger man came into camp an' said he could cure all them as was left. He done it—not a single animal died after old Jake doctored them."

"How?" "He just put a little medicine in the water they drunk, that's all. I got five pounds of that medicine for a dollar a pound an' I still got it. I can put that medicine in the water an' there won't be no more deaths."

"What is the medicine?" "I don't rightly know. Old Jake wouldn't tell, an' it don't make no

difference what it is. You come back to the barn with me, an' we'll start right in doctorin' the water."

At the barn Snavelly rummaged among the litter of the medicine shelf and produced a Quaker Oats box nearly full of a dirty white powder. "Here she is." He smiled broadly. "The very same stuff. A good big cupful in each represa'll stop the sickness—nary a cow'll die from to-night on."

Ruth was plainly skeptical. "If you're sure it will help, Mr. Snavelly, we'll certainly put it in the water. But at the same time we'll get a veterinary."

"There ain't a bit of use in getting a vet, Mrs. Warren. This stuff is certain. All knowledge ain't stuck in the vest pocket of scientific folks. Why, that old nigger claimed this was discovered in Africa—the only place they have liver fever common—an' for no body knows how many years the savages have used this same medicine. A thing that's been used by people for a thousand years an' found to work, don't need no doctors to help it none."

"Well, we'll try it to-night, if you like, but I wish you'd leave for town in the morning—you know we have to have supplies anyway."

Snavelly rode away with his box of medicine and returned about nine that evening. After he had eaten he came to Ruth's door and knocked. "I've put some in every represa. Mrs. Warren, and in the corral troughs and in the troughs by the spring—"

Ruth opened her door and stepped outside, for David had just gone to sleep. "Have you seen Francisco and Alfredo? They found seven more dead this afternoon—there are buzzards circling all along the foothill gullies. Please start to town early—if any machines pass, you ask them to send out a veterinary as soon as they reach town."

"Mrs. Warren!" Snavelly fixed her with narrowed eyes. "I know the medicine will stop the sickness!" The momentary steadiness of his eyes gave way to their customary jerking, and he walked toward his room.

Ruth did not quite know what to do.

"Mrs. Warren"—Snavelly stopped at his own door and his manner softened—"I know how you're worried an' if I didn't know the danger was over, I'd start for town now. Now listen here—if we find one fresh dead cow after tonight, I'll get your veterinary. I'm saying this 'cause I know the sickness will stop, an' I ain't goin' a-foggin' into town for no veterinary who couldn't do nothin' after he got here."

Ruth stood thinking. She was not at that moment so very afraid of Snavelly. Still. . . Anyway, she had his word; one more dead animal. And in three days Old Charley would be going into town. If need be she could ask him to send out a veterinary.

The following day five more dead animals were found, but none recently dead. Ruth tailed the bulls and found only one, Number Six, missing. She crossed his number from her list. So far she had lost eighteen head, about one thousand dollars. For all she knew, that thousand dollars might mean the failure to meet her note. Certainly, if many more cattle died she could not meet it.

But no more cattle died. For a week every one anxiously watched for buzzards but the great birds had grown more scarce and not a single new death was reported. Ruth's relief was unbounded and Snavelly's eyes glinted triumphantly.

The day came when Snavelly was setting out for town. Ruth spoke

to him just as he was leaving. "I wish you'd take some of that medicine with you and see if you can't get it analyzed—go to a druggist and if he can tell what it is, get some more."

Snavelly nodded. "That's a good idea—I'll sure do it. We ain't got much left; but I don't think we'll have any more trouble. I'm just a mite worried about the stock in the north pasture—they feed along the foothills a heap an' you know it was foothill feeders that got took bad. We ain't found no sickness down on the meadows. I'll take a little of that powder into town but maybe you'd better put some in the spring troughs—I ain't done that lately. Better put some in tonight—there's a lot of foothill grazers watering at them troughs."

That evening Ruth reached up to the medicine shelf, found the partly filled cardboard box and poured a small amount in a cup. At the troughs she turned the water off so that the medicine would not be diluted during the night, poured in the powder and returned to the barn for her Spanish lesson. She hoped fervently that Snavelly could obtain more of the medicine and, if not, decided that she would send a sample to Will—surely some laboratory in Los Angeles would analyze it.

As she and David and Alfredo were leaving the next morning for the day's riding, they changed to go into the pasture by way of the spring troughs. It was early, and the advance guard of the herd was just coming over a distant hill for their first drink of the day, when the riders reached the troughs.

Only three cows, two calves, and a yearling steer had already watered. The six animals lay within a hundred feet of the troughs. All but the steer were dead.

For the next five hours, Ruth, Ann, and the two Mexicans labored vainly with the dying steer. It is neither easy nor pleasant to treat animals for poisoning; for according to the actions of the steer and the Cattle Breeder's Guide it had been poisoned. When the steer was dead, Ruth went to the medicine shelf. Standing on a sack of rolled barley which lifted her eyes to the level of the shelf, she discovered that there were two Quaker Oats boxes, each containing a whitish powder. On the outside of one box was scrawled in pencil, "For liver fever"; the other box had a poison label "Cyanide." Ruth held a box in each hand, looking from one to the other—for the life of her, she could not tell which she had taken from the shelf the evening before.

Old Charley sat upon his horse, leaning slightly forward, his brilliant eyes on a thin thread of smoke which came from a clump of oak and mesquite, half a mile beyond the eastern boundary of his ranch. He had just noticed that thread of smoke. The old man rode to the top of a small hill, over which the fence passed, dismounted and, kicking off his chaps, served a mesquite tree which served as a post in the fence. Then, with much grunting and many scandalous remarks regarding thorns he hauled his heavy body part way up the tree. From his new position he could see the origin of the smoke. One look told him much and his remarks increased in volume and temperature as he descended.

The land from which the thread of smoke arose was free land—government homestead land. It joined the Thane ranch on the west and the Dead Lantern property on the north, extending eastward as far as the highway. Since Will had been a boy, Old Charley had planned for

him to use his homestead rights to acquire this excellent piece of property. It would make a wonderful pasture—deep in grass and shade and having several natural sites for watering places. But when Will had come of age he was in college. And when he finished college he went into business—never did Will have six continuous months during which he could live on this property, make the required improvements, and so become owner of it.

And now it appeared that some confounded foreigner was intent on taking this property away from Will! Old Charley dropped his horse's reins over a post and crawled through the fence. He was going to pay his would-be neighbor a call.

He stopped about fifty feet from the shack. The setting sun threw deep shadows under the oak trees. The single window was open, but the old man could see nothing with WHISPERING ROCK

in. From the crazy chimney of stove pipe on the roof came a thin column of smoke. Near the door stood a box holding a washbasin. There was a splash of water on the side of the box.

"Hello, neighbor!" called Old Charley.

A frying pan dropped to the floor with a clatter, but no other response came from the house. Then, as he was about to call again, a cloth curtain dropped behind the window, as though released by the jerk of a string.

Old Charley frowned and went toward the shack.

He banged on the door. "Say, in there, I've got a message for you—from a friend."

"I ain't got no friend sendin' me no messages!" The voice behind the door rasped roughly. "What d'yuh want, stranger?"

Old Charley almost abandoned the moonshiner hypothesis—moonshiners are more inquisitive about messages from friends. However, he tried again.

The old man frowned. "My name's Thane—I own the ranch, here, and I thought I'd see who's living in this shack."

"Like hell you own this land! I'm ownin' it myself, come another five months! I done paid my visit to the land office, Mister, and I don't feel like openin' no door. Don't like to talk noways—fat people don't agree with me."

"What! Why, you low—"

"Yeah," interrupted the voice, "and, besides, I'm gettin' my supper so why don't you be a nice little fat man an' get th' hell off my property—huh?"

Old Charley's face was the color of a well-done ham. He hit the door with a tremendous blow of his fist. "Open this!"

TO BE CONTINUED

SENIORS PRESENT H. S. PROGRAM ON FRIDAY

Members of the senior class were in charge of the weekly assembly program at Springfield high school Friday morning. Their entertainment included a harmonica solo by Arlow Atkinson, vocal solo by Irving Davis, reading by Betty Mersdorf, and vocal numbers by a quartet, Robert Brown, Jack Williams, Irving Davis and Morris Stewart. Miss Barbara Barnell played piano solos. She is not a member of the senior class.

The Letter Box

To the Editor:— For the past year it has been the aim of the pastor of the Springfield Christian Church to perfect a program of work and service for the Church which would fully restore the local organization to its scriptural position in Doctrine, Giving, and Living. After much council with the chairman of the Church board, S. G. Mosher, the program was presented to the official board. It was approved and adopted. Thursday, January 4, at the annual meeting of the Church membership the program was also approved and adopted without a single opposing vote.

All Funds in One Place The Storehouse Tithing plan of financing the Church occupied an important place in the program. Under the plan the treasuries of the auxiliaries of the Church will be united with the Church treasury, thus having only one treasury in the Church (the Lord's Treasury). All missionary, benevolent, and charity projects as well as any and all other items of the Church budget are under the direction of the Church officers. Any project which may be approved by the officers is then placed before the congregation for approval. This plan gives the congregation a voice in the spending of God's money which is demanded by the Scriptural order of Christ's program. The Word of God has delegated authority to the local Church only, and this authority does not go beyond nor conflict with the New Testament, which is our rule of faith and practice.

Includes Study Program The program calls for an intensive study on the part of the board of Elders, Deacons, and the Bible School teachers. It also calls for the organization of a calling committee which shall also make an intensive study of some of the needs of the community.

The chief aim of the program is that God's will may be done by the Church in Springfield, thus rendering efficient service to the community. Jesus said, "He that is greatest among you let him be servant of all." The Springfield Christian Church stands ready to serve the community and the world in the cause of righteousness.

Church Has Responsibilities Christian people must strive toward perfection, the unconverted must hear the simple gospel of Christ, the needy families must be cared for, the orphans and the aged must be sheltered, and we must educate and train evangelists and missionaries to preach and teach the gospel at home and in foreign lands. This is Christ's program for the Church, and the Springfield Christian Church solicits the co-operation of the entire community in this the Lord's work.

REV. VELTIE PRUITT

REMEDY REMOVES CAUSE OF STOMACH GAS

Most stomach GAS is due to bowel poisons. For quick relief use Adlerlik. One dose cleans out body wastes, tones up your system, brings sound sleep. Planery's Drug Store.

HERE'S HOW

By Albert T. Reid



The Place Where You All Go

Sooner or later everybody in the community calls at Eggimann's. Because everybody likes good candy, ice cream and other confections. Whether you buy our products steadily or just treat yourself or friends once in a while we see your face in our store.

The reason for your coming is because it is human nature to want the best and in our line there is little difference in price between the best and inferior grades.

EGGIMANN'S

"Where the Service is Different"

Buster Brown's Famous

2 for 1

EXACTLY 2 PAIRS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE PAIR

BUSTER BROWN SHOE STORE

933 Willamette St.

Eugene, Ore.