

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

The situation in Washington, in which the Congress of the United States has abandoned its Constitutional functions and seems to be content to leave direction of the Nation's affairs, legislative as well as executive, in the hands of the president, it not without parallel in our political history.

Three times before has Congress abdicated, in effect. Andrew Jackson was the first to take its powers away from it, which he did with threat and violence rather than by persuasion or consent.

President Roosevelt, however, is the first to propose, in so many words, that Congress leave everything to him. In his message, delivered at the opening of the session, he said to Congress, in effect, that while the letter of the Constitution provides for a division of powers, as between the legislative, the executive and the judicial branches of government, "the impulse of a common purpose declares a union."

The president may be right. It may be that the people of the United States, represented in Congress, are unanimously with him. It is our understanding however, that a member of Congress represents everybody in his district, not those of his own party alone.

We wonder whether Congress is getting ready to abdicate.

Presidents without pay have been created for the University and State college. That's an idea for the railroads, power companies, etc.

Sam Brown, state senator from Marion county, has announced his intentions of running for governor. History records another Brown who started something that ended disastrously.

Eugene is now after a federal insane asylum says a news report. We have always wondered just which way our county seat town was headed.

Well if we get three miles of our short road to the coast that is more than Portland has gotten on two short roads to the coast.

Nobody on the relief rolls will be issued a liquor permit says the Know law. That's going to cut down the business of the state's stores materially.

THE BOOK by BRUCE BARTON FORTY YEARS IN WILDERNESS

The distance from Egypt to the Promised Land is no longer than the trip from New York to Buffalo. Moses might easily have led his people over the route in a few weeks, instead of which the wanderings occupied forty years.

So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

How well he had done his work was immediately apparent. Joshua, whom he had chosen to succeed him, took hold without a hitch and completed the journey into Canaan.

It is a land that enteth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people we saw in it are men of a great stature.

Thus you can always get a majority vote to do nothing to take no chances. But there was a minority report. Joshua and Caleb, without minimizing the difficulties, protested stoutly that the land was fertile and worth fighting for.

Joshua was a soldier and was much needed for the work which Moses had left to be done. He led his people across the Jordan, engineered the successful attack upon Jericho, the walled city of the unfortunate people who happened to be in possession of the Promised Land.

Comes now a picturesque succession of leaders, called Judges, with whom we can carry only a moment in this rapid survey. There was a woman, Deborah, among them, whose stirring battle-hymn is one of the first recorded poems.

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—

"Oh, I'm so sorry," whined the voice, "but I just can't open it."

"Well, why can't you open it—your arm broke?"

"I'm taking a bath," said the voice sweetly.

This was too much. Old Charley planted the sole of his boot against the door with all the force in his body. The door flew inward and Will Thane stepped to the threshold.

Old Charley sat down slowly on the box, utterly heedless of the wash-basin. After a time he murmured mournfully, "If you was only ten years old again for about half an hour! . . ."

Later, after he had eaten Will's supper, the old man was somewhat mollified. "Will, you ornery pup, danced if this ain't the happiest day I've seen! And you've already been here a month. You son-of-a-gun—provin' up on your homestead. And you're all through with real estate? Plumb through?"

"Plumb through, Dad. Turned everything I had into cash a month ago. Cash'll come in handy when we buy that section south of us here and pick up some more stock."

Old Charley nodded happily. "I always knew you'd be comin' back some of these days. But what have you been doing here the last month? Sleeping most of the day, I reckon. I never saw you so fat an' glossy."

INSTALLMENT SEVENTEEN

Ruth slowly awoke and saw that it was still dark. She wondered idly why Ann was moving about in the kitchen so late, and was luxuriously slipping back to sleep when she heard the thump of boots, as Snaveley came from his room and walked across the house to the kitchen. Suddenly Ruth knew that it was morning—the long-awaited morning when the round-up was to begin.

As she rose and struggled into her riding clothes, the great weight of anxiety which had lifted during her sleep settled back upon her. The round-up—would there be enough cattle?

In the two months since she had accidentally placed poison in the spring troughs no new harm had come to the cattle—but, were they enough to meet her note? Her desire to find the answer to this question increased with each day, but she could not estimate the number of salable animals scattered over the ranch she could not give an intelligent guess about weights and quality and price.

Then, too, if her deal with Parker was to do the ranch any good, only the poorest of the cattle could be sold—only the steers and the old cows. The rest of the stock and the fine bulls must remain for the improvement of the ranch. Ruth could not see much advantage in selling all the cattle to keep the man Witherspoon from foreclosing on the note—what good was there in three-quarters' interest in a cattle ranch with no cattle—or, in a ranch which only brought in fifteen hundred dollars a year?

She left David sleeping and went into the dining room. She and Snaveley breakfasted silently by lamp-light, then went to the corral.

It was just light enough at the corral to distinguish one horse from another. The six Mexican cowboys were waiting by the gate, each with a cigarette in his mouth and a rope or bridle over his arm. Snaveley indicated to each of the men the horse he was to ride for the day. The Mexican entered the corral, caught his mount, and led it to the saddle shed.

Ruth, Snaveley and the Mexicans rode into the north pasture. About three miles from the ranch house Snaveley gave each man his orders, then rode away to the west. To Ruth he had said nothing, nor could she understand much of what Snaveley had told the Mexicans. She stayed where she was, on a hilltop. The men, she supposed, would ride west and distribute themselves along the line fence as it wound through the mountains. They would then all start eastward driving the cattle before them.

She waited two hours on that hilltop before she saw the first of the cattle coming. Two miles to the north an ant-like string moved over a ridge and disappeared into a ravine. A moment later, and much nearer, she saw a small bunch of animals emerge from the underbrush followed by a man on horseback—Snaveley, she thought.

By the time the first two bunches were opposite her, three more were in sight and she turned her own horse eastward. She soon came upon three cows, each with a calf, and drove them before her. Just where she was driving them she had no very clear idea, but she could see that the other riders were converging toward a common point and governed herself accordingly. This point proved to be a level piece of ground about half a mile from the eastern end of the pasture.

The nine small streams of cattle merged, flowed on, and were thrown into an eddying pool by the circling riders. Two of the men left at once, loping to a ravine where mesquite was plentiful. When they returned dragging firewood at the end of their riata, the cattle were in a close-packed bunch, and the remaining riders sat their horses at when the round-up was to begin.

ely, Alfredo, Don Francisco and one of the extra Mexicans dismounted, kicked off their chaps, and building a fire, laid on the branding irons; Ruth and three Mexicans keeping the herd together, meanwhile.

When the irons were hot Snaveley motioned to the grizzled old Juan, who left Ruth's side of the herd and advanced into the center of the milling cattle, swinging his riata.

Ruth had her hands full. With only three riders to keep the herd in place many of the cattle decided to break away. Every ten seconds, it seemed to Ruth, some animal on her side of the herd would bolt. She had abandoned old Brisket for such active riding in favor of Boots, a springy young horse with an alert mind and a thorough knowledge of the cow business.

Such riding is exhilarating sport for half an hour—rather like the fastest moments of a fast polo game, but in three hours it can be wearing.

When all the calves had been branded the herd was driven to the holding pasture, a small enclosure of one thousand acres. As the cattle passed through the gate the counting began; one man counted calves; another, yearlings; another, grown steers, and a fourth, cows.

The count was over and the riders were returning to the home ranch when Ruth rode up beside Snaveley. "Well, how does it look?"

"How does what look?" replied Snaveley.

"I mean—do you think we're going to have enough? Weren't there a good many calves and young steers in that bunch?"

"Can't tell nothin' yet," said Snaveley gruffly. "I don't know if you're goin' to have enough or not. As a guess I'd say, you ain't."

"I have it all figured out just how many we—"

"You figured, I reckon, that a quarter of the sale don't apply to that foot note, didn't you?"

Ruth drew herself straight in the saddle. "Certainly, Mr. Snaveley!"

She reined in her horse and dropped back between Alfredo and old Don Francisco. The Mexicans pulled their horses aside to make room and with many smiles and chuckles began talking to her. They loved to hear her broken Spanish. By the time the company reached the saddle shed, Ruth had learned that Don Francisco considered the cattle large and fat and the calves plentiful. He also succeeded in conveying to her the results of the count.

That evening Ruth studied these figures in connection with others she had gathered in her conversation with Old Charley and her studies of the cattle raisers' magazine. But she went to sleep as undecided as ever. The round-up would take four days and if on each of these days the count ran as high as on the first, and if on one of those days about one hundred extra animals should appear, Ruth knew that she could meet her note. Provided, of course, that Old Charley had guessed shrewdly about the prices the cattle buyers would be paying.

Ruth never knew how she got through the fourth and last day of the round-up. Twice, after the cattle had been gathered and the branding begun, she left the herd and rode into the foothills. But neither time did she see a single overlooked cow or calf.

She stood biting her lower lip and pulling on her saddle strings

as the counting began. There simply must be more than one hundred and twenty head, she kept telling herself—there just had to be! As the last of her cattle passed through the gate, the counters drew together and Ruth rode up. She listened as each man gave his count to Snaveley and wrote the figures in her note book with trembling fingers: 64, 22, 15, 44! Twice she added the column before she was sure that the total was 151. Then with a slap she whirled her horse and galloped toward the ranch house. Her cheeks were wet and she sang a throaty chant to the pounding beats: "I've won! I've won! I've won!"

That evening after supper while David and Ann were making the chickens secure against skunks and coyotes, Ruth put on a gown she had not worn for more than a year, and did her hair three times.

When David came in he asked, "Why are you dressed up so beautiful, Mama?"

"Oh, just because, Ruth did not quite know, herself; but she was convinced it was the thing to do. "I think we ought to celebrate once in awhile, don't you, David?"

"Like a party?"

"Rather, yes."

"Mama! Let's go down to the barn—they've got a nice fire there and Alfredo's playing music. Shall we? Come on!"

Ruth grasped the boy's arm and led him guiltily out of the house by way of the back porch. Snaveley was in the sitting room.

The Mexicans sat around their fire, talking, laughing and singing, as the mood and the ever-active strings of Alfredo's guitar persuaded them. When they saw Ruth, wonder shone from their faces, then admiration and pleasure. They all sprang to their feet, but Don Francisco was first.

Ruth smiled, went to the fire and spread her hands. "It is cold," she said in matter-of-fact Spanish. Immediately Francisco bowed her welcome and hurried to the barn for one of his rawhide chairs. But when he returned Ruth had seated herself on the ground next to Magda. She was not going to be the only one of the group who sat on a chair, gown or no gown.

Gradually, it became apparent to the Mexicans that the Senora Ruth and her son had merely come to the fire for warmth and company. Delightedly, they assured each other of this by smiles and nods. Little Magda sat closer to Ruth, and made her own importance felt among her companions by speaking exclusively in English, thereafter.

Suddenly Ruth had an inspiration, and with many pauses and appeals to Magda for the right word she made a speech: "My friends, we have worked and gathered many cattle. The round-up has been good. I think we will have a celebration—a fiesta grande. Some of you have friends in 'Palo Verde'—bring them and the mothers and children. On Saturday we will cook a cow."

"TO BE CONTINUED"

MRS. PRIVAT HOSTESS FOR PRISCILLA MEETING

Members of the Priscilla club will meet this afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. G. Privat. Mrs. Ernest Black will be the assisting hostess for the semi-monthly meeting.

HOLD FUNERAL FOR GEORGE KING

Resident of Pleasant Hill for 22 Years Passes Saturday At Home of Daughter

George Dason King, 78, died Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joe E. James of Jasper. He had been a resident of the Pleasant Hill community for the past 22 years coming there from Grande Ronde, Oregon in 1911.

Mr. King was born in Hancock county, Tennessee on August 2, 1855. He came to Oregon in 1891 settling at Grande Ronde where he lived for 42 years before coming to Pleasant Hill. He had been a farmer all his life.

He was a member of the Church of God for the past 14 years.

Survivors include five daughters, Mrs. W. H. Burns, Reno, Nevada; Mrs. A. E. Gilkison of North Powder; Mrs. C. E. Hayes of Goshen; Mrs. Flora Enyder of Eugene; and Mrs. James of Jasper; and one son, R. D. King also at Jasper. His wife died several years ago. He is also survived by 29 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Monday morning at 10:30 from the Pleasant Hill church. Rev. Harry Neat officiated, and interment was made in the Pleasant Hill cemetery. The Poole-Gray-Bartholomew chapel had charge of arrangements.

MASTER TOMMY PUTMAN HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. Lee Putman entertained at her home Saturday with a birthday party for her small son, Tommy, who was six years old. Games were enjoyed and a large birthday cake was cut and served to the following guests: Yvonne and Donald Sneed, Ann and Nada Goslar, Joanne and Jackie Barber, Joan McFarland, Norman Maxey, Graydon Lewis, Annabelle Pyle, and the honor guest.

BRATTAIN SCHOOL TO HAVE HARMONICA BAND

Plans for the organization of a harmonica band at the Brattain school have been completed. The novel band group will be directed by Mrs. Alene T. Busford, a member of the teaching staff.

EASY PLEASANT WAY TO LOSE FAT

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent abdomen and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you four weeks. Take one half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again.

After that you'll want to walk around and say to your friends,—"One 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts is worth one hundred dollars of any fat person's money."

Leading druggists America over sell Kruschen Salts—You can always get it.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Candy - The Suburb Gift For Your Valentine. Every girl appreciates a Valentine, of course, but when it comes in the tangible form of candy, you know they love it. We have a special assortment of fancy Valentine boxes and candies for the occasion. SCOTT'S DRUG STORE

Maid Cream. Our Only Label. We do not put off brands under someone else's label. Every product going out of this modern plant is labeled Maid O' Cream and is guaranteed by us to be pure, fresh and wholesome. This product uses exclusively Lane county dairy products and when you buy from us you are helping your own community. Ask your dealer in Eugene or Springfield for Maid O' Cream Butter. Springfield Creamery Co.

Cough Drop Time. Winter and spring months are the time for coughs and colds. Eggmann's old reliable cough drops stop the trouble and prevent throat irritation running into something serious. Easy to take Eggmann's cough drops have long been a leader in western states. Made right here in Springfield and we guarantee them. EGGIMANN'S "Where the Service is Different"