THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1934

A SELF-CONTAINED NATION

In developing a program under which the United States will be independent of foreign influences upon our internal domestic economy, the present Administration is taking a line which is almost forced upon it by the increasing super-nationalism of the rest of the world. It is the fashion among nations at present to make themselves independent of each other, or to attempt to do so. As a result of that nationalistic policy, one after another of America's foreign markets has been cut off so that, as we have lately had occasion to realize, the outlets for our surplus agricultural products has been steadily shrinking.

Until the nations of the world resume their old policies of free exchange of commodities, subject only to tariffs which will equalize cost of production as between them, it is the manifest duty of the United States to restrict its production to our domestic needs, and to import only such commodities as we cannot produce ourselves. But that is easier said than done. We cannot buy without selling.

We think the steps which are being taken to reopen certain foreign markets are, in the long run, likely to be more beneficial than the narrow policy of self-containment; but we must be sure that, when we open the door to the goods of any foreign nation, that nation will take enough of our own goods to strike a balance.

France is a perfect example of a self-contained nation, but when it found it could not export its wines to America as freely as it wanted to, it was ready enough to agree to lower its tariff barriers on certain American products. The result of the recognition of Russia should be a similar freedom of exchange. Russia has many things that we need and do not produce, such as manganese ore, but Russia must be prepared to buy our goods with the money we pay

We think the equalization and stabilization of the world's currency systems, on some new standard, will go a long way to break down international trade barriers and restore the free flow of commerce, without which no nation can realize its full possibilities of prosperity.

GOLD

One of the impelling reasons for a readjustment of the gold standard of money is the fact that the world's supply of gold is not increasing while the gold requirements for international trade have increased enormously since the last great "gold strike." But it is anybody's guess when and where another great gold deposit will be found.

The other day an Australian farmer dropped a wrench while plowing. Going over the plowed ground to hunt for the wrench he saw a piece of glittering quartz in a furrow. It had a streak of gold in it. He forgot all about his wrench but started to dig and turned up a gold-bearing quart reef, from which he took out \$2,200 in two days.

Gold, as the old prospectors say, it where you find it. It may even be on Winberry creek.

The new milk code raises the price and cuts the cream line by law. However, the Governor will not have as his campaign slogan "He Gave Us Skim Milk to Drink," we are reliably informed.

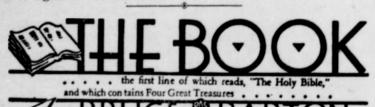
Our youngest who can not read but keeps informed on politics and religion a la radio, tells us that "Roosevelt took his jaw bone and slew 700 taxpayers." Who knows what history will record?

The wonderful age of regulation is on us. The cream content of junior's milk has been cut but the alcoholic content of father's beer has been raised. More power to the brain trusts who are guiding our destiny.

Eugene is having a hard time locating her liquor store. We suggest they get Doc Olson and his "doodle-bug" on the job.

Even Bergdoll, the notorious draft dodger, now thinks he should have a pardon. Soon he will be asking for a medal.

The people who have no property and do not want to pay any of the cost of educating their own children should vote against the sales tax.



What a romantic story of success! The simple shepherd lad, David, tending his sheep and playing his lute, receives a sudden summons home. Saul, the King, who is passoniately fond of music, has sent out a call for a musician. The boy goes to court and by his modesty and quick intelligence becomes a favorite. The blustering Goliath affords his courage a golden opportunity; in a single hour he wins the gratitude of the nation by killing Goliath with his sling in battle, and with it the jealous hatred of King

THE REIGN OF DAVID

Saul At length Saul in battle defeat has his own guards run him through and David ascended the throne. With firm hand and statesman-like vision he enforces order within the kingdom and respect without. So successful are his campaigns that he is able to establish a garrison in far-off Damascus and levy tribute on the Syrians, while Hyram, the powerful king of Tyre, is glad to claim his as an ally and a friend. He is one of the realest characters in all literature. You can see his sturdy body and strong but kindly face; you hear his tones and feel his presence, for there is no attempt to make him anything more than human. In fact his sinthe great blot on his kingly career—is set forth in complete detail. It is one of the famous illicit love-stories and has been the theme of countless poems and plays.

Walking one afternoon upon the roof of his palace David saw a beautiful woman in her bath. It was love at first sight. He sent immediately to inquire her name, and though it was told him that she was the wife of Uriah the Hittite, he took her into his harem. The act was made more heinous by the fact that. Uriah was away, fighting his king's battles at the front. After a period the girl, Bathsheba, brought David the uncomfortable news that she was with child. Then came the act of villany. David conferred with Joab, his general, and arranged that Uriah should be sent into the very foremost rank at the next battle. Loyally the brave soldier fulfilled his orders and, as had been expected and hoped by the king, he was reported among the casualties. Bathsheba became the favorite of the palace and bore a famous son, Solomon, for whom she secured the succession through her influence over David.

It is not a pretty story, and the prophet Nathan, a rugged old preacher who feared nothing, did not allow the king to forget his sin. Until his dying day David was conscience-stricken. We are quite sure that many of the Psalms which are attributed to him must have been written by others, but we know that he did write this one, a bitter cry of repentance: "According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

Whispering

By JOHN LEBAR

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Warren, who lived in the East, is willed three-fourth interest "Dead Lantern" ranch in Arizona by her only brother who is reported to have met his death while on business in Mexico. Arrivinge in Arizona with her hus band 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 approach ing the ranch house, a voice pers "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. Ruth's husband, caught in fortified with refreshments. chilling rain centracts 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 nearand decides to retire and offers to sell Ruth and Snavely his livestock Snavely tries to balk the deal but Ruth buys to the limit her three-quarter interest Dead Lantern ranch. She is assisted by Old Charley Thane and his son, Will Thane, A Mexican family has been hired to assist with the work. A peculiar sickness develops and satisfied grunts of the enters. with the livestock. Snavely calls it "liver fever" and says he has a powder for the water to cure the disease. Ruth's whole future is at stake on the development of the herd to meet her notes following the first round-up.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY-

Had she dumped a keg of gold have created more joyous excite-

While she and David were on were overtaken by the breathless Alfredo.

"Senora-please! The little house has been finished these two weeks. Is it not good that my dove and Iand also the good Don Franciscoshould enter on this pext Satur-

Ruth guessed more from Alfredo's manner than from his words the nature of his request, and she gladly encouraged him, not forgetting to mention the priest and the license.

Alfredo assured her that every thing would be in order. He had heard that a priest was visiting Palo Verde and had learned that one of the Mexicans from that place had a Ford-possessing friend go to town for the license

Ruth told Snavely of the celebration. He had come into the kitchen on Friday morning while she and Ann were baking pies and she had you." told him almost blithely. The grim old cattleman had merely looked at word. Later she had seen him ridwould have been impossible for ne did not return until Monday.

the outskirts of Philadelphia. By nine o'clock Saturday several then returned to the barbecue pit Ann knocked at the door and her

horsement and three wagonloads | where she had been cutting off the had arrived; the unfortunate helfer remaining meat with the idea of had been cooking whole for some hash. hours over a pit of fire, superin tended by Don Francisco whose man and later led him to where

culinary implements were a pitch his saddle horse was tied. He talk fork and an axe. Old Charley and ed with him for a moment, then Will arrived with Juana, and Ju- the man mounted and jogged down ana's wife in the ancient automo- the road, homeward. they felt the spirit of the occasion in a buckboard drawn by a pair of fredo's," called Ruth with an effort demanded.

one looked, sooner or later, toward word of English. He was fat, dirty, the gulch. Once or twice, also, she stupid, and the least interesting ot saw a mother or father bring back her guests. some youngster who had wandered near the fence.

Since the Mexican border runs through the center of Palo Verda -four houses being on the Mexican side and two on the Americannot a few of the male guests came

When the line was formed at dinner time the young man who was dominated by the green shirt went to the aid of the solitary celebrator and brought him back so that he should not go hungry. Don Franc- not to marry 'em without a licisco cut great chunks of roasted meat from the carcass and handed them to Ann who folded them in a tortilla and passed them to the line of grinning Mexicans. The wife of Don Francisco's cousin from Palo Verde was in charge of the pies. All was silent save the occasional crack of a bone under Don and satisfied grunts of the eaters. Ruth, Will and Old Charley had when Pink Shirt and Green Shirt went off, arm in arm, separating to choose two adjacent hilltops. She appealed to Will and Old Charley.

"Oh, I don't think they'll hurt for, hey?" anything," said the old man, "They 'll yell until they go dry and then coins among them, Ruth could not drop off to sleep. We can wake 'em emnized on the front porch of the on his sack by the woodpile, he had operation and safety for occupants,

up to-morrow or next day." "There's another one well pretheir way to the ranch house they Will, watching a tall slender fellow with a blue sash who was talking volubly to Alfredo and gesturing toward the ranch house.

"Umm-ever seen that boy before, Ruth? Is he a friend of Alfredo's?" Old Charley was eying the actions of the man, critically. "Why, no, I don't think so," replied Ruth. "I've never seen him

"Looks as though he was beginby a jerk on his shoulder.

Old Charley caught his son's eye then turned to the girl. "If you'd like, Ruth, you and me might go in and take a look at your roundwho would, no doubt, be glad to up figures. If I get a line on what when he com's to my place next

"Fine," said Ruth rising, "I'd certainly like to talk it over with

As they went inside, Will sauntered in the direction of the barbeher-one steady glance which cue. Alfredo and the man with the brought a catch of fear to her blue sash were talking loudly, face heart. Then he had left without a to face, and every one was watching. Suddenly, the man swept off ing away on his favorite horse, a his big hat with his left hand and pile, "guess nobody 'membered to blanket roll behind his saddle. It crouched low. Ruth, who in spite untie you. If I let you go, will you of Old Charley had stopped to be a bear? Bears are awful scare." him to stay in the vicinity of the watch through the window, saw a celebration. Probably he camped knife glint in his right hand. Alnear some distant watering place; fredo, also, now crouched, knife in up to the bargain, once free of the hand, with his hat held out as a On the night before the fiesta shield. The two men circled slowly tion of the barn. Ruth and Ann got little rest. They about each other like a pair of stayed up until ten fitting Magda game cocks. Will broke into a run. with a wedding dress-a dress, But Indian Ann was first. In two worn not so long ago, by a proud-stride she had walked up to the reading, for the thousandth time, a eyed bride in a little church on man in the blue sash. She hit him tale of the 'Coon and the 'Possum once behind the ear with her fist, and the Old Black Crow.

Will helped to revive the stricken

At one o'clock the priest arrived burros. Ruth went to greet him and Ruth noticed that nearly every found that he could not speak a

"When shall the marriage be?" asked Ruth as Alfredo came list. together with the box containing the experiment station. It is not a lessly up to the ranch house porch the remains of the liver fever mediabout three o'clock.

the road.

"What in thunder will we do?" "We've got the bride, the groom. the priest, the music and the audience. The priest knows enough

Ruth frowned thoughtfully. "Do you suppose the priest can read English?"

"Don't suppose he can read any

thing."

ense.

"Wait a minute!" Ruth entered the house and reurned shortly with a roll of parchment tied with a blue ribbon. She unrolled the crackling paper, and seal.

"Say, you're a wonder!" Will turned to his father. "Now what do you say a college diploma is good the door open, the little dog walk-

Later that day Ruth wrote in her note book: "The wedding was sol- It was as though, peacefully asleep bride and groom's future home. The bride were a beautiful veil of hope of a warmer bed in Ann's sions applicable to any house. pared for snake-bite," observed old Spanish lace, a handsome gown of white satin with a large shawl groom wore the conventional black he is, Ann! He's alive!" The lan corduroys."

Ruth's last memory of that day, as she slipped into sleep, was the sound of guitars, mandolins, a flute and a violin from the direction of his short legs widely spread and the new little adobe. The music his sides distended almost to burstwas being played with seadfast ing. He looked sleepy and wonderning to take things seriously," ob- purpose, as though it would still be fully content. Ruth knelt down and served Will a moment later. Al- playing when she awoke. And she prodded him with her finger. He fredo had turned his back to the could hear, dim and afar off, a long man, only to be pulled about again quavering yell of some happy mortal on a hilltop.

> Sugarfoot was tied up. The little dog sat at the extreme end of the fatiguing after a hearty meal. rope which fastened him to a log n the woodpile, and gazed disconsolately at David who had just returned from a hunt and was now shooting at a tin can with his bow and arrow. And there was no rea son to be tied-Ann had not gone any place. Sugarfoot could hear her in the kitchen making interesting noise with a pan. Sugarfoot

"Well," said David, as he noticed the dog and came over to the wood

whined

Sugarfoot wagged his rear third enthusiastically but failed to live rope. He speedily ran in the direc

At eight o'clock David was tuck ed in his cot and Ruth sat near

'You all ain't got Sugarfoot in there, has you?"

Ruth went to the door, "Why, no He isn't loose, is he?" The giantess nodded dully. "The

rope is untied off his collar." The girl caught her breath and "David! Did you untic turned.

Sugarfoot?" The tone of her voice caused David to an wer dubiously, "Wellsort of-you see, Mama, he wanted to play bear and I just thought I

would let him, so . Ann was lighting a lantern. She hurried out of the back screen door. "See if he might be down at Al-

The giantess did not answer.

Ruth scolded David for untying the dog, but said nothing more That afternoon Ann had asked her cine, she had locked in her trunk Alfredo shrugged; his face was after her disastrous mistake. She he said mournfully, looking down the giantess then placed in the carcass left over from the barbecue. The covotes were becoming too Old Charley appealed to Ruth, numerous around the home ranch and Ann wished to thin their ranks. cific section of the state with defitied during the night to keep him of the features listed in the bullefrom the meat.

> After David had fallen asleep Ruth left the room and went out to be highly practicable not only of the house. On the other side of for those with capital enough to the barn she could see Ann's lan- build just what they want, but also tern moving slowly through the those with only limited sums for bushes near where the poison had building or remodeling purposes. ben placed. Ruth did not like to she decided to help Ann search.

She had reentered the house and exhibited it silently to Old Charley a slight, familiar sound turned her returned to the ranch house porch and Will. It had a beautiful red rigid. The sound came again; a low whine and a scratching on the screen door.

> It was Sugarfoot. As Ruth held ed sleepily inside and, going to Ann's door, sat down and yawned. become cold and had risen in the and a detailed list of basic dimen-

Ruth picker the dog up in her draped tastefully about the shoul arms and ran outside. "Ann! Oh, ders. The ensemble was strikingly Ann!" The moving light beyond set off by a pair of red pumps. The the barn suddenly stopped. "Here tern began to move violently.

Carrying Sugarfoot into the living room, Ruth lit the lamp. The little dog stood before the fireplace. was as tight as a drum.

her hand and strove to wag his tail- ; the home of Mrs. Walter Scott. lessness; but such exercise is

"He certainly doesn't zeem sick," said Ruth.

"No. He et the meat though-his tracks is all around."

TO BE CONTINUED

was heavy with anxiety | HOME PLANNING AIDS AVAILABLE AT O. S. C.

Many Useful Suggestions for Farm Homes Contained in Free Bulletin Now Available

"If we had this house to build ver again we certainly wouldn't.

Imagine all the times you have seard that expression with the appropriate ending as to this or that change that would be made, then multiply them over and over again, and you can get an idea of the actual experiences and opinions of Oregon form women that form the basis of a new bulletin on rural ame building just issued by the

Oregon Experiment station. "Planning the Willamette Valley Farmhouse for Family Needs," is the title of this new bulletin by for the rest of the poison which. Maud Wilson, home economist of compilation of theoretical ideas of how am odern farm house should be built, but the result of what prepitiful. "The papers have not come" had given Ann the poison which sent day homemakers have told Miss Wilson are the desirable features that they now have or need.

Not Theoretical Tract While restricted in title to a spe Sugarfoot was to have been kept nite climatic characteristics, most tin are easily adaptable to any region. Properly used, it is believed

Representative homemakers in leave David alone in the house, but various parts of the Willamette valley cooperated with the author in making the study on which the was lighting another lantern when bulletin is based. Most of the cooperators lived on general farms where the chief source of income was the farm enterprises,

Illustrations Used

The bulletin, illustrated with detailed drawings, takes up general consideration in planning a house. suggestions for planning space units, provisions for economy in

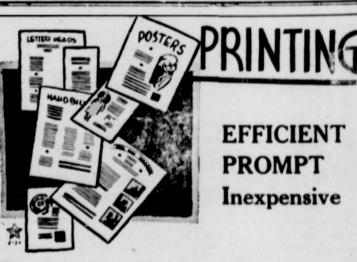
Suggested use of the bulletin is in checking the features in it one most desires in proposed building. and then using them as a basis for any actual plan chosen.

MRS. STEWART HOSTESS FOR CONTRACT PLAYERS

Mrs. Hary Stewart was hostess at her home last Thursday afternoon for members of the Contract bridge club formed here recently. Guests of the club for the afternoon were Mrs. C. F. Barber, Mrs. W. N. Gossler, Mrs. W. R. Dawson. Ann came in panting and drop and Mrs. Abbie Peery. The group ped by the dog. Sugarfoot licked will meet again on February 8 at

> MAN'S HEART STOPPED STOMACH GAS CAUSE gas that his heart often beats after eating. Adlerika rid him of all gas, and now he eats anything and feels fine. Flanery's

MCDONALD SUN. - MON. - TUES. - WED.



Phone 2

G OOD printing service consists of more than delivering a certain amount of ink and paper in the form ordered. Good printing consists of careful consideration as to the form in which the idea is to be presented, thoughtful selection of type faces, the right grade, weight and color of the paper. accurate composition and skillful printing. . . That is the kind of printing service you may expect from our shop. . . . and it costs no more than inferior printing.

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The Willamette Press

Opposite P. O.

Springfield

