

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1934

ANOTHER MONTH OF SCHOOL

Whether we have an eight or a nine months school starting next fall will depend upon the passage or failure of the sales tax law, now threatened with a referendum. This was the announcement of school board members after Monday's meeting. Taxes this last year have not come in any faster than the previous two years, only half now being collected. It is manifestly impossible to keep running the schools indefinitely on half the budget.

While the eight months school leaves much to be desired it is better than no school at all or closing down part of the system, a condition which ultimately must be faced if taxes are not paid better.

The sales tax would probably lower property taxes in Springfield for school purposes about one-fourth as well as provided some added revenue for another month of school. Best of all it would provide cash money in which to pay teachers warrants saving discounts and interest on school warrant debt.

Under the reduced salary and expense schedule put into effect last fall the school warrant indebtedness has been kept from mounting so fast. It is about \$20,000 or the same as last June when school ended. Probably at the end of the fiscal year next June it will also be about this amount as tax collections in March should take care of expenses until the end of the term.

ARMORY SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENT

The new armory building being prepared under CWA work and the Veterans' aid commission will afford both a fine drill hall and a good sized assembly room for Springfield. This has been something long needed and no doubt will be a civic center when completed.

The change recommended by the CWA engineer added greatly to the appearance of building as well as increasing the floor space. The armory building will be one of the lasting monuments erected by the CWA.

The death of Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state, takes from public life a conscientious and able official. Liked by everyone with whom he came in contact Mr. Hoss will be mourned throughout the state. Few in public life were as well known and had the knowledge of the state's affairs as did the deceased.

On P. W. A. projects so far Oregon has gotten seven million dollars while Washington has only two million six hundred thousand allotted. New York state has received 140 thousand dollars. Of the 550 million allotted to the states 28 percent has been for bridge projects.

Hotels, restaurants, and other parlors are required to buy a license for \$100 and post a \$1000 bond to dispense beer and wines under the Knox law. We imagine this will eliminate some of the hot dog stands.

Eugene's publicity pastors do not like to have the N. R. A. likened to Christianity. They probably fear a code for preachers.

The style in wedding rings is to be lighter. They're not expected to last so long in the future.

Deer meat is deer meat to some of our out of season hunters.

**THE BOOK**  
the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible,"  
and which contains Four Great Treasures  
**64 BRUCE BARTON**  
MONUMENT TO MOSES

The Ten Commandments are, of course, the outstanding monument to Moses' wisdom and influence. Read them over. How direct; how simple; how free from superfluous or trivial injunctions. They drive straight at the heart of human and divine relationships, and are the cornerstone upon which the nations have erected their legal and ethical codes. But they are not the only survival of Moses' leadership. The long, carefully molded Mosaic Law is hardly less remarkable. It embraces both a civil and a criminal code and foreshadowed by centuries not only our modern jurisprudence but much of our modern health regulation and medical practice.

On the civil side there is protection of property and reputation. There are exemption laws providing that the outer garment of a poor man, given by him in pawn, shall be returned to him at night; providing that the land that has been mortgaged and forfeited shall be restored to the family at the end of a period of years; laws punishing libel and protecting the good name of man and woman. There are laws providing that a poor man's wages are not to be retained to his injury. On the other hand, judges are warned not to favor a poor man but to render equal justice. Taxes were light and levied in proportion to a man's property, but there was one tax concerning which it was provided that the rich should not be permitted to pay more nor the poor allowed to pay less. It was a small tax, but it represented manhood and self-respect.

Some of the regulations went far beyond ordinary legal limits and prescribed the conduct of a gentleman:

Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind, but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord.  
Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer.  
Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.  
Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord.  
And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him.  
But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.

The criminal code was severe and swift, but inflexibly just. Life was protected and murder punished with death. Even accidental homicide did not go without penalty to him by whose carelessness it occurred, but he was not condemned to death.

The sanitary code was extended, minute and enforced with strict penalties. Can you imagine the feat of bringing a horde of escaped slaves across a wilderness without losing them by dysentery, typhoid fever or hook-worm? It was made possible by a simple but powerfully effective system of sewage disposal. The isolation of communicable diseases and the strict disinfection under priestly supervision prevented the spread of plagues.

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 alling 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, Snively, and Indian Ann, a herculean woman of mixed negro and Indian blood. Snively 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 a chilling rain, contracts pneumonia and passes away before a doctor arrives. Ruth tries to carry on. She is not encouraged by Snively 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 near by decides to retire and offers to sell Ruth and Snively his livestock on credit. Snively tries to balk the deal but Ruth buys to the limit of her three-quarter interest in the "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 with the livestock. Snively 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. At the round-up Ruth has enough stock to sell to meet her notes.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY—

INSTALLMENT NINETEEN

For half an hour the two women sat on the floor with the dog between them. For a time he seemed rather pleased at so much attention and gave a short bark of inquiry. Then, as nothing much happened, he yawned, scratched at the floor, and after turning around lay down with a soft sigh and presently to snore.

"Sugarfoot, honey," said Ann at last. "why ain't you dead?"

After the cattle sale Ruth knew that Snively had misinformed her about the yearly earning power of the ranch. As near as she could estimate, the income—even without the Parker cattle—was more than three times the amount he had mentioned. She believed that his lie was an attempt to discourage her, not a plan to make money for himself.

But the cattle buyer had come and his check was now in Ruth's hands; this check gave her, after Snively's share was deducted, nearly a thousand dollars over the amount of her note. Ruth walked on air—small wonder that she was not anxious to have any more words with Snively. After all, what if he had underrated the income? She could meet her note, and she had not been forced to sell any of the fine Parker cattle except the calves. She had improved the ranch wonderfully and next year this improvement would manifest itself in real money. And with the money from next fall's sale she would buy more cattle, pure breeds, the best in the world. She had set herself five years to bring the earning of the ranch to a certain comfortable amount. Then she and David would move into town near the schools . . . She knew that Snively would have to be considered in these plans, but the future looked so bright, it was a shame to spoil it

with thinking of him. In her heart she rather believed that Snively would eventually sell out to her.

Since the cattle sale something seemed to have happened to Snively; he no longer gave the impression that he was waiting for something. Instead, he had a puzzled, uncertain air. He avoided Ruth consistently, but where before he had let it be seen that he avoided her because he could not stand the sight of her, he now made half-smiling excuses.

The girl had been so happy with the results of the round-up and the gaiety of the fiesta that she paid little attention to him. She had won. Nevertheless, whenever he was behind her Ruth had to control a wild impulse to run.

On the day after she received the cattle buyer's check, Will Thane drove up to the ranch. He brought a marriage license for Alfredo and Magda. He had already secured the priest's signature, and now asked the newly married couple to sign, telling them the paper was an agreement with the great American government to live happily together and never quarrel about anything. Alfredo and Magda signed it joyfully.

As it was still mid-morning Will did not hurry away. He and Ruth sat on the running board of the roadster and talked.

"Dad and I are going to flag your dad this afternoon and go into town with him. I've some business to attend to and David wants some ice cream. We're going on a regular spree—they have a movie in town, haven't they?"

"Two; both terrible. But say, you can't go in with Dad; he's quit the delivery business."

"Oh! Why?"

"No use in it. He started carrying mail by accident, anyway. You see, after mother died, he and I went to live in town. We left Juan and Juana on the ranch. I went to school and Dad became sheriff. Well, when I was old enough to go the university we went to California. But Dad couldn't stand it there—too cold and too far away from the ranch. So he came home. He used to go into town every week to get a letter from me and first thing he knew he was the mail man. But now that I've come home for good, Dad's quit. The new man made his first trip last week. All of which family history is only to say that if you want to go to town you'd better let me take you." Will stood up.

"Sure—unless you'd rather wait. Dad and I are leaving to-morrow for a business trip to the coast—back next week. We'd be glad to take you in with us in the morning but you might have trouble in getting out again. You'd better come now—we'll see two movies!"

"Well, I hadn't planned"—Ruth hesitated—"I suppose we might go this morning."

A few minutes later when Ruth and David, coming out of the house, started toward the waiting machine, Snively stepped out from the porch and asked, "You-all goin' for a ride?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Thane is taking David and me into town. I shall deposit the check and pay off my note."

"Well, now, I don't know as I'd be in any hurry, Mrs. Warren—It? An' it's poor business handin' people money—you don't know what that broker might do—he might claim you never give him th' money. Why don't you jest put your money in th' bank an' then when the time comes to pay him mail him a check. I—come to think of it, I'll be goin' in town pretty

soon—I'd be glad to—"

"No, thank you," smiled Ruth. "I'm sure it will be safe for me to pay the money to Mr. Witherpoon. I shall give him a check, not cash, and he will have to give me a receipt also. When I have opened the account, I can then write you a check for your share. Or, if you'd rather give me a letter to the bank, I can put the cattle buyer's check in the ranch account."

Snively hesitated uncertainly. "Well, now—" He paused.

"Which shall I do?" asked Ruth. "Shall I put the check in the ranch account, or do you want me to open my own account with it and pay off my note and give you a check for your share of the sale?"

"Well, why don't you wait until I go in—"

"Because I want to pay off that note myself."

Snively did not reply for nearly a minute. "All right," he said suddenly, "you can do like you want. But don't put the money in the partnership account. Put it in your name and give me my share. You can bring it out with you when you come back. Bring it in cash—I don't want no check." He turned and left her.

On the way in, the three in the roadster chatted cheerfully. Once Ruth asked, "Tell me—what was the trouble that day at the barbecue?"

"Oh, the fellow in the blue sash? He was just drunk. I didn't inquire much about the argument. Alfredo said that he was saying unpleasant things about the ranch—claimed he wanted to see Snively."

"But why?"

"A crazy drunken notion. He told Alfredo that he could make Snively come down and walk on his hands and knees with a saddle on his back—thought it would amuse the crowd."

Ruth glared incredulously at her companion. "Good heavens, what a rare idea!"

Will agreed. He did not tell the girl that his father had appeared much interested in the remarks of the Mexican in the blue sash; not that by this time, a certain tall, grizzled policeman was also much interested.

As they entered the outskirts of the town, after nearly three hours of steady driving, Ruth could hardly believe her eyes. It seemed to her that she had never seen so many people in all her life.

Will assured her that the town had not grown noticeably—she had been living on the ranch where twelve people gathered together made a multitude.

She asked Will about banks, and he recommended all three of them. Then she remarked in a matter-of-fact way that she wondered if he knew of a good attorney. Will pointed to an office building across the street. "A man named Martin has an office there; you can't go wrong on him. Would you like me to introduce you?"

Ruth hesitated. "No, don't bother—I just want to ask him a trivial question or two."

Ruth left Will and David as soon as Will had parked the car. She would attend to her business and meet them an hour later.

At the nearest bank she opened a checking account with the cattle buyer's check as a deposit, and drew Snively's share in cash. Then she found the ground floor office of Mr. Witherpoon. From the signs on the window, Mr. Witherpoon was a notary, a broker, and an insurance agent; he also made loans, conducted real estate operations, and was incorporated.

"Mr. Witherpoon?" asked Ruth of the man who sat before a flat-

SALES TO HOSPITALS EXEMPT FROM CODES

Portland, Feb. 8.—Merchants selling supplies to hospitals supported by public subscription and not operated for profit may disregard all code regulations in making such sales, General Hugh S. Johnson, recovery administrator, ruled today in a communication to the Oregon NRA division of the national emergency council.

It was held that strict enforcement of code regulations in sales of supplies to hospitals not operated for profit would place too heavy burdens on the public which depends on these hospitals for care. The order becomes effective as of February 2.

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HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favor of Other Men

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But don't take salts, mineral waters, laxative pills, laxative capsules or chewing gums and expect them to get rid of this poison that destroys your personal charm. They can't do it for they only move out the tail end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the decaying poison. Constipation won't help at all.

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