THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H E MAXEY, Editor

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1934

BACK TO THE LAND

Our unemployment troubles are basic and are not likely to change for a long time to come at least. Nearly all thinking people agree to this fact. The methods we are using to relieve unemployment are temporary and can not be expected to last for long. We have heard that fact from the lips of the head of public works, in this state.

The Lane county court and particularly Commissioner O. E. Crowe, have been discussing plans for a "back to the soil movement" to take people off the relief rolls in Lane county. They would put relief cases on lands taken over by the county for taxes, some of which is good land and some not so good. Their "back to the land movement" is not to make a great deal of money farming but make a home and a living and be independent.

We have proposed to members of the court that they pick from their relief rolls worthy men whom can reasonably be expected to make good on a farm, and there are plenty of them. But instead of giving them a tract of our poor or marginal land that they be sold five or ten acres of good land on a long term contract.

If legal we would procure the land in this fashion. A great many farmers in this county are hoarders of good land and are far back in their taxes. They have more land than they can farm profitably at any time. We would have the court go to these people and make a tax settlement. Secure a deed for part of their land and give them a paid up tax receipt for the remainder. We would then go to other farmers who haven't more land than they need but are back in their taxes and offer to take horses, cows, pigs and chickens or good used farm machinery for their back taxes, and we think that there would be plenty of livestock offered. Next we would go to the sawmill owner who is back in his taxes, and there are plenty of them, and say so long as you can not pay in money your taxes may be paid in surplus lumber on your docks.

With the above set up the man on relief could be put on the land to build his house and go to farming. As soon as a crop was harvested he would be off the relief rolls and on his own and after two or three years he could start

paying the county back. You may question whether this set up will work or not. To that we will say it is a bigger opportunity to make good than the pioneers had when they came to Oregon and settled on raw land. We believe there is plenty of the hardy stock left.

Another death has resulted from people walking on the Pacific Highway between Eugene and Springfield. It has reached a point where there is pedestrian travel on this section of the highway every hour of the day and night. Surely this section of the highway should be improved with sidewalks. Some of the money the highway department has been spending for sidewalks on bridges far out in the country where people never walk might better be put on this stretch of road.

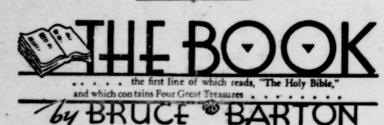
Salem is preparing to secure a municipal water system through PWA funds, \$400,000 of which is to be an outright gift from the government. But Salem must sell her bonds to get the city's part of the money and they are only quoted at 88. After Salem gets her water system by this method a good share of the gift will have been wiped out.

A lady complains about a shirtless worker on the public highway. At that probably the worker had on more clothes than the lady.

A pacifist is a man who wants someone else to do the fighting for his country.

Eugene is different. Her job is to dislocate the liquor store.

Ask yourself what General Martin knows about Lane county.



SAMUEL, SAUL AND DAVID

Finally there was Samuel, stern, uncompromising, incorruptible. He was not a particularly loveable character, and his powerful one-man rule does not seem to have left a place for any associates. At least the people saw no one capable of carrying on in his place, and reminded him brutally that his own sons were failures.

Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

Angrily Samuel agreed, but not without a warning. Their king would be tyrannical, he told them; they would repent their demand. None the less he acceded to it, and searching through the tribes he found a clean-cut young man named Saul who stood head and shoulders above all the rest. Him he selected and anointed as Israel's first king.

"God save the king," shouted the people happily-the first time in history that the cry had been raised— and indeed it looked as though their happiness were justified. They had a brave and handsome monarch whose modesty was as striking as his courage. What now could stop them from complete success? But Saul's career is one of the great tragedies. He might have been the George Washington of his people, but he could not stand prosperity, and so little permanent imprint did he leave that the writer of Hebrews, in enumerating the great characters of the nation, does not even mention his name. He was modest and likable, but he was a prey to sullen moods and the slave of jealousy.

He was jealous of Jonathan, his son, and would have slain him but for the determined protest of the people. Most of all was he jealous of David, who, when the armies of Israel were standing in helpless terror before the giant leader of the Philistines, Goliath, took his shepherd's sling, picked up a smooth stone from the brook and planted it squarely in the giant's forehead. For this victory, and the acclaim that followed it, Saul never forgave him.

Saul was not without military genius. He led his people more than once to victory. Throughout his career fighting was constant, with the Amalekites, the Philistines and other hostile tribes, and sometimes one side won and sometimes the other. But much of the energy and time that ought to have gone into the nation's battles was spent in the vain effort to destroy David; and the net result of Saul's reign was little. "Tomorrow," said the ghost of Samuel, appearing grimly before him, "to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." Saul marched into battle on the morrow knowing that his fate was sealed; and when the final moment of defeat arrived he called upon his sword bearer to run him through.

If you are thrilled by Napoleon, the penniless young lieutenant leaping to the throne of an empire; if your imagination is warmed by the rise of the gaunt, homely, country boy Lincoln to the White House, then there is a treat for you in David.

Whispering

SYNOPSIS

rivinge in Arizona with her hus-

Thane, rancher and rural mail car-

"Dead Lantern" gate, 5 miles from

the ranch house. As they trudge wearily through a gulch approach-

ing the ranch house, a voice whis-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 diffi-

cult to understand but regardless

Ruth takes up the task of trying to adjust their three lives to the

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

father in the East asking a loan with which to buy cattle. She re-

ceives 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 Snavely his livestock

of her three-quarter interest in Dead Lantern ranch. She is assist-

ed 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. 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

At the round-up Rut has enough

NOW GO ON WITH STORY-

INSTALLMENT TWENTY

their ceiling above Ruth's head.

Presently he asked, "Did this man

know that you were the only bene-

"He didn't even know about me

until I came to the ranch. I sup-

pose after we'd talked he found out

there was no one else-I told him

my share was three-quarters. He

"Then I think we might attempt

to colve the riddle in this manner:

ing he could perhaps encourage

you to sell him your interest-'

Martin continued: "He could have

has been adjusted, I do not believe

ranch and the dividing of the pro-

"Oh." Ruth smiled uncertainly as

think I'll be going now. I'll decide

Mr. Martin smiled slightly. "You

do I owe you for your advice?"

ficiary of your brother's will?"

Mr. Martin gazed thoughtfully at

to sell to meet her notes.

the first round-up.

read the will, too."

on the place?"

Ruth.

terests.

meet again."

improve it. She writes to

ier agrees to take them to the

By JOHN LEBAR

ing at the machine. During the rest | the rock?" Ruth Warren, who lived in the at a moving picture show, and later times." Her eyes darted fearfully a desperate laugh, somehow horri-East, is willed three-fourth interest "Dead Lantern" ranch in andiener, Ruth's mind was busy, it in the direction of Snavely's door Arizona by her only brother who is reported to have met his death while on business in Mexico. Arband who has ailing lungs, and their small child, they learn that the ranch is located \$5 miles from the nearest railroad. Old Charley magined that Will did not notice and softly closed the door.

her preoccupied manner. This thought was easy in the lighted restaurant, humming with a wall of blackness which never lifted-Ruth's part in her imaginary conversation with Snavely be came less aggressive.

By the time the car was enter ing the aroyo east of the barn, Ruth had grave doubts about saying neth, Ruth's husband, caught in anything, whatever, to Snavely His desire to have the ranch and to be by himself amounted to a mania -what would he do if she were to tell him that the ranch was to be sold? And she was eighty-five miles from help

> "How long did you say you and your father were going to be away?" asked Ruth, as Will drove past the barn. "About a week. We're leaving to-

on credit. Snavely tries to balk the deal but Ruth buys to the limit norrow morning and expect to be home again next Saturday even

> As they were helping David, who was more than half asleep, out of the car, Ruth thanked Will for the trip. Then said hesitatingly, "I wish you and your father would come over soon-I can't promise you a very cheerful dinner, but-"

> "Fine!" Will interrupted tactfully. "You set the day and we'll cer tainly raise the dust getting here." "Well, how about coming over the day after you get back-Sun-

> day?" Will nodded. "That'll be all right. We'll show up about noon."

"I wonder-" Ruth paused. "What?"

buried as the old house fell. I wish charged. I didn't want to tell him."

"Good Lord! Is that all you've the man may have thought that since you were rather new to ranch-Ruth nodded con-firmation, and Mr. given you a cash payment for your had come to a satisfactory conclu- until I see you again."

ed partner committed any crime in he turned the car about. He leaned gulch, Snavely had apparently been week-good night."

The lawyer pursed his lips. "No plain to any one what his motives the gulch, and gasped; Snavely was "What ought I to do?" asked cealed by a buch.

She ran back to the house. What tell him that you have consulted vicinity of the gulch? As she stood have the will probated. Once that decided to find Ann.

She knocked on the giantess anything further will be done; ex- door.

cept, of course, the selling of the After a moment Ann slowly open shoes and shirt.

"Oh, are you up yet? I just the stood up. "That's a relief. I thought I'd tell you that we've come back. Have you been reading. later just what I want to do. What Ann?"

"No. I cain't read." "But why are you dressed? Have owe me nothing-but here is my you been anywhere?"

card. I rather feel that we shall The huge woman lowered he eyes and slowly nodded.

"Ann! Have you been down to

Rock

was maddening, that the first time and her voice dropped to a husky she had been able to leave the whisper. "Oh, Gawd, Miss Ruthranch and enjoy her elf, she-could you take yo'r little boy an' go 'way think of nothing but the ranch. She from this place!" Ann stepped back

Snavely eyed her cautiously when, at breakfast, Ruth gave him the packet of note; which represthe voices and laughter of many ented his share of the cattle sale. people. But twenty miles out of There was something oddly apolotown-the roadster throbbing into getic and inquisitive in his voice as he asked, "Didn't have no trouble in payin' off the note, did you?' "Oh, no," answered Ruth, as she seated herself at the table. She was thinking of the money she had just given Snavely-it had not been earned through any effort of his.

"Nice sort of feller, that Witherpoon," he remarked, guardedly.

"He seemed pleasant," said Ruth. That morning Snavely did not ride; he stayed in the neighborhood of the corrals. More than once Ruth saw him watching her.

After the noon meal, Ruth went and Sanchez. To her surprise, Snavely came from the blacksmith shop and helped her saddle the horse.

"Goin' for a ride, eh?" he asked with a strained smile.

"Yes; the mail. To-day's Saturday. "I was jest gettin' set to go down

that-a-way, myse'f I'll be startin' directly.'

"Perhaps David and I will see ou, then," replied Ruth

Snavely did not speak for a moment; then said casually, "No use in you goin'-without you're set on it. I can bring the mail.

Ruth ignored this suggestion and helped David to mount.

As she and David rode along the faintly marked road, the girl's mind was busy. The situation on the Dead Lantern was drawing to "I hate awfully to admit it, but a climax; it seemed to her as l lost your father's revolver-it was though the very air was tensely

you'd try to get me another like it | Since the evening before, Ruth in Los Angeles. Could you? He's had definitely connected Snavely asked me once or twice why I did- with the voice in the gulch; he had n't wear it when I went riding, but been standing there by the fence when she and Will came home, and Ann had heard the voice that same been worrying about? Well, forget evening. She tried to recall Snavit right now! Dad's lost more than elv's whereabouts on the occasions one gun in his time—as a matter of when the voice had spoken. At first, fact, he was forced to give one or she told herself that the man had two of 'em away. Sure, I can get two or three perfect alibis-yet. you one. But say, you should have were they? Did she know positively said something about this before, that he had gone to Palo Verde holdings, and you might have gone Here"-Will drew a revolver from on the night of the storm? One away, assuming that everything the pocket of the car-"keep this thing certain, he had not brought back any Mexicans. And that even-Ruth took the gun without much ing when she and Kenneth and Ruth hesitated. "Has my so-call urging. She stood watching while David had first come through the not telling me that I had no rights from the seat, "We'll see you next milking at the barn-yet, Ruth had never known of his milking since. As she answered, Ruth saw the True, he always avoided going crime, exactly, but it should be slowly moving lights swing toward through the gulch as though he were afraid of it. But that did not standing near the fence, partly con- prove that he had nothing to do with the voice. Perhaps he went around, merely to give her the idea "I think, if I were you, I should had Snavely been doing in the that he was afraid. She began to feel that the only thing which dean attorney and that you intend to on the dark porch Ruth suddenly finitely mitigated against Snavely being responsible for the voice was that the legend of the whispering rock was very old-there was no getting around that. Every one ed it. A low-turned lamp burned in knew the legend; even Don Fran ceeds according to both your in the room. She had taken off her cisco had heard of it as a boy. She determined to explore the gulch.

But Ruth did not explore the gulch that day. In the mail was a letter addressel to J. B. Snavely. In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was the business head of the broker, Witherspoon. Snavely had evidently changed

his mid about fixing the gate. He was near the saddle shed when

THE BOITORS

ded to him but made no other answer to his questioning eyes, until until next week. "It was very she and David had turned out their thoughtful of you," she smiled; him full in the eyes.

For an instant, Ruth thought he was going to pretend surprise, but he suddenly began to laugh. It was ward the ranch house, his pale convey that he was greatly tickled as though he had a tremendous joke on Ruth-a friendly joke in which he expected to be joined. Ruth did smile.

"Dogged if this ain't th' beatsee why I done it, don't you, pard-

Snavely. Snavely swallowed twice before

tell you jest as soon as it was settled. Last month when you did get himself knowingly. enough cattle money an' met the note, I jest figgered I'd let you go ahead an' pay it anyways, an' then su'prise you." His lips smiled.

"If I had not been able to meet LOST 10 LBS. IN A WEEK my note, Mr. Snavely, is it not true that you would have had my entire to the corrals and caught up Brisket interest in the ranch?" asked Ruth quietly.

> Snavely spoke glibly. "Not at all, Mrs. Warren. Such a thing ain't possible because we're pardners. Parker or anybody else could have took your interest away from you not me; I'm your pardner."

It was a moment before Ruth could reply. She saw the deadliness back.

Ruth and David returned. Ruth nod- behind the man's eyes . . . could only keep him good-natured horses. Then Ruth walked up to "it's nice to know I was safeguard-Snavely, the letter in her hand. ed all the time. Well," she turned, "Well, here it is," she said, looking it's all over now; the note is paid and the ranch has been improved."

"It sure has," replied Snavely. He watched the girl as she walked to ed on his face. The next morning after break-

ast Ruth entered her room. She et for a time looking at her trunk, linking. Suddenly she rose, unlocked the trunk, and took out the in'st!" Snavely exclaimed. "You Quaker Oats box on which was crawled, "for liver fever." Going nto the kitchen, she asked Ann Ruth had not been wholly sure of to keep an eye on David for an what Snavely had done or why he hour, and taking up a potato and was receiving a letter from Wither- a paring knife, left by the froat spoon, up to the time he began to door. Sugarfoot greeted her and for laugh. Now she said very soberly, a moment the girl looked down at "I hope I know why you did it, Mr. the little dog. Once more she asked he question which had never been answered, "Sugarfoot, why didn't he spoke. "Well, I was almin' to y u die when you ate the meat Ann poisoned?" Sugarfoot wagged

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW ONE WOMAN

Mrs. Betty Luedeke of Dayton, writes: "I am using Kruschen to reduce weight-I lost 10 pounds in one week and cannot say too much to recommend it.'

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