

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

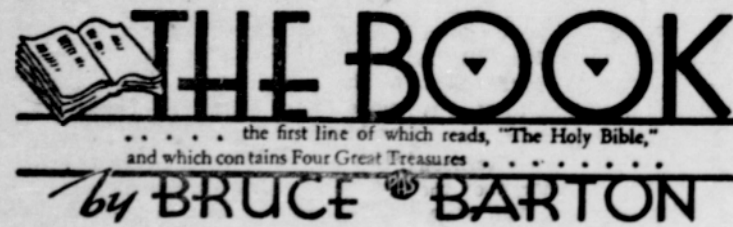
Salem is preparing to secure a municipal water system through PWA funds, \$400,000 of which is to be an outright gift from the government.

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.



THE BOOK by BRUCE BARTON

Finally there was Samuel, stern, uncompromising, incorruptible. He was not a particularly lovable character, and his powerful one-man rule does not seem to have left a place for any associates.

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.

"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 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.

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.

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 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.

She found David and Will waiting at the machine. During the rest of the afternoon, which was spent at a moving picture show, and later at dinner, Ruth's mind was busy.

This thought was easy in the lighted restaurant, humming with the voices and laughter of many people. But twenty miles out of town—the roadster throbbing into a wall of blackness which never lifted—Ruth's part in her imaginary conversation with Snavely became less aggressive.

By the time the car was entering the arroyo east of the barn, Ruth had grave doubts about saying 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?

"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 tomorrow morning and expect to be home again next Saturday evening."

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 certainly raise the dust getting here."

"Well, how about coming over the day after you get back—Sunday?"

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

"I wonder—" Ruth paused. "What?"

"I hate awfully to admit it, but I lost your father's revolver—it was buried as the old house fell. I wish you'd try to get me another like it in Los Angeles. Could you? He's asked me once or twice why I didn't wear it when I went riding, but I didn't want to tell him."

"Good Lord! Is that all you've been worrying about? Well, forget it right now! Dad's lost more than one gun in his time—as a matter of fact, he was forced to give one or two of 'em away. Sure, I can get you one. But say, you should have said something about this before."

Here—Will drew a revolver from the pocket of the car—"keep this until I see you again."

Ruth took the gun without much urging. She stood watching while he turned the car about. He leaned from the seat, "We'll see you next week—good night."

As she answered, Ruth saw the slowly moving lights swing toward the gulch, and gasped; Snavely was standing near the fence, partly concealed by a bush.

She ran back to the house. What had Snavely been doing in the vicinity of the gulch? As she stood on the dark porch Ruth suddenly decided to find Ann.

She knocked on the giant's door. After a moment Ann slowly opened it. A low-turned lamp burned in the room. She had taken off her shoes and shirt.

"Oh, are you up yet? I just thought I'd tell you that we've come back. Have you been reading, Ann?"

"No, I can't read." "But why are you dressed? Have you been anywhere?"

The huge woman lowered her eyes and slowly nodded.

"Ann! Have you been down to the rock?"

"I got to go down there—sometimes." Her eyes darted fearfully in the direction of Snavely's door and her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Oh, Gawd, Miss Ruth—you take yo'r little boy an' go 'way from this place!" Ann stepped back and softly closed the door.

Snavely eyed her cautiously when, at breakfast, Ruth gave him the packet of note which represented his share of the cattle sale. There was something oddly apologetic 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 Witherspoon," 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 to the corrals and caught up Brisket 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, mysef! I'll be starvin' directly."

"Perhaps David and I will see you, then," replied Ruth. Snavely did not speak for a moment; then said casually, "No use in you goin'—without yo'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 a climax; it seemed to her as though the very air was tensely charged.

Since the evening before, Ruth had definitely connected Snavely with the voice in the gulch; he had been standing there by the fence when she and Will came home, and Ann had heard the voice that same evening. She tried to recall Snavely's whereabouts on the occasions when the voice had spoken.

At first, she told herself that the man had two or three perfect alibis—yet, were they? Did she know positively that he had gone to Palo Verde on the night of the storm? One thing certain, he had not brought back any Mexicans. And that evening when she and Kenneth and David had first come through the gulch, Snavely had apparently been milking at the barn—yet, Ruth had never known of his milking since. True, he always avoided going through the gulch as though he were afraid of it. But that did not prove that he had nothing to do with the voice. Perhaps he went around, merely to give her the idea that he was afraid. She began to feel that the only thing which definitely 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 knew the legend; even Don Francisco 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 addressed 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 mind about fixing the gate. He was near the saddle shed when

Ruth and David returned. Ruth nodded to him but made no other answer to his questioning eyes, until she and David had turned out their horses. Then Ruth walked up to Snavely, the letter in her hand.

"Well, here it is," she said, looking him full in the eyes.

For an instant, Ruth thought he was going to pretend surprise, but he suddenly began to laugh. It was a deperate laugh, somehow horrible; yet the laugh was meant to 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' best in't!" Snavely exclaimed. "You see why I done it, do'y' you, pardner?"

Ruth had not been wholly sure of what Snavely had done or why he was receiving a letter from Witherspoon, up to the time he began to laugh. Now she said very soberly, "I hope I know why you did it, Mr. Snavely."

Snavely swallowed twice before he spoke. "Well, I was aimin' to tell you jest as soon as it was settled. Last month when you did get enough cattle money an' met the note, I jest figured I'd let you go ahead an' pay it anyways, an' then surprise you." His lips smiled.

"If I had not been able to meet my note, Mr. Snavely, is it not true that you would have had my entire interest in the ranch?" asked Ruth quietly.

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

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

behind the man's eyes... If she could only keep him good-natured until next week. "It was very thoughtful of you," she smiled; "it's nice to know I was safeguarded all the time. Well," she turned, "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 toward the ranch house, his pale eyes fastened on the retreating figure, suspicion and hatred mingled on his face.

The next morning after breakfast Ruth entered her room. She sat for a time looking at her trunk, thinking. Suddenly she rose, unlocked the trunk, and took out the Quaker Oats box on which was scrawled, "for liver fever." Going into the kitchen, she asked Ann to keep an eye on David for an hour, and taking up a potato and a paring knife, left by the front door. Snavely greeted her and for a moment the girl looked down at the little dog. Once more she asked the question which had never been answered, "Sugarfoot, why didn't you die when you ate the meat Ann poisoned?" Sugarfoot wagged himself knowingly.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW ONE WOMAN LOST 10 LBS. IN A WEEK

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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SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

