

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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M. E. MAXEY, Editor

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THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1934

TAXES LOWER — STILL HIGH

Springfield folks have gotten their tax receipts and will note with some satisfaction that taxes are lower. Credit for all the reduction rests with the city council and school board. Local millages came down while state and county went up 3.5 mills.

Taxes are still too high but there is little else that can be done about it until some substitute method for property taxation is found. Less than half the people pay all the taxes. It is obvious that if the tax burden is to be lowered then some money must be gotten from the half who are now paying nothing in local taxation. The only redeeming feature we see in the sales tax for school purposes is that it compels everyone to pay something.

It costs about \$55 a pupil to operate the school even on the present eight months term. The parents of more than half of the Springfield school children are not taxpayers. If by the sales tax or some other method they would contribute \$8 or \$10 a year toward the school funds then property taxes could be materially lowered.

This is only a fair request it seems to us in light of the fact that the school districts are now furnishing free text books. We think also that most parents would not object to contributing to the operation of the schools if a satisfactory method could be found.

We might as well make up our minds that property taxation will never again support entirely a government as socialistic as our is growing.

ILLITERACY DECLINES

There are still more than 4,000,000 Americans over ten years old who cannot read and write, the National Advisory Committee in illiteracy reports. That is 600,000 fewer than ten years ago. Georgia has more illiterates than any other state, some 300,000, while Wyoming has the fewest, only about 3,000.

Considering that at the beginning of our national life hardly more than one person in ten knew how to read and right, that only within our own memory practically no Negro or Indian could read or write, and that school attendance was not compulsory anywhere in America, it seems we have gone a long way in raising the standard of education to the point where ninety-seven people out of every hundred are able to read.

The important question, however, is: "What do they read?" having taught them to read, it seems we might devote the next hundred years to improving their tastes in reading.

Friends of Elbert Bede, editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, have been urging him to run for secretary of state to fill the place left by his friend, Hal Hoss. Well, why shouldn't we elect a state official from Lane county now and then. Portland and Salem have been furnishing us with candidates for years when we have had more capable people right here at home.

Bede's long experience as reading clerk at the legislature and his knowledge of state affairs makes him measure up with the other candidates in the field.

The 1934 campaign slogans seem to be "100 percent for Roosevelt," "Back up Roosevelt," "We're Behind the New Deal," etc. All of which indicates that there is a great scramble for the band wagon. None of the boys seem to remember that the president has invited constructive criticism. Most politicians are schemers instead of thinkers.

Veltie Pruitt informs us that fish which are spawned in the fall grow twice as large as those whose birth is in the spring. We always wondered why some folks were large and others were small.

Equal rights for women in Russia seems to have earned them the privilege of ditch diggers along side the men.

Remember possession of hard liquor is still unlawful unless you have a permit.

THE BOOK

the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures

by BRUCE BARTON

SOLOMON'S SHREWD PROVERBS

Most of the Proverbs by Solomon could hardly be called religious. They are the shrewd guide-posts to worldly wisdom, by which a man may make his way through life with most profit to himself and least discomfort to other people:

- The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction.
- Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee; rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.
- A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.
- As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.
- The simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going.
- Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.
- He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.
- Many of the phrases and sentences have entered into our common talk. Everybody knows them, but not everybody knows where they originated.
- Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider his ways, and be wise.
- Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.
- A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.
- Where there is no vision, the people perish.
- He that spareth his rod hateth his son.
- A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly.
- Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
- A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
- Some of the wisest and most memorable observations are set forth in poetic guise, which adds to their impressiveness:
- There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:
- The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.
- For three things the earth is disquieted, and for four which it cannot bear:
- For a servant when he reigneth; and a fool when he is filled with meat;
- For an odious woman when she is married; and an handmaid that is heir to her mistress.
- These latter selections are not Solomon's, but come from a man named Agur, the son of Jakeh, about whom we know nothing.

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 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 approaching the ranch house, a voice whispers "Go back! . . . Go back!" At the ranch house they are greeted suspiciously by the gaunt rancher partner, Snavelly, and Indian Ann, a herculean woman of mixed negro and Indian blood. Snavelly 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 Snavelly 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. . . . Ruth meets him. A rancher nearby decides to retire and offers to sell Ruth and Snavelly his livestock on credit. Snavelly 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. Snavelly 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—

Ann groaned and the joints of her entwined fingers cracked but she shook her head. "I jest can't go fer doin' nothin' 'gains' Mr. Snavelly. You doan understand 'how 'tis with me an' him."

Slowly the giantess walked to Ruth's room. The girl followed. "There here ready?" asked Ann, pointing to two suitcases. Ruth nodded, and the big woman left the room with them.

Dully, Ruth continued the packing. She would try again after Ann was off the ranch and on the main road. But Ruth felt certain that Ann would do exactly as Snavelly had ordered. . . . The voice, then, was not his only hold on Ann; there was a bigger thing.

In a sort time the packing was finished and the buckboard loaded. Ruth looked about for David; he was not in sight, nor did he answer her call. She suddenly realized that she had not seen him since returning from the mail box. Ordinarily, she would have been only mildly disturbed—the snakes were gone this time of year.

Then Ruth's heart stopped; a few feet from the board fence around the old well lay a box. It lay as though it had been placed on end against the fence; in imagination, Ruth saw her son standing on tiptoe, leaning over the fence, hitching himself farther over to see better, losing his balance, the box falling away as his feet left its top. With a cry of anguish she ran to the box, stood it up, and mounting, leaned over the fence—"David!" The name rang hollowly and died away. "D-a-vid—" With a moan, Ruth slipped from the box. . . . The next instant, it seemed to her, Ann was helping her to her feet.

"Ann! Ropes! bring ropes quick!" Ruth struggled to free herself from the giantess' arms. "Let me go! Oh, God, don't let him be in there—" "Now wait, Miss Ruth—wait—"

you doan know he fell in, does you?"

"No—no—but where else is he—where else—" Ruth was dizzy; she fought to keep her senses. "Ann—" Ann left her and ran into the house. Ruth climbed upon the box again, but she could not look down.

The giantess lifted her from the box. "You stand down, I'll look with this—you couldn't see nothin' with no lantern on a rope."

Ann held a mirror in her hands. She caught the light of the sun and turned it into the well. Ruth saw her smile broadly. "There, I done 'ol' you he warn't down there!"

Snatching the mirror from the ground where the giantess had dropped it, she climbed upon the box just as the lower limb of the sun touched the western mountain range. The light from the mirror struck downward, wavered, and came to rest on the cloth hanging from a nail part way down the well. Ruth stared at the cloth as the light slowly faded. Before it was entirely gone she knew what that cloth was. Once she had sent Harry, her brother, a present—a red silk handkerchief with an odd design of large white horse-hoofs.

David just then came trudging up from the gulch. He couldn't understand all the concern about his absence.

Ruth stepped from the box, took David by the hand and led him into her room. After locking the door, she took Will's revolver from the trunk and sat down on the bed beside her son.

The handkerchief . . . Harry always wore it. Old Charley had said, if her brother was alive, how did it get half-way down the well on the Dead Lantern ranch? If he were not, then according to the Mexican who had reported his death, the handkerchief was buried two hundred miles below the Mexican line. The Mexican had actually mentioned the handkerchief. As Ruth sat on the bed, holding the small hand of her silent, wondering son, her mind raced: that first night when Snavelly had thrown a bundle into the old well. He had not been expecting any one to come on the ranch and had left things about which must be got rid of. . . . The bundle opened as it fell and the light silk handkerchief floated alone, and came to rest on a nail in the timber, where it stayed. . . . Snavelly's feverish desire that she should not ask questions about the well, that she should not go near it. . . . The well haunted him; wasn't he always looking toward it?

Without any cut and dried reasoning, without weighing, rejecting and sorting evidence, Ruth found herself with a clear, convincing picture of the whole plot. She knew as plainly as though a hundred investigators had compiled proofs for a hundred days that the letter was a lie; that it was Snavelly's final effort to get rid of her. And Harry—Harry was dead. His body lay under a pile of rubbish at the bottom of the well. . . . that was why Snavelly's pale eyes strayed there so often.

She heard Snavelly's voice shouting angrily for Ann, then the thump of his boots as he entered the house. "David," whispered Ruth. "Mama's going to trust you to do as she says; stay on the bed and don't be afraid—Mama'll be back pretty soon."

With the revolver in her hand she stepped to the door, silently unlocked it, and stood with her left hand on the knob.

In the kitchen Snavelly abruptly ceased to upbraid Ann, and his boots thumped across the porch. "By God, I'll show her who's—"

As quickly as she could move Ruth flung open the door and stepped out, the revolver, fully cocked, pointing at Snavelly's breast. He stopped and his hands went up. Ruth quietly closed the door behind her.

"Ann!" Ruth's voice was sharp, metallic. "Go into the living room." She waited until she heard Ann's footsteps. "Now you march in!" Snavelly turned without a word and walked before her.

"Sit down—you too, Ann." The girl nodded toward the chairs by the table.

The huge woman and the pale-eyed man seated themselves. Snavelly gradually lowered his arms. "I've got nothing against you, Ann—far from it. But if you won't help me you'll have to go with this murderer."

"Wha—what's that—" Snavelly gasped and his eyes stared wildly. Ruth spoke to Ann, without turning her head: "Ann, will you help me now? This man murdered Harry Grey, his partner. You must help me tie him so that we can take him to the authorities. . . . Well? Are you on my side or his?"

Ann's face was a study. For a moment she regarded Snavelly, then Ruth. No one spoke.

"Well, Ann!" "Fore Gawd, Miss Ruth—I doan know—I doan know—" Ann wrung her hands and rose to her feet. "Please, Miss Ruth—I can't be 'p' you 'gains' him." Ann walked to the door, hesitated, returned a few steps, then went back and stood near the window, in an agony of indecision.

"All right, Ann, think it over—" Ruth stepped close to the man in the chair. Her voice was clear and sharp. "You murderer!"

Snavelly shrunk back in his chair. "Say it!" commanded Ruth. "I tell Ann what you are!"

Snavelly's lips moved silently. "Louder!" she cried, thrusting the muzzle of the gun almost against his face.

"I—done—it— My God! let me be—quit lookin' at me! I had to do it, I tell you!"

"Don't move! Now tell us why you did it." Ruth stood, right foot forward, her smooth young face set rigidly. "Begin!"

"I—I shot him." "Why?" "Because I hated him!" "Why?"

"I don't know—he come here. He bought his interest from the man who owned it an' he come here. He wanted to be pardners—I signed. I couldn't help it—damn him!"

"What did he do to you?" "I don't know—let me be, can't you? He come here an' I wasn't by myse'f no more—I couldn't git him to go."

"You didn't have to murder him!" "I hated him, I tell you! He done what all people do—I hated him like I hate all the rest. I got to be by myse'f, I been alone since I was born. Every man I ever knowed tried to git somethin' off me. Every storekeeper tried to cheat me. Every rancher tried to fence off part of my land—every time I got a good thing somebody tried to git it away from his own se'f. That's all humans do! Their whole lives is just spent trying to get something somebody else has got!"

"Well?" demanded Ruth. "When I come here there was twenty thousand acres of this ranch an' the house was in the middle of it. I couldn't see no fence which-ever a-way I looked. I bought this ranch. I could stay here. I had my horses an' I had enough cattle to keep me busy an' to feed me. I bought this ranch fair an' square. Then a man comes with a paper

an' says he owns three-quarters of it. But he didn't want to stay here—he didn't want nothin' but money. So he went away an' I scraped enough together each sellin' time an' sent it to him. That was all right. Then your brother bought that man out an' come here. He come to stay. He aimed to improve the ranch. Good God 'a'mighty!

"I am going to take you over the mountains," said Ruth evenly. "Stand up!"

Snavelly slowly rose and Ruth backed away. At that moment his eyes looked past her shoulder and his head nodded ever so slightly. Before Ruth could move great strong arms were holding her in a vise, a big hand took possession of the gun. Ann's voice muttered close to her ear. "Tae sorry."

"Give me that gun!" Snavelly darted toward Ann as the giantess released the girl. Ann backed away shaking her head. Snavelly stopped.

Ann spoke swiftly to Ruth. "Git yo're little boy and ride away quick—hurry, Miss Ruth, 'fore he makes me give him the gun."

"Ann, help me—you have the gun, help me to take him over to Thane's place," begged Ruth. The giantess roared at her. "My Gawd, git away like I tol' you!"

Nether Snavelly nor Ann moved until the sounds of Ruth's horse and David's questioning voice had died away.

Snavelly, white with rage, spoke scathingly. "Now give me that gun, you black—!"

The gun in Ann's hand wavered uncertainly. "Jes' a minute," she faltered. "Give it here!"

Ann cringed, turned the revolver butt forward and held it out.

Snavelly snatched the weapon, and raised the muzzle to Ann's face. Then he paused, and lowered the gun. "Git my horse, damn you! They'll come back—the Thanes'll come an' git me! They'll coop me up! Hurry along—git Buck an' throw a pack saddle on him. Run, damn your black hide!"

Ann ran out of the house. Snavelly hurried into the kitchen and began feverishly filling a gunny sack with provisions. Five minutes later his outfit was piled by the kitchen door; three sacks, his bed roll, a frying pan, and, leaning against the house, a 30-30 rifle in a saddle sheath with four cartons of cartridges beside the butt.

Ann was coming from the barn, leading the buckskin horse with a pack saddle on his back.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW ONE MAN LOST 22 POUNDS

Mr. Herman Runkis of Detroit writes: "A few lines of thanks from a rheumatism sufferer—My first bottle of Kruschen Salts took all of the aches and swellings out of my joints—with my first bottle I went on a diet and lost 22 pounds and now feel like a new man." To lose fat safely and quickly take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—an 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks—Get it at any drug store in America. If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

SCHOOL NEWS SURVEY OF LOCAL PAPER MADE

The Springfield News published 155 inches of public school news in November, 1933, according to a survey made by C. I. Buckley, member of the class in public information methods, department of Journalism, Oregon State college. News of extra-curricular activities—sports, entertainment and service—was first with 88 1/2 inches. Other topics follow:

- P. T. A. second, 22 1/2 inches.
 - Pupil progress and achievement third, 17 1/2 inches.
 - Teachers and officers fourth, 14 1/2 inches.
 - Attendance fifth, 5 1/2 inches.
 - Speeches and speakers sixth, 3 1/2 inches.
 - Methods of instruction seventh, 3 inches.
- The survey included 45 Oregon newspapers for last November and 76 for November '32—121 in all. Clippings of the news as classified by students were sent to the 45 editors whose papers were surveyed in this year's class.

Mrs. Casteel Hostess
Regular meeting of the Priscilla club will be held this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Merle Casteel at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Cecil Mathis will be the assistant hostess.

NOTICE

WHEREAS in chapter 127, general laws of Oregon, enacted in 1919, it is declared to be the duty of every person, firm, copartnership, company and corporation owning, leasing, occupying, possessing or having charge of or dominion over any land, place, building, structure, wharf, pier or dock which is infested with ground squirrels and other noxious rodents or predatory animals, or as soon as the presence of the same shall come to his, their or its knowledge, at once to proceed and to continue in good faith to exterminate and destroy such rodents by poisoning, trapping or other appropriate and effective means; and

WHEREAS gray digger ground squirrels (Citellus douglasii) are noxious rodents in Lane County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, all of such persons, firms, copartnerships, corporations, and companies owning or having dominion over land in said Lane County, Oregon, are hereby required to take steps to exterminate said gray digger ground squirrels (Citellus douglasii) within thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice. If such steps are not taken, a person or persons appointed by the county court of said Lane County will enter up said lands and proceed to exterminate said gray digger ground squirrels (Citellus douglasii) and the cost of said extermination will be levied against said lands.

The County Agricultural Agent hereby designates Monday, April 2nd, as a day to be known as squirrel poisoning day" throughout the said Lane County, and it is hereby recommended that poison barley, as prepared by the understated and representatives of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, be used for the purposes of such extermination. Such poisoned barley may be secured from the understated at his office in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, at approximately the cost of preparation.

Date of first publication of this notice March 8, 1934.
(Signed) O. S. FLETCHER,
County Agricultural Agent.
(M 8-15-32)

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



LIONS and LAMBS

March may come in like a lion and go out like a lamb but its different at Eggimann's. You may come in feeling like a tired lamb but one of our refreshing drinks makes you feel as fit as a lion—ready to go ahead with your work with renewed energy.

Eggimann's is the oldest institution of its kind in Lane county. Everybody knows we make 'em like you like 'em.

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"Where the Service is Different"

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