

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE
One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months .75
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months .50c

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1934

CODDLING A KILLER

The notorious John Dillinger, who broke out of an Indiana jail, with a wooden pistol, now is terrorizing the east. He is an example of coddling a bad-man prisoner. When once a killer has a reputation he is treated with the utmost respect—even in jail in this country. What we need is more "hard boiled" police officers who lock 'em up for keeps.

Dillinger should have been put in irons and solitary confinement the minute he was arrested and kept that way until he was ready for the gallows. No use coddling a man who has a long list of killings to his credit. He never showed any humane consideration for his victims, and merits none himself.

Pictures released by the press showed Dillinger with his arms around the shoulders of the district attorney and the lady sheriff smiling her sweetest. Dillinger made jack-asses out of them all simply because they treated him as a guest instead of a dangerous criminal.

THE BRAVE GENERAL

"The general is so brave that many men will vote for him in spite of the fact he is a general," so writes the Oregon Voter, in praising to the skies General Martin, democratic candidate for governor. Before this campaign is over the Voter will be telling us who won the war. All the generals we ever knew went over the top with swivel-chairs and automobile cushions.

Why feed us a lot of "hokey" Editor Chapman. Let the General run on his record as the congressman from the third district. Give it to us straight so that the review will set forth the general's real worth. Tell us too whether or not he drew double pay the first years in congress—retirement pay and the salary of the office of representative. Has he ever been in Lane county? Did he vote the Republican ticket up to the time he ran for congress on the democratic ticket? These are the facts the upstate public wants to hear.

We're not intimately acquainted with the General up this way, knowing him only by reputation.

NO DUMPS WANTED

It is a mistake for city councils and the liquor commission to grant licenses to places to sell beer or wine exclusively. These are nothing more or less than a modified form of cheap saloons where the proprietor-bartender has nothing at stake but to sell as much liquor as possible. Invariably these places become "hangouts" and from reading the newspapers we find that they are causing the police trouble throughout the state. Eugene has several that can not be classified as anything but "dumps" which are preying on the orderly beer business of stores and restaurants, with large investments, and heavy taxes to pay.

When a store keeper has other merchandise to sell besides liquor he is going to be very careful to whom he sells. He wants no "hangouts" or drunks around his place driving off respectable trade. In the hands of this class of business men the liquor business will survive while with a "bunch of dumps" we will be voting on local option in no time. It is now up to the wets to keep a clean house or soon the dries' adage will come true "give them enough rope and they will hang themselves." The Knox law gives officials sufficient power to accomplish this if they will but use discretion.

THE BOOK

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

by BRUCE BARTON

AN OLD MAN'S CONCLUSIONS

Whenever some one recommends that you buy a current novel which claims to be ultra-modern in its cynical appraisal of life, save your two dollars and take down your Bible and read Ecclesiastes again. You will find in it everything that the Greenwich Villagers have ever said, and much better said than they ever thought of saying it.

It is the book of an old man, who had sought pleasure in every conceivable form but had nowhere found satisfaction.

Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.

All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

Being in a position of power, and with educational opportunities beyond those of other men, the writer set forth to make himself the wisest of all. But

I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

He tried to find satisfaction in mirth and wine, and again in achievement—the building of palaces and gardens, the accumulation of property, gold and silver, servants.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

So, disillusioned and old, he continues for eleven gloomy chapters, and then suddenly there comes a change in the tempo. He has found the answer, the one thing that gives satisfaction, the one safeguard against a lifetime of fruitless searching and reiterated disappointments.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

There are scholars who say that this majestic twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes does not jibe with the other eleven and must have been added by a later hand. True, perhaps, but improbable. It makes a grand conclusion to a very wonderful book, and it belongs just where it is.

From the deep shadows of Ecclesiastes you turn with a sense of relief to the Psalms, filled with the grandeur of the mountains, the fragrance of spring air, the vast stretches of the firmament and the joy of the Lord. To be sure, there are other notes, for the Psalms are a complete emotional record of human life.

Whispering' Rock

By JOHN LEBAR

FINAL INSTALLMENT

Snively passed her on the run, shouting, "Pack my stuff!" She had left his riding horse at the saddle shed, and now Snively hurried into the shed, returning with saddle and bridle.

At the house Ann set about packing the horse. When she saw Snively getting into his chaps, she paused and watched him for a moment. Then her eyes turned toward the trail to Old Charley's. It would not be dark for some time—Miss Ruth could not have gone far. From the top of the first little hill one could see a long way along the trail; and the rifle would shoot a mile.

As Snively mounted his horse at the barn, Ann suddenly ran to the rifle, snatched it up, and disappeared around the southern side of the house. From there she crossed the small gully, and, stooping low, made her way to the trail and hid behind a large boulder.

Snively missed the rifle almost as he dismounted at the house. He called Ann in a furious voice. He looked about, ran cursing into the house and out again. Several times he slapped the two revolvers belted around his hips with an air of vexation—revolvers were only good at close quarters. He wanted the rifle. He would need it badly when a posse took his trail.

He soon gave up calling Ann and hastily finished packing the buckskin horse. The last thing he tied on was a half sack of rolled barley he had just brought from the barn. He would look after his horses afterwards.

With the lead rope of the pack horse in his hand, he swung himself into the saddle. And as he mounted, his eyes came to rest on the country he was to ride. Slowly the man's eyes dropped until they rested on the trail which passed over the hill. A sudden tenseness came to his face; his lips fell to twitching and jerking without parting. With a wild insane yell he dug the spurs into his horse, dropped the lead rope of the pack animal and started toward the trail Ruth and David had taken.

Before he had crossed the little gully south of the house, he pulled up his horse with a jerk; Ann stood above him on the trail, the rifle to her shoulder. "You can't hurt them people! You got to take the other trail to Mexico."

Snively held his hands away from the guns at his hips; a mask of stony hatred settled over his face. He said nothing.

"Ride down to th' barn—you kin go afterwhile. But wait at th' barn. I doan want you here where you kin talk at me."

For a long moment the man looked at the woman above him; his face set, his eyes narrowed. Then he slowly reined his horse about, rode to the buckskin, and gathering up the lead rope, continued on to the barn.

As soon as he was beyond the point where he would dare try to use his revolvers, Ann settled herself on a rock beside the trail, and the rifle came slowly to rest on her knees. She was trembling.

Ruth had been gone half an hour. Ann decided it would be safe to let him go. Darkness was coming fast. Ann looked down at the rifle, then at the man by the trough. He would need this gun. Ann again looked at the rifle. Quickly she rose, and running with her body bent low, she reached the trail. Snively would soon pass over. She placed the rifle across the path and returned, a slow smile on her face.

As she resettled herself she saw that Snively had already started; the tip of his hat bobbed along over the corral wall. She leaned forward, chin on palm, one huge leg thrust across the trail. Again she smiled slowly—he'd be right leashed when he come on that rifle. Sugarfoot came to the back door of the ranch house and scratched. Ann grinned—it was upper time and nobody could fool that dog. "Here I is, Sugar—come to an' set a spell."

A rifle cracked from the direction of the trail to the west. Ann's hand flew to her side. She sat very straight for a moment, an expression of bewilderment on her face. Slowly her head drooped, the great body crumpled, slid from the rock and fell across the trail. Sugarfoot whined and licked the big open hand.

It was long after dark when Old Charley, Will and Ruth crossed the mountains and came among the lower foothills on the Dead Lantern ranch.

Old Charley rode first, his ancient forty-five on his hip and a Winchester in a sheath under his left stirrup. Ruth followed, then Will. David had been left behind with old Juan and Juana.

The riders were coming down the last hill when Old Charley suddenly halted. His revolver sprang into his hand, and he leaned forward, peering at the ground. "It's Ann!"

Sugarfoot stood guard, growling fiercely. He would allow no one to approach but Ruth, who did not heed him but dropped to her knees beside the girl. "She's alive. I think—Ann! Ann!"

"Yes, little white girl," Ann whispered faintly. "I been waitin' fer you."

"Let's get her to the house," said Will. "Here, Dad—"

"Wait," cried Ruth. Ann was whispering; the girl bent her head lower.

"Don't move me—I aint got but a minute, little white girl. I jes' want to tel you—Mr. Snively an' me was together long ago in Texa—he's my man—we aint married. We got a little girl—at Saint Mary's convent in town, she is—Martha Jackson—"

big mesquite, Magda sat on a rawhide-covered chair. The small bundle lying so comfortably in her arms stared with great brown eyes into the lacy foliage above.

On the porch of the ranch house Ruth, Will and Old Charley sat around a small table littered with papers. The old man laid aside his pen, scrutinized the last of three signatures on a legal document, blotted it, and removed his spectacles. "Now—he raised his eyes to Ruth and Will—"who knows what's the next step in this business?"

"I guess the money comes next," said Will. "I'll write Ruth a check and then, as far as I can see, the Dead Lantern is legally sold."

Ruth nodded. "I think you'd better make out the amount in two checks; one for three-quarters and the other for one-quarter. Then I'll have my share and Snively's heir will have hers. I'm going to buy an annuity for Martha with her share; Judge Carsop agreed that was the best thing I could do for my ward," Ruth smiled.

"How is your ward?" asked Will. "Just fine. One of the Sisters is bringing her out for the fiesta tomorrow. Martha's a dear."

"Now, where are we?" asked Old Charley. "I wish Will had brought Martin along with his document—this legal business comes too fast for me. As far as I can see, Ruth hasn't got a mite of interest left in the ranch."

"Not a particle," smiled the girl. "Mr. Will Thane is at this moment in entire possession of the Dead Lantern ranch. I have received the value of my interest and Martha, hers. But look at this—" Ruth solemnly tore her check in two pieces.

"Hey!" shouted Old Charley. "Will smiled. That's all right, Dad. Ruth's just simplifying matters."

"Yeah? That's nice," replied the old man dubiously.

"Sure"—Will pulled another document from his pocket—all she has to do is to sign this and she comes in with us for the value of her original interest in the Dead Lantern."

"Oh, yes," Old Charley lapsed into thought.

"Now there's another thing," said Will. "Since the ranches are combined we ought to decide on a brand for all the stock. As it is, part of them are carrying the Dead Lantern iron and the rest have ours. We ought to have a new deal all around. Don't you think so, Dad?"

"Eh? Oh, sure. Yes, everything ought to be under a new brand."

Three pencils began making fanciful scrawls on as many pieces of paper. At last Ruth pushed a design to the center of the table. "Wouldn't that do?" she asked.

The two men regarded it for a moment. "It would," said Old Charley. Ruth had drawn the outline of a lantern, identical with the Dead Lantern except that in the center she had placed a small half moon with downturned horns.

"It's lit," said Will. "Ruth has lighted the Dead Lantern."

"She sure did," observed Old Charley, thoughtfully. He teetered back on the legs of his chair and fell to stuffing his pipe. With only half a mind he listened to the voices of the young folk; his eyes wandered over the distant valley. The voices faded from his thoughts. After a time he awoke from his dreaming: David was plodding toward the ranch house, proudly dragging a wobbling contraption on wire wheels behind him. From the boy his eyes dropped to the bent heads of the young people: "—greatest idea in the world, Will;



WASHINGTON . . . George H. Earle, 3rd, U. S. Minister to Austria, home on leave to enter Pennsylvania gubernatorial race, was rushed back to his post by President Roosevelt in view of the internal crisis there.

We can move the south pasture fence half a mile east—"Fine; then with the old line fence and just a bit of new fence we'll have a wonderful holding pasture."

There was a shrewd light in the old man's eyes as he regarded the studious young faces. Rising, he sauntered over to meet David, the gray smoke from his pipe drifting in the air.

While down in the gulch a soft Arizona breeze stirred to flute a harmony of peace and happiness in the cavern of whispering rock.

FAMILY MEMBERS LEAVE AFTER REUNION HERE

The three sons and two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Loveless, who gathered here last week for the golden wedding anniversary of their parents, on Tuesday have started for their homes again following a week's reunion for the family.

One of the sons, Harry Loveless lives at Seattle, another, Grover Loveless, lives at Slinger, British Columbia; the third son lives at Saskatchewan, Canada. The daughters, Lottie Loveless, lives at Alberta, Canada, and Mrs. Emma Campbell lives at Smithers, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Loveless were married at Collinsville, McCook county, Illinois on March 6, 1884.

Hold Annual Meeting—Directors and stockholders of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company held their annual meeting the first of this week. R. E. Danaher of Detroit, Michigan, president of the company was here for the sessions.

REMEDY REMOVES CAUSE OF STOMACH GAS

Most stomach GAS is due to bowel poisons. For quick relief use Adierka. One dose cleans out body wastes, tones up your system, brings sound sleep. Planery's Drug Store.

BAKERY HERE INSTALLS NEW BREAD WRAPPER

A new automatic bread wrapping machine has been installed at the Springfield Bakery and is now being used to wrap most of the bread baked in the local bakery.

The machine attaches in tandem to the electric slicer used for some time and all the labor required is for someone to feed the loaves of bread into the slicer and then take them out of the wrapping machine after they have been sliced and wrapped. The machine has a capacity of 1800 loaves per hour.

No hands are required in the operation of this machine. The wrapping paper is fed into the machine automatically from a long roll.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel drowsy and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amounting to a total of 100 grains of pure bile.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. (Resist a substitute. See at drug stores. ©1931 C. M. Co.)

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Southern Pacific

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The Willamette Press
Opposite P. O. Springfield