

**A PICTURE OF YOU**

By George Barr McCutcheon of the Vigilantes

You can draw this picture yourself. More than that, you can make your own canvas, your own pigments, your own brushes, and you can close your eyes and produce this picture. The greatest painter in the world could not do it half so well as you. Close your eyes, lean back in your chair—idly, if you like—with your arms folded, and try. You will see how swiftly, how clearly, how terribly the picture develops under the magic of your mind. Picture yourself—no one else, just yourself—setting out to work in the early morning. Try, if possible, to think how you look to yourself as well as to other people. First of all, draw you—be you big, little, young, old, lame or strong—just you. You must draw yourself alive, and breathing, and thinking—thinking of the war and of those brave fellows over there who should be at home and going to work. Just as you are, instead of being ripped to pieces by the things they do not see—checked out by an invisible time-keeper. Picture yourself going to work in safety and, after a while, going home in equal security. Nothing is going to happen to you—just think as you have always thought—nothing is going to happen to you. Other men may be run down and killed by automobiles; other men may be wiped out by the wrecking of a train; other men may be caught by the cave-in of the subway—always it is the other man, never you. You must go on putting yourself into the picture as you have always been—the one man to whom nothing can happen. Always it is the other man who lies dead on the curbstone, with you looking at him in pity and with an awe that sickens you, for a man who dies that way is a gray unlovely thing. You have been able to picture only the other man's body looking like that, all limp and twisted and in ill-fitting clothes—clothes that were filled with the life of him a little while before and were not inert. You go your way, wondering why the clothes of a dead man look dead too.

Go on with the drawing of the picture. Keep your eyes closed, your arms folded, your head resting comfortably against the back of your chair.

You have come to your place of work. You go to your appointed place and take up the implements with which you toil—tools which build life for you day by day, hour by hour. You are an honest workman, a man who fears neither God nor man, for your conscience is clear. You picture yourself as such, for that is what you have known yourself to be, whether other men think so or not. Your tools are where you left them—you may choose your tools according to the picture you draw of yourself—and you begin an honest day's work, looking forward to the hour when you will set out for home and the ones you love and cherish—the ones who think of you only as a strong, alive, imperishable figure, as sure to come home to them as the night itself will come. Your picture, according to all that past experience has taught you, is complete. Your way of looking at it is the result of a habit that began the day you assumed intelligence, the day that you first began to think. But you are still alive, so the picture is not complete.

Go on with your drawing. Take your time. Something uncommon has occurred. You must wipe out some of the lines you have drawn. You are still drawing yourself, but somehow you have changed. You are not the same. Try to think of yourself as not what you are, but as what you are gradually making yourself to be on the canvas—with your eyes closed, your arms folded, your head resting against the back of the chair.

Something has happened. You are not using the tools any longer. You have nothing in your hands. The place in which you worked is not the same. Nothing is the same. Wipe the canvas clean and begin all over again.

When you began the picture you failed to take into consideration the possibility that you could be something other than what you have always been. You have never seen yourself—you have not even thought of yourself—as anything but a living, vital, complacent individual, immune because you are you. You have never thought of how you will look dead.

The picture is getting beyond you. You are seeing yourself as you never have seen yourself before.

There has been an explosion. Picture yourself at your work, serenely unconscious of the thing that is about to happen. You—you, the one person in all the world who is absolutely exempt from disaster—you are among the killed!

Go on with the picture. Keep your eyes closed, your arms folded—and go on with the picture you are drawing.

That crushed, twisted, shapeless thing lying over there in the corner, spattered with plaster, and incredibly still—put that in your picture. It is you. Not the other man—the man who is always being killed, who is always lying dead before the pitying gaze of those who stand and stare—not that man. This time it is you. Picture yourself standing there in the crowd, looking down upon the unfamiliar face, and saying to yourself: "Why, that is me. That battered, ugly thing is me. Those people are looking at me. This figure I am putting into the picture is not the other man. All those bodies strewn about the place are the other men—but this one is me!"

Keep your eyes closed, your arms

folded, and draw this picture of yourself. See yourself as others see you, as you have seen others. It is the picture no artist can paint.

And as you draw, let your mind recall the face and form of the man who worked beside you—as a friend, a comrade—but who, just before the explosion occurred, skulked away, empty-handed, and left you and all the others in serene ignorance of what he was about to do to you! Call to mind the face of the man you had known and trusted and helped in the place where you worked with him. A kindly, open, dependable face was his—up to the very moment he seized upon to strike you and all the others in the back. Get him into your picture. Do not leave him out of it. He is the man you trusted and did not find out until it was too late to alter the picture you have drawn.

He is the man who worked beside you, and slew you, and went about his business. He is your friend, the enemy!

And now that you have completed this picture of yourself, open your eyes, unfold your arms, and lift your head from the back of your easy, comfortable chair.

**IS OLDEST ROOKIE IN THE SERVICE**



Benjamin Rosenthal, the well-known fight promoter, and referee, gets into the one big fight that he didn't promote. Ben at the age of fifty-one has recently joined the navy. He will see some real fighting, too, for he's assigned to a submarine chaser.

**GIRLS IN STAMP MILL**

Operating a Paying Mine Near Juneau, Alaska.

At Pearl Harbor, 40 miles from Juneau, Alaska, two young women, just out of their teens, have for the past four years operated a paying mine. Their sole assistant has been their mother. They operate a two-stamp mill and their present ambition is to install a five-stamp equipment.

The girls are the daughters of the late John G. Peterson, a pioneer who, with Mrs. Peterson, acquired an interest in some mining properties 25 years ago in the Pearl Harbor district. The girls' names are Irene and Margaret. Both were born in Juneau.

There is nothing in the mining line that the two young women are not capable of doing, from sharpening a steel to shoeing a mule. These things are everyday affairs with them—a part of the day's work. They built a neat four-room cottage, in which they live, getting the timber out of the forest themselves.

An inspection of their library shows works on geology, mineralogy, petrology, mining and milling, and mine management by the best authorities. A number of standard magazines come to them. The girls occasionally take trips. One of these excursions took on the proportions of a tour to Europe.

Juneau, the town of their nativity, frankly is proud of them. So is Alaska.

**GAS WELL AFLAME**

Was Subdued After Burning Eighteen Months.

Out in the sagebrush-covered wastes of eastern Washington there has just been tamed a big gas well, and development work on the property is now under way.

The flow of gas was discovered three years ago, when a misguided settler drilled for water and had a four-inch pipe blown out of the ground. A year later a passerby threw a lighted match into the gas and for eighteen months the well burned day and night, a beacon visible for miles around. Three months ago the old well was capped, the gas used to provide fuel for a modern drilling engine, and an 18-inch pipe has just been sunk into the gas reservoir.

**Farmers Become Miners.**

Many farmers in Alleghany county, Pa., are burrowing instead of harrowing this season because it is more profitable. As a result a number of small coal mines are being opened up and farming is being abandoned.

**SOCIAL EVENTS**

**ALUMNI RECEPTION IS HELD**

The annual alumni reception was held last Saturday evening in the Methodist church parlors when the alumni entertained the graduating Seniors. A well organized program was successfully given during the evening and at a late hour simple refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served. This affair was given in place of the usual expensive and elaborate banquet and was just as successful even though it was a Hoover affair. The committee in charge was made up of Nina Boesen, Leota McCracken Rodenbo, and Olive Smith. Those who enjoyed the evening were Lacy Copenhaver, Leota McCracken Rodenbo, Margaret Gorrie, Olive Smith, Ruth Lansberry, Ann Gorrie, Nellie Copenhaver, Dutee Fischer, Ella Boesen, Thora Boesen, Nina Boesen, Mary Harding, Avis Thompson, Gladys Lepley, Edna Duryee, Dorris Sikes, Bernice Cagley, Walter Bailey, Bill Rodenbo, Floyd Kester and James Gorrie.

The officers for the next year were elected at a short business session. The results stand: Leota M. Rodenbo, president; Walter Bailey, vice-president; and Margaret Gorrie, secretary and treasurer.

**GRADUATE MARRIED COMMENCEMENT NIGHT**

Miss Iva Hill and Norton Pengra surprised their many friends last Friday night by getting married directly following the commencement exercises of which Miss Hill was a member of the class. Although the many friends of the young couple knew that there was a romance in their midst they did not know when the marriage would take place. They were married at the home of the bride by Rev. A. M. Spangler of the Eugene Congregational church after the exercises and went to Eggimann's where a dainty and lovely wedding supper was enjoyed. Only the immediate relatives of the couple were guests at the wedding and supper. The wedding table was decorated in white rose buds and greens and the wedding cake decorated the center of the table. The table was covered with Mexican linen and prepared by Mrs. C. F. Eggimann.

Mr. Pengra is with the 15th Co. C. A. C. at Fort Stevens and is now home on an agricultural furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Pengra will live at Fort Stevens when his furlough is ended.

**SURPRISE PARTY IS ENJOYED**

A number of the Springfield women were delightfully entertained at a surprise party Tuesday night when the birthdays of Mrs. Page and Mrs. Emily Dority were observed. The guests of honor were the surprised members. Dainty refreshments of ice-cream and wafers were served at a late hour. The ladies present were: Mesdames Hannah Hill, Sarah Gay, Bertie Walker, Kathryn Horton, Elizabeth Stewart, Pearl Clark, Rosa Montgomery, Cora Wilson, Bernice Van Valzah, and Miss Mary Roberts.

**ALASKAN PICNIC IS HELD**

The annual Alaskan picnic was held last Sunday at the McKenzie Bridge when all those interested in Alaska who have lived there were present. Those attending were: Mrs. Edwin Ninnis and son Elroy, Mrs. William Franks, Mrs. John Hull, Mr. George Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Gore, Mrs. John Gilliam, Velma Gore and Hazel Hayden.

**MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED**

The friends of Miss Margaret J. Herd were surprised this week to receive announcements of her marriage to Miles C. Endsley, of Alton, Kansas. Mrs. Endsley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Herd of this city. The marriage was solemnized Saturday June 8, 1918. Mrs. Endsley was formerly employed in the Springfield News before she went to Kansas.

**YOUNG COUPLE QUIETLY WED**

Oren Shahan and Edith Fletcher both of this city were quietly married last Monday at the office of the justice of the peace in Eugene. Both of the young people are well known in Springfield and their many friends wish them a bright future.

**ENTERTAINS AT DINNER**

Mrs. Orval Howard entertained Mrs. Sylvia Clow, of Portland and Miss Lula Hampton of this city at a dinner at her home on Emerald Heights last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Clow was formerly a Springfield girl and is home on a visit.

**CLASS DAY EXERCISES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL ARE GOOD**

(Continued from Page 1.)

main show. Bea Holbrook makes the loveliest little kindergarden teacher that ever went into the business. Oh, to be a child again with her for a teacher, Lula Hampton made a very practical married woman and she sure handled that baby carriage with the hand of an expert. Who would ever have thought that Nellie Copenhaver would ever make such a fine wash lady? Well we will all give our washing to Nellie and our scrubbin to Wanna McKinney because she made such an unusual scrub woman and she did scrub with so much energy. Mary Harding has a great deal of knowledge because one has to be brilliant to be a college professor like Mary. School teachers are going to be scarce they say but I think that Flora Lindley could handle a whole school with a master hand never seen before in a girl like Flora. When I have my operation for whatever ails me I am going to locate Jerry Van Valzah because he is so nice and pleasant but really he is dreadfully slow and I might die on the table, but anyway he must have a chance to show his ability. Did anyone ever see a more charming chauffeur than Gladys Lepley? Not very many girls would make such a hit in a Jersey and cap but Gladys would sure be a busy little driver. No one would think that Anne Gorrie would make such a funny looking old maid, any way I think Anne will change her profession. Floyd Kester did seem a bit disgusted as a mechanic but maybe that baby carriage was entirely out of his line of work. The war seems to have brought farmettes to the notice of the people and Dorris Sikes can sure rake hay with vigor in spite of her charming appearance as a worker.

A few of the class graduates were not present to give their future in person but we can wait and see.

After the stunts the class was grouped on the stage and sang the class song, "Litoria," which was the last number on the successful program for the evening.

**WEST SIDE**

Rex Craigham has been ill at the home of Mr. Denning Craigham.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Crawford of Cottage Grove and J. R. Lemon of Shedd, Oregon spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Crawford.

D. A. Webster of Des Moines, New Mexico, and Mr. White of Dayton, Oregon were in Springfield on business. They came overland from Mexico and find the roads pretty good till they reached the mountains, which were pretty dangerous.

Reverend Mary E. Buckbee was in Springfield Saturday for the first time on business.

J. F. Ellison left for Camp 14 of Wendling Sunday after a weeks visit with his family. He worked hard on his garden to kill the insects and aphids.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bennett left Tuesday for Tacoma, Washington in their car after visiting George Smith of West Side for the past ten days.

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