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# THE SHORTHAND TATTLE

ROBERTA WILSON, Editor.

Entered at the Springfield Postoffice as class matter. Subscription Rates: Those taking Springfield News gets the paper free.

### "BOOKKEEPIN' JANGLE"

Wanted: An experienced ink bottle holder. Miss Gladys Nysrom is forever spilling hers.

Here's a chance for some young nation or club desiring a flag to get an inspiration—some of our books have so many red lines in them that a person would think they resembled some kind of a flag.

Opportunities are great. A pretty young lady wants to secure a position as bookkeeper to a handsome young gentleman. Qualifications are as follows: 1. Make eyes to perfection. 2. Thoroughness in knowing how to please the boss. 3. Accuracy in keeping dates. 4. Rapidity at chewing gum. 5. Dependability in performance of being late. 6. Thorough understanding of the use of the arm on the boss' arm chair. 7. Willingness to meet callers. Address M. G. care S. H. S. Tattler.

(Peacon Fish says that a bookkeeper with those qualifications would stick her chewing gum in a person's ear. Peacon also says that Mrs. Plank doesn't train such "critters" as them.)

Note: The Bookkeepin' Jangle has a brand new editor now, beginning with this issue.

To inspire accuracy, "Grub" Deets and Ralph Love bet when ever they make a trial balance, "Grub" bet a penny on his last one and won.

### "SHORTHAND CHATTER"

Roberta to Mrs. Plank: "How much do I have to make up?"

Mrs. Plank: "One chapter."

Roberta: "Why, you didn't study very much, did you?"

Mrs. Plank: "Wait until you study it, then see." (Roberta has decided

that they did study quite a bit while she was gone.)

Billie (sitting next to "Cutie"): "What is that word?"

Cutie: "Impish, were you ever that?"

Hazel Phillips, who has been absent for some time has returned again. We wish her good luck in her shorthand work.

The shorthand class extends hearty thanks to Mrs. Plank for her generosity of chocolates Friday morning.

### "SAYINGS"

Mrs. Plank: "All minutes, all hours, some's worse than others."

Ashal Fish: "Here I am."

Harry Hughs: "Atta boy! Atta boy!"

Sylvia Struben: "Girls can't play basketball."

Mr. Roth: "Old Co. C ain't what they used to be."

Milton Coffman: "I cant do geometry, but did you ever hear me sing?"

Lowel Sikes: "Geometry is a mocker, examinations rageth, and whosoever is deceiveth thereby, is not wise."

Joe Deets: "Ho, that we two were A-Maying."

Mona McHenry: "The fellow who don't like a Jap is a Yap."

### NOTICE.

"I do hereby resign my most honorable position as editor of "Bookkeepin' Jangle," says Joe Deets and I guess he means it alright. The girls are going to run it now.

Watch the Junior Coyote Quartet, and the Harmonious Discarding Sympathy Orchestra. After three years of patient practice under our efficient

music master and conductor, Col. Joseph Deets, (Pinto Alevender's successor) we will present to the student body our great musical masterpiece entitled "Bird Seed Grows Best in Sawdust," supposed by Harry Hughs and put into music by the world's famous operatic base-of-tone, Monsieur Milton Kauffman. Clifford Pandrem, one of our soloists, has an engagement with the Metropolitan opera house, (as usher).

### ATHLETICS.

The high school girls are very enthusiastic over basketball and a large number are turning out for practice. They have scheduled a game with Pleasant Hill for Friday evening at Pleasant Hill, and although they haven't practiced much they hope to put up a good fight and be game losers if need be. Of course they don't plan to loose.

Friday night the 16th, the Springfield high school played an exciting basketball game with Company C of the State Guards in the local hall. The Springfield players were greatly handicapped by their light weight but they had more wind capacity and kept the Co. C players on the alert. The score was 32 to 16 in the company's favor. Their score came in with the good basket shooting of Eugene on our fouts. Bill Hill conducted the game fairly to both sides.

The next game will be with Pleasant Hill Friday night.

### PERSONALS

The alumni, Walt Gossler and Jerry Van Valzah, were high school visitors Monday afternoon.

Even hough we came out on the short end of the score Co. C or any other team cannot dampen our spirits.

Flossie Jackson came back and got her books to quit school, as she has missed so much fion account of sickness.

Miss Vida Derflinger and Miss Rena Humphrey of Eugene, visited high school Tuesday morning.

Miss Vesta LaRue is confined to her home with smallpox.

Miss Esther Brattain, one of the alumni who has been teaching at Sitcoos visited high school Tuesday morning.

The English V classes who have organized into clubs, are beginning some very interesting debate work. The first debate will be on the subject of whether or not the state should furnish free text books. The next debate which will be Thursday afternoon, will be on the subject whether or not foreign immigration should be restricted in the United States.

### JUNIORS ENTERTAIN ASSEMBLY

The juniors entertained the assembly Tuesday morning with some high class musical selections. The Coyote Quartet gave several selections after which the Tom Thumb Jazzers danced for a few moments. Miss Basford gave a reading entitled "Opal's Outburst." We were then favored by several selections from the orchestra. Mr. Hughs played the drums, Mr. Cough Drops, coronet, Mr. Deets, the trombone, and Miss Basford the piano. All who heard this surely will agree with me, that with a little practice, S. H. S. could have an orchestra to be proud of. Mr. Kauffman, the world renowned ventriloquist, was also present.

### JOKES

Milton Coffman (asking about hop yards): "How much do they pay here; one cent and a half a bushel?" It's plain to see he's an easterner.

When that big center of Co. C runs up against the center of the Loyal Legion team he probably won't treat the little fellow so ruff.

Mr. Roh (in ancient history): "Is it too cold for you?"

Vivian: "Yes, it is."

Mr. Roth: "Well you can sit over there by Dwight."

Vivian: "Oh, I dont want to sit over there with all those boys. I'd rather sit here and freeze to death."

Opal Mason and Murl Lee have developed a new style of friendship—holding hands over the teacher's desk.

To who it may concern—Those wishing to see me after 8 o'clock P. M., call between 7th and 8th on A street. Signed: Joe Deets.

Helen Roberts has some one's ring.

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ALSO FIRST CLASS REPAIRING

It looks suspicious; some one ought to investigate the matter.

Helen thinks this rather late time of the year to be putting in the above fern. Why, she is almost ready to get another now.

In general science class—Mona: "Say, Hazel, what do we get out of the sea that's good to eat?" Hazel: "Coral."

Mrs. Ditto, observing several articles of masculine wearing apparel in the hall-way asked her son who was moving in. (Promptly from her son) "Oh, mother, those belong to A Shell fish of Carries."

### A RUSTIC WEDDING

I'm going to tell you this story in a few simple words, not any tongue-twisting or jaw-breaking words that it will take a tape measure to find the length of.

I lived in Skeeterville for about two years and I was well acquainted with the boys. Skinny O'Shanyan and I had a great ambition to do something great and so we chose the detective line. Skinny having a great mind and me, a great imagination.

One day I happened down town and saw old Bill Shucker's old gray mule lying in the middle of the street in front of the undertaker's office. The traffic was the heaviest that day and the mule died without giving Bill warnin'. I wandered on down the street and stopped at the general store and postoffice. I heard Jake Jackson and Zeke Dandruff talking about a wedding. I listened unnoticed and got some of the details. It was to be a secret wedding and I heard the name of Lizzy McCuss.

I started for Skinny's house and told everybody that Jess McCuss' sis was going to get married. After I found Skinny we went over to Jess to find out the particulars. Jess said that that was just what he was going to tell us. He overheard his sis and his ma talking. "Lizzy is gonner marry that Texas guy tomorer," says Jess. Now we had our opinions about Texas guys up here and besides the McCusses were kinda rich.

If the weather simptoms amount to much the next day promised to be a fine sunny spring day and truly it was. After doing my morning chores which consisted of anything all the way from carrying in wood to trying to kill the neighbors' chickens who tok their daily exercise in our garden, I went to Skinny's and whistled for him and was greeted by his 12-year-old sister: "Ye-e-ah, I seed you with her las' night, didn't I?"

"Yuh never neither and sides I ain't got no girl," I shouted back at her. "Now-w Joe, you know jes' as well as I do who she is, and I saw you buy her some cough drops and a root beer. Yuh don't need to deny it either," says Skinny's sis.

"Yer crazy with the heat, I aint had no money fer a month and that proves that I didn't buy nothing. I never had a girl, they all hate my worts and freckles and sides I have nothin to do wid you Wimmin—Yer a dern nuicense and all wimmin is good fer is to tattle on us fellers and sit around and try to look pretty," I shouted back at her. My constitution was about enraged and at about 150 degrees in the shade.

"Your the biggest fibber—her las name is McCawdust—" "Sawdust, ime eye," I retorted.

Skinny heard the racket and came out. "My doggine sis has to pester-cate you ever time you comes around, don't she?" said Skinny.

"Yeah, she thinks that I got a woman." We went to Jim Sneeze's house and after getting him we went over to Jess McCuss' house. The wedding was to be there and it was all decorated, people were beginning to arrive. They had to get a preacher from an adjoining town named I. Weddem. He had not arrived yet. Now I won't say until later what we did

for the next hour and a half.

In the middle of the ceremony us fellers "cut loose" with all the nerve racking instruments obtainable in Skeeterville. We didn't get anything but a cussing from the Texas guy and a threat to shoot us with salt and pepper. Therew as about twenty-five of us guys; we didn't want to spoil the wedding by breaking in and stealing the cats and we thought our next wisest move was to go to the depot as Jess said that he heard his sis say that they was going to leave immediately after the ceremony.

Now the Skeeterville station wasn't one of those three story buildings with a dozen baggage smashers, a half dozen porters, five or six ticket agents not saying anything about the number of elevated trains. The Skeeterville station was one of those one-horse stations where one man served as baggage man, ticket agent, flagman, operator and janitor. Waterher beaten boards hung on each end of the place with the world renown famous name "Skeeterville" on them. A crooked track wound and twisted by the station like a snake in motion.

A distant whistle, rather a sort of squeaky noise was heard, ti was the whirl-wind express. The general station agent planted himself in the middle of the track and begun waving his flag frantically altho there was no train in sight. The express consisting of a "dinky" engine, a baggage car, a couple of coaches and a cattle car came up squeaking, wheezing sizzling and finally stopped very near upon the agent with a loud groan.

(To be continued.)

### SMALLPOX SCARE AT MAPLETON

Miss Mary Brownell, Lane county health nurse, reports that more than 100 persons were recently vaccinated at Mapleton on account of a scare of smallpox there. Two severe cases of the dread disease were reported.

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