

CURING HIS LOVE

By MYRTLE LEONARD

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"MY WIFE," said John Andrews to his stenographer, "is a good woman and it would break her heart to realize what I have long since realized—that we were never meant for each other."

Esther Sinclair made no reply, but bent over her notes. Only the heightened color in her face revealed her emotion.

She did not like to hear her employer speak slightly of the pretty, simple little woman who had once come into his office, spoken kindly to her, and chattered in her irresponsible way until it was time for her husband to take her home. Yet, after all, Esther had long ago realized that there could be little in common between her and Andrews, whose forceful personality demanded that sympathetic understanding which it was not Mildred Andrews' to give.

Esther had been associated with Andrews in his work for nearly six months.

She went home to pass an almost sleepless night. She reviewed all her past. She was already thirty years of age; no love worthy of the name had ever come into her life. And she could not hide from herself the knowledge that Andrews and she were made for each other.

She fought against this awakening love. Day after day found her on her guard, test by a chance word, even a look, she should betray herself.

It happened at last, though. The struggle was an intense one. She had not realized how it had depleted her of her strength. She had fought, fought, in the hope of being able to retain her position there, and the inevitable reaction came. Rising to go home one evening, she suddenly fell to the floor in a dead faint created by utter nervous exhaustion.

And when consciousness came back to her she found herself seated in a chair and Andrews bending over her, and his lips were pressed to hers, and his hands clasped hers tightly; and she, too weak to resist, lay there passively in his arms.

At last she gathered strength to rise. She stood up; she looked at him and he at her. Both realized the tragic nature of the passion that had come into their lives. Neither spoke, for there was nothing to say.

"Goodnight, Mr. Andrews," she said at last, moving with an effort toward the door.

He bowed his head and she went home. Not to rest, though. All night she lay in a fever, and in the morning she was flushed and delirious, and for many days thereafter unconscious of realities.

A letter came from Andrews, full of passionate love. He must see her, he said. Life without her had become unbearable. Their lives must be together; and if she tried to escape him he would follow her to the ends of the earth.

Esther read the letter thoughtfully, and once again the memory of her love for him was strong within her. She knew that she loved him, spite of dishonor. It was not the opinion of the world for which she cared. But there rose before her eyes the picture of innocent, pathetic little Mrs. Andrews.

She tore Andrews' letter into fragments and sat down to compose her answer. In it she said that they must never meet again. She acknowledged her own love for him, but—

She could not finish that letter. She tore it in pieces also.

Then a wild idea came into her head, born, perhaps, of the delirium through which she had passed. She took her pen again and wrote him an effusive, foolish letter such as must, she knew, disgust a man of Andrews' depth of feeling. It ran like this:

"Dear Friend of Mine: Your letter is no surprise to me. I, too, love you. O, the sacredness and mystery of such sublime love as ours! I have been waiting for you to tell me that you were not indifferent to me. You are the most wonderful man in the world to me; you are my god, with your tall, straight figure and magnificent eyes. And your hair curls in just the way that I have always liked a man's hair to curl. Now that I know you love me my heart beats so fast it makes me dizzy. I am looking forward a thousand times a day to your next meeting, when you can kiss me again like you did that time and tell me that I am wholly yours forever."

No one could imagine what it cost Esther in self-respect to write that letter. And when it was written she sent the landlady's daughter out to mail it, lest she should be compelled to recall it.

It was the memory of little Mrs. Andrews that enabled her to accomplish her task. And when she had finished a great peace came into her heart. She knew now that it was irreparable, that never again need she see Andrews, that he would seek, and perhaps find in his wife's love those qualities which he had discovered in her.

On the following evening a letter was received by her in answer. In it Andrews said briefly that he was sailing for Europe with his wife, upon a three months' holiday. He inclosed her a check for her salary during that period and regretted that there should

be no further need for her services.

Esther tore up the check as she destroyed Andrews' letter. Then she sent out for a newspaper and studied the advertisements for "female help wanted."

.. Personals ..

L. Drury was in from Jasper on business Tuesday.

F. S. Jackson, merchant at Jasper, was in town on business Tuesday.

George Platt of Thurston was in town on business Monday.

Charles Grant of Thurston was in on business in Springfield Monday.

Jess Gates of Camp Creek was a Springfield visitor Monday.

Ed Masterson was here from Camp Creek Saturday.

Davis Brothers of Camp Creek were here Saturday on business.

Frank Rennie was here from Thurston Saturday.

Frank Campbell and Hubert Gray were here from Thurston Monday.

C. I. Barney was here from Lowell on business Monday.

The Springfield Mill and Grain company received a carload of oyster shells from Portland Wednesday, a carload of mill feed, and a carload of wheat.

Two carloads of horses for Kelly and Sullivan went through Springfield yesterday on the way to Oakridge.

A fire insurance inspector visited the Booth-Kelly sawmill yesterday.

B. L. Doane, inspector of lumber for the Southern Pacific railroad, was here yesterday and purchased a carload of lumber from the Booth-Kelly company to be shipped to Brooklyn, Oregon.

Observe Past Matron's Night

Past Matron's night at the Evangeline chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, Eugene, was observed Friday night with a number of Springfield people present. Those who went from here included: Mrs. Wilbur Lepley, Mrs. Clark E. Wheaton, Mrs. Charles Eggmann, Mrs. Clifford Abrams, Mrs. Robert Drury, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Swarts and Miss Edna Swarts. About 200 enjoyed the occasion, which ended with an elaborate banquet.

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Here is a Low Priced Ivory Bedroom Set

Rarely, indeed, can you purchase a beautiful hand decorated bedroom set of the same character, quality and price as the "La France," illustrated. Included in this pretty set is a handsome bow-foot bed, gracefully designed chifferette to match, beautiful vanity dresser with large plate glass mirrors, and a rocker.

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Gives Up School

Miss Robin LeVee, of near Springfield, who has been teaching at Wolf Creek in western Lane county, has given up her school and returned home. She has been in ill health lately.

Registration Closes April 15

Registration books for the May 16 primaries will close 30 days before the election or at 5 o'clock April 15, according to County Clerk R. S. Bryson. Many people have been registering at the clerk's office lately and indications are that there will be a heavy vote at the primaries.

FOR PURE Jersey milk, call Harpolds Dairy. Phone 16. See us for special rate in quantity. A24

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for the sympathies and kindness expressed during the illness and death of our loved one. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.

W. M. HUNTER and Family,
MR. and MRS. C. A. BRADY,
MR. and MRS. W. H. BRADY,
MR. and MRS. C. E. LYON,
MR. and MRS. K. S. BARGER.

Wash Goods Sale all week

This week Newland's Store is making special display and sale in Wash Fabrics—white and colored—dainty Lingerie materials, Sun and Tub fabrics, Linen Suitings, Ratines, Gingham, etc.

Quantities that represent hundreds of dollars worth of this season's newest and most attractive merchandise.

- Imported Linen Suiting, 36-inch, assorted plain colors extra value yd. **95c**
- Sun and Tub fast materials, in assorted colors, great value, yard **39c**
- Ratines—plain, fancy and checks at a little under regular prices, the yard **50c TO \$1.50**
- 35c to 35c Gingham, special the yard **29c**

This Sale will include Mill Ends At Extra Saving Prices

The mills are anxious to dispose of short pieces at much less than regular prices, hence the great saving possibilities to be had here this week—they run from 2 1/2 to 20-yard pieces. We will cut any piece for you that does not leave a bad remnant.

- 36-inch dark Percaloes, 64 count, the yard19c
- Renfrew Sunstubs Fabrics, guaranteed fast color, yard39c
- Staple Check Apron Gingham, the yard15c
- 36-inch fancy printed Silklines, yard25c
- 36-inch fancy colored Curtain Serims, worth regular about 40c, on sale at the yard29c
- Regular 35c Madris Shirts, special the yard28c

Quality Silks Underpriced this week

- 12 mume Pongee, \$1.25 regular the yard**89c**
- 36-inch Sport Satins, this week, yard**\$1.95**
- One lot Crepe de Chine, 40-in. the yard**\$1.75**
- Canton Crepes, the yard**\$2.98 TO \$3.75**

We are showing Charmeuse Satins, Crepe Satins, Paisley Printed Silks, Taffetas, Crepes of many kinds—Special values.

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Comedy—"In Hock"

WEDNESDAY

'The Silent Partner'