

Sallie's Temptations

A Call to Duty Gives Sallie New Insights

After Ellie had gone to bed, I sat for a long time turning things over in my mind. There were more reasons why I should go with her than stay at home. I might be able to keep her from the headlong gait she had planned, besides, father was most anxious for me to have a change. When I returned, the hardest time would have passed, for by then, Curtiss would have married Anna. I winced at the thought. Yes, I'd go. It was certainly the easiest way out.

The phone rang. "And be it you, Miss Sallie? It's Clancy at the plant. Miss Clancy's a want' yer ma'am. The doctor says her baby mightn't last through der roight. Could yer come Ma'am? I know it's askin' a lot—"

"Of course, I'll come, Clancy, and thank you for calling. Tell Mrs. Clancy to be pucky and that I'll be right out."

Not stopping to change my clothes, I threw a few things in my bag and was off. Speeding in answer to the call of distress, I realized that it would be impossible for me to go abroad. Right now these people needed me and my place was here. No, I'd have to let Ellie go alone.

Things were most chaotic when I arrived. The youngest member of the family was indeed quite ill and Mrs. Clancy momentarily expected the stork. Someone had to take charge.

Though I worked unceasingly during the next few days, it was most satisfying to see the result of my effort in the little home. When I was not nursing my patients, I was busy keeping house and this was a new pleasure I had never known. With a little care the flower boxes that I had filled with geraniums, began to bloom. In my spare moments, I sewed on white curtains with dainty ruffles so that the house would be attractive when the littlest Clancy looked out into the world.

Mr. Clancy was one of the foremen at the plant and his duties kept him away from early morning until dark. He was devoted to his wife—a pretty bright eyed girl whom he had brought back from the Emerald Isle.

It was sweet to see the gentle tenderness and kindly consideration of this big, rough and unpolished man. With the first lengthening shadow, Mrs. Clancy would begin to anticipate his home-coming with a shining eagerness in her eyes. Her man!

More than ever did I realize how impossible it is to escape fundamentals, no matter how hard we try. In the heart of every girl, whether it lies under the gingham or chiffon, there must be a primitive yearning for a very cozy nest, a husband whistling home at twilight and children that are her very own.

Stress feelings stirred within me and I longed for Curtiss Wright.

I learned a lot about family relationships during those days in the Clancy abode. I compared the home life of these simple folk with the married set of my own crowd. The Clancys created an atmosphere of peace and happiness that completely enveloped their home, while with my friends there was a continual striving to outdo the other fellow in elaborate parties and clothes. A tired lot of people with a common interest to keep from being bored.

One felt that the Clancys would be sweethearts forever and would always be beautiful in each other's eyes.

I sent word to father and Ellie that I would remain as long as I could be of any use. Ellie had returned to Pensacola to get things in readiness for her trip abroad. I would stay with the Clancys until the new baby arrived, at least, until the youngest Clancy was completely well.

My course in domestic science though it had taught me nothing more practical than ang' fool cake and fudge, made it possible for me, with the help of the cook book, to prepare the food. As I went about the evening meal, I fell into the habit of playing that it was Curtiss who would soon be coming home.

One afternoon when I had finished the last curtains, I decided to hang them before dark. I stood on the top of a ladder and put up the first pair. The crisp, perky ruffles fluttered out over the red geraniums in the soft summer's breeze. They were precious, honey curtains made of sheer dotted voile.

I was standing with hammer in hand, a few tacks in my mouth and one foot poised in mid air when I had the feeling that someone was watching my every move.

(To be continued)

In Confidence By Flo

Dear Miss Flo: My husband is becoming so crabby that life with him is almost unbearable. Until a year ago he was kind and considerate. Now, he is cross and irritable all the time. He is invariably disagreeable in the morning, nagging and complaining about everything in general. I say nothing, hoping that by evening he will be in a better mood, but when he comes home in the evening, he is worse than he was in the morning. My friends advise me to be tactful, and say nothing, but I'm getting tired of it. It isn't fair that I should have all the work to do in making our home a happy and congenial one. Please tell me what to do, Ann.

Well, Ann, you certainly have my sympathy, if that will help any, and the sympathy of a million other wives, who want to know the same thing. I can think of nothing worse than a nagging husband. They simply can't be pleased.

I do think the advice given you by well-meaning friends is wrong. The more you humor a nagging husband the worse he gets. This "let it be" doctrine doesn't appeal to me. Peace at any price would be worth achieving if it were a human possibility, but apparently, it is not. Peace can never be acquired at the price of justice. Perhaps there can be a temporary happiness, but never a permanent one. Permanent peace means justice and understanding—self-control on the part of one and license and liberty on the part of the other.

We should not deceive ourselves when we are faced with domestic problems. If a man is cross in the morning without cause he should overcome his fault. Some men have an idea that a woman is a buffer to absorb all the unpleasantness in his nature. She certainly is not, and if your husband thinks so, you had better change his opinion right now. Married life is an equal partnership. A wife, as partner in this business of marriage should demand co-operation.

But she should also give co-operation.

Have you given your husband any reason for changing from a kind, considerate man, into a nagging, overbearing husband? Perhaps in the readjustment that comes with marriage you have demanded too much. Perhaps you have tried to make him over as you would like him to be. Every woman dreams of a husband who is hard as iron to the world, but is as rusty in her hands.

Experience soon teaches her that she can no more alter her husband's habits and prejudices than she can alter the nature of the world. He has his ways, irritating or not, and she can either use tact and diplomacy in handling him, or be in a perpetual quarrel with him—and the latter method would make a nagger out of any husband.

It is just as much the husband's place to read the newest fashion books so that he can discuss intelligently with her the latest styles, as it is her place to read up on the subjects he finds most interesting.

It is just as much his business to deal subtly with her as it is her business to deal subtly with him.

As yet, no one has been able to work out a plan for dealing with a nagging husband. However, as your husband has just developed into a nagger, there may be some hope for him. Perhaps he doesn't realize that he is making you very unhappy.

By talking it over with him perhaps you can persuade him to try to correct his fault-finding habit.

If Elizabeth will send her address, I will be very glad to answer the question she has asked.

JOHN HAMLIN, 85, DIES

Many Years Spent at Roseburg as Lawyer and Farmer

John Hamlin, 85, one of the best-known G. A. R. members in Oregon, died at the Good Samaritan hospital July 21. Funeral services were held July 23, with interment in Mount Scott cemetery.

Mr. Hamlin has been a resident of Oregon for many years, living in or near Roseburg since 1889. He was born in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, June 18, 1840. He removed with his parents to Madison county, Iowa, when 14 years of age and enlisted in the 23rd Iowa volunteers when the civil war broke out. He served in many engagements during the war, among them being the siege of Vicksburg, Milliken's bend, Grand Gulf and Black river bridge.

At the close of the war Mr. Hamlin entered law, practicing in Oswego, Kansas, and San Luis Obispo, California. In 1889 he removed to Roseburg where he was associated with the late A. M. Crawford. When Mr. Crawford became attorney general of Oregon Mr. Hamlin retired to his farm near Roseburg, where he resided until a few weeks previous to his death.

Mr. Hamlin was active in patriotic work. He was commander of Reno post No. 29, G. A. R., for more than 20 years. His health began failing two years ago and July 1 of this year he moved to Milwaukie, Oregon, to be near his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett E. Richards.

He is survived by his widow and four children, Frank R. Hamlin, Springfield, Oregon; Emma H. Richards, Milwaukie, Oregon; Edmond T. Hamlin, Drew, Oregon, and James L. Hamlin of The Dalles. Thirteen grandchildren and five great grandchildren as well as two brothers and three sisters, residing in the east, also survive.—The Oregonian.

BETTER COWS NEEDED TO SUPPLY GROWING DEMAND

The number of dairy cows in the United States is increasing, as well as the number of people, but not at the same rate. In only two years out of the last six has the dairy cow population increased in proportion to the increase in human population.

The United States department of agriculture has just completed a study of the utilization of milk, in which it is shown that slightly more than 1000 pounds of milk per capita is used annually in one form or another. In other words, a grand total of 114,666,201,960 pounds of whole milk is utilized in this country by manufacturing it into various products, by feeding it to calves, or for household purposes. This amount was produced by 28,252,699 cows, an average production of 4368 pounds of milk per cow.

During the last few years the increase in population has been around one and a half million people annually. This would mean that with cows no better than those we have at present the milk cow population should increase at the rate of 375,000 a year to supply the necessary 1000 pounds for each person—or one cow for every four people. It is also interesting to note that the per capita consumption of milk in 1924 was 11 pounds more than in the preceding year.

Since our average production is much too low, it is not wise to consider meeting the demand for increased supply by having more cows of the kind we now have, but it would be much better to meet the situation by breeding better cows. Not more cows but higher-producing cows are what is needed to keep pace with the increase in population.

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Supreme Test



Gertrude Ederle, 19 year old American swimming champion, photographed as she viewed the English channel—ready for her greatest test—a battle with treacherous tides in an attempt to swim from France to England.

CLUB WORK WILL BE SHOWN IN MORE FILMS

When the two reels of boys' and girls' club work at the county fairs of Lane, Tillamook and Clackamas, and at the state fair, are filmed and added to the four already finished and turned over to the agricultural college, the set will be the most complete ever taken of club work anywhere. This enterprise is carried on by the Southern Pacific as its contribution to the welfare of the state in

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general and to promote club work in particular.

R. E. Kelly, manager of the development work of the company, after a study of club work in the west and southwest, decided that this rather expensive bit of promotion work would be the best thing the company could do to boost the club work. To "take the guess out of farming" and help make farm life in Oregon prosperous and attractive was the aim of the director, and the college club men say the set does that very thing to a nicety.

"Oregon Junior goes to college" is the main title. This young chap meets with an accident on a badly run-down farm and in the ensuing vision sees his ideal farm achieved by good management. He is awakened and shown how to start by informing himself of approved methods, and soon finds himself on the campus with 500 other youngsters from all parts of the state.

Stock, seed, poultry and breed judging, managing animals and birds, planting potatoes and learning of their diseases, are some of the boys' activities. The girls learn sewing and cooking, and laundering and home-making. All play and drill, eat and laugh, and have good times as well as profitable work.

The pictures will be shown in all parts of Oregon during the year, and it is the expectation and hope of the railway men that the number of club members will double next year. John M. Scott, C. M. Andrews, H. M. Moffitt, J. Calle, Lindsay Campbell and

E. S. King attended the first showing of the four reels last week. E. F. Carlton of the state department of education was also present.

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