

# TOWN AND VICINITY

**Drives to Coburg**—Mrs. Elsie Polard was a visitor at Coburg Sunday.

**Is Ill**—Paul Freese has a case of the influenza.

**Platt Here**—George Platt of Thurston was in town on business Monday.

**Mrs. Olson Ill**—Mrs. Carl Olson is confined to her bed this week with a case of the influenza.

**Return from Portland**—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schiewe and son returned Sunday from Portland.

**Lumber Arrives**—A carload of lumber arrived for the Springfield Lumber company Monday.

**Easton In**—Arthur Easton of Waterville was in Springfield on business Monday morning.

**Here from Eugene**—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Webber visited friends in Springfield Sunday.

**John Downing In**—John Downing of Wendling was a visitor in Springfield Monday.

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**Landax Man In**—Charles Neman of Landax was a business visitor here Saturday.

**Motor to Mable**—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eggimann motored to Mable on Tuesday.

**Dawson Ill**—W. R. Dawson is suffering from an attack of the influenza.

**Anderson in Town**—Ed Anderson of Creswell was a visitor in Springfield yesterday.

**Mrs. Roberts Better**—Mrs. Ronald Roberts is up following a serious attack of the influenza.

**Visits in Wendling**—W. H. Adrian was a business visitor in Wendling Tuesday evening.

**Eastons Here**—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Easton of Waterville were here on business yesterday.

**Visits Cousin**—Mrs. Jennie Fry Cannon of Portland was here over Sunday visiting her cousin, Mrs. Bert Doane.

**Spends Time Here**—Harry Jones, who is employed as one of the guards at the state penitentiary, is spending a few days in Springfield.

**Here from Portland**—Miss Dorothy Johnson of Portland is in the city this week leading the singing at the revival meetings being conducted by

**Walterbaugh Under Knife**—J. E. Walterbaugh, who lives near Jasper, was operated on for appendicitis Monday. He is at the Pacific Christian hospital.

**Coquille Attorney Here**—George Russell Morgan, attorney at Coquille, spent Sunday at the M. B. Huntly home here.

**Undergoes Operation**—Mrs. E. B. Banto underwent a major operation at the Pacific Christian hospital Monday morning.

**Edissa Fandrem Sick**—Miss Edissa Fandrum was taken ill with pneumonia at her home here last Saturday. She was removed to the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene.

**Moves to Wendling**—F. M. Morefield and family have moved to Wendling, where Mr. Morefield is employed. Mrs. McVay has moved into the house on Gstreet vacated by the move.

**Griffins Welcome Baby**—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Griffin are the proud parents of a baby girl, born at their home here Sunday night.

**Visits at Seattle Home**—Mrs. Alma Clark of Seattle is a visitor this week at the home of her niece, Mrs. M. B. Huntly of Springfield.

**Here from Noti**—Miss Lillie Shiewe, teacher in the Noti school, was in Springfield Sunday visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Freese.

**Here from Portland**—Miss Dorothy Johnson of Portland is in the city this week leading the singing at the revival meetings being conducted by

**Here from Grove**—R. R. Harbert and family were here from Cottage Grove over the week-end. They returned Sunday evening in order that Mr. Harbert might go to work when the mill there started up Monday after a shut-down.

**Hager Here**—Charles Hager of Marcola was in town Tuesday.

**Carney Here**—T. W. Carney was in town from Waterville Saturday.

**Platt In**—Walter Platt was in from Waterville Friday.

**Wearing Visits**—Among out-of-town visitors here Friday was M. J. Wearin of Waterville.

**Here from Camp Creek**—S. I. Davis and V. C. Chase were visitors from Camp Creek Friday.

**Mr. Wright Ill**—Samuel Wright Sr. became ill and was confined to his home late last week.

**Here from Marcola**—Mrs. Fred Wright of Marcola was a visitor in Springfield Tuesday.

**McPherson In**—J. R. McPherson of Natron was a business visitor here Tuesday.

**In from Waterville**—Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Koozer of Waterville were business visitors here Tuesday.

**Grant In**—C. F. Grant of Thurston was among visitors in Springfield Tuesday.

**Has New Coach**—Carl Olson, local railroad agent, is riding the streets in a new Essex coach these days.

**Mohawk Man In**—W. H. Smith of Mohawk was in town on business Friday of last week.

**Nelson Here**—Andrew Nelson of Cottage Grove was a visitor at the home of his brothers, N. and Peter Nelson, in Springfield Saturday.

**Clearwater Here**—J. A. Clearwater, Natron farmer, was an out-of-town shopper in Springfield Friday.

**Here from Groves**—Mr. and Mrs. Dick Harbert of Cottage Grove were in town on business Friday afternoon.

**Mrs. Weaver Here**—Among visitors in Springfield Saturday was Mrs. Alberta of Springfield.

**Thurston People Here**—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eyer of Thurston were here on business yesterday.

**Mrs. Huntington Here**—Mrs. Shy Huntington and baby of Eugene were visitors here yesterday.

**Wearin Here**—M. J. Wearin of Waterville was in town on business yesterday.

**Baby Dies**—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Eastburn of Marcola died at the Pacific Christian hospital Wednesday as the result of a case of the pneumonia.

**Miss Nelson Ill**—Miss Pearl Nelson, who was able to be back at her work at the Springfield bakery early this week, suffered a relapse yesterday and is again confined to her home with the influenza.

**Mrs. Perkins Home**—Mrs. A. J. Perkins returned from Mashford yesterday. As Mr. Perkins has disposed of his apartment house there, Mrs. Perkins will now remain in Springfield.

**Undergoes Operation**—Mrs. M. W. Severson underwent an operation at the Mercy hospital Monday. She is recovering satisfactorily, her physician reports.

**Visits Sister Here**—Miss Juanita Cummings of Portland is visiting this week at the home of her sister here, Mrs. Paul Schiewe. She will return to Portland late this week or early next.

**Nelson Recovers**—Robert Nelson, Springfield poultryman, was in town Friday, after a considerable time of confinement at his home with the influenza. Mr. Nelson has now practically recovered.

**Mrs. Schiewe Called to Mollalla**—Mrs. S. Schiewe was called to Mollalla late last week by the serious illness of her daughter, Helen Laura Schiewe. Her son, Paul Schiewe and family, took her to Mollalla.

**Sells Marshfield Property**—In order to concentrate his interests here, A. J. Perkins has sold the Myrtle Arms, his apartment house at Marshfield, he said today. Prof. Edward S. Schaub of Evanston, Illinois purchased the apartment, which is one of the finest in western Oregon.

**Carney Suffers Infection**—H. B. Carney, Springfield resident, has been suffering for some time from an infection in his right knee. The knee was injured when a piece of steel from a wedge struck it while Mr. Carney was working in the woods.

**Cobb Here**—Earl Cobb of Fall Creek was in town on business Friday.

**CALL AND SEE** Dr. N. W. Emery on 4th on 4th and other work.

## Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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### An Acquaintance Blooms Into Friendship.

"The reason I can not understand why so many girls in your country and this are cutting short their tresses is because in Russia a woman's hair is woven into our poetry, folklore and song," the young Cossack continued speaking. "we have grown to consider it a sacred symbol and in many instances the way a girl wears her hair has a special significance. For instance, unmarried Ukrainian lassies wear their hair loose in a long, single braid ornamented with ribbons and sometimes covered with flowers. This braid, or kosa, is a maiden's chief ornament, the cherished object of her care. Its unbraiding is the sign of the change which is coming upon her."

"And what of the married ones?" I inquired, eagerly interested in what he had said.

"Oh, they wear theirs in two braids wound around the head and covered with a kerchief."

"What enchanting sentiment!" averred Harrington Pierce.

"Yes, it's all right but personally my only objection to bobbed hair is that when I go into a barber shop I can never get a chair!"

The Cossack smiled.

"What do you think about it?" he turned to Barry who was at my side.

"I'm afraid I'll never get used to it though I'm quite sure there isn't a long-haired girl left in Paris. To find one would equal the search for the proverbial needle in the hay-stack. My ideals of course are the lovely leading ladies of opera and I can never imagine Marguerite for instance with a boyish bob."

"Or Aida with a shaved neck!" concluded Curtiss.

We all laughed.

"Some of the opposing forces declare that the Bible forbids bobbing," declared Lemoine Danielle.

"Really? That's interesting. Do you know where?" asked Andre Mollere.

"Yes I do, although my knowledge of the Book of Books is scant. It's the fifteenth verse of the Eleventh chapter of First Corinthians—it reads—"

"But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her, for her hair is given her for a covering."

"Bravo! You did that with quite an air," Curtiss announced.

"I have an argument for these who bob," put in Andre Mollere, I understand that a well-known scientist is contending that in the next generation we will all be hairless. One German thinker came out the other day in a concise article on the subject claiming that we lose, as we progress, more and more hair! Of course it's based on evolution because he mentioned the fact that each stage of development, beginning with the monkey, produces less and less hair."

"By jove, bald heads do give the effect of intelligence," exclaimed Curtiss. "And now that we are confronted with the facts in the case there isn't anything specially intellectual about a man with a shock of hair," he teasingly threw in Barry's direction because, like most musicians wore his not extremely, but moderately long.

While the others were laughing at Curtiss, Lemoine leaning slightly across me, said to Barry who was at my right, "I didn't know how you felt about bobbing. I've often longed to cut mine but now, thank goodness I did not."

It was a smart thing in itself but her desire to please Harrington Pierce was plainly evident even in the most trivial affairs.

It was almost daybreak when we said goodbye. While the Cossack was busy Curtiss had adroitly paid the check. We exchanged cards and addresses and I had the psychic feeling that it was not the last time that our paths would cross.

The next afternoon there came a gentle tap-tap-tapping at my door. In response to my invitation to enter, the door opened quickly and in walked Lemoine.

"O, mon enfant!" she began speaking French as she invariably did un-

der great emotional stress, "word has just come from my manager that I am to sing 'Manon' at the Opera Comique. It is my favorite role and the first time I've had the opportunity to do the part."

"How perfectly corking!" I interrupted, now wide awake, and catching the enthusiasm of Lemoine who was informally ensconced on the chaise-longue, "when? Oh, I hope while we are here."

"That's one reason I'm so happy about it all. Today is Monday, tomorrow's Tuesday and then—Wednesday is the night of nights—at least for Lemoine. I've phoned Barry and you three will be in a box. I'll do it much better if he is there," she added aloud, though I was sure she meant to frame the sentence only in thought.

"Today, tonight and tomorrow I'll be shut up with my teacher in order to rehearse. Of course it's in my repertoire—all opera singers know the famous roles," she answered the question I was about to ask.

"I hope I didn't wake you but I wanted so for you to know. I might as well tell you that you've won your way straight into my heart. It's intangible—this thing called friendship," she announced wistfully, "and not often in a lifetime does one have more than one real friend. The theologians would say that in a former life you and I were attracted or closely connected in some way and held by an eternal bond—and perhaps that's the most intelligent explanation for mutual attraction after all. You've never been a stranger to me although I've known you only a very short time. I hope I'm not being too sentimental," she apologized, "but I believe in presenting flowers, if one truly deserves them, as we go along."

She blushed slightly, almost self-conscious because of her frank revelation of her affection for me.

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I agreed, "and I'm so flattered that you like me. You, who have so many admirers and hundreds of friends—"

"Not friends, acquaintances, my dear. Until I met you, Sallie, I never had a real, true friend, to whom I could unburden my heart."

"Why do you like me?" I asked, "there're others, great celebrities who seek you out and worship at your shrine. You're a wonderful singer and I—well, I'm just little old me."

She laughed outright.

"But 'little old me' just happens to have that beautiful gift of understanding and of being interested in other people and of course, that is the real key to friendship. With the others I am a ways conscious of a great gulf of misunderstanding and doubt."

"Really?"

"Yes, I realize," she continued, "that so many of my so-called friends flock around me because I've been fortunate enough to acquire in a measure that subtle thing that the world calls fame. Were I a nonentity, and still myself, how far would these same friends go? This business of worshipping those who have gratified their own ambition and forged ahead in the fair, foolishness of the art," she added, "get a full sense of satisfaction out of their work—a thrill that more than compensates for the struggle and sacrifices they usually have made to attain success and, with it come the plaudits of the world. If I were not a singer but a manikin in some obscure shop I would not be admired for myself or my personality or my own individual attainments, no, I would be lost with those half-million other girls in Paris who are much more deserving because their work itself is without colour or joy."

"I think you're wrong, Lemoine," I said, "people would still seek you out."

(Continued on Page 6)

WHERE QUALITY MEETS CONFIDENCE

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