

TOWN AND VICINITY

Thurston People In—Mr. and Mrs. George Platt of Thurston were business visitors here on Monday.

Go to Portland—Miss Dorothy Ditto and George Ditto went to Portland over the last week-end.

Here from Waltherville—Mrs. J. W. Key of Waltherville was a local visitor last Saturday.

Clarkes in Portland—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Clarke motored to Portland Saturday.

Page In—Frank W. Page, Waltherville resident, was in town on business Saturday.

James Aubrey Here—James Aubrey of Jasper was a Springfield visitor last Friday.

Goes to Portland—Ellen Tomseth was a visitor at Portland over the week-end.

Motor to Marcola—Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Pollard and family motored to Marcola for a trip Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Zimmerman Ill—Mrs. Dan Zimmerman is confined to her home with illness this week.

Seavey Is Here—V. H. Seavey, merchant of Donna, was a business visitor at Springfield last Friday.

Here from Astoria—Stewart Mitchell of Astoria visited last Saturday with his sister, Mrs. J. W. Shaw.

Goes to Harrisburg—G. G. Bushman was a Harrisburg visitor late last week.

Visits Sister Here—Miss Lillie Schiewe, school teacher at Noti, visited her sister, Mrs. Fred Frese, of Springfield Sunday.

Arnhart in Town—George Arnhart, manager of the feed and seed association at Creswell, was among Springfield visitors late last week.

Visits Shaw Home—Mrs. E. E. Allen and daughter, Donna Jean, of Glendale, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Allen's sister, Mrs. J. W. Shaw.

Moes into Town—Virgil Moon, who has been living north of the city, has moved into the property at Second and F streets.

Tonsils are Removed—Perry Wallace of Jasper underwent a tonsil operation at the Pacific Christian hospital Tuesday.

Motors to Corvallis—Miss Clara Wyse, accompanied by Aline Amort of Eugene, motored to Corvallis to visit friends Sunday.

Move to Apartments—Mr. and Mrs. George Green have moved into the newly remodelled apartments on B street of James Laxton.

Visit at Marcola—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gossler visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Gossler of Marcola Sunday.

Visit in Springfield—Mrs. R. W. Sellers and children of Cottage Grove district was a business visitor in Springfield Monday.

Salem Men Here—Harry Jones and Morris Miller, who are now living at Salem, were visitors here over the week-end. They returned to the capital city Monday.

Makes Portland Trip—E. G. Sutton, Mary Elizabeth Whitney and Harry Wright were among Springfield residents who made trips to Portland for a week-end visit.

Returns to Corvallis—Mrs. H. F. Flanery, who had been visiting for several days at the F. C. Flanery home here, returned last Saturday to her home at Corvallis.

Here from California—F. C. Bartlett of Ma. Shast, California, left early this week after visiting for a short time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bartlett of Springfield.

Visit At Albany—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scalfie and family and Myrna McKinnon accompanied Mrs. Scalfie's parents to Albany Sunday, remaining there during the afternoon.

Kenyon Moves Here—C. E. Kenyon, recently named cashier of the Commercial State bank, has rented and moved into the Perkins house at Fifth and E streets. Mr. Kenyon moved his household goods from Payette, Idaho, to Springfield.

Inspect Local Bakery—Grimm Brothers who plan the establishment of a new baking shop at Roseburg, visited the Springfield bakery owned by Fred Frese Saturday to obtain ideas from the arrangement and operation of the local shop. They decided to model the Roseburg bakery on the Springfield shop.

Visits in Portland—Miss Alice Mortenson went to Portland Monday to spend several days visiting friends.

Here from Marcola—William McKay of Marcola was a Springfield visitor Tuesday.

Visits Parents—Ellen Mondell was home from Camp 35 Sunday to visit her parents in Springfield.

Creswell Man Here—Lem Drury of Creswell was in Springfield on business Monday.

Mohawk Man In—Frank Stafford of Mohawk paid Springfield a business visit yesterday.

Visits in Springfield—Mrs. June Dear was home for the last week-end visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McKay.

Boy is Born—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denny are the proud parents of an 11-pound boy, born at the family home at Eighth and K streets on Tuesday.

Here from Harrisburg—Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Carr of Harrisburg were among out-of-town visitors here Tuesday.

Returns Home—Walter Wallace has returned to his Natron home after an operation at the Pacific Christian hospital.

Spends Week-end Here—Ted Harper of Portland spent the week-end in Springfield visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harper.

Undergoes Operation—Mable Hurd, who lives at the home of Morris Hill of Jasper, underwent an operation at the Pacific Christian hospital Tuesday.

Mrs. Gillespie Improves—Mrs. Victor Gillespie who was brought from the hospital several weeks ago, is just able to walk around. She is staying at the home of Mrs. Mondell.

Ketels Welcome Little Girl—A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Kete's of Springfield last Thursday night at the Pacific Christian hospital. The newcomer has been named Barbara Jane. Both the mother and the baby are reported to be doing well.

New Books Here—New books are beginning to arrive at the Springfield Public Library and a few are already on the shelf for circulation, according to Mary Roberts, librarian. A hundred of the old books are to be rebound.

To Return Home—Genevieve Nesbit expected to return to her home here this week from Toppenish, Washington, where she has been visiting since early in February with her sister, Mrs. Sherman Douglas.

FOR SALE—Sturgess Reed baby buggy, bal bearings, good shape. E. A. Farnsworth at Mill and J streets.

CALL AND SEE Dr. N. W. Emery on prices on plate and other work.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Notice is hereby given, and the Common Council of the Town of Springfield does hereby declare its intention, and does hereby declare it to be expedient, that a concrete pavement be constructed in the alley between Main and North A street from 3rd street to 4th street, and from 4th street to 5th street, and the property abutting said proposed pavement and liable for said improvement being described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbering from one (1) to eight (8) inclusive in block No. Six (6), and lots numbering from one (1) to eight (8), Block No. Thirty-five (35), both blocks being in extended survey, Springfield, Oregon.

Sealed bids will be received by the City Council up to and including April 10th, 1926, for the constructing of said pavement according to the plans and specifications outlined by ordinance of said city for the building of pavement, and according to the specifications of the city survey, or as to grades and lines. Contractor to furnish all material for building said pavement, and furnish all labor in connection with the building of said pavement, and do all excavating or filling in connection with bringing the surface to grade according to the plans of the city surveyor.

Bidders will specify the price per cubic yard for such pavement, also the price per cubic yard for excavating or filling in bringing the surface of said alley to grade.

Bidders will also specify the price per cubic yard of Vibrolithic concrete pavement of six (6) inches in thickness, or common concrete pavement of seven (7) inches in thickness. The council reserves the right to reject all bids.

Bids will be opened April 12th, 1926. Bidders are required to deposit a check for at least 5% of the amount of price bidden, as a guarantee of good faith, said deposit to be returned to bidder if bid is rejected.

Passed by the Council March 22, 1926.

R. W. SMITH, City Recorder.

(Bids to be filed with the City Recorder, City Hall, Springfield, Ore.)

M 25 A 1

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
being the Confessions of a new wife
 Illustrated by Paul Robinson
 Copyright 1925 by Publishers Automator Service
 Gladys Baker

A Woman Transformed By Love.

The curtains of the box parted to admit Barrington Pierce. He entered and reentered himself in the chair directly behind mine. Simultaneously the curtains of the stage were drawn, revealing the third act of "Manon." "It's all right," whispered a voice from the shadowy box. It was Barry who spoke and he continued talking with his head bent close to mine, so that the others might not hear. He referred to the interview he had just had behind the scenes with Lemoyne. "She's promised to make up for everything and to do some of her very best work. It was a sweet thought of yours, Sallie, and thank you for making me do the thing I should have done, unprompted, before."

When he spoke of the young singer there was no sign of conquest in his manner nor was there any trace of braggadocio in his voice. However, he unconsciously betrayed the fact that her love for him was an acknowledged condition, as far as their friends were concerned.

Then our attention was focused on the brilliant stage.

It was a radiant Lemoyne who now played the part of the famous courtesan—she was like a vivid tropical flower in her bouffant gown of the early eighteenth century. Her chic chapeau was audaciously becoming and made a happy background for her chestnut curls that peeped coquettishly over her shoulder and softly framed her face.

She was the toast of Paris and indeed she played the part, singing with sudden and irresistible charm.

There was still an undercurrent of dissatisfaction in the audience in spite of the tangible transformation that had taken place. They could not forget at once that the new prima donna had not given them the "Little Table" song as splendidly as Koussouff was wont to do.

I expressed my anxiety to Barry. "Wait until the next scene at the Seminary," he replied, "watch what I tell you, she'll win them to a man!" And indeed he proved to be right, for the scene which followed was one which it will be impossible for time's energetic fingers to erase.

Before us was a vibrant Manon pleading with Chevalier not to take the Holy Orders and be lost forever to her love, but rather to turn his back on the bleak monastic life and respond again to her overwhelming desire. But Chevalier is unmoved. She falls upon the floor, clasping his knees with pleading, dramatic hands. She sings, the words are winged with gentle seduction and artless allure. Gone, the indifferent Manon of the first few scenes, here instead a living creature of flesh and blood singing her way straight into our hearts and each one of the audience putting a personal interpretation on her song. "Listen!" Barry exclaimed, "she's

won them! They're going wild!" The faint note of the aria had become a faint echo of liquid gold.

"Bravo! Bravo, Danisle!" cried the crowd, "Fort bien! Bravo, Danisle!" Over and over again they shouted their lusty praise.

So thrilled was I by the magnificent music and by the undeniable triumph of Lemoyne that not until the last note had been sung did I realize that my hand had been clasped and held closely by the young musician at my side.

I disengaged my fingers just a moment before the lights flared up. There was no time for analyzing the situation then for the DeWights were preparing to leave, though my cheeks still burned from the indignation I felt towards Barrington Pierce.

He was talking with Mrs. DeWight. "You wait and bring Lemoyne," she said, then turning to me, "you're to come with us Sallie. We're having a little party to celebrate Lemoyne's success."

I hesitated a moment. There was really no graceful way I could refuse to accept although I felt that Curtiss would be uneasy if the hour were late when I returned. Still, on the other hand, my thoughts were far from sleep. I was strangely excited too. Why should I go home and go to bed when it meant missing a good time? Curtiss could have postponed his business engagement, it seemed to me and besides I wouldn't always be in Paris on such a gala night. In the end I silenced my conscience and decided to go.

From the moment I entered the DeWight's apartment I was conscious of the luxurious atmosphere of the place. Our host was a collector with an innate desire to possess exquisite things and from all over the world

he had assembled rare tapestries, old bric-a-brac and inlaid cabinets which gave the rooms a personality at once compelling and bizarre. There was a faint hint of exotic incense in the air.

A long, refectory table of black marble was pleasingly appointed with crystal of jade, green which exactly harmonized with the gown and jewels Mrs. DeWight had chosen for that night.

"She always uses her jewels for the colour motif in giving a dinner," explained Andre Moliere who had followed my eyes and caught their approving light.

Lemoyne was upstairs removing her wraps. Barry was greeting some guests. Naturally the conversation between Andre Moliere and myself drifted into the main topic of the evening—the ovation Lemoyne received.

"She was not acting towards the last. It was real drama she played," he announced.

"What do you mean?" I wanted to know.

"Just this, that instead of Chevalier she was pleading with Barrington Pierce. She worships him and I believe she realizes that hers is the greater love."

"Oh, you must be wrong!" I interrupted, "surely he must adore her. She's altogether lovely."

"So think we all and Barry too, for that matter, but methinks his love has paled before the flame. There was a time," he began, then stopped suddenly as if he had no right to reveal a secret of his friends, "Man always reverts to type," he concluded, "he must ever be the hunter and tract his game."

"You mean that one should never show a beloved one how much they are loved. That's hard and extremely unfair."

"Perhaps, but true nevertheless. A bit of tactful indifference wins a man quicker than all the proffered caresses of a rose-bud mouth."

Irrepressible Sallie.

The dinner was a brilliant affair. There was a ready flow of wine and wit. Barry, of all the guests, was the only one who wore a quiet mien. Lemoyne was gay. Apparently her brief sojourn with Barry had been most satisfactory and had made her as blithesome as a day in June.

"The wine is really good," I said to Barry who was at my side.

"There is only one thing I would be tempted to drink tonight," he answered so quietly that only I could hear his low-pitched voice, "Nepenthe, of the ancients, a subtle drug that banishes sorrow and pain."

That was all there was time for then and it was not until later that I saw him alone.

I was standing in a small room apart from the others examining an amazing reproduction of Mona Lisa, in an intricate Florentine frame.

"Are you trying to get behind the smile? You might as well concern yourself with the riddle of the sphinx."

It was Barry who had come quietly up and was standing by my side.

"I was just thinking how I'd have to live in the house with that smile. She completely disturbs my peace. She says to me, 'I know all about your innermost thoughts and what do you know about anything and least of all about me?'"

"You're very analytical. N'est-ce pas?" he observed.

"I'm more often thought of as a Mayfly, I'm afraid, but there are a lot of things I'd like to know."

"For instance?"

I had resolved not to mention the subject at all but an imp of devilment, an echo of the old Sallie, prodded me on.

"Why did you hold my hand?" I asked. The moment the question had been asked I would have given much to have taken it back. A discussion of personalities was bound to ensue.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY

Whereas, the hand of death has removed from our midst, our beloved sister, Mrs. James Laxton, the loving workers of the Christian church have lost one of its beloved members.

Therefore be it resolved that this society extends its sincere sympathy to the husband, son and daughter and the many relatives who so deeply feel their loss; and we express a hope that in the bright beyond, they may meet her, where trials, suffering and death be known no more.

Mrs. E. E. MORRISON,
 Mrs. Saldee Rayland,
 Mrs. George Ditto, Com.

FOR SALE—Carbon paper in large sheets, 26x39 inches, suitable for making tracings. The News Office.

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Let us show you **Shari of Truvy**—to mention but two of many.

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