

**HORSESHOE PITCHERS ORGANIZE A CLUB**

Summer time is here, and with it renewed activity among the horse shoe pitching enthusiasts. For some time there has been a quiet game or two going on evenings back of the sign board on the corner of Sixth and Main streets. Fans at the Booth-kelly mills have been holding forth at the mill yards during the noon hour, and games have been played at various places in the city.

All the interest which has been displayed in the game has led the orshoe pitching experts of Springfield to organize into a league. The Springfield Twilight Horseshoe club is the result. It already has a membership of forty or fifty with prospects of more recruits as it becomes known that Springfield has a real live, active horseshoe pitching club.

The club members meet each evening at the corner of Sixth and Main and play until darkness forces them to stop. They have already had one tournament game with a team from Eugene and, according to present plans, will play them every Wednesday night. The Eugene team will come over to Springfield every other week, and the Springfield club will go there the other weeks.

The season promises to be an active one for the members with games in sight with players from Eugene, Corvallis and other towns. The 4-L has a team composed of its members and has just purchased a set of shoes for them to use.

The officers of the new organization are: George Cox, president; Harry Gerlach, secretary, and William Gerlach, treasurer.

**EXOTIC REGAL LILY DISPLAYED AT BANK**

Displayed in the windows of the First National bank this week is a beautiful Regal lily, given to W. G. Hughes of the bank by its grower, Fred C. Montgomery, who raises lilies at his home on E street. The flower a native of China, has a most pungent odor which scents the whole front part of the bank. From one stalk grows ten large white flowers with their center painted a delicate yellow.

The Regal lily was imported to this country about five years ago by the

department of agriculture. A department expert was sent into the interior of China in search of beautiful flowers and the discovery of the lily was the result.

The home of the Regal is in the westernmost part of China in one of the wildest parts of the country. It took the discoverer six months to reach the place from the seacoast and as a result of his efforts among the wild inhabitants of the district he lost his leg.

The Regal is considered by experts one of the most beautiful of lilies and has been eagerly sought for by growers. Fortunately it is a hardy variety and grows easily from the seeds or the bulbs.

**LOCAL TROOP ADOPTS SIX-YEAR-OLD MASCOT**

Six-year-old Jimmie Craughan is a proud boy, the proudest boy in Springfield. Jimmie has had all his ambitions realized even though he is only six, and that is no mean accomplishment for one of his age.

Jimmie didn't want to be a policeman, or a fireman, or an Indian fighter; he merely wanted to be a Boy Scout. For a long time he wanted to be a Boy Scout but his mother told him he would have to wait until he was older. Jimmie didn't want to wait, but what is one to do when one is only six?

The best thing Jimmie could do was to party with the scouts near his home. In this way he became acquainted with them and learned that they were campaigning for \$350.

One day his mother gave him a quarter for which he had worked long and hard. The next evening Jimmie was at the scout meeting and approaching Mr. Tyson, scout leader, handed him the quarter saying he had always wanted to be a scout and wanted to help the scouts out.

Accepting the quarter, Mr. Tyson asked him where he lived and found from Jimmie's mother the facts of the case. So to show the appreciation of the scouts, the Tenderfoot badge was pinned upon Jimmie and he was officially adopted as mascot for Troop No. 1, Springfield Scouts.

Now Jimmie is a scout. His ambition is realized. He is the proudest boy in Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Craughan of Second and E streets, Springfield are proud too.



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"Nonsense, my dear, when you've lived as long as I have, you'll begin to know that husbands and lovers are two vastly different men. And, although they won't admit it, they are each true to type. I can tell you, I think, just exactly why Curtiss went to the dance without you tonight and why he probably will have a very good time."

"I couldn't anticipate her thought. She went on. "He knows that he has you now for his very own and he can go to a party and have a very relaxing, care-free time. Even flirting a bit—perhaps, with all the silly little flappers out there, but my dear, all the time he is conscious of the fact that he has a sweet, charming wife at home. You furnish his background, you are, and he wouldn't even get a 'kick' out of dancing and chatting with those little debutantes if he had not won you first. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I believe I do, because before we were married he didn't care at all about such things. But it's the lack of romance and sentiment between the two of us that makes me grieve."

"Romance," she repeated, "listen Sallie, I'm going to tell you something about romance that you've never known before."

I leaned forward eagerly in my chair and she began.

"As for romance," she continued, "this is a bit of advice from an old woman, little Sallie, that I wish all wives who were starved for the thrilly-bubbly kind of romance would understand. Don't expect the romance of moonlight and honeysuckle after you're married, except as an individual, and then you'll never feel your heart break because he falls to thrill with you to a sunset or a poem when he's probably thinking about stocks and bonds."

"Oh, but I couldn't live without romance," I mourned, "life would be cynical and matter-of-fact and cold."

"But wait, my dear—there are many kinds of romance and just as you've adjusted your little girl ways to become a housewife and moulded your wishes and desires into others that are congenial to his, so will your conception of romance change—and it really should, dear child."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Wright, that there are many kinds of romance? I don't know but one kind, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Wright, that there are many kinds of romance? I don't know but one kind, I'm afraid."

"Neither did I, at one time," she replied with a far-away dreamy look in her eyes, though her lips still smiled, "you'd be surprised to know that there's romance in keeping a well-ordered home, now wouldn't you my dear? Or in making everything so comfortable for Curtiss that he'd adore being here or that there's almost the same thrill in viewing row after row of shining jellies and jams, creative work of your own, yes," she reiterated, "just as much thrill as there used to be in seeing pink holly-hocks against an old stone wall."

"How did you know I loved holly-hocks against—"

"Against an old stone wall?" "Why yes."

"It's not unusual. Most women do, my child."

They are all disciples of beauty at heart, but men? No, no—just as women are more susceptible to spiritual things, blind faith and ritual and such—to men these intangible things come hard, they've got to see with their eyes."

She reached for a dictionary in one of the book shelves on the wall. "Look here!" she exclaimed, "just as I thought."

I followed her finger eagerly along the printed line.

"Romance—absurdity!" she pointed out, "you see it was written by a man," she laughingly put the book back into its place on the wall and when she had resented herself I begged her to go on.

"Oh, it's just that for one aesthetic man there are, I guess, five hundred who are not. That's why so many of the poets have woven this theme into their songs. It's not new. Fact is, it's as ancient as the hills and as immutable as the stars. Remember

Faith Baldwin's lines"

She leaned forward and there was a singing cadence in her tones: "Love caught me in a golden net All scented rose and rue Love lured me to a little house And set me tasks to do. I look from out my window pane To hills of far-away My feet grow weary for the roads Beyond the break of day. But love has such insloring eyes, I could not quench their light And so I bake and sew and sew And—He awake at night!"

For a moment there was silence in the room. It was as if the shadows still sang softly with the echo of her voice.

"That's strange that you should have thought of that verse for I was just repeating some of Edna St. Vincent Millay, along the same line, when you came tonight."

"No, it really isn't, my dear," she shook her head, "that's what I'm trying to tell you—that the resentment and self-pity you felt for what you thought was romance leaving life is a fundamental emotion known to almost every wife, who isn't a bride, and I'll wager you'll find one such idea in the repertoire of every woman who writes these little songs."

"I think I begin to understand," I exclaimed, "I was wondering tonight if there were others like myself who felt romance drifting away, but now you've made it so beautifully clear and I feel quite comforted that I'm not alone in this yearning for the pretty-poetic—the fairy things of life."

"You precious child! My guest arose as she spoke, preparing to leave, "of course you are not. And, listen, my dear, keep your enthusiasm and keen appreciation for these things 'not made with hands'—for through them you will gain an inner joy that no circumstance or condition can take away. Then, when Curtiss does thrill over something that you, too, have found most dear, it will be a pleasant surprise and, when he doesn't you won't feel personally insulted at his neglect but," she concluded, "you'll just realize that he's a man."

Long after she had gone it was like I had stood before the warmth of a cheerful, singing blaze. Instead of the disturbing, jealous thoughts that had filled my mind when I had pictured Curtiss at the dance, I felt strangely calm. This lovely woman's presence seemed to linger on. Her words were like a hand-clasp and I framed a little prayer, for, I knew, without a doubt, that I had found a friend.

We had thought that the last days of September would be cool as the first two weeks of the month had promised a release from the terrific heat which had extended over the entire south. But suddenly the weather changed and a wave of intense heat such as Birmingham had never experienced, began. Everyone who could arrange to do so, got out of town, but many had returned thinking the heat wave had spent itself in the months ahead.

Curtiss worked many hours on the job of planning the new houses for the large mining settlement just out of town. He was trying to push the work through so that the men and their families could occupy the houses in the fall. His concentrated effort on matters of business during the day together with the unexpected heat, which continued even at night-time made him irritable and difficult to understand.

I began to realize that my summer had consisted of a series of drab, uninteresting days and my youth and natural love for responsive companionship rebelled.

There was another situation which the summer had brought and which caused me grave concern. So noticeable it was that even a nonsuspicious nature, such as mine, could not fail to sense what was going on.

Letitia Evans' interest in my husband was increasing day by day and apparently so strong was his attraction for her that she made little pretense of caring who knew of her infatuation for a married man.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Peterson Better—Mrs. Arthur Peterson who fell out of a car and hurt her side last Wednesday is reported to be much improved.

**NEW PUMP INSTALLED AT THE POWER PLANT**

Final tests on the electrically driven centrifugal pump which the Mountain States Power company has been installing at their plant have been made this week by W. C. McLagan, superintendent, after three weeks work in setting it up and in adjusting it. The pump was installed to insure an adequate supply of water to Springfield during the summer months when the water is low. The

new pump has a 500-gallon a minute capacity with a maximum capacity of 750 gallons. If necessary the two old pumps can still be used, and in addition, the steam feed of the boilers can be hooked up to the water system. The use of the old pumps and the feed creates a maximum capacity of 1250 gallons a minute.

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