

SINGERS READY FOR HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

"Once in a Blue Moon" to Be given Friday Evening—Miss Grace Potter Directs Three-Act Musical Comedy. Huck Harper is Play Manager.

With the stage set and all arrangements made, everything is ready for the curtain at the high school where the boys' and girls' glee clubs will present their annual operetta tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. After several weeks of rehearsing, the cast is ready for the three-act musical play, "Once in a Blue Moon."

Miss Grace Potter, director of music in the schools here, directed the production. Huck Harper is general manager of the play.

Principals of the cast, in order of appearance are: Moon Lady, Ruth Carlton; Mrs. Montgomery, Gladis House; Hop Sing Hi, Lloyd Mattison; Suzanne, Vernice Hawke; Sylvia, Dorena Larimer; Leatrice, Ruth Bettis; Mrs. Lila Lavender, Waive Peterson; Billy Maxwell, Ofa Luce; Sir Percival Chetwood, Laurence Roof; Monsieur Rene Le Mon, Roy Streamer; Betty Morton, Melba Mellon; Mr. Babbit Morton, Gerald Morrison; George Taylor, Paul Potter; Mooney, a policeman, Thayer McMurray; Skylark Roam, a detective, Richard Harpole.

Chorus Personnel Given

The choruses contain the following singers: Maxine Snodgrass, Melba Mellon, Gladis House, Dorena Larimer, Waive Peterson, Lena Frizell, Frances Frizell, Louisa McDowell, Jessie Beals, Ruth Carlton, Wilma Hack, Eileen Schantol, Doris Myers, Ruth Bettis, Betty Anderson, Audrey Daniels, Naomi LeVee, Jule Pollard, Audrey Smith, Evelyn Manley, Audrey Shultz, Nellie Sankey, Vernice Hawke, Irma Crider, Miriam Rice, Richard Harpole, Ofa Luce, Gerald Morrison, Roy Streamer, Thayer McMurray, Freeman Squires, William Cox, Paul Potter, Chester Chase, Arthur Potter, Hartford McVey, Lester Patrick, Albert Harper, Carl McKinnis.

The high school orchestra, also under the direction of Miss Potter, will play between the three acts, other stunts will also be presented in the interlude.

Members of the orchestra are: Violins, Jack Danner, Elizabeth Rice, Charles Nadvornik, Maxine Swarts, Betty Anderson, Harlan Duncan; trumpet, Ofa Luce; clarinet, Miss Potter; piano, Lena Frizell.

Miss Tyson Plays

Miss Winifred Tyson will play the piano score which accompanies the operetta.

Maxine Snodgrass is in charge of the ticket sale and properties, and Miss Lydia Osgood, faculty member, coached members of the cast in speaking their parts.

After an absence of four years at college, Bob Harrington is expected to return to the home of his foster aunt, Mrs. Mary Montgomery, whose daughter, Sylvia, was his boyhood sweetheart. Having fallen in love with another girl at college, he sends his chum George Taylor, who closely resembles him, to substitute for him at the week-end party. George has always been anxious to meet Sylvia, whose picture greatly attracts him. He arrives amid preparations for a Spanish Fiesta and finds Sylvia more

charming than her photograph. Unexpected guests in the persons of Sir Percival Chetwood and M. Rene LeMon arrive and are welcomed as distinguished noblemen, by Mr. Montgomery, and invited to remain for the festivities. That night while the guests are dancing, a robbery takes place and suspicion is turned on George who is forced to disclose his identity. Things look dark for him until the guilty parties are brought to justice. A telegram from the real "Bob" announcing his marriage leaves George free to finish the story in the approved fashion.

SIX DEATHS AND FIVE BIRTHS IN PAST MONTH

Deaths reported in Springfield for March outnumbered births, according to statistics for the month in the hands of Dr. W. H. Pollard, city registrar. One physician has not yet made his report and this ratio may be changed.

Six deaths and five births were recorded for the month. This does not include a number of births to Springfield parents at the Eugene hospitals and likewise does not account for deaths of Springfield people in Eugene.

These statistics should be reported in the person's home town. Dr. Pollard states, in order that the proper record can be kept.

SPRINGFIELD BOYS WILL PRESENT KNOT EXHIBIT

Springfield Boy Scout troops will present a stunt in the circus which ends the achievement roundup of Lane county troops in Eugene April 20.

Four boys probably represent Springfield in the demonstration, Clayton Barber, scout commissioner, announced this week. The boys are yet to be selected.

They will have charge of the knot-tying demonstration one of the chief stunts of the circus.

TWO CANDIDATES ADDED LANE COUNTY ASPIRANTS

Two additional candidates filed for county offices at the Lane county courthouse this week. John L. Marsh will seek re-election as constable. He will have opposition for this office in the person of Asa Branstetter.

Clyde H. Sedgwick has added his name to the list of those desiring to become a justice of the peace.

James K. King, Eugene attorney, who had already announced his candidacy for district attorney, filed with the secretary of state on Tuesday. His slogan is: "I pledge rigid enforcement and courteous conduct in administration."

Meetings are Successful

Pre-Easter evangelistic meetings at the Methodist church proved successful, members of the church in charge reported following the final meeting last Sunday. Several new members were added to the membership through the efforts of Rev. J. B. Coan of Eugene who conducted the preaching and Mrs. C. J. Pike of Oakridge, who was in charge of the singing and children's work during the two weeks. Both the evangelists returned to their homes following the final meeting.

UNBREAKABLE WATCH CRYSTALS—Fancy shapes and regulars. Hoyt's Cash Store.

Red Hair and Blue Sea

(Continued from Page 3)

student I had for my South Sea lectures, seems as if she had ought to be first 'lay aboard a genuine South Sea trader."

Thurston acquiesced. But as Burke was being carried down to the boats, John turned to Johannsen, acting mate, and said: "You yourself be one of our three men to go aboard and—stay."

The big sailor gave him a look to see if the order had more than routine significance, then lumbered after Burke.

In the boat the girl's mind was gradually brought back to the something in Burke's manner which she had not been able to analyze. For now it was so noticeably upon him that he was either constrained, absent or too painfully voluble.

"And how is Olive?" she asked in an awkward interval. "He's with you, of course?"

Ponape Burke assented. "Sort of in charge aboard," he explained. "I ain't got no mate. Still talking about you; yer name and yer—red hair."

The boat rounded the stern and then the girl looked up to find—as if his eyes had never ceased to follow—the grinning stare of the man Olive fixed upon her just as it had faded out at Honolulu.

His great naked body rose above the rail and a thick bare arm came extending itself down toward her, inexorably.

The square fingers closed and her own hand was swallowed, disappeared in that grip clear to the wrist. There came a pull, as if the arm were to follow the hand in, and then Palmyra found herself on deck and standing free.

Johannsen had already clamored to the deck.

"We got t'keep four boats moving," Burke explained. "One pulling ashore empty, one loading there, one coming out with cargo, one discharging here. Each o'yer boats' crews'll bring me a load and take back an empty at once. I'll clear the boat y'leave. So now, you Rainbow boys, t'start her off, pass up the stuff in my own boat and take her ashore, while my kanakas tackle the launch."

The girl's voice rose in surprise: "Oh, but they're not going already?"

Burke looked, grinning, from her to the naked savages of his crew. "Sort o' wild like, eh?" he asked.

But Johannsen reassured her: "I'm ordered to stay, miss."

Burke shot him a glance. "Sure." Then to the other two: "Yohannsen'll tinker up the motor so, next trip, the launch won't have t'be pulled in."

A minute later the boat had cast off and the sailors were settling to their work. Johannsen, watching them, stood negligently at the rail. "Handle her gently, boys," called Burke. "She's getting old."

The boat was now clear by perhaps ten fathoms.

Suddenly Ponape Burke, with an agility unexpected in that plump body, leaped forward and lunged at the unsuspecting Johannsen's back. The next second the sailor was in the water.

Burke whirled, whipped out an order, sprang to the wheel. The kanakas worked like mad. Another order and the sails filled, the deck listed down and the Pigeon of Noah was under way.

The man at the wheel burst into that tittering laugh of his, now strained, false, sharp-edged with excitement, exultation.

"Remember, girl?" he cried. "Blow on the Rainbow—night black? Wanted t'scare 'em a bit, says you? Pirates, bucket o' blood?" his laugh rose into a crow of triumph. "W H, kid, what about this here? Give 'em a hell of a startle, eh Palmyra?"

As the Lupe-a-Noa filled away, the girl ran to the rail and sent over the water a frantic cry.

In the boat the two sailors sat, rigid, their oars poised. The red face of Johannsen emerged from the sea, dripping, blank with incredulity, convulsed with anger. Ponape Burke's strategy had deprived them of the launch in which they could have overhauled the schooner.

Ashore, the castaways stood perplexed, alarmed. Palmyra's action, rather than her voice, threw them into panic. They pointed, shouted, ran here and there, futile, absurd.

To Van Buren Rutger rushed the girl's mother with something in her hands. It was a rifle. As one of his accomplishments, Van had won trophies on the range. But now, confronted by that violence his training had taught him never touch the life of a gentleman, he faltered, paled in a fear of wounding the girl herself.

Then John Thurston snatched the rifle. There was a flash and a bullet struck the Lupe-a-Noa, shattering the glass on the binnacle. A second flash, and Burke himself staggered back. But before the schooner could fall off, he clutched the wheel again with one hand. As his left arm hung, the spot of blood, spreading slowly on the white cotton, was like some brilliant

blossom.

Burke bellowed his rage. He had swung the vessel over so that Palmyra, all unaware, stood in the line of fire. Thurston could not shoot again.

At his triumph, Burke regained his good humor. The wound had proved unimportant. "John's the only man in that bunch," he conceded amiably. "If he was stealing my girl I'd give him more than a sore arm."

Palmyra was desperate. Behind her, her hand closed on an iron belying pin. "You—you brute!" she cried. "Turn—this—vessel—back. Turn it back instantly!"

She jerked the pin from its socket; took a step toward him, her eyes aflame. "You go back to that island!"

From behind, a hand closed on her wrist. Olive, grinning, took the belying pin from her fingers, as if they had been a baby's and returned it to the rack.

Palmyra sank against the cabin, helpless.

Not by accident had the Pigeon of Noah risen from the sea upon the scene of their disaster. Back in the days before Honolulu this spider of a Burke had spun his web. He had talked of the atolls in the terms of a paradise until the voyagers were eager to behold. He had convinced Pedersen that, to take advantage of prevailing winds and current, he must lay his course from Honolulu first to the north Gilberts—Butaritari or Apaiang—and thence make north and west into the Marshalls and the Carolines.

Burke had followed, then, holding back the fast sailing Lupe-a-Noa to match the yacht's pace. Fortune had favored.

Informed as to the lagoons they would make, their order, he had meant to outslit them to an anchorage and, lying there unsuspected, to seize the girl at some favorable moment ashore. And then, the fleet Pigeon away with none in all those wild seas save the fat old Rainbow to pursue, what could have been more easy?

A sob of self-pity shook the girl, though even now she did not, in her innocence, comprehend the depth of his infamy.

The man himself, leaning over the wheel, sought, with an honest concern, to soothe her. Even she realized that he was moved by a real earnestness of emotion, conviction.

He gripped his hands upon the wheel in an excess of disdain.

"Cry yer eyes out for yer mother. That can't be helped. But the rest o' them dicker birds?" He snorted in derision. "Why, they. . . Y'think now you'll miss 'em. But wait. Tomorrow, next day. You'll be laughing, too, laughing at all of 'em—at Van. And then. . ." He spoke with the impressiveness of certitude. "Then you'll be thanking me."

He leered at her humorously. Her hands clenched until the sharp nails brought the blood.

"Don't blame me," he cried in a sudden flame of emotion. "Don't blame me. Blame yourself. I fought agin it—right along. Didn't I warn you? Warn y'how you'd set a poor starved devil like me a-fire? But you? Y'just had t'keep hanging around: you who was like, like God's laughter. Hanging around and hanging around 'till y'had me fair wild." The flame of that fire leaped into his eyes.

"I swore then I'd have you. Lucky for yer folks I saw how t'trap y'on here. For, if need was, I'd of killed every soul of 'em in cold blood."

She shrank into loathing. Burke was silent, conquering that evil flame of passion.

Then shortly: "Original Noah," the man jeered; "he went it blind. But me—I know our mountain top, every inch o'it. And, girl," he warned, "when the Ark does hit dry land, make no mistake. You'll never see arey one o'yer folks again. For you, they've perished off the face o' the earth. The flood's made a clean sweep. In all creation there's only you—and me."

Exaltation was in his gaze; obscure, intimidating.

"Come, girl, y'shall be a queen."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Looneys Move Away—Mr. and Mrs. Bill Looney, who have resided in Springfield during the past two years, moved to Salem this week. Mrs. Looney has been employed by the Long plumbing company.

M. W. A. Meeting Set
Springfield Camp of the Modern Woodmen of America will meet in regular session on Wednesday evening, April 18, at the W. O. W. hall. Royal Neighbors will assist in the program which follows the business meeting. Refreshments will be served. The committee in charge has urged that all members attend.

Worker's Hand Injured

His hand caught between a choker line and a log at the Fisher Lumber mill at Marcola Tuesday afternoon, C. H. Landers received a painful injury to that member. He was brought here for treatment. It was found necessary to take several stitches in order to close the wound. The thumb of the right hand was badly lacerated.

Portland People Here—Alene Larimer, Maude Gorrie and Lucy Schwering, all of Portland, visited their parents here last week-end.

FORCED TO SLEEP IN CHAIR—GAS SO BAD

"Nights I sat up in a chair, I had such stomach gas. I took Adlerika and nothing I eat hurts me now. I sleep fine."—Mrs. Glenn Butler.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas on the stomach and removes astonishing amounts of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Flanery's Drug Store.

We Are Proud of Our New -
WRECKER AND SERVICE CAR

It is the best machine of its kind in Lane county. Handles any wreck up to 20 Tons.

When you break down or have a smashup, call us. We are sure to bring you in and do it in a hurry.

Phone 95

Service Garage

Wm. RODENBOUGH, Prop

533 Main Street Springfield, Oregon

Rates to Garages

Beauty--

Is One-fourth Nature and Three-fourths Care ...

The Rexall Store offers its patrons, the exclusive service of a Toilet Goods Specialist during the week

April 16 to April 21

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY PERMITS YOU TO HAVE ADVICE OR DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE PROPER CARE OF THE COMPLEXION --- THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE FOR THIS SERVICE --- IT IS ONE OF OUR FEATURES

Cara Nome' Toilet Preparations :

INSURE THE ATTRACTIVENESS AND PERSONAL CHARM THAT EVERY WOMAN DESIRES.

STEP INTO THE STORE, write or phone us, and select a time most convenient for you to have the services of this Toilet Goods Specialist in your own home.

FLANERY'S DRUG STORE

The Rexall Store

A TREAT FOR YOUR FLOORS AT A SPECIAL PRICE



ACME Quality Granite Floor Enamel is a durable high gloss finish made to stand the wear and tear of floor use. It is easy to apply and dries quickly with a tough elastic finish that is easily kept clean. It will not turn white from water marks. This offer comprises any one of ten colors. Get yours at this Special Price.

You Save 60c

One Full Quart of Acme Quality Granite Floor Enamel and a 3-inch Brush for only \$1.25

WRIGHT & SONS