- City News Notes -

What's Doing

Tuesday

Clubs — —Rotary luncheon club, Osburn hotel (12 noon).

Radio Talks Listed—
Dr. C. L. Schwering, president of the Southern Willamette Dental society, is to give the radio talk Thursday morning over KORE at 9:30 o'clock as the regular Thursday feature of the semi-weekly program sponsored by the Lane County Medical society and the Southern Willamette Dental group. Dr. Schwering will talk on "Home Care of Children's Mouths." Dr. G. S. Beardsley gave the talk Monday morning on "Teaching Children to Eat Wholesome Food."

Gleemen Rehearse—
Eugene Gleemen are to meet Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at the chamber of commerce for a rehearsal of songs to be given at 7:30 o'clock that evening before the conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. The Gleemen are to present a 20-minute concert at the conference. Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the national M. E. temperance and morals board is to give a talk that evening on national prohibition.

Attend Convention—
Mrs. Jennie Vogel, president of the local Ladies of the G. A. R., Mrs. Frances Smith, state department assistant secretary; C. M. Eichler, senior vice state commander, and Mrs. Eichler; and Mrs. Alice Doane, state department guard, all of Eugene left Monday for Portland to attend the state G. A. R. convention which is being held this week.

California Visitors Here Sunday—
W. L. Thorndyke, wife, and daughter Martha Helen, made a brief stop in Eugene Sunday on their homeward journey to Berkeley, Cal., after a vacation spent at Seattle, Astoria, Portland, Vancouver, B. C., and other points. Mr. Thorndyke was visiting the family of his brother, F. C. Thorndyke, and his mother, Mrs. W. L. Thorndyke. He is manager of the Washington market at Oakland, but formerly lived in Eugene and was in the employ of Lang and company.

Go to West Lane
O. S. Fletcher, county agent, left Monday for the western part of Lane county in company with C. E. Stewart, county horticultural inspector. Mr. Fletcher will visit a number of crop demonstration plots in that section of the county and will also discuss weed control with a number of farmers. Mr. Stewart's mission is also to confer with the people in that section on the matter of weed control.

Boys' Film Burns—
While working with a moving picture outfit in a garage at Eleventh avenue west and Polk street Saturday night some boys accidentally set fire to their film and an alarm was turned in. The blaze was extinguished before the firemen arrived.

Crow Meeting Is Thursday—
The home economics meeting at Crow this week will be held on Thursday instead of Tuesday as announced. It will be an all-day meeting and Miss Gertrude Skow, county home demonstration agent, will be there in the afternoon.

Picnic Postponed—
The picnic of the Springfield Civic club, planned for Tuesday at the home of Ora R. Hemenway at Cottage Grove, has been postponed until Thursday. If the weather is too wet then, the picnic will be postopend indefinitely.

Visiting Here—
Waide Libby, son of H. W. Libby, arrived in Eugene Monday after a week's motor trip from Schenectady, New York, where he is employed in the accounting department of the General Electric company. He will remain here till July 20.

Siltcoos Man In City—
P. F. Close, resident of Siltcoos, was in the city Sunday and Monday. He says the rain has been quite heavy in the western end of Lane county but ordinarily the weather is fine on the lake.

Garage Permit Issued—
A permit was issued at the office of City Building Inspector Rundlett Monday to the Pacific Savings and Loan association to build a garage at 1420 Twenty-second avenue east at a cost of $100.

Come Here to Live—
Ellery Hall and wife of Green Springs, Ore., have come to Eugene to reside. Mrs. Hall had been visiting at Roseburg for a week before coming here.

Return from Roseburg—
Mrs. I. N. Parks and granddaughter, Marvel Wilson, of this city have returned from Roseburg where they have been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Taylor.

Marshes at Portland—
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Marsh of Eugene left Eugene Monday afternoon for Portland, where they will visit for a few days. They are delegates to the conventions of Sons of Union Veterans and Women's Relief Corps, respectively.

Mr. Porter Here—
L. H. Porter, road patrolman in district 33 near the mouth of the Siuslaw river, came to Eugene on road business Monday and visited at the courthouse.

Missionary Meeting—
The ladies of the United Lutheran church will hold the missionary meeting which was postponed from Thursday last, Tuesday afternoon, June 23 at two o'clock at the church parlors.

Nurses to Meet—
The Graduate Nurses' association, District 5, is to meet Tuesday evening for a special session at 7:45 o'clock in the medical-dental headquarters on Olive street.

Residence Remodeled—
A permit was given at the office of the city building inspector Monday to Mrs. Amber to remodel a residence at 1354 Fourteenth avenue east at a cost of $250.

Dr. Danford Returns—
Dr. S. A. Danford has returned from Yakima, Wash., where he had attended the Washington Methodist conference.

Royal Neighbors to Meet—
Eugene camp of Royal Neighbors will meet in Moose hall Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock it is announced. Initiation will be held.

Here from Palo Alto—
Dr. and Mrs. Walter Blasdale and family of Palo Alto, Cal., are registered at the Hoffman hotel.

Dr. Sether and Family Home—
Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Sether and daughter have returned to Eugene after a visit with friends in Roseburg.

Judge McMahan Here—
Circuit Judge L. H. McMahan of Salem stopped for a short time in Eugene Monday while on his way to Grants Pass to hold court.

Road Boss In—
Ed Mabe of Walton, supervisor of road district 33, transacted business here Monday.

Dr. Hunt Better—
Dr. Charles E. Hunt was back at his office Monday after a few days' illness with influenza.

Mr. Korn Back—
Henry Korn of the Korn Baking company has returned from a week in southern Oregon.

I SAW—

In one evening, people at three different homes in the city sweeping down earwigs from around their front doors.—A. L.

What Did You See?

Here from Westlake—
W. S. McVey, resident of Westlake, was a business visitor in Eugene Monday.

Elmira Farmer Here—
L. C. Miller, farmer of the Elmira district, was in the city on business Monday.

Here from Pleasant Hill—
E. E. Schrenk of the Pleasant Hill section was in Eugene on business Monday.

Visits at Roseburg—
Ray Hardman of Eugene is visiting for a few days in Roseburg. He is a former resident of that city.

Oakridge Man Visits—
J. H. Brenaman of Oakridge was a visitor in Eugene Monday.

Elmiran Here—
T. K. Bown of Elmira came to Eugene Monday on business and to visit his brother, Sheriff H. L. Bown.

Is Here from Monroe—
Sam Kyle of Monroe is here for a week as guest of Warren Waldorf.

In Spokane—
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Betts of this city are in Spokane for a few days, expecting to return Thursday.

Returns Home—
Edith Howard Scott, 971 West Eighth street, has returned from a vacation spent in California.

McCormick at Marshfield—
Glen E. McCormick, deputy internal revenue collector here, is at Marshfield this week, expecting to return to Eugene Friday.

Here from Mapleton—
J. N. Shannon of Mapleton was a visitor in Eugene Monday.

Grove Man Here—
E. Boss of Cottage Grove was in Eugene Sunday.

Westlake Resident Here—
W. S. McVey, resident of Westlake, was a business visitor in Eugene Monday.

Here from Westfir—
Mrs. C. E. Stewart, resident of Westfir, visited in Eugene Sunday.

In Records

SUITS FILED

Mrs. L. A. Early versus L. F. Klink, to recover $2500 and $700 damages alleged to have been sustained in an automobile accident.

PROBATE

Will of Margaret Slavens of Eugene admitted to probate; First National bank of Eugene appointed executor.

BOUNTIES

J. H. Brenaman of Oakridge awarded $8 bounty on four bobcat pelts.

BORN

SIMONS—At the Pacific Christian hospital, Sunday, June 21, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. George Simons, 965 Polk street, a daughter.

Obituaries

Frank F. Wells

COTTAGE GROVE, June 22.—(Special)—Frank F. Wells of Elkton died Saturday morning at 5 a. m. Mr. Wells was a resident of Cottage Grove until about a year ago when he moved to Elkton. He leaves his widow, Mrs. Elsie Wells, two daughters, Mrs. Lena Sears and Mrs. Frances Swanson of Cottage Grove, and a son Ira Wells of Elkton. He was 65 years old and a farmer. His funeral was held in Elkton Monday at 2 p. m.

150 Attend Vets' Picnic on Sunday

The annual joint picnic of the Eugene and Albany Spanish war veterans and their families was held in Riverview park back of Skinner's butte Sunday with an attendance of about 150, which was the largest since these affairs were started several years ago.

A basket dinner was served at noon and afterward the men engaged in a rifle shoot on the range south of the city while the women had games in the community house. The Eugene riflemen won the match on the range.

At the dinner Dr. R. C. Faust presided and called on a number of veterans to speak, including T. O. Russell of Eugene, F. C. Stelmacher of Albany and Comrade Bretherton of Albany.

The rain in the afternoon interfered somewhat with the festivities but the weather was good during the dinner hour and for the horseshoe matches in the forenoon.

ATTEND CONVENTION

SPRINGFIELD, June 22. — (Special).—Eight members of Iuka circle of the Ladies of the G. A. R. left Monday morning for Portland to attend the department convention of the order. Those leaving included Mrs. C. F. Eggimann, department president; Mrs. Walter Laxton, department junior president; Mrs. Bert Doane, department assistant guard; Mrs. Hugh Jolliff, chief page; Mrs. Clara Barnes, Mrs. Lela Hughes, pages for convention; Mrs. Clarence Peterson.

Thirty carloads of spinach were shipped from Oklahoma last year, compared with nine carloads in 1929.

Heart of Liane

by MABEL McELLIOTT

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

showed dark and the ends unnaturally golden. No, today Cass looked all of her 45 years. But the light was harsh and Cass was tired, beset by many worries. The summer, bane of the player's life, yawned emptily ahead of her. Always before this she had managed somehow to pack Liane off to the country. But there was no such prospect this year. Now Liane was out of school, out of that convent to which Cass had so astonishingly managed to send her all these years, and summer in the torrid small apartment stretched before them. Summer with no job in prospect, rent to pay, food to buy. No wonder Cass looked troubled. Her season at New Art was nearly over.

She could hear Liane clattering in the kitchenet. The tap hissed and spluttered, drawers were lustily opened and shut, cutlery clattered on an unseen tin tray. Presently Liane appeared in the doorway, balancing that tray on one hand in burlesque of an experienced waitress. She said, "Luncheon's served, mother," and put it down noisily on the green table.

Cass pushed aside the billows of yellow cloth and got up stiffly. "Looks grand," she yawned, pulling up a shaky chair. "That's the last of the ice," Liane complained, shaking a glass of tea. "I'll have to yell at Tony as I go by this afternoon.

"Don't say 'yell,' precious," Cass demurred. She used the precise diction which usually caused her to be mistaken for an Englishwoman, much to her delight. She had been born in Syracuse.

Liane said, "I'll scream at him then."

"Lordy, I hate to think of that long afternoon at Willabaugh's," the girl went on. "My feet do ache so and it is so hard to sell anything to the terrible women who are just looking'!"

Her mother nodded in sympathy. "I know, my pet. It's dreadful, but when Mrs. Cronin spoke to me about the part-time work this week I thought we'd better snatch at it. After all, it's only afternoons and you can put by a bit of money for later."

"I know I ought to be glad of the chance," Liane sighed, sipping her tea. "Somehow I can't get excited about it."

"You ought to be having tennis and swimming and parties," Cass murmured resentfully. She spread her hands wide in an expressive gesture. "But what can one do about it?"

Cass went back to her machine as Liane clattered through the dishes. "Must have this finished by two" Cass announced.

When the girl came to say goodbye a few minutes later her mother looked at her admiringly. "That red thing's nice on you," she said of Molly Cronin's last year's printed silk. Indeed the girl, freshened by cold water and a brushing up, looked surprisingly cool and sweet. Cass sighed again as the young feet tapped down the four flights of stairs.

"A shame!" she murmured. The woman gathered up the finished robe and packed it into an old suit box. She cold-creamed her face with religious care, made up with meticulous intentness, brushed her tarnished hair until it gleamed and pressed it into shining waves about her face. There, that was better! She spent five minutes massaging a stubborn wrinkle between her eyes. She put on a thin dark dress that had a vaguely out-of-date air and a last year's straw hat. Then she threw a cover of chintz over the sewing machine and drew the shades nearly to the sill in an effort to thwart the inroads of the relentless afternoon sun. After that she went down into the baking street.

Cass tried to look as if carrying that mammoth box were a great joke which she, a whimsical lady, had decided to take on for the afternoon. In the subway she maneuvered it so that it just missed the knees of the perspiring fat man who stood in front of her, swaying as the train shot around bends. The subway was fairly cool these first hot days before the heat had had time to work its way down under ground and settle for the season. How fresh that girl across the way looked in her pale dress and summer shoes! Something like that Liane should be wearing, instead of Molly Cronin's kind castoffs.

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Summer is the time, Cass mused, when one needs money more than ever. In winter it is possible to keep warm somehow. And cheap food is appetizing then. It is when days are hot and nights stifling that one wants crisp, alluring food to eat. One wants to dine on a roof, high up, with a view of the river. Oh! sighed Cass, for the millionth time in her life, how difficult it is to be poor. Awful, that's what it was. She pined for small luxuries, such as linen sheets, changed every day, for English cologne to rub on her burning skin, for sheer stockings and thin fine underthings. All this she desired not so much for herself as for Liane.

After the darkness and chill of the underground the heat of the asphalt was again a shocking reality. She traversed the few steps to the stage door feeling actually giddy. "I'm not going to oe able to stand many more seasons of this," Cass thought prophetically. "My heart's not what it used to be." She felt a chill of fear. Her heart....And then, what about Liane?

Liane with all the world before her, Liane, large-eyed, trusting, and 18. Cass Barrett knew that world well enough to feel that a young girl should not be required to fight it alone.

Nevertheless, she entered the stage door with a smile on her lips. It was the smile of the good trouper. Besides worry made one look old. That was the one thing Cass could not afford to do.

Rehearsal had not yet started. She was glad to be early and have time to catch her breath in the dusty coolness.

"Got your costume finished?" chirped Elsie Minter, the ingenue, who stood in the wings greedily making away with an ice cream cone. Cass nodded. She opened the box, shook out the yellow folds. "Why, it's lovely," Elsie admired. "You've got the—I don't know—the feeling!"

Cass smiled back at her. She liked Elsie. The little thing seemed friendly. There were so many cliques in the New Art. So much jealousy. You never know who your friends were, but Elsie appeared to be genuine.

Cass had been with the New Art for three seasons now. It was not exciting, a sort of stock company really. But it was safe and sure. It meant bread and butter for nine months of the year. She was grateful for that. She hoped she would be asked to come back next season, but—well, she didn't know.

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Vernon O'Day Wells, the actor-manager, whose pet the New Art theater was, thin, saturnine and iron gray, entered followed by his coterie. As always there was a small stir at his entrance. Nods, bows, sycophantic smiles. The rehearsal began.

"Good lord, Elsie!" he was imploring a few moments later. "Get a little fire into that, will you? You're a courtesan, remember, a Florentine woman. You're jealous. You're madly, insanely jealous! You've got blood in your veins, not milk. Let's have a little fire, a little real feeling. That's all I ask."

Cass reflected sardonically that it was not hard to believe Vernon had once directed movies. The manner was unmistakable. Cass had been in pictures herself once for a brief space.

"Now, that'll be all for today," Wells boomed presently. "As you all know, we're closing next week. Haven't quite shaped up plans for next season, but we'll talk that over later." He waved his hand in a signal of dismissal. Cass looked fearfully across at the others. They were all talking, laughing animatedly. Perhaps they had already been asked to sign up for next year.

"Miss Barrett, just a minute—!" She turned to see Wells' secretary beckoning her. "Vernon would like to see you upstairs for a minute."

Cass' heart beat thickly, pounding so it almost suffocated her. She was being let down, then?

Vernon Wells waited just outside the door of his office. He was talking to a woman Cass had never seen before. A big, high-bosomed women wearing an old style white embroidered dress.

"Ah, Miss Barrett! Mrs. Cleespaugh was anxious to talk to you." Vernon was saying. Cass fumbled for a chair. Those stairs had made her giddy again. The old faintness was coming to overwhelm her.

"Feeling the heat," she managed to mumble. If only she could keep from making a fool of herself before these people. Who was this Mrs. Cleespaugh, with her jewel-studded handbag and the ridiculous emerald brooch on her preposterous bosom?

"Mr. Wells has been helping us with our little theater group out at Willow Stream," the lady began pompously. "He is directing the company there for the summer and we wondered if you would care to join us. I admired," said Mrs. Cleespaugh, "so much your performance in Romeo and Juliet."

Willow Stream! Like a cinema flashback Cass saw the tree-shaded lanes and blue waters of that little jewel-like Long Island village. It would mean all the difference between life and death for her to have this summer at Willow Stream. What was it the doctor had said? "Ought to get out of the city at any cost." And she had smiled at him ironically, paying her bill. But what about Liane? How could she leave her?

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Mrs. Cleespaugh was babbling on. She spoke of art as a high calling and mentioned $40 a week with infinite casualness. Well, thought Cass, it was not much but it was enough. There would be shaded lanes to walk in of mornings, salt air to breathe deeply. Oh, it was more than enough!

Cass stood up presently. Her own voice sounded unreal to her. "It's too marvelous," she said unsteadily. "It sounds really perfect." Even her laughter sounded nervous, brittle. "I hope I can have my daughter with me," she hazarded. "I should be so glad to have her out of the town heat for the summer."

"Oh, about Liane," said Wells, seeming to remember. "There will have to be a double box office staff at Willow Stream. We have a girl engaged for the afternoons but I wondered if Liane might not take over the job in the evenings."

"She's inexperienced, but I'm sure she could manage it," Cass told him.

"Liane?" Mrs. Cleeshaugh's magisterial dark eyes sought Cass'.

"My child. She's 18," Cass explained, with that surging of pride which always accompanied her explanation.

Going home she found the city almost endurable in the receding sunlight. It was easier to be philosophic about the heat wave when one was shortly moving to the country. She looked at all the bright, clean little shops almost fondly as she passed them. The cheap, effective little dresses in shop windows. Purple and yellow and scarlet sports things. Hats which were so nearly like the creations of Agnes and Descat and Suzanne Talbot. The specious jewelry and shapely, glittering, small shoes. All seemed a promise of better days to come. Cass stopped at a butcher shop near home and bought three lamb chops. Two for Liane, that growing girl. She hummed as she unlocked the door of the apartment.

There was a note on the table. It said, "Liane has gone to dinner with me and some friends. Back about 10." It was signed by Molly Cronin.

The spark died in Cass Barrett's heart. She sat down, tired, like an old, old woman. Liane out with Molly and her crowd! She didn't like it. Molly did well enough as a neighbor, but for Liane to accept her as an intimate hurt Cass cruelly. Molly with her hennaed hair and scarlet fingertips, her laissez-faire. "Some friends." Cass shuddered at this phrase, remembering the men who usually passed her on the stairs looking for Molly's flat. Bookmakers in checked suits with huge, synthetic stones in their neckties. Hard looking individuals wearing green hats.

"How could Liane!" Cass murmured to herself. Poor child, it was easy to see why she had gone. Liane had no friends in New York. Molly had probably offered a good time as bait, dancing, delicious food.

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Cass set drearily about the business of cooking her chop. She put the other two in the ice box for the next day. All the spice had gone out of her own good news now. She ate, washed up, and began to get ready to return to the theater. How strange and silent the flat seemed without the child!

She was putting on her hat when the doorbell rang. Three long peals.

Cass answered and stood there shaking as a boy in uniform handed her a note. It read:

"Dear Mother: Please come at once to ——— 24th street. I need you Liane."

Cass thought her heart would burst before she reached the subway. Five steps down, turn, seven steps more. Ah, there was a train just pounding in! Somehow she got the nickel into the slot, somehow she crowded through the turnstile. And now she was praying—ah, God, help me to get there Help me to get there in time! All the dreadful things she had ever heard of, all the tragic newspaper stories of tragic happenings involving young girls, came into her poor, tortured mind. The other passengers saw only a young-old woman in a plain blue dress, a woman who twisted her handkerchief until it tore.

Now Cass was in the street, running, running. "Oh, God, why does my heart pound so! My little girl!" It was a shabby brownstone house in front of which she presently stood, a house as like as possible to others in that row. There had been, she could see, some confusion, now being cleared away. A small knot of loiterers. In a boy's mouth the word "ambulance."

Her knees sagged. She said, timorously, to the officer at the door: "I—I'm Mrs. Barrett. I had a message from my daughter, to come to this address."

A worn face studied her keenly, somehow kindly. "Ye'll find her back there," said this officer, pointing his big thumb toward the interior of the house. Cass went in. She had never been in such a place. Cass thought it drab and horrible, with its smell of cooking and dusty carpet, its dingy walls and dejected Nottingham curtains. No thrills here, surely! But Liane—where was Liane?

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The woman caught a glimpse of a familiar red hat in the gloom of the back room. She staggered forward. "Liane, child!" she cried. She had the girl in her arms, sobbing.

Cass straightened up. She said to the young policeman standing so sternly near by: "I am her mother. What has happened?" Molly Cronin she ignored.

Shane McDermid eyed her sternly. "Plenty's happened! These two were in here tonight with a coupla tough boys from downtown. One of the guys pulled a rod an' his partner's in Bellevue with a slug in his chest. Whether he'll live or not I don't know but, alive or dead, it's bad business."

Cass' hand went to her breast automatically in the gesture of terror she had so often used on the stage.

"What's a kid like this," the policeman continued, belligerently, "doin' out with these gorillas?"

"I'm sure I never dreamed—!" Cass' voice was angry too now. "Liane how could you ever do such a thing?"

She whirled on the man of the law, a new thought terrifying her. "She's not—she's not under arrest? What are you going to do with her?"

"Hold her," said the young man stolidly. Then, more mercifully, he added, "Hold her for a witness. I can and will unless you explain to my satisfaction, ma'am, why a slip of a child like this one is let run the streets at night."

"Oh, I can, officer, I can!" Cass panted. "Liane is never allowed to go out without me and she's a good girl. She really is! Why, she's only out of St. Ann's, up at Peekskill, these two weeks!"

"St. Ann's, eh?" mused Shane McDermid, softening. He looked at Liane again. Cass continued, "I know she didn't know what she was getting into! It's only that she's been working so hard—at Willabaugh's, you know. On her feet all day, poor child, and no fun afterward. And then it's been so hot. Everybody does foolish things when it's hot." She was frankly pleading now. "She has so few friends in the city and I suppose she wanted a bit of excitement for once. You know how young girls are—"

"Well, she got excitement, all right," said the policeman, nodding grimly. "And though I'm ashamed to say it, it's my own cousin here that's responsible for dragging her into this." He favored Molly with a baleful stare. "My own flesh and flood," he admitted, nodding his head sorrowfully.

"Can't you let her go now?" Cass pleaded. "I'll give you my name and address. You can call on us if you need us. Only don't give her name to the papers! She's just a baby. It would be too horrible!"

McDermid looked around reflectively. One of his men came to the door, looked in, said "Oke, sergeant," to something McDermid muttered, and went away again. Shane took Molly's arm. "Look ye here," he said, fiercely. "Take this child and her mother out that back door. It leads into a court—some store arcade—and you can get through to 23rd street. And all of you say a prayer that boy gets better."

Cass tried to thank him. She could not, somehow. He waved them off. To Molly he said meaningfully, "I'll be seein' you!"

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When Molly, shamefaced, had taken leave of them Cass, very tired now, turned toward the theater with her daughter. Liane lagged along, casting occasionally frightened glances at her mother's white, set face.

"Mother, I'm terribly sorry—!" she began. Cass turned to her. "Don't say another word," she commanded, in a breaking voice. "It's my fault, utterly mine. A child like you, in this town! It's unthinkable. You ought to be petted and coddled and protected, instead of being thrown to the wolves this way. My baby!"

It was better than any sermon. Liane's back straightened. She said, "You're not to say such things, mother. I'm old enough to stand on my own feet. It's not your fault. I feel a beast to have let you in for this."

Cass looked at a clock in a shop they were passing. "Heavens!" she said, in a spent voice. "It's only half-past seven. I feel as if I had been through hours of worry and even now I shall be in time to play. Thank goodness, I'm not on in the first scene."

And that was all. Liane squeezed her arm. "Mother, you're sweet!" she said in a very small voice.

"I'll sit out on the fire escape," she said to Cass, when the latter rushed in to change after the first act. "It's terribly hot out front and I've seen this at least 10 times this season."

She wanted to be alone in the dark and the coolness to review the events of this dramatic evening. It didn't seem possible that she, Liane Barrett, could have been involved in such a horrible adventure. Her heart trembled to think of it. She perched on the iron balcony outside the dressing room her mother shared with Elsie. The noises of the street in front came to her with a muted quality. A fire siren screamed and tore through the night. Somewhere in the flats across the way a baby howled. Taxis rushed through the darkness, their brakes screaming as they drew up at the cross streets. Trolley cars clanged and elevated trains rattled cheerfully along. It was not exactly sylvan quiet but it seemed peace incarnate to the troubled young girl.

She thought: "I wonder why they call it 'the bright face of danger.' To me danger is anything but bright." And she shivered, remembering.

When the performance was over Liane blundered down the stairs looking for Mr. Wells. There was a message for him, the callboy said. He couldn't be found.

At the door of his office she stood, slim and defenseless in the half light. A tall man unwound himself from Vernon's chair. "Are you looking for someone?" he asked pleasantly.

"For Mr. Wells."

Their glances met, locked. For a split second, Liane knew a moment of pure panic, a dizziness. There was something impelling in those dark, deep-set eyes, something almost hypnotic.

"He's not about. I'll have to look further," faltered the girl.

The stranger took a step forward. "Wait here and I'll find him," he said in that strangely compelling voice. And there was laughter in it." Do wait, Liane," he said.

She fled, murmuring excuses. If this curious fluttering she felt were love, Liane reflected, then it was a strange thing. Because this man knew her name, and she had never seen him before in her life!

(To Be Continued)

Officers Expect Big Meeting Here

With reservation cards coming in from all parts of the state, peace officers expect the meeting of the Southern Oregon Law Enforcement association here to be one of the best atended of all.

Officers from all southern Oregon and from Portland and northern parts of Oregon have signified their intentions of coming.

The meeting will be Saturday, June 27 at the Eugene hotel at 6:30 p. m. Eugene last entertained the officers in November, 1930.

Wisconsin dairy plants manufacture enough ice cream annually to provide three gallons for each person in the state.

PATENTED PROCESS BRINGS OUT FINER FLAVOR IN COFFEE

Controlled Roasting Gives Hills Bros. Coffee Flavor No Other Coffee Has

As everybody knows, the flavor of coffee varies according to the way it is brewed. Especially disappointing is the result when coffee stays on the fire too long or is taken off too soon.

Similar unsatisfactory results can occur in the roasting of coffee. If the blend is roasted too long or not enough there is a noticeable difference in flavor between the two lots. Even with watchful care such variation is exceedingly difficult to prevent when coffee is roasted in large quantities.

Realizing this, Hills Bros. originated and patented a continuous process which roasts coffee a few pounds at a time, instead of in bulk. The quantity of coffee passing into the roaster does not vary. The speed of operation and the temperature remain the same with the result that Hills Bros. Coffee is absolutely uniform and has a flavor no other coffee has.

Hills Bros. Coffee never "goes stale" because it is packed in vacuum. By this process air, which destroys the flavor of coffee, is taken from the can and kept out. Ordinary cans, even if air-tight, do not keep coffee fresh. Ask for Hills Bros. Coffee by name and look for the Arab—the trade-mark—on the can. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Hills Bros. Coffee, Inc., Portland, Oregon. ©1931

On that vacation don't forget to take Drug and Toilet Goods Supplies.

Allen's Drug Store
SIDNEY R. ALLEN
86 E. Broadway

Wonderland Museum
778 Willamette

For Ladies, Gentlemen, Children

Program

1—Hoppie—Frog Boy.
2—Johnny Leal—Midget Man.
3—Athelia—Monkey Girl.
4—Nabor Feliz — Primitive Indian Sculptor.
5—Bluey-Bluey — Hollywood Clown.
6—Living Half Man—From Jamaica.
7—Zoma — Russian Torture Act.
8—Great Lorenzo—Calls You by Name.
9—Extra—Devil's Own Daughter.

Admission 10c

COMMITTEES FOR ROTARY ARE NAMED

Standing committees for the year have been named for the Eugene Rotary club by Dr. Warren D. Smith, the new president, and announced Monday by Chester M. Lawrence, who has been re-elected secretary. The committees as arranged in groups are as follows:

Personal and vocational service department, H. L. Alford, chairman; Rotary education, R. A. Booth, chairman; business methods, Paul Green, chairman; classification, W. R. Fell, chairman; sick committee, H. Sallee, chairman.

Club service department, Harry Holden, chairman; program, E. Morris, chairman; budget, B. B. Brundage, chairman; music, Charles Hunt, chairman; public relations, Dave Faville, chairman; fellowship, J. A. McKeavitt, chairman; attendance, "Skee!" Manerud, chairman; house committee, Henry Korn, chairman.

Community service department, Art Morris, chairman; boys' work, Zoph Agee, chairman; Rotary sons and daughters, Dr. Winchell, chairman; Four-H club, O. S. Fletcher, chairman; girls' work, O. F. Stafford, chairman; playgrounds, W. C. Clubb, chairman.

World service department, Lev. Wright, chairman; sixth object, Joe McArthur, chairman; conventions, Roy Booth, chairman; inter club, "Seth" Sether, chairman.

Research and library, Hale Douglass, chairman.

Willakenzie Grange Has Music Program

Willakenzie grange's program Saturday night was featured by musical numbers presented by the music committee of the grange.

A committee was appointed to prepare a stunt or float for the Pomona grange picnic parade at Riverside park July 4. A report of the state grange meeting was given by Elmo Chase, master.

The musical program included old-time music by H. L. McIntyre, old-time songs by the Chase Garden quartet, a piano solo by Mary Fields, vocal duet by Helen Rutherford and Owen Rutherford, and a violin solo by Miss Koken.

SOCIAL TUESDAY

SPRINGFIELD, June 22. — (Special).—An ice cream social will be held on the lawn of the Christian church Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor society. The social begins at 7 o'clock and at 8 o'clock a program will be given by members of the society.

listen to it!

KIDDIES are fascinated with the way Rice Krispies crackle when you pour on milk or cream.

And what a flavor treat! Toasted rice bubbles. Wonderful for breakfast, lunch and supper. Fine to use in candies, macaroons. In soups. Order the red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

Kroehler Davenports Never Sag!
Sold Exclusively in Eugene by
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Every Smart Dresser Will Want One Of These Right Smart, New

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—Here are some of the attributes which the fair sex will be interested in—four rows of stitching encircling brim, silk gros grain ribbon band of same shade, and a miniature, perky feather, adding to its effectiveness.

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