

Classified Ads

BUYING OR SELLING THEY GET RESULTS

CALL FOR WOOD BIDS

Bids will be accepted on 100 cords of four foot wood to be delivered to the different schools in School District No. 19 as follows: Lincoln school, 35 cords; Brattain school, 20 cords; High school, 45 cords. Bids must be in by noon of July 21st. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

CLAYTON BARBER, Clerk District 19.

At Springfield Hotel—Guests stopping at the Springfield hotel during the past week included Merle Brunk, Guy Brunk, Norman Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brunk, all of Ellsworth, Washington; W. F. Edwards and E. R. Agee, Bend; Earl Briggs and C. Hardisty, Saginaw, Oregon; and Shelby C. Adams and Nellie H. Adams, of Leavenworth, Indiana.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, been duly appointed executor of the estate of Vina McLean, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present said claims, duly verified as by law required, at the office of Frank A. DePue, attorney for the estate, in Springfield, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated June 14, 1930. FRED E. LEMLEY, Executor of the estate of Vina McLean, deceased.

FRANK A. DE PUE, attorney for the estate. J 12-19-26 Jy 3-10-17

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that E. L. Duke, on the second day of June, 1930, was appointed administrator of the estate of T. J. Finn, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present said claims duly verified as by law required, to said administrator at the office of Alta King in the County House, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of first publication of this notice. Date of first publication being the 12th day of June, 1930.

E. LADUKE, Administrator. Alta King, attorney for estate. J 12-19-26 Jy 3-10-17

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Nicole Marie Jacobsen, deceased, by and order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, made on the 9th day of June, 1930. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, at my office at 531 Miner Building, Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Eugene Oregon, this 12th day of June, 1930.

E. O. POTTER, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Nicole Marie Jacobsen, deceased. J 12-19-26 Jy 3-10-17

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Springfield lots. Will consider Eugene or McKenzie River property in exchange. P. O. Box 191, Springfield.

Has Major Operation — Mrs. Roy Howard, of Goshen, underwent a major operation at the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene on Monday.

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph H. Jackson, deceased, has filed her account for the final settlement of said decedent's estate in the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, and that Saturday, the 2nd day of August, 1930, at the Court Room of said Court in the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, has been fixed for hearing objections thereto, and for the settlement thereof.

RUTHAMAH R. JACKSON, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph H. Jackson, deceased. L. L. RAY, Attorney for Estate. JI-3-10-17-24-31

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Lane IN PROBATE

In re: The estate of Lydia A. Huston, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Guard Huston, the undersigned Administrator of the above entitled estate has filed in said Court his final account in said estate; that the Court has entered an order fixing the time for the hearing of the said final account at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., August 1, 1930; and notice is hereby given that anyone having any objection thereto shall file the same in writing on or before the time for the hearing.

GUARD HUSTON, Administrator. H. E. SLATTERY, Attorney for Administrator. J 10-17-24-31 A 7

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that the undersigned, Frank B. Hamlin, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Oressida W. Hamlin, deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers therefor and verified in the manner required by law to said administrator at the law office of I. M. Peterson, at 234 Main street, Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice to-wit: on or before the 19th day of December, 1930.

Dated and first published this 19th day of June, 1930.

FRANK B. HAMLIN, Administrator of said estate. I. M. PETERSON, Attorney for estate. J 10-19-26 Jy 3-10-17

FOR TRADE—10 acres near and lot in Lakeview, Oregon, for unimproved Springfield property or piano. Tel Springfield 39F25. J 10-17

WANTED—To trade modern House and lot in Spokane, Wash., for Springfield or Eugene property. Enquire News Office.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County. IN PROBATE In the matter of the estate of Edward R. Davis, deceased. To whom it may concern: I, Alice E. Vincent, the undersigned have filed my final account in the above entitled court; that on July 7, 1930, the Court made an order fixing the time for the hearing upon the said final account to be had before said Court on August 8, 1930, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m. and notice is hereby given that anyone having objections thereto shall file the same in writing on or before the time of said hearing.

ALICE E. VINCENT, Administratrix. H. E. SLATTERY, Attorney for Administratrix. J 10-17-24-31 A 7

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County. IN PROBATE In the matter of the estate of Cecil J. Slyuter, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that L. H. Mulkey, the undersigned, is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the above entitled estate; that anyone having claims against said estate shall present the same to me at 995 West 8th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon, with vouchers attached within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which is first published in the Springfield News on July 10, 1930; and that all persons owing anything to the said estate shall pay the same to me at said place.

L. H. MULKEY, Administrator. H. E. SLATTERY, Attorney for Administrator. J 10-17-24-31 A 7

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, upon a decree of foreclosure and order to sell real property, in the suit of Otto Lydy against Charles E. McDonald, as administrator of the estate of John McDonald, deceased; Charles E. McDonald, Muriel McDonald, husband and wife; William R. McDonald, single; W. D. McDonald, single; Katherine H. Jones, A. D. Jones, wife and husband; Dorothy Snyder and Elmer M. Snyder, both single; whereby I am commanded to sell the real property hereinafter described; which decree was entered on the 26th day of June, 1930, and whereby I am required from the proceeds of such sale to pay to the plaintiff the sum of \$573.83, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from date thereof and the further sum of \$75.63 costs, disbursements and attorney fee, with the costs on execution and expenses of making such sale:

I will on Saturday, the 2nd day of August, 1930, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the southwest or main entrance to the County Courthouse in Eugene, Oregon, offer for sale and sell in one tract at public auction, subject to redemption as by law provided, all the lots numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block number 2 of C. Cole's 2nd addition to C. Cole's Plat of Marcola, as platted and recorded in Lane County, Oregon.

H. L. BOWN, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon. J 10-17-24-31

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane. Rose Kalani, Plaintiff, vs. Jack Kalani, Defendant.

To Jack Kalani, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before the 7th day of August, 1930, said date being more than four weeks from the day of the first publication of this summons herein entered of record and if you fail so to appear and answer for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief in her complaint against you demanded, to-wit: for a judgment and decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between you and the plaintiff on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and that plaintiff be allowed to resume her maiden name and for such other relief as to the Court may seem meet. This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Springfield News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation throughout Lane County and the State of Oregon pursuant to an order of the Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane duly made and entered of record on the 8th day of July, 1930, ordering this summons be published once each week for four consecutive and successive weeks and that the date of the first publication shall be with the issue of July 10th, 1930, and the date of the last publication shall be with the issue of August 7th, 1930.

FRANK A. DE PUE, Attorney for Plaintiff. Residence: Springfield, Oregon. J 10-17-24-31 A 7

What Has Gone Before

A beautiful young woman finds herself on the sidewalk in a strange city. She cannot remember her name or where she came from. She has nothing in her purse to tell herself who she is. A young man who is stopping in the hotel where she is stopping notices her and takes her to the hotel in a cab. There they find that she is registered, in French, as "Miss Eve Nobody of Nowhere." The clerk has been calling her "Miss Parsons." The young man tells her she is in New York. His name is Eric Hamilton, of Chicago. She is terrified at her loss of memory. He asks his friend, Dr. Carrick, a nerve specialist, to call at the hotel. Dr. Carrick talks encouragingly, but says he will send a nurse to stay with the mysterious "Miss Parsons" that night.

Miss Nobody listens while Hamilton tells her what the doctor has said, then steps into another room. When the nurse arrives, the girl has vanished from the hotel!

Now Go On With the Story

Fourth installment
Miss Adams remained in the taxicab at the club door while Hamilton went into the club house and interviewed, in a small reception room, a psychiatrist who was at first somewhat resentful and then deeply interested. The Good Samaritan was soothed by the discovery that the doctor's surprise over the patient's disappearance was as great as his own. To Hamilton the suspicion that his carelessness was responsible for the girl's flight had been the turn of the screw.

"She left this for you," he ended, taking the envelope from his pocket and handing it over. "I'm hoping there's some clue in it."

Doctor Carrick opened the envelope. It contained a blank sheet of paper and a bank note for twenty dollars.

He dropped the envelope and paper on the floor and Hamilton bent and picked them up.

"May I have these?" he asked, and put them in his pocket without waiting for permission.

Carrick got up and strolled around the room, in the manner of men who think best on their feet.

"You're sure no one else called on her, and that she didn't receive any telephone message?" he asked.

Not to my knowledge. The telephone was in the sitting room where I was reading, so I'd have heard it, and I suppose any card or guest would have come to the sitting room door." Hamilton said.

"Probably," said Hamilton.

"Then what's back of it? Just panic? In her condition she might easily have been afraid of me, and of the nurse, too; but I got a strong impression that she had confidence in you." He stopped and met Hamilton's eyes with a sudden keen professional look. "You felt that, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. It touched me very much. It's one of those things that makes me feel that I can't let her down. I've got to find her and be sure she's all right."

Carrick nodded.

"It's going to be a big job to find her. And I'm afraid it's a job where I can't help you much. Left to herself, she'll give sanatoriums and doctors and nurses the widest kind of berth."

There seemed nothing more to say, but for a moment longer they faced each other uncertainly. Then Hamilton straightened his shoulders with a gesture his intimates would have recognized as characteristic of him in moments of final decision.

"I'll tackle it."

"Good," said the doctor, heartily. "And keep me posted. Let me know if I can be of any use."

They shook hands.

"Better go a little more fully into all the details of her leaving the hotel," was Carrick's final advice.

"Interview every one who could possibly have seen her or talked with her. They do queer things when they are in this state."

"He couldn't help much, Hamilton reported to Miss Adams. "Where shall I have the driver take you?" She gave him her address and he paid the driver in advance, adding on a sudden memory, the amount due for a night's service. It was a comfort to watch the taxicab vanish toward Fifth Avenue. He had a frantic wish to be alone, to begin his quest at once. In a case like this every minute counted. But—where could he begin?

Carrick's club was in the Forties, off Broadway, and the roar of the city came to Hamilton from every side as he stood at the curb for a moment, looking around for another taxicab.

What a damned heartless world it was! There was a moon in the sky—a fat moon, which seemed to be leering down at him. This town was

an awful place for a helpless girl to be alone, at night—Miss Nobody from Nowhere—and she confessed to him that she had not brought much money with her.

"God!" he breathed. It was as near a prayer as any he had uttered since he was a little boy.

As if in answer to it a calming memory came to him. He saw her as she had been in the park, as she had been with him, as she had been with the doctor... thinking clearly, deciding swiftly... terrified, yes, but holding fast in a situation that would have appalled the strongest soul; and his nerves steadied. She was fighting with her back to a blank wall, but even in those few hours she had opened new windows of life to him, and he had gained in understanding. He would find her.

He leaned forward and gave to the waiting driver the address of a newspaper on whose staff was one of his friends.

When Eve left her visitor in her hotel sitting room and went into her bedroom, supposedly to get ready for the nurse, she absent mindedly tripped over a projecting end of the cot she had ordered. The little episode underlined her dread of the night, and she stood staring at the cot as if already she saw its occupant there. It was in place; the chambermaid had gone, the room was in order, and the opposite door of the bedroom, which led into a rear hall of the hotel, was just closing on the modest exit of a porter. She stopped the man with a word, a ready hand mechanically reaching into her handbag for her purse. He was a young Frenchman, and as he came back into the room his expectant smile suddenly broadened into a look of pleased recognition.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he said with the eagerness of a lonely person who sees a familiar face in a strange land; and he added in French rather blangly, as he caught her expression of surprise, "But mademoiselle does not remember me?"

"No doubt I should do so," she answered in his own tongue, and again she smiled and brightened. Just where did you see me?"

He began to explain, volubly and happily, enchanted, it was clear, by this unexpected encounter with a former patron, and perhaps foreseeing, too, agreeable possibilities of fees in the new association. They were standing near the entrance he had used, and with a gesture she drew him over the threshold and out into the hall, closing the door behind them.

It was in Paris they had met, the porter explained, in the little Hotel Voltaire of the Quai Voltaire on the left bank, when mademoiselle had spent the winter there three or four years ago. It was not surprising that mademoiselle did not remember him, he humbly admitted. He himself had then been of an unimportance—not even her waiter, but merely a waiter's boy. Still, in that lowly capacity, he had daily seen mademoiselle, and once or twice he had done small services for her such as carrying notes to her friends.

Despite his Gallic courtesy, it was clear that he was disappointed by her failure to recognize him, and Eve sought to soothe his pride by a larger fee than the cot-bringing justified, while with an increasing tremor she considered what the encounter might mean to her. The young Frenchman would earn more than a fifty cent tip before their interview ended, but the instinct of caution developed in her during the past few hours made her quiet her singing nerves and to move slowly.

"And you have remembered my name all this time?" she asked, in a voice she vainly tried to keep steady.

The young porter, however, observed nothing unusual about it, for here the entente between them, so agreeable until now, experienced a sudden chill. He flushed and stammered. It was incredible; it was unpardonable; he abashed himself before her; but the fact was that for the moment he did not remember mademoiselle's name. Her face, of course, one would never forget. Even though he himself had been a mere boy of seventeen when he last saw her, and he had not remembered her at once, after four years? Eve let the flow of compliments pour forth. Her mind was working clearly and rapidly. She had only intended to get away from the hotel, without knowing how she was going to do it. Now she realized that this youth could help her and that she must establish a relationship between them which would enable her to keep in touch with him. Mentally she considered a plan while her

brain subconsciously registered what the porter was saying.

Undoubtedly, he assured her, the same would come to him at any minute. This, she knew, was possible. Sooner or later he ought to recall that name. He might recall, too, if he did not now remember them, the names of the friends to whom he carried those notes, the names of friends who had come to see her, episodes of the life she had lived in Paris—all or any of which, when he told them to her, could be the clues she needed. Yes, in the rapid and not over-clean hands might lie the strings that would lead her back into the normal world.

"What is your name," she asked him.

Marcel Charpentier, he told her. "Listen, Marcel, I have a plan and perhaps you can help me. If you can, I know you will, for we were acquaintances in France. Besides, I will of course, pay you for any time or trouble you give to my service."

I desire to leave this hotel, Marcel, and to find a new home in this city, I must, of course, see the clerk and pay him before I go. But there are reasons why I wish no one to know where I am, except you. You, I am sure, I can trust."

The tribute, she was glad to observe, left him almost speechless.

"What I can do for mademoiselle will be done," was all that he could bring out, his black eyes avid with interest.

"Thank you. Then tell me first, do you know of a good place where I can go and live? One which is not expensive. A place clean and simple, like the little hotel you spoke of in Paris."

She took it for granted that the little hotel in Paris had these qualities, and apparently she was right, for Marcel nodded and gave himself to ostentatious thought.

He had been in the city less than a year, and he had little knowledge of either hotels or rooming houses; but now he remembered something.

A friend of his he told her, was the janitor of a downtown house which had little apartments of two and three rooms, and of a price very reasonable.

Eve came to a prompt decision. She went back into the bedroom and returned with a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"Write the address for me, and your full name, too. I will go and look at the house you speak of. If I do not settle there, I will let you know. Unless you hear from me, come there at eight tomorrow evening. I desire to have a long talk with you."

She took the slip he gave her and handed him five dollars.

"Remember, I am trusting you. Not a word to any one."

Marcel took the banknote and slowly pocketed it. It was odd—this. There was much in it he did not understand. She had not been thus in Paris. But he would serve the lady to the best of his ability.

Eve packed in seven minutes.

She was out of the hotel twenty-three minutes after she had left Hamilton. She walked across the next street and there picked up a taxicab.

To be Continued

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN



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Register at Elite Hotel — Charles Royd, Albany, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stordel, Seattle, Joe Gorman, Portland, C. C. Groom, Cottage Grove, and M. F. Burright, Salem, were all registered at the Elite hotel during the past week end.