

Classified Ads

BUYING OR SELLING THEY GET RESULTS



Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Visit at Albany—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ernest and their daughter, Donna Gene, motored to Albany Sunday. They left their daughter there to visit friends for a few days.

Spends Sunday at Florence — Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wade spent Sunday on the beach at Florence.

Portland People Here — Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Perkins and their grandson of Portland, spent Monday in this city while Mr. Perkins transacted business.

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. Sluyter, 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 TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Clarissa A. Farnham has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, appointed administratrix of the last will and testament of Daniel B. Farnham, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same, duly stated and verified, to said executrix at her residence at Waverlyville, Oregon, or at the residence of A. E. Wheeler, at 710 Lawrence street, in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from this 17th day of July, 1930.

CLARISSA A. FARNHAM, Executrix of the last will and testament of Daniel B. Farnham deceased.
A. E. Wheeler, Attorney.
J 17-24-31 A 7-14

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

The undersigned, administratrix of the estate of James W. Key, deceased, has filed her final account in the matter of said estate with the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record by the County Court of said County, directing this notice and appointing the 25th day of August, 1930, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. for the hearing of objections to said account and settlement of said estate.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 24th day of July, 1930.

LULU KEY, Administratrix of the estate of James W. Key, deceased.
J 24-31 A 7-14-21

FOUND—Purse—Owner may have same by identifying it and paying for adv. John Nice, phone 115-R.

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

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

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane on the 23rd day of July, 1930, upon a judgment rendered in said Court on the 22nd day of July, 1930, in a suit whereby R. P. Mortensen was plaintiff and Isaac Thomas Goddard and Dora L. Goddard, his wife, William B. Farrier and Ethel Farrier were defendants, and wherein the plaintiff recovered a judgment against the said defendants, Isaac Thomas Goddard and Dora L. Goddard, his wife, as follows: For the sum of Four hundred and seventy-five dollars and interest thereon from the 18th day of February, 1928, at the rate of six per cent per annum and for Fifty Dollars attorney's fees on the first promissory note; For the sum of One Hundred and Fourteen and 64/100 Dollars and interest thereon from the 1st day of July, 1930, at the rate of nine per cent per annum and \$30.00 as attorney's fees on the second promissory note; Nineteen and 61/100 Dollars and interest thereon from July 1st, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum and \$30.00 attorney's fees on the third promissory note now together with the costs and disbursements of the suit and the accruing costs. Which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the clerk of said Court on the 22nd day of July, 1930, and said execution was to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon in order to satisfy said judgment and accruing costs to sell the following described real property, to wit:

All of Lot numbered twelve (12) in block numbered two (2) in E. E. Kepner's Addition to the Town of Springfield, Lane County, State of Oregon as platted and recorded, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Now therefore in the name of the State of Oregon and in compliance with the execution and order of sale I will on Saturday, the 23rd day of August, 1930, at the south west door of the County Court House, in Eugene, Oregon, between the hours of nine o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m., of said day, to wit, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., offer for sale in one parcel for cash, all the defendants, Isaac Thomas Goddard and Dora L. Goddard his wife, William B. Farrier and Ethel Farrier his wife, right, title, interest, claim, estate and equity in and to said lands and premises heretofore described and every part thereof.

H. L. BOWN, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
J 24-31 A 7-14-21

VILLAGE CARRIER examination, Springfield, August 15. Men-women. Don't miss this opportunity. Coaching course \$5. Booklet free. L. Hampton, Box 1818-LT, Washington D. C.

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

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.

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, an 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 \$75.53 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 to the highest bidder for cash, 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 24-31 A 7-14-21

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 has seen her 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! Eve's departure was simple. She went out of a back door into the servant's hall, where she met a young French porter who had served her in Paris. But he had forgotten her name. He tells her of an apartment house where the janitor would take her in. Meanwhile, while Hamilton is hunting up the specialist for advice, Eve drives away.

She arranges with Marcel's friend, the janitor of a little apartment house on the East Side of New York, for a small apartment. He tells her not to be frightened if she hears the young woman who occupies the next apartment come in very late in the morning. Eve wonders what sort of place she has got into.

Now Go On With the Story

The third night in the new quarters was another nightmare. For the mental fog did not lift. She was not to be relieved from it, then, in the three days. She had not realized how great her hope had been, till she felt this staggering blow of disappointment. But time, even three days of it, does something for one at 23. The nightmare was not so bad and hope's whispers were louder. This would not last long. This could not last long. It might end at any minute.

In the meantime she would occupy herself as much as she could: If it were to last, a reconstruction of life would be necessary. But as yet she closed her eyes to the sound of battles in the future. If she must fight them, she would be up to them; at least she began to hope she would. But surely she could give herself a week of waiting.

The days were as alike as telegraph poles along a country road. She walked and read and kept her record with brief exactitude. All the time Memory was at her side like a motionless black figure, seemingly preparing to move, yet never moving. A hundred times a day Eve caught at the trailing end of some suggestion which refused to be caught. She realized that these frantic, futile clutches were wearing her out, yet she dared not discontinue them. At any minute one of them might lead her back.

She spent most of her afternoons in the reading room of the library, walking to and from this refuge, for the exercise. Several times she met Miss Davenport on the stairs of the old apartment house, and was glad to observe that the young dancer had lost her look of acute suffering, though her face had still a bluish pallor.

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, and if you fail 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

The late afternoon of the fourth day was brightened by a visit from her neighbor. The girl breezed in without waiting for an answer to a rather assertive knock, revealing herself clad in a red Japanese kimono, with slippers and silk stockings to match. Her bobbed hair, which was naturally wavy, shone from a recent brushing. Eve observed with pleasure as she arose to greet her that there was no frowziness in the appearance of the new comer. She was as immaculate as a red carnation, and she had the grin of a friendly puppy and a taking air of camaraderie. Nothing about her suggested the stricken figure of a few nights before.

"Hello," she began, and added ingratiatingly, without giving her hostess a chance to reply, "got any cigarettes you c'n spare?"

"No. I don't smoke. I'm awfully sorry."

Miss Davenport sighed. "I'm out," she said. "I'll have to send Smith to get some."

But she made no move to leave, and Eve smiled at her, pathetically glad to have this cheerful guest enter her tragic No Man's Land.

"What's your line?" the caller suddenly demanded.

"My line?"

"Yep. Your spiel," the other explained. "You gotta have cats, ain't you? How do you pay for them?"

"Oh, you mean how do I earn my living?" Eve's sense of pleasure in the interview perished. "I'm resting

now," she said in a tone that forbade further inquiries; but she softened it by asking interestedly "What do you do?"

"Me? I dance at Jake's."

Miss Davenport gave the information in a tone which implied that her mind was on something else.

"Where's Jake's?"

Miss Davenport gave the information, and went on with the gusto attending an evidently enthralling subject. Jake's, it appeared, was not what you'd call one of the town's swell joints. Neither was it a tough one. Eve inferred that it lay in comfortable security somewhere between these extremes, and the speaker added that Jake himself was a good egg.

"You don't need a letter from your pastor to get into Jake's, but you sure got kicked out quick if you don't behave yourself while you're there," Ivy testified. "You shake a loose ankle, too, don't you?" she ended, so suddenly that Eve was startled out of her caution.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"Huh?"

"I mean I don't know whether I'm a good dancer or not."

That brought another stare. Then Miss Davenport rose.

"You come into my joint an' I'll soon tell you," she remarked with decision.

She led the way back to her own quarters as she spoke, in superb assurance that she would be followed. Eve hesitated only an instant before accompanying the other girl across the hall.

Miss Davenport's 'joint' seemed at first like the ghost of a room, in which the added specter of a piano grinned at the visitor out of the shadows. The place was clean but cluttered.

A tall mirror stood in one corner, and a phonograph in another corner supplemented the musical atmosphere lent by the piano.

Miss Davenport wound up the phonograph. She put on a record and the little room was filled with dance music, to which the hostess at once began to dance a fox trot.

"Know this?" she demanded.

"I... think so."

"Try it."

There was something in the music that was not unlike the hostess, and the guest responded to them both, she rose and took a few steps, at first tentatively, then with conviction.

"And you didn't know whether you could dance!" Miss Davenport jeered.

"Know this?"

She began to dance a rather intricate Charleston, and Eve shook her head.

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, try it."

Her persistence, though odd, was friendly, and Eve tried it.

"Not so good," said her hostess.

"This is the way. See?"

She went through the steps and made a few suggestions, put her guest twice through the dance, and dropped into a chair with a sudden look of exhaustion.

"I'm all in. It gets me that way, these days—even a little of it. Ain't it the limit, when I've always been so well? Say, what's your name, anyhow?" she interrupted herself to ask.

"Personna."

"Berson?" I thought that's what Smith said it was. All right. Listen, Miss Berson, let's get down to cases. I ain't been doing this for my health, you know—draggin' you in here a' putting you through a rehearsal. It's business, see? What I want to say is—you're out of a job, ain't you? Well, I'm the Jane can get you one!"

She was so beamingly satisfied with her little ruse and its success that Eve was touched.

"It's awfully good of you," she said warmly, "but—"

"But nothin'. It's with Jake!" Eve shook her head.

You're more than kind. I can't thank you. But dancing is not in my line."

could not live indefinitely on that remaining two hundred dollars. What wage-earning possibilities could she consider?

A second call from Miss Davenport answered the question.

At ten o'clock one night a week later a sharp tap on Eve's outer door was impatiently repeated before she could respond to it. The door opened before Eve could reach it, and the impulsive young person on the threshold projected herself into the room. It was Ivy Davenport, as resplendent as a Christmas tree and clearly dressed for Jake's; but the expression on her implish face was one of acute agony.

"Say, got a hot water bottle?" As if in explanation of this abrupt request she clasped her side with her hand and lurched across the room, dropping with a groan into the nearest chair.

"One of my attacks," she brought out between stiff lips. "I got 'em every now and then, an' they're just hell. I started out thinking I'd get over this, like I do sometimes, but I had to come back. They ain't killed me yet, so I guess this won't."

"But it'd help an awful lot if I could crawl into bed and make a pet of a hot water bottle."

"I'm terribly sorry; I haven't such a thing."

Ivy bent and twisted under a spasm of pain.

"Let me help you to bed. Can you get back if I give you an arm?"

"I guess so, but don't rush me."

The girl stood up with a gasp, leaning heavily on the supporting arm.

"I'll put you to bed first. Then I'll run out and get a hot water bottle. I suppose there's a drug store near here. Perhaps I can get something else. What helps you most?"

"I got some medicine, but nothing helps me like the hot water bottle does. I took mine to Queenie Morris' Sunday night, and forgot it next morning. Watcha know about that?"

The one thing I ain't never without since these attacks began."

Eve helped her back across the hall and into Ivy's bedroom.

"You're awfully good," Ivy groaned, lending herself to the ministrations like a helpless child. "I'll feel better soon's I'm between the sheets."

Undressing her was a simple process, and Eve performed it easily. Ivy feebly indicated red pajamas lying across the foot of the bed, and Eve hustled her into them.

"It's a shame to leave you do all this," Ivy muttered. "But if I bent I'd never straighten out again."

"I'm glad to help you."

Eve got her into bed. As she did so she wondered if she had been a nurse in her previous state of existence. It was pleasant to discover that she could do things efficiently. It bolstered her self respect.

"Now I'll go for the hot water bottle. Keep still until I get back. Had I not better call a doctor, too?"

No. I don't want no doctor round me. Despite her pain Ivy spoke sharply, almost roughly, and Eve felt a deepening of her strong fellow-feeling for this girl, who so obviously shared her dread of the profession.

Before she left the apartment, she put the water on to boil. When she got back she filled the bottle and gave it to the sufferer, who settled it into place with a sigh of relief.

"Most of the pain's here, Ivy said, vaguely indicating a region between her waist and her heart. "But none of the fool doctors could tell me what makes it. T'won't last much longer now, but I'm all in when it's over."

"I'll sit her until you are better."

The amateur nurse drew an easy chair close to the bed.

"Don't talk. Just relax and try to go to sleep," she added as she settled into comfort.

Continued next week

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 by said Court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto and for the settlement thereof.

RUHAMAH R. JACKSON, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph H. Jackson, deceased.
L. L. RAY, Attorney for Estate.
J 10-17-24-31 A 7

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Guest at Springfield Hotel—Mr. W. Weatherby, of Seattle, was a guest at the Springfield hotel on Saturday.

Visits at Peoria — Miss Maxine Snodgrass spent Saturday evening at Peoria, Linn county, with friends.