

Classified Ads

BUYING OR SELLING THEY GET RESULTS

FOR SALE—Burrheads Adding Machine. Phone 900. 120 W. 8th, Eugene.

Wife: I'm going to give you a piece of my mind, Hector. Heaped Hector: Just a small helping, please, darling.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That L. Ray has been appointed administrator of the estate of Ardel F. Rice, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Good large cook stove, \$10. See at 62 E Street, A7.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

In the matter of the estate of Cecil J. Shuyter, deceased. Notice is hereby given that L. H. Mulkey, the undersigned, is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the above entitled estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS Notice is hereby given that Clarissa A. Farnham has been appointed administrator of the last will and testament of Daniel B. Farnham, deceased.

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.

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

WANTED—Watches, guns, bicycles, and toys. Moore's Cycle and Toy Store, 120 W. 8th, Eugene. Phone 900.

PIANO IN STORAGE—Looks and is like new. Will sacrifice for balance \$162. \$2 weekly, or monthly or crop payments. Will discount for cash. Write Tallman Piano Store, 395 S. 12th St., Salem, Ore.

CLIENT (charged with crime): I think we shall win the case. Lawyer: Why do you think that? Client: I have two witnesses who can swear that on the night in question I was at home in bed, and two more who can swear I was playing bridge at their houses.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

In the matter of the estate of Edward H. 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 10, 1930, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m.

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING The undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Karoline Bischoff, deceased, and that Saturday, the 30th day of August, 1930, at the County Court Room in the Court House for Lane County, at Eugene, Oregon, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day has been set as the time and place for hearing of said account and for final settlement of said estate.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN 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 Lane County, July 28th, 1930, upon and pursuant to a decree duly given and made by said Court July 25th, 1930, in a suit pending therein in which Jesse G. Wells was plaintiff and George Malos and Stella Malos, his wife and others were defendants which execution and order of sale was to me directed and commanded me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy certain liens and charges in said decree specified, I will on Saturday, the 30th day of August, 1930, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. at the southeast door of the County Court-house in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the defendants in said suit and of all parties claiming by, through or under them or any of them since the 25th day of July, 1930, in or to the following described real property, to-wit:

Lot Three (3) in Block Five (5) of Cheshire's Addition to Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, except the North 35 feet thereof.

Date: this 29th day of July, 1930. H. L. BOWN, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon. J24-31 A 7-14-21

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



Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT What Has Gone Before

A beautiful young woman finds her soul 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 her who she is.

Stella, Eve learned, was a pessimist and a black one. She was also a man-hater and freely confessed that she had no use for women. Her speech, and Queenie's, were usually better than those of the other girls; but on occasion they could, and often did, draw on the argot of the gutter.

There's two things you don't stand for," Queenie was saying in a crisp tone. "You don't take insults and you don't drink from pocket-flasks. Jake's rule. See? Men that come here has got to treat us like ladies."

To Eve the whole experience was part of the dream she was in, but the nightmare of the dream was lessening. She was intensely interested, and she realized that she was also a trifle more sophisticated than the girls around her.

"Which are the loose-ankle boys?" "The reg'ars are the guys that come every night an' scatter their coin. The loose-ankle boys are the instructors—the lads Jake hires to dance with the dames that blow in for a good time. That's all they gotta do; but Gawd knows it's enough.

"After they come we gotta be out there, setting around in our corner. The bunch there now is reg'ars that come early to get good tables. They know each other. It's when the singles begin to wash in, or two or three men comes together, that we get busy."

"How do we get busy?" "My Gawd!" Miss Morris exchanged a deeply eloquent glance with Maizie, who was smiling a sharp-toothed ophidian smile. The instructress continued her explanation in depressed tones.

"We're dancers, and we're Jake's hostesses, too. See?" "Our job," Stella added, "is to keep the men from dyin' of homesickness after they get here."

"When a man's settin' alone at a table, or two or three men are together, lookin' like it's Decoration Day an' they're sayin' it with flowers, I drift up an' give 'em the glad eye. Nothin' fresh, you understand. Just a kind look to let them know there's a live wire near. If they speak, I draw on my hot-air tank and flud out who they are; and later I introduce them to some of the girls, if they see any they wanta meet. If they don't reepond I breeze past like I hadn't seen 'em, and try some others. None of the girls goes near till I find out who the men are and interduce them. If you seen your own brother at a table you couldn't go to him till I said you could. That's all there is to it, but it's gotta be done with class."

To the novice there seemed a great deal to it. "If they respond, I suppose we dance with them," she asked, anxious to get a more definite line on her individual duties than Ivy had given her.

"Ain't she the clever kid?" Maizie murmured. "Got it the very foist time."

"Dance with 'em if they want you to," the instructress coldly explained. "If they want you to set down an' give 'em the story of your life, let 'em have it. Only make it snappy. No sob stuff. Maizie tells 'em she's a Russian princess, an' it goes over great. If they wanta talk while you listen, leave 'em do it."

"They'll tell you how lonesome they are," Stella contributed. "Lonesome!" she sneered. "They don't open up fau'cets with that dope. The men that comes here is as lonesome as angle-worms in a box of bait!"

and passed it to Eve, who hesitated an instant and then took a cigarette and lit it at the match the quiet young man held for her.

"My name is Hunt," he told her as he did so. "Here is Berson. She's new to this work. I'm Queenie Morris." Miss Morris made the announcement with an air that impelled the grinning youth to get up and bow deeply, and Queenie accepted the burlesque homage with a care-free grin equal to his own.

She had lit a cigarette without his assistance, and, having established it firmly between her carmined lips, was doing the honors with easy affability.

"Don't mention your name," she advised the grinning youth. "My heart's goin' to tell me what it is, pretty soon."

"You bet it will," said the grinning youth, in high good humor. "I'm one of the sheiks you read about. One look into my eyes, girlie, and you're done for."

"Let's see if I am," Miss Morris suggested with sudden interest, and she made the experiment forthwith. Hunt turned to Eve.

"You don't exactly belong here, do you?" he asked. "No. Do you?" He laughed.

"I'm afraid not," he admitted. "I don't care much about dancing, and I'm apt to get sleepy around midnight. I tried to persuade Jack to go home after the play, but he wouldn't. . . and now I'm glad we didn't."

"You're an odd girl!" Hunt skillfully guided her through a rapidly increasing congestion on the dancing floor.

"What made you say you weren't sure you could dance well?" "I wasn't." His expression made her amplify the terse statement. "I'm not very sure of anything just now," she smilingly admitted. "I'm so new at all this."

"Well, you can be sure you're one of the good dancers on the floor to-night," he said comfortably. "That's a tribute, too, for there are a dozen here who know how to step out. That uptown bunch over there has some bully dancers in it."

She looked in the direction he indicated. Half a dozen young men and girls, evidently of good families, were dancing in a close group. They were keeping to themselves and ignoring the other patrons. Their eyes were tired and their expressions somewhat blasé, but they seemed content with their entertainment.

"They're the types that go to the theatre first, then to supper, and spend the rest of the night raving from one cabaret to another," Hunt explained. "Quite a lot of them like this place better than the clubs. I think Jake caters to them in various ways—drops the cover charge for them and that sort of thing. He likes to have them come in, thinks they lend 'class' to his place; and Jake is strong for 'class.' They'll probably stay here an hour, then leave and visit half a dozen other places before they go home at daylight. In the meantime, we'll have another bunch or two like them."

Eve knew all this, and didn't know why she knew it, any more than she knew why she was appreciating the unusually good music of Jake's jazz band.

"Speaking of being here," Hunt went on. "Why are you here, really? It's easy enough to see that you don't belong."

(Continued Next Week)

Mumorettes "If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

YOUTH: I say, what are all these notes in your cigaret case? Vamp: Husbands!

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Res. Phone 140 Piano Moving SPRINGFIELD TRANSFER WILLIE BERTSCH, Prop. Offices: RODENBOUGH GARAGE Corner Fifth and A Streets Long Distance Hauling a Specialty

DR. N. W. EMERY DENTIST Sutton Bldg. Phone 20-J Residence Phone 188-M Springfield, Oregon

General Law Practice I. M. PETERSON Attorney-at-Law City Hall Building Springfield, Ore.

D. W. Roof JEWELER Repairing a Specialty Springfield, Oregon

NELSON LEGHORN FARM Lane County's Oldest Breeders of S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS SPRINGFIELD OREGON Phone 31-F-14

Progressive Piano School CLARA TUTTLE FENTON State Accredited Teacher Open to Springfield Students 52 E St., Monday and Thursday Each Week

DR. W. N. DOW Dentist First National Bank Building Phone 43 Springfield, Oregon Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Evenings by Appointment

Walker-Poole Chapel Funeral Directors 225 Main St. Residence 125 G St. 42 J 42 M

Full Auto Equipment Lady Assistant

FRANK A. DE PUE ATTORNEY AT LAW NOTARY PUBLIC Sutton Building Springfield Oregon