

# Classified Ads

BUYING OR SELLING THEY GET RESULTS

**FARMERS**—Have five hundred 25-foot Split Cedar Telegraph Poles. Price on sale \$1.00 each. Make A-1 telephone poles.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County has been appointed as executor of the last will and testament and estate of Perry A. Woolley, deceased and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same properly verified, to said executor at the office of Frank A. DePue, the attorney for the estate, at Springfield, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

Dated August 23rd, 1930.  
IDA B. WOOLLEY,  
GLEN F. WOOLLEY,  
Executors.  
Frank A. DePue, Attorney  
for the estate.  
A2994-11-18-25

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the estate of JAMES S. MAHON, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them with the proper vouchers to the undersigned at the law offices of E. O. Potter, 521 Miner Building, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 4th day of September, 1930.  
MARY C. MAHON,  
Executrix of the Estate of James S. Mahon, deceased.  
S4-11-17-25-O. 2

### SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

#### SUIT FOR DIVORCE

RUTH A. FLAHERTY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAHERTY, Defendant.  
TO MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAHERTY, DEFENDANT:  
You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons in the Springfield News, which first publication is dated and made August 14, 1930.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint within said period of four weeks your default will be entered for want of an answer and the plaintiff will make application to the court for the relief prayed within said complaint which is as follows, to-wit:

That she have an absolute divorce from you; that the marriage contract now existing between you and the plaintiff be forever dissolved; and that she be decreed to have the custody of the minor children John Flaherty and Joseph Flaherty.

Honorable C. P. Barnard, County Judge of Lane County, Oregon, made, dated and entered an order on August 13, 1930, directing that this summons be published in the Springfield News once each week, for a period of four successive weeks, beginning August 14, 1930; and that you appear and answer the complaint within four weeks from the date of the first publication.

H. E. SLATTERY,  
Attorney for plaintiff and my Residence and Post Office Address is Eugene, Oregon.  
A14-21-25-S4-11

**FOR SALE**—Improved Bonney Best and Juno Pink Tomatoes \$1 per bu.; Golden Bantam Sweet Corn 15c per doz. Will have ripe cantaloupes and water melons later. Prather's Garden, 3 mi. east of Springfield on Jasper road and 1/2 mi. south east of Mt. Vernon school. Bring boxes. S18

### NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER FORECLOSURE

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, on the 30th day of July, 1930, upon a judgment and decree of foreclosure rendered in said court on the 29th day of July, 1930, in a suit wherein Frank A. Tripp was plaintiff and C. M. Miller, Ida Miller, Cora Miller, Carol Miller, Lloyd Miller, E. T. Pierce and Ursula Pierce were defendants, for the sum of \$2917.10 debt, and the further sum of \$224.50, costs, disbursements and attorney fee; commanding me to sell the lands in said decree described, to-wit: The Southeast quarter and the Northeast fourth of the Southwest quarter of Section 39 in Township 16 South, Range 1 West of the Willamette meridian; 200 acres, more or less, of land in Lane County, Oregon; to obtain funds with which to pay said judgment and satisfy said decree, in the manner provided by law:

I will on Saturday, the 6th day of September, 1930, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Southwest or main entrance to the County Courthouse in Eugene, Oregon, offer for sale at public auction and sell to the highest bidder for cash all of said lands; subject to redemption, as by law provided.  
H. L. Bown,  
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.  
A7-14-21-23-S4

### NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, administrator De Bonis Non with the Will annexed, of the estate of Harriett Sophia Sharpe, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, and that Thursday, the 18th day of September, 1930, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court Room of said Court has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated August 19th, 1930.  
JOHN B. BELL, JR.,  
Administrator De Bonis Non of the estate of Harriett Sophia Sharpe, Deceased.  
A21-23-S4-11-18

### NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, administrator De Bonis Non with the Will annexed, of the estate of Lyndbrook Sharpe, also known as L. Sharpe, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, and that Thursday, the 18th day of September, 1930, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court Room of said Court has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated August 19th, 1930.  
JOHN B. BELL, JR.,  
Administrator De Bonis Non with the Will annexed of the estate of Lyndbrook Sharpe, Deceased.  
A21-23-S4-11-18

**FREE RENT** of furnished house in Springfield and \$10 a month for board and keep of high school student. Write Able Lynch, Veneta.

**HOP BOOKS**—Printed and in stock at THE NEWS office. Regular form books for keeping pickers' record used in many yards.

## Very Latest

There is no need to hesitate about buying more sleeveless blouses and making as many more yourself, because their usefulness is sure to outlast the summer. During the warmer days of autumn they will be useful under the cloth suit jacket, and in cooler weather they may be worn conveniently under the lightweight cardigan type of jacket to make a useful indoor costume. Once you have cut out a pattern for a plain slip-on blouse that fits you, there is an almost endless variety to be gained by different



arrangement of the collar, and the addition of various sorts of frills and jabot trimmings.

The blouse or blouses shown today was made of fine handkerchief linen—a soft shade of blue to be worn with a dark blue linen suit. Of pale yellow or green, it would be a smart complement to the popular black pique suit. Parallel tucks trim the front and tabs give the becoming neck finish.

### Mail Carrier Returns to Work

Orson Vaughn began carrying the city mail again on Tuesday following his regular vacation and an added absence which was required due to illness. LeRoy Nice carried the city mail during the absence of Mr. Vaughn.

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that Hester E. Wood, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary Ann Spencer, deceased, has filed her Final Report and Account as such, and the Court has set Saturday, the 6th day of September, 1930, at 10:00 A. M. in the County Court Room in the Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing of objections to the same, and for the final settlement of said Estate.

HESTER E. WOOD,  
Administratrix.  
Wells & Wells, Attorneys.  
A7-14-21-23-S4

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That Edwin Stevens has been appointed executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles E. Stevens, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the 31st day of July, 1930, to the said executor at the law office of L. L. Ray in the Miner Building, Eugene, Oregon.

EDWIN STEVENS,  
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles E. Stevens, deceased.  
L. L. Ray, Attorney for Estate.  
J31-A7-14-21-23

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that N. A. Rowe, administrator of the estate of Ethel H. Mendenhall, deceased, has rendered and filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County his final account and that by order of said Court duly made and entered Saturday, the 20th day of September, 1930, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the County Court room in the County Court house in the City of Eugene, Oregon, has been fixed and appointed as the day, time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. All persons having objections to said final account are hereby notified that the same must be in writing and filed with the Clerk of said Court on or before said day and time.

N. A. ROWE,  
Administrator.  
A21-23-83-10-17



## Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

### NINTH INSTALLMENT

#### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A young woman who knows only that her name is "Eve" finds herself standing on a Fifth Avenue corner. She has no idea how she came there or even what city it is. There is nothing about her with which to identify herself. While a policeman is talking to her a young man, Eric Hamilton, stops. Seeing that she is in trouble he tells her he has seen her at the hotel where they are both stopping. He takes her to the hotel where they find that she had registered in French as "Miss Eve Nobody of Nowhere." Hamilton volunteers to call in his friend, Dr. Carrington, a specialist in nervous troubles. Eve terrified, eludes the doctor and through a French porter in the hotel, who says he once saw her in France but does not remember her name, she finds a cheap apartment in an obscure part of town.

In the neat apartment lives Ivy Davenport, a cabaret dancer with a weak heart. She is friendly, and persuades Eve to go to "Jake's" and take her job until she is better. Her job at Jake's is to entertain men at the tables and to dance with them. The other girls there are crude but kindly and Eve finds the work not as difficult as she had expected. She is known there as Miss Berson. She meets a young man named Hunt, who frankly tells her that she doesn't belong there.

Eve does not like the atmosphere of Jake's but she does not know how to do anything else, or thinks she doesn't, so when Ivy is able to get back to work she accepts the offer of a permanent job which Jake gives her. One evening when she is talking to the friendly young man named Hunt one of the other girls tells her there's a man from the West whom Jake wants her to entertain.

The man from the West is a total stranger to Eve, so far as she can recall. No memory of her past life has yet returned, but the stranger acts and talks as if they were intimate friends. His manner suggests that he has some claim upon her, and Eve is terrified. Her instinct is to find Eric Hamilton, the one friendly figure in her new life. She escapes from Jake's by a back way and hurries to the hotel where Hamilton lives.

Hamilton shows her an advertisement which has been appearing in several papers, describing Eve and asking for information about her. It does not give her real name, however. She immediately connects this with the man from the West whom she met at Jake's, and decides to adopt a disguise. She buys some different clothes and has her hair dyed.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Dearie, you could go to the minister's funeral in them," the clerk earnestly assured her. They parted with the impression in both young hearts that they could have love each other if life had not held so many other interests.

It was pleasant to be clad in her own garments now, though she had to carry Margaret's outfit in a box, as well as her own additional purchases, packed in a new suitcase.

Last of all she visited the shop's beauty parlor. "Dye my hair black," she said.

The subsequent effect was not bad, but she surveyed it with more approval than it warranted. It not only changed her greatly, but it crystallized in her mind a half-formed plan to abandon the former abode and to remain in the city and get some work.

Back in her hotel rooms once more, she looked at her wrist-watches. Quarter-past four. In less than two hours Hamilton would be calling for her. She wondered what he would think of the dyed hair, and immediately realized exactly what he would think of it. He would not like it. She would put on her hat to avoid giving him too sudden a shock.

There was a tap on the door and she hastened to open it. Almost before she could do so, it was flung open and Hamilton hurried into the room.

"Don't be worried," he said, trying to speak naturally, and even producing a fair imitation of his characteristic smile. "He's down there."

"He? Who?"  
"He? Who?"  
"The man you spoke of last night. At least, I'm pretty sure it's the same man. He fits the description, and he's asking at the desk for Miss Berson. He described you to a dot, and Robinson immediately made the bright suggestion that it might be Miss Parsons. Fortunately I was passing the desk and heard him, so I didn't stop for the elevator, but sprinted up the staircase to warn you."

She caught up her coat and hurried into the bedroom for the suitcase she had not yet unpacked.

"Let's go," she called back as she hurriedly added to it the garments of the night before. "We can slip out the back way."

The room telephone tinkled, but she was already in the hall, almost running. He took the suitcase and kept close by her side, walking with long strides. His manner was normal now,

and he spoke so casually that her nerves relaxed.

"Better go down the back steps," he advised, as she turned toward the service elevator.

"Of course. I didn't think . . ."

He led the way and she followed him. Hamilton picked up a taxicab.

"Up into Central Park," he told the driver. "Make good time and keep going till I tell you to stop." As the cab started he turned to his silent companion and was shocked by her pallor.

"There's nothing to worry about now," he hastily reminded her. She broke out with a desperation that horrified him:

"Perhaps not . . . till the next time. But I can't keep up this sort of thing—running from place to place, hiding . . . or trying to hide . . . as if I were a criminal. I can't endure it any longer."

"Of course you can't . . . and you're not going to." He spoke soothingly, as he would to a child. "As soon as we get to the park I'll tell you how we can avoid any more running and hiding. But just now I want you to relax. There's absolutely nothing to be worried about, and there isn't going to be any more worry for you in the future."

She sighed, plainly unconvinced; but the quiet assurance of his manner had its usual effect, and he was relieved to see her look of high nervous tension give way to one that merely expressed utter hopelessness. Both were silent while the cab made its swift way up Fifth Avenue. When it entered the park Hamilton gave the driver another order.

"There's a quiet little corner up at the northern end, where we can talk," he explained to Eve. "I've gone there several times lately to think things out."

When they reached the quiet corner he paid and dismissed the chauffeur, while Eve glanced around without interest. She had, indeed, a look that alarmed him—something of the look of an exhausted swimmer, ready to go down.

He led her to a bench and sat down beside her.

"I expected something like this, Eve," he began casually. It was the third time he had used the name, but neither of them was conscious of this. "I don't know why I expected it," he went on, "but I did. Perhaps I had what's called a 'hunch.' Perhaps I merely reasoned that your large friend's next move would be to get professional help and track you. Anyway, I was sure something was coming and I got ready for it. That's why I told you there would be no more of it. There won't be, if you will trust me and do what I suggest."

She replied only with a gesture, but it was a gesture expressing such despair that it made his throat ache. She merely raised her right hand, which lay in her lap, and dropped it again as if the effort had been too much for her; but there was eloquence in the simple action. It implied that she had come to the end of things. He had to wait a moment before he could go on.

"I'll put my plan before you," he said at last, "and I want you to hear it all before you speak. You can't continue like this. You see that yourself clearly enough. The time has come when you must give some one else the right to protect you. So I want you to go through a marriage ceremony with me, Eve, and I want you to do it right now."

"Of course it will be only a matter of form," he hurried on. "That goes without saying. But it will give me the legal right to stand between you and the world. You can drop your troubles on my shoulders and forget them; and if any large stranger comes looking for you, he'll find me ready to tell him where he gets off. By meeting him, too, I may find out who you are and all about you; and eventually, as soon as you're willing to, we'll get into touch with your family, or with your friends if you have no family."

She seemed stunned, and he was not surprised. But she asked a question that made his eyes kindle. She was actually considering his suggestion: "Would such a marriage be legal? We don't even know my name."

"Probably it wouldn't be legal in your present condition. But it doesn't matter whether it's legal or not, since it's merely a bluff for present use. The persistent gentleman who is dogging you won't know it isn't legal, any more than he knows of the other complication. I will make him, or any one else who is interested in you, deal with me as your husband, until you meet some one in whom you have more faith. When you are yourself

again, and all this trouble is past, I shall ask you to really marry me, and if you consent we'll have another ceremony. If you don't, we can have this little bond nullified very easily, as a simple matter of experience in the unusual conditions existing when it was made. And all my life, even if I never see you again," he ended simply, "I shall be happy because I was able to be of use to you."

He stopped now, so definitely that she knew he was waiting for an answer; but she merely repeated that tragic little gesture of her unglued hand. He took the hand and held it.

"I know all about you," she murmured.

"Of course you do. I saw to it that you knew all about me, for I was sure something like this would come up."

He thought he was following the workings of her mind, but her next remark surprised him.

"You don't know anything at all about me. Why!" she broke out. "I may be a criminal . . . an adventurer! I may be anything! It will be taking advantage of my one friend. It may put you into a position that is simply horrible."

"See here," he said, "I won't have a moment of peace till I've safeguarded you. Let's stop talking and go and be married."

To his incredulous delight she rose as if the matter were settled.

"But I've warned you," she reminded him as they walked to the nearest roadway.

"And I think," she added, "I shall despise myself for letting you do this."

They followed the roadway, walking several minutes before they found an empty cab to take them to the marriage license bureau. There, after the perfunctory details were over, Eric asked Eve:

"Which shall it be—the justice or the clergyman? As it's only an affair of form, I suppose it doesn't matter, though I think the clergyman would be better for our purpose."

"I think so, too," she agreed, almost inaudibly. After that she did not speak until they reached the East Side of the license bureau.

The clergyman filled in the marriage certificate and offered it to Eve, who took it and held it vaguely, as if she did not know what to do with it.

"Put it in your hand-bag," Hamilton said, and she followed the suggestion as mechanically as she had followed all the others.

As they descended the steps leading to the street, Hamilton put the soft pedal on himself, with a firm foot. This was the big hour of his life. But it was not the big hour in the life of the silent girl beside him, who still looked like one in a dream. He steeled his racing pulses, stopped a taxicab, and spoke his first words since the ceremony:

"It's a case of 'home, James,' isn't it? I mean," he added as he saw her inquiring look, "we'd better go right back to the Garland and meet what's there, hadn't we?"

Her silence seemed an acquiescence to the plan and he gave the cabman the direction. They entered the hotel lobby and a large man who had been seated in a lounging chair near the entrance, quietly smoking a cigar that looked as if it had been made especially for him, rose and came to meet them with an air of assurance.

Eve stopped, but Hamilton, with a murmured "One moment, please," swept her past the large man and into the elevator a few feet farther on.

"Go upstairs, dear," he quietly told her. He put her suitcase in the elevator, gave the starting signal to the operator, and, as the car began its ascent, turned back to the caller, whose look of assurance had given way to one of stunned surprise.

"My wife is very tired," Eric courteously explained. "She has been shopping all day, so I'm sure you will excuse her. Perhaps you will come in here," he went on, leading the way to the writing-room, "and let me act for her in any matter that interests you."

"My name is Henderson," the stranger briefly announced; "Samuel Henderson; and I'm from Chicago."

Continued Next Week  
Register at Springfield—Among the out-of-town people who registered at the Springfield hotel during the week-end were Oscar F. Fredrickson of Independence, J. T. Myers of Wendling, Mabel N. Elnan of Sweet Home, and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Peterson of Mvrtle Point.

Visit at Albany—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Watson motored to Albany Sunday to visit with Mrs. Watson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lorets.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Mrs. Phone 180 Piano Moving  
**SPRINGFIELD TRANSFER**  
WILHELM BERTSCH, Prop.  
Office: RODENBOUGH GARAGE  
Corner Fifth and A Streets  
Long Distance Hauling a Specialty

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

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

**DR. W. N. DOW**  
Dentist  
First National Bank Building  
Phone 43 Springfield, Oregon  
Office hours, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
Evenings by Appointment

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

**Walker-Poole Chapel**  
Funeral Directors  
228 Main St. Residence 125 C St.  
62 J 62 M  
Full Auto Equipment  
Lady Assistant

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

Tonsils Operated On—The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Privosky underwent a tonsil operation at the office of a local physician on Tuesday morning.  
Here from Signal—C. F. May of Signal was a visitor in Springfield on Friday afternoon.

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