

MARX BROS. FUN AT COLONIAL THEATRE

Buttons anchored to home-ports with anything less than the best grade of brass rivets or steel cable, have a delicate tenure of office this week at the Colonial theatre, where The Four Famous and Furiously Funny Marx Brothers are doing, in "Animal Crackers," something fifty million rib-racked lovers of comedy believe impossible. They've made a talking and musical picture that takes up where the "Cocanuts" left off, and ends with the last survivor being carried up the aisle by force, three strong ushers, and well—who is your favorite escort to the "booby-hatch?"

The story is something about a stately and socially proper hostess,



with a house-party on her hands at a palatial country estate. A big game hunter, just back from an African expedition, his secretary, and two vagabond musicians engaged to attend to the musical appetite of the guests, is the business assigned Groucho, Zeppo, Harpo and Chico Marx, respectively.

They arrive simultaneously and with their usual hurricane momentum at a time when the festive gathering is being diverted by the butler weighing just a fraction less than a half ton, a feud between the hostess and a rival matron over the authenticity of a fine painting, and more pretty girls in lingerie and bathing suits than most revues boast. You understand what we mean by pretty, when we say Lillian Roth heads the feminine talent.

This is the premise or the premises, upon which the riot is fashioned—and the developments dwarf superlatives that Webster intended for even the most hilarious narratives.

MANY PEOPLE ATTEND CHURCH NIGHT PROGRAM

Nearly two hundred people attended the first of the church night programs given at the Christian church last Thursday evening. The affair began at 6:30 with a potluck supper and was followed by a program by members of the church. Mrs. Lola Thompson was pianist for the evening. Harry Chapin led the singing. Mr. Chapin is the choir director of the First Christian church at Dallas.

People taking part in the program and their parts were as follows: Thanks, audience; group singing, audience; welcome, E. A. Cole; violin solo, Elbert T. DeMoss; playlet, "The Fickle Professor," Emmargene Travis, Winifrid Tyson, and Walter Nealon; duet, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bash; reading, Orpha Singleterry; solo, Harry Chapin; talk, "The Worthwhileness of Church Night," Mrs. Ora Hemenway; selection by the orchestra under the direction of Dallas Murphy; talk, "What is Our Duty Towards Church Night?" Roland Moshler; closing song, audience; prayer, Veltie Pruitt. Miss Irene Brownfield had charge of the program for the evening.

2 Glasses Water, Not Too Cold, Help Constipation

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of Andrew J. Sheridan, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, property verified, to the undersigned at the office of Wells & Wells, Bank of Commerce Bldg., Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication, Nov. 13, 1930.

WENDELL P. SHERIDAN, Executor.

Wells & Wells, Attorneys. N.13-20-27-D-4-11



By **Ruby M. Ayres**

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Giles Chitttenham, distressed over the suicide of his younger half-brother Rodney, returns to Europe from America, where he made an unhappy marriage. Rodney had killed himself because a notorious woman, Julie Farrow, threw him over. Giles is introduced to Julie Farrow by his friend Lombard, in Switzerland. He resolves to make her fall in love with him, then throw her over as she threw Rodney. She tells him she has made a bet with her friend "Bim" Lennox that she can drive her car to the top of the St. Bernard Pass and back. Giles challenges her to take him with her and she accepts. They start out in the face of a gathering snowstorm.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

The road was steeper and wider. There was very little vegetation on the bleak sides of the mountains, and what there was was short and stunted, covering away from the bleak wind that swept down upon them.

As they climbed higher out of the valley, the wind grew colder and more cutting.

"You ought to have brought a coat," Julie said once. She was very cold and there was a set, strained look round her mouth. She had not expected the road to be so bad, and once or twice at a particularly bad corner she caught her breath with a little gasping sound.

Chitttenham heard her and knew that she was afraid, but he made no comment. It served her right he thought, for being so boastful and confident.

"I won't say another word," Chitttenham agreed, but there was a malicious little twinkle in his eyes.

The east wind was like a cutting knife as Julie brought the car to a difficult standstill, and let her hands fall from the wheel.

"I've won so far," she said, and leaned back, closing her eyes with sudden weakness.

Chitttenham uncurled his long legs and got stiffly out of the car, then he came round to Julie's side and took her hands.

"Come along. We'll get something hot to drink. By Gad! it's bitterly cold."

He half led, half lifted her into the hotel and put her down on a bench in the narrow hall.

Chitttenham ordered some brandy and made Julie drink it.

"Very few people to-day, sir," the waiter told them. He spoke English very well. "And we shan't get any more by the look of the sky."

"What do you mean?"

She shook her head.

"No. And I'm not sure that I want it again—"

"Why? you are quite safe."

"I know but . . ." she laughed nervously. "I believe I'm afraid."

"I thought you were afraid of nothing," Chitttenham said. His own pulses were jerking unevenly. There was something so romantic and strange in the whole situation. He looked at Julie with searching eyes.

The woman for whose sake Rodney had gone to his death—Chitttenham pulled himself together with an effort and moved away.

He tried to open the window a little, but such a gust of wind and snow pelted into the room that he had to close it again.

"Do you think it's any better?" Julie asked anxiously. Chitttenham glanced out at the flying blizzard.

"I think it's worse," he said briefly. She turned on him angrily with flashing eyes. Chitttenham looked at her utter amazement, she burst into tears.

"Julie—" he made a quick movement towards her, then stopped, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know what you're crying for," he said sharply.

With a great effort she controlled herself.

"I don't know either," she said between little sobs. "It's just nerves, I suppose. This hateful place . . ."

"It looks as if we shall have to stay the night," Chitttenham answered uncompromisingly.

She turned and looked at him, her eyes still wet with tears.

"I suppose you think I'm a fool," she submitted in a hard little voice.

Chitttenham's face softened.

"I think you're adorable," he answered.

but now something in her tremulous girlishness and faltering voice gave the lie to those words. Yesterday seemed a great way off—in another world. Amercia and Sadie were wiped out and forgotten, even the memory of Rodney faded until it seemed only like a ghost in the background of the present unreality as Chitttenham drew Julie Farrow into his arms and kissed her unresisting lips.

It was late the following day when they reached Montreaux. They had to leave her car at the hotel and make the descent with an experienced driver, for the road was deep with snow.

The drive down was very silent. Julie looked utterly happy, and it was in vain that he told himself that it must be only because she had added yet another conquest to her already long list, and that it was nothing whatever to do with him personally.

There was a little half smile on her lips, a sweet dreaminess in her eyes. It seemed an eternity ago since yesterday evening when he had first held her in his arms.

He wished he could forget the softness of her hair against his face, and the warm pressure of her lips.

No woman had ever before stirred his pulses so strangely; no woman's arms about his neck had ever made him feel that the world he well lost if only he could so hold her for ever.

For Chitttenham meant it to finish as soon as they reached Montreaux. He would never willingly see her again; once he was away from her he would soon forget the clasp of her arms and her kisses.

She did not seem to notice his silence, and presently, glanced down at her, he saw that she had fallen asleep.

Chitttenham looked at her and longed to gather her close into his arms and kiss her as he had done last night.

He looked away from her with a little cold feeling round his heart.

Why were such women allowed to be? What right had they to wander through the world bringing trouble and tragedy to every man who crossed their path? The woman who had sent Rodney to his death . . .

Well, he would have paid back part of the debt, if not in full. He would have paid back part of the debt if he caused her one sleepless night, or one tear!

Julie slept with her cheek against his arm all the way back to Montreaux. When they were close to the town Chitttenham gently roused her.

She flushed, meeting his eyes. Her eyes were so happy—he wished she would not look so happy; it made him feel mean—as if he had pretended to give a child a beautiful gift, knowing that when she opened the box she would find only a stone.

"I'll look much prettier when you see me again," she said. She squeezed his hand and turned away.

"Au revoir, till to-night then."

Chitttenham went on to the hotel where he had arranged to meet Lombard. It was nearly dinner time when he was dressed, and Lombard tapped at the door.

Lombard fidgeted about the room. "So you got snowed up!" he said. "There's something I want to tell you

Chitttenham."

"Go ahead. What is it? Have you been getting into a mess while I was up on high?"

"No it's only that I made a silly mistake yesterday about Miss Farrow. Can't think how I did it."

Chitttenham looked up sharply.

"A mistake—What do you mean?" Lombard flushed, and his eyes grew a little anxious.

"I made a damned silly mistake. Quite unintentional, of course. But the fact is . . . well, she's not the girl Rodney knew after all—she's not the Julie Farrow he was so mad about. It came out last night when I was talking to Miss Lennox.

They've got the same name—Julie Farrow both of them, they're cousins, you see, but this one isn't the one Rodney was so made about—she's in London at this moment—the one here is her cousin."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Visits from Goshen—Mrs. A. E. Hollis of Goshen transacted business in Springfield yesterday.

Visits Friends—Mrs. Lyle Davis of Drain visited friends in this city on Wednesday.

FAIR DIRECTORS ARE ALL RE-ELECTED AT MEETING SATURDAY

All of the directors of the Lane County Fair board were re-elected at the annual meeting which was held at the court house in Eugene on Saturday. They are E. U. Lee, H. C. Wheeler, Pleasant Hill; A. C. Miller, Goshen; Hans Peterson, Florence; H. L. Plank and George Gilmora, Junction City; C. W. Allen, Vida; R. B. Thompson, Hugh Earle, J. K. Green, C. L. Dunn and C. S. Calef, all of Eugene. One hundred taxpayers attended the meeting.

A meeting of the board of directors will be held next Saturday at which time it is expected that all of the present officers will be re-elected.

The fair association showed a balance of \$55.86 cash on hand on November 8, 1930 as compared with \$635 last year.

Hear Irishman Speak

Mrs. C. O. Wilson, Mrs. John Keltels and Mrs. F. B. Huntly went to Eugene Monday evening to hear George W. Russell, Irish poet and agriculturalist.

WEEK-END Specials For Thrifty Housewives

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