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NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final account as administratrix of the Estate of Frank W. Shimmers, deceased, and that the court has set 10:00 A. M. of Friday, Dec. 26, 1930, at the time when at the chambers of the county court in the Court House, in Eugene, Oregon, the court will take up said final account for examination and allowance and make an order for the assignment of the residue of said estate. All persons interested therein may appear at said hearing and be heard in reference thereto.

BRIDGET SHINNERS, Administratrix.
S. D. Allen, attorney for Estate.
N27-D4-11-18-25

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
The undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of A. L. Yarnall, 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 Monday, the 22nd day of December, 1930, at the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., for the hearing of objections to said account and the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 20th day of November, 1930.
EDNA B. YARNALL, Administratrix of the Estate of A. L. Yarnall, deceased.
N20-27-D4-11-18

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
The undersigned, administrator of the estate of HARRY L. SPENCER, deceased, has filed his 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, appointing the 20th day of December, 1930, at ten o'clock, A. M., as the time for the hearing of objections to said account, and the settlement of said estate.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 20th day of November, 1930.
E. R. MORRIS, Administrator of the estate of Harry L. Spencer, deceased.
Immel & Evans, attorneys for Estate.
N20-27-D4-11-18

SHERIFF SALE
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution to me directed, issued out of the circuit court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, upon a judgment entered in said court on the 21st day of October, 1930, and docketed therein on the 22nd day of October, 1930, in an action wherein Hugh Edwards was plaintiff and J. H. Heron was defendant, I have levied upon and will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on the 27th day of December, 1930, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the court house in the city of Eugene, Oregon, the following property, and undivided one half part of the following tract:

Beginning at a point 30 links south of a point 7.25 chains east of a stone set in county survey No. 1170 of the recorded surveys of Lane County, Oregon, for the center of section 36 in Township 18 south of Range 4 west of the Willamette meridian, and run of the county road thence along the center of said county road as follows, South 5 degrees 32 minutes west 4.74 chains, south 41 degrees west 2.12 chains, south 54 degrees west 2.94 chains, south 56 degrees west 5.00 chains, south 70 degrees west 2.47 chains thence leaving said road and running north 12.71 chains to the place of beginning, situated in Lane County, Oregon, said tract containing about 12 acres, and all the right, title and estate which the defendant had therein on said 21st day of October, 1930 or any subsequent date, to satisfy the following sums adjudged to be due plaintiff, \$300 damages, \$56 dollars costs of said action, \$30 attorneys fees, with interest on said several sums at legal rate since Oct. 21st, 1930, together with the costs of making said sale. Said sale will be subject to redemption as by law allowed.

H. L. BOWN, Sheriff of Lane County.
N27-D4-11-18-25

CALL FOR WARRANTS
Notice is hereby given that School District No. 19, in Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, will pay at the office of clerk of said district, all warrants to and including 1250, dated October 11, 1930. Interest ceases after November 30, 1930.
C. F. BARBER, Clerk.

Sees Football Game—Fred Freese, local baker, attended the high school football game at Junction City Friday to see his son, Lloyd play on the Springfield high school team.

Hunt Geese—Frank Smitson and W. K. Barnell spent Sunday hunting geese.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE
Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the Order of the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Lane, sitting in probate, dated November 10, 1930, I Asher M. Veach, as the administrator of the estate of Frank M. Vernum, deceased, will sell at private sale, from and after the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., Friday, December 12, 1930, at the Law Office of H. E. Slattery, 717 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon, all of the interest of said estate, in and to the two following described tracts of real estate belonging to the said estate, to-wit:

(1) Lot 15 in Block 12, in the town of Lowell, Lane County, Oregon, as platted and of record in the office of the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon;

(2) Lots 3-4-5-6-7-8 in Block 6 in the Town of Lowell, Lane County, Oregon;

That the said tracts 1 and 2 will be separately sold to the highest bidder for cash.

ASHER M. VEACH, Administrator.
N.13-20-27-D4-11

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-D4-11

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 HENRY McCOLLUM, Deceased.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, as administratrix of the above entitled estate, have filed in the above entitled estate proceeding my final account; and that the Probate Court has set the time for the hearing upon the said final account at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. December 5, 1930, and notice is hereby given that any persons having any objections thereto shall file the same in writing on or before said date.

ISABELLA McCOLLUM-ERICKSON, Administratrix.
H. E. Slattery, Attorney for administratrix.
N.6-13-20-27; D4

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned administrator of the estate of Arthur Hartman, deceased, has filed his account for the final settlement of said estate in the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, and that Saturday, the 6th day of December, 1930, at the Court Room in said Court, in the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, has been by said Court fixed as the time and place for hearing objections thereto, and for final settlement of said estate.

L. L. RAY, Administrator of the Estate of Arthur Hartman, deceased.
N.6-13-20-27; D4

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

LAWRENCE MOFFITT GETS FOUR-H LEADER EMBLEM

Five years' work in connection with Four-H clubs in this vicinity was recognized at the armory in Eugene last Friday night when Lawrence Moffitt, former principal of the Lincoln school, and now assistant county school superintendent, was awarded a silver Four-H leader pin. Mrs. Frank Page of Waltherville was awarded a gold pin for more than five years' work with club groups.

The presentations were made during the large rally which was held honoring Miss Barbara Dunn, Four-H champion of eleven western states, who left Portland Saturday morning for Chicago to compete for the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy, and to compete for a trip to Paris offered for sewing and design ability.

Son Born—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hubert are the parents of a baby son born at the Pacific Christian hospital on Monday, November 24, 1930.

Registers at Hotel—George Steele of Portland was registered at the Springfield hotel on Friday.

Estate of Elizabeth Morehouse, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that Lewis H. Morehouse has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, appointed executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Morehouse, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same, duly stated and verified at the residence of A. E. Wheeler, 710 Lawrence street, Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the 27th day of November, 1930.

LEWIS H. MOREHOUSE, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Morehouse, deceased.
A. E. Wheeler, Attorney.
N27-D4-11-18-25

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lane. In Probate.
IN RE: THE ESTATE OF JOHN W. CUBIT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been duly appointed by the above entitled Court to act as the administrator of the above estate, and anyone owing anything to the said estate shall pay the same to me, and anyone having any claims against the said estate shall present same to me with vouchers attached at my office located at 717 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which is October 30, 1930.

H. E. SLATTERY, Administrator.
O.30-8-13-20-27

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 10th day of November, 1930, upon a judgment duly rendered in said Court on the 5th day of November 1930 in a suit wherein George Colcord was plaintiff and Samuel M. McCullough and Ruth McCullough, his wife, Lloyd Saubert and Ruth McCullough, his wife, were defendants and wherein the plaintiff recovered a judgment against the defendants Samuel M. McCullough and Ruth McCullough, his wife, for the sum of \$542.00 and interest thereon from the 14th day of October, 1930, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum until paid and for \$100.00 as attorney's fees and the costs and disbursements taxed at \$21.75 which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the Clerk of said Court on the 6th day of November, 1930, and that 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 Lots numbered six, seven and eight in Block two in re-plot of Lot 22 of Clark and Washburn's Addition to Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining and that the proceeds of the sale be applied in satisfaction of said judgment.
NOW THEREFORE, IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON and in compliance with said execution and order of sale, I will on Saturday the 13th day of December, 1930, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day, to-wit, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. at the southwest door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale in one parcel for cash, subject to back taxes all the right, title, interest, claim or estate of the defendants or either of any and all of them in and to said lands and premises heretofore described.
H. L. BOWN, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
N.6-13-20-27-D4



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.

Chitttenham discovers, to his amazement, that the girl beside him in the car appeals to him as no other woman has ever appealed. And something intangible convinces him that her feeling toward him is similar to his own toward her. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asks her, as the car toils up the mountain toward the hotel.

At the hotel, after refreshments, Chitttenham and Julie found their mutual attraction so strong as to be irresistible. In the morning they returned to the town below, Julie apparently jubilantly happy. Lombard tells Chitttenham that he has made a mistake, that this Julie Farrow is not the one who ruined Rodney, but her cousin of the same name. Chitttenham is horrified. He calls at Julie's hotel and confesses that he had tried to win her love for purposes of revenge, believing her to be the other Julie.

Giles goes with his mother to a London night club, where he meets Julie Farrow—his Julie—who is drinking heavily and trying to appear to be having a good time. A mutual friend introduces him. He says he has met her before, but she laughs in his face and declares they have never met.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
Giles looked at the girl with the scarlet shoes.

"Do you dance, Mr. Chitttenham?" Doris asked.

"Yes. May I have the pleasure?"

They went away together through the pillared partition to the room where the jazz band played. A sudden scream rose shrilly above the noise, followed by a burst of hysterical laughter and the clatter of breaking glass.

"What on earth—" Chitttenham began.

Doris Gardner laughed.

"It's only Julie Farrow. I don't know what's happened to her lately. She was quite drunk here the other night. I wonder they didn't turn her out."

"Julie Farrow!" Chitttenham's voice was calm and indifferent, but he felt as if some one had tugged at his heart.

"Yes, do you know her? She used to be rather a friend of mine, but one has to draw the line somewhere. Just lately she seems to have taken leave of her senses."

Chitttenham's eyes were straining across the room in the direction from which the noise had arisen, but there was too much of a crowd for him to distinguish any one face.

"You mean the famous Julie Farrow, I suppose," he submitted laconically.

Doris glanced across the room.

"There she is—" she said. "In the green frock. No—over the other side, sitting on the arm of the chair laughing. . . . That's what I call a cocktail laugh. Come on, I'm sure Essen and your mother are bored to tears with one another by this time."

But Chitttenham did not move. He was looking at the girl in the green frock—a green frock of which there seemed to be so very little with which to cover her white neck and arms. Her lips were painted a vivid red, and she was laughing noisily—immoderately—laughter which died away suddenly as she met his gaze across the room, and it was his Julie

—the woman who had said she loved him, and with whom he had spent that never to be forgotten night on the top of the world.

Doris Gardner tugged at Giles Chitttenham's arm.

"Come along! If Julie sees me she'll want to join our party and I'm not anxious to have her. Oh, damn—I knew it would happen—"

to meet you."

Chitttenham's face hardened beneath its pallor. He felt as if he were in the presence of a stranger who yet looked at him with well-beloved eyes.

"I think we have met before," he said with cool deliberance.

Julie raised her brows.

"Have we? Oh, surely not. I'm so good at remembering faces. Perhaps you are mistaking me for my cousin—the other Julie!" She laughed insolently. "That does happen sometimes I assure you," he said, turning to Doris. "Julie probably wouldn't be flattered if she knew, but all the same it happens occasionally. You may not believe me, Mr. Chitttenham, if you know my cousin that is—but a man once kissed me in the most impassioned manner thinking I was the other Julie! So very awkward, especially as he was a man whom I very much dislike."

"Disappointment to the man also perhaps," Chitttenham said bitterly, but she only laughed.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. He was not one of those who specialize in his women very much. I think a kiss was just a kiss to him."

She slipped away and they saw her join Essen and Mrs. Ardron at the far table.

Doris glanced at Chitttenham and made a little grimace.

"Cocktails!" she said eloquently. "Such a pity! It's not like Julie a bit. She used to be such a decent sort, but now you really can hardly tell her from the other Julie. Bred in the bone I suppose!"

"Are the two Julies really very much alike, Miss Gardner?" he asked with a smile.

Doris hesitated, pursuing up her scarlet lip.

"The other Julie is really better looking," she said after a moment. "Most men call her beautiful, but to me . . . well, I used to prefer this Julie until lately."

"You mean—has she really changed so much?"

Doris laughed.

"It may sound absurd, but she has! Every one is commenting upon the fact. She used to be quite different. Then quite suddenly she altered! She began to haunt places like this and she began to drink too much. If I didn't know her as well as I do I should say she has had some rotten love affair, but Julie never liked men. She's different to her cousin in that respect at all events."

"The music stopped once more on the fashionable jarring, questioning note.

"I suppose we must join the others," Doris said. "Hark at Julie—you can hear her voice above all this racket."

Mrs. Ardron's face was a study. She was trying to smile and look as if she thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and yet there was a timid look in her eyes as if she were not quite sure if it were the right thing to laugh or not.

"Miss Farrow has been telling us that she has a cousin so like her that they are very often mistaken for one another," she said.

"Yes, so I understand," Giles said rather shortly.

"It must be very awkward," Mrs. Ardron murmured.

"I find it rather amusing," Julie said flippantly. "You don't know my cousin, do you, Mr. Chitttenham?"

"I have not that pleasure."

"Oh, you'll love her," Julie rattled on. "All the men do. She's got the biggest scalp collection in London." Giles made a little movement to rise but Julie was too quick for him.

shoulders. "Queer man! Let's talk of something pleasant shall we!" Chitttenham's face flamed.

"Isn't all this rather—cheap, Julie?" he asked quietly. "For you to deny that we had met before." She made a little grimace.

"I thought you might not like to acknowledge me. I'm earning quite a reputation, you know, as the bad girl of the family. I believe even Bim—dear Bim is shocked sometimes! I believe even Julie—the other Julie would not be too pleased with me if she knew some of the things I do—"

"What things, Julie?" "Oh—just things! men, and things like that."

Chitttenham caught her slender wrist in iron fingers.

"I should like to thrash you," he said savagely.

For a moment she struggled to free her arm, then suddenly she stood very still looking up at him.

"You did thrash me—once," she said.

"Bye-bye, every one! I suppose we shall meet again some day. Doris will tell you where I live, Mr. Chitttenham, if you ever feel like running in for a cocktail, and if she doesn't remember you've only got to enquire of the police! I'm well known to the police."

She laughed again recklessly, waved her hand and stroled back to her own corner where she was greeted with ironical cheers and banter.

"Shall we dance?" Doris asked, and he rose at once.

He tried not to see Julie as they went round the room, but she seemed the only real thing in a crowd of unrealities. Laughing, always laughing in that shrill, reckless fashion! He longed to go across to her and pick her up in his arms and carry her away from the noise and heat and glare, and soothe her into rest and sanity again.

Bim Lennox sat by the fire, a cigarette between her lips, and her feet thrust into a queer-shaped pair of Chinese embroidered slippers.

A clock on the narrow mantelshelf had struck four, and Julie was not yet home.

It was the third time running that Julie had arrived home in the small hours of the morning, faded and pale, and trying to pretend that she had enjoyed herself.

"And no man is worth it!" Bim told herself almost savagely as she threw her cigarette end in to the grate and rose to her feet. "No man is worth breaking yourself to pieces for!"

And Bim knew! For three years she had waited and hoped and suffered and told herself that some day a miracle would happen, but she had been wrong. The only thing that had happened had been that the man she loved had married another woman.

"We're such fools! Such pathetic fools!" she told herself, as she walked over to the window and pulled the curtain aside. Presently a taxicab turned into the street and stopped with a squeaking of brakes outside the block of flats.

Julie at last!

Bim listened anxiously. She was not alone. A man's voice was answering her laughing words, and presently the steps of two people ascended the stone staircase. Bim went to the door, turning up the light as she went.

"I thought you were lost!" she said. "Lost!" Julie swept past her into the flat. "Why should we be lost? A fire! How can you bear it! I'm so hot I don't know what to do."

The man who had come with her was looking at Bim with enquiring eyes, hesitating in the doorway.

"It's usual to introduce people, Julie," Bim said.

Julie turned. "Sorry, I forgot! This . . ." She broke into a little laugh. "I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name," she told the man. "One meets so many people! This is my friend, Miss Lennox—"

"My name is Schofield—Lawrence Schofield," the man said.

He was rather an ordinary-looking man, obviously a gentleman, and not very young. He kept looking at Bim in a half-puzzled, half-appealing way, and after a few desultory remarks he said good-night.

"Good-night!" Julie twitted him. "Don't you mean good-morning? It's nearly five."

Without knowing why, Bim felt rather sorry for Schofield; she went to the door with him and offered her hand.

"Good-night, and thank you for seeing Julie home."
Bim bolted the door and came back into the room.

Julie had lit a cigarette, but it had gone out again, and she was leaning back amongst the cushions, her eyes closed, and her mouth drooping in dejected lines.

Bim stirred the fire into a blaze. "Who is he?" she asked.

Julie opened her eyes. "Who—Oh, Schofield. I don't know. He was there to-night, and he seemed rather like a fish out of water, so I took compassion on him. Not very interesting." (Continued on Page 4)

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