

Classified Ads

BUYING OR SELLING THEY GET RESULTS

FOR SALE—Good Milk Cow, with first calf, Guernsey and Jersey mixed; also one gentle horse, weight 1500 pounds. Lum Anderson, City hall. 3-19-31

MANY FOUR-H CLUBS TO RECEIVE CHARTERS SOON

The following 4-H clubs will receive charters in the near future according to R. C. Kuehner, Lane county club leader. The charters are presented to the individual clubs when the members have all completed their work on one project. The list gives the names of the leaders, club name, and number of members enrolled.

J. F. Rose, Dexter—Dexter Outing club, 19 members (cooking); Miss Lois Kingsley, route 2, Eugene—Tripe-H Cooking club, 8 members; H. W. Cameron, Westfir—Westfir Handicraft club, 12 members; Ross Mathews, Creswell—Industrious Workers Handicraft, 15 members; Mrs. Gladys Ross, Cottage Grove—Latham Sewing club, 18 members; G. E. Newman, Lowell—Star Cookers club, 11 members; Miss Mabel Williams, Crow Station, Eugene—Vaughn Variety Vilters, 5 members; Miss Nellie R. Leep, route 1, Eugene—River Road Dough boys, 19 members; Mrs. Roy S. Woodruff, route 1, Eugene—River Road Jolly Chefs—8 members; Mrs. Hazel Boehringer, route 1, Eugene—Jolly Chefs, 8 members; Mrs. J. R. Fish, route 2, Eugene—Mother's Helper Cooking Club, 10 members.

Seven clubs in the vicinity of Junction City will also be presented with their charters soon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Catharine E. Adams, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present said claims duly verified as by law required, at my law office, Beckwith Building, 717 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon, in Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published January 8, 1931.
Date of last publication February 5, 1931.

H. E. SLATTERY,
Administrator of the estate of Catharine E. Adams, deceased.
Address 717 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon. J.8-15-23-29-F.5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Jane Moutjoy has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for Lane County, appointed Executrix of the last will and testament of Z. T. Moutjoy, 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 in Springfield, Oregon, of said Executrix, within six months from this 22nd day of January, 1931.

JANE MOUNTJOY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Z. T. Moutjoy, Deceased.
A. E. Wheeler, Attorney. J.22-29-F.5-12-19

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Frank Stokes, 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 Friday, the 27th day of February, 1931, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the hearing of objections to said Account and the settlement of said Estate.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 29th day of January, 1931.

LIDA T. STOKES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frank Stokes, deceased.
James K. King,
410-11-12 Miner Building
Eugene, Oregon
Attorney for Administratrix. J.29-F.5-12-19-26

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

The undersigned, Executors of the estate of Hugh M. Price, deceased, have filed their 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 Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1931, 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 3th day of January, 1931.
JOHN M. PRICE
JESSE A. FOUNTAIN

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.
B. B. Brundage, trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ulysses W. Ellmaker and Ruth L. Ellmaker, his wife, Frances A. Ellmaker, a widow, The Bank of Commerce, Eugene, Oregon, a corporation, trustee, Ruth-Robertson Powder Company a corporation, William Johnson, doing business under the name and style of the Johnson Furniture Company, Eugene Planning Mill Company, a corporation, Terrill-Voight Planning Mill, a corporation, Walters-Bushong Lumber Company, a corporation, F. K. Seivers and J. E. Bryan, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Seivers & Bryan, Nels P. Jorgensen, J. H. Blake, William Preston, and C. H. Hales, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Preston & Hales, C. A. Cordz and G. D. MacLaren, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Cordz & MacLaren, R. A. Babb, John Doe and Richard Roe, partners doing business under the firm name and style of the Perfection Wall Bed Company, Walter A. Woodward Lumber Company, a corporation, H. W. White, doing business under the name and style of White Electric Company, F. J. Berger, J. W. Copeland Yards, a corporation, and Vern D. Roberts and Frank W. Seibert, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Seibert Warehouse Company, and Lillian M. Travis, a widow, defendants.

To F. K. Seivers, J. E. Bryan, and Richard Roe, member of the partnership known as Perfection Wall Bed Company, defendants:
IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer complaint which has been filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: for a decree foreclosing plaintiff's mortgage upon the following described real property: Lot in Block numbered 20 in Gross Addition to Eugene, in Lane County, State of Oregon; also beginning at the Northeast corner of the Levi W. Zumwalt Donation Land Claim No. 52, North-east 4941, in Township 17, South, Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, running thence South along the east line of said claim Forty (40) chains to the Southeast corner of the North half (1/2) of said claim; thence West parallel to the north line of said claim Forty-five (45) chains, thence North Twenty (20) chains, thence East thirty (30) chains, thence North Twenty (20) chains, thence East Fifteen (15) chains to the place of beginning. Also Lot four (4) and the Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-eight (28). Also beginning at the Northwest corner of Lot Three (3) of said Section Twenty-eight (28) running thence South 14.96 chains, thence East 32.70 chains to the East line of said Section Twenty-eight (28), thence North 14.96 chains, and thence West 32.70 chains to the place of beginning, all in Lane County, Oregon; and that you, and each of you be forever barred and enjoined from asserting any claim of right, title or interest in or to said real property, or any part thereof, save and except the statutory right of redemption.

This summons is served upon you by the publication thereof for four successive weeks in the Springfield News, in accordance with an order duly made and entered by the Hon. G. P. Skipworth, Judge of the above entitled court. The date of the first publication is January 15th, 1931.

DONALD YOUNG,
Attorney for plaintiff,
860 Willamette Street,
Eugene (Oregon). J.15-22-29-F.5-12

Visits from Fall Creek—Mrs. Roy Brewer of Fall Creek visited relatives in Springfield on Saturday.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.
L. G. HELBOCK, Plaintiff,
vs.
Verus
ALICE M. HELBOCK, Defendant.

To said defendant, Alice M. Helbock: You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause and court within four weeks from the first publication of this summons and if you fail to answer, for want thereof, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief asked in the complaint, viz., that the marriage contract and relation existing between plaintiff and defendant be set aside and wholly annulled. This summons is served upon you by virtue of an order of C. P. Barnard, County Judge, made and filed in this suit Jan. 22, 1931, directing the service of this summons upon you by publishing the same for four weeks in the Springfield News, and requiring you to answer in this case within four weeks from the first publication of this summons which is made Jan. 22, 1931.

S. D. ALLEN,
Attorney for Plaintiff, residence and P. O. Address, Eugene, Ore. J.22-29-F.5-12-19

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Leone T. Montgomery, has been appointed executrix of the will and estate of John G. Montgomery, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate will present same duly verified at the law office of Whitten Swafford, 202 Tiffany Bldg., Eugene, Oregon, on or before six months after this date.

Dated and first published January 29th, 1931.
LEONE T. MONTGOMERY,
Executrix of the will and estate of John G. Montgomery, deceased.
Whitten Swafford, Attorney. J.29-F.5-12-19-26

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Executrix of the estate of Hanover E. Pitts, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present said claims, duly verified as by law required, at the office of Frank A. DeFue, attorney for the estate at Springfield, Oregon, in Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated January 5th, 1931.
GERTRUDE POTTER,
Executrix of the estate of Hanover E. Pitts, deceased.
Frank A. DeFue, attorney for Estate. J.5-15-23-29-F.5

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale in foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, on the 10th day of December, 1930, in a suit wherein on the 14th day of October, 1930, in said court L. M. Travis, Inc., a corporation, recovered judgment against F. W. Schultz and Ida Belle Schultz, his wife, defendants for the sum of \$2177.00 with interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, from the 13th day of December, 1928, and for the sum of \$62.19 taxes, and for the further sum of \$250.00 as attorney's fees herein and the costs and disbursements herein in the sum of \$36.30 which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 14th day of October, 1930, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, taxes, attorney's fees, costs of suit, and accruing costs to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

The Northeast Quarter of the Northeast Quarter of Section (20) Township Twenty (20) South of Range Two (2) East of the Willamette Meridian, in Lane County, Oregon, and the West one half of the Southwest quarter of Southwest one quarter of southeast quarter of Section 17 and Lots No. 1, 2 and 3 in Section 20 Tp. 20 S. R. 2 East Willamette Meridian in Lane County, Oregon, excepting therefrom the following described tracts: 9.44 acres deeded to O. E. R. Co. Oct. 4, 1906, by deed recorded Oct. 29, 1906 in Vol. 73 page 94 Lane County Deed Records, also excepting 23.98 acres deeded to the S. P. R. Co. Dec. 30, 1909 by deed recorded Jan. 29, 1910 in Vol. 85 page 249 Lane County Deed Records. Also except 27.100 acres deeded to Lane County for Roadway Dec. 3, 1912 by deed recorded May 8, 1913 in Vol. 102 page 72 Lane County Deed Records, also one acre deeded to Fred Fisk, Aug. 9, 1916 by deed recorded Aug. 14, 1916 in Vol 114 page 86, Lane County Deed Records. Leaving 56.57 acres of land more or less in said Lane County, State of Oregon.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution and order of sale and in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, taxes, attorney's fees, costs of suit and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 14 day of Feb., 1931, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Southwest front door of the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants, F. W. Schultz and Ida Belle Schultz, his wife, and all persons claiming by, through or under them or any or either of them in and to said premises.

H. L. BOWN, Sheriff,
By A. E. Hulegaard, Deputy. J.15-22-29-F.5-12



By **Ruby M. Ayres**

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Giles Chitttenham sets out to make Julie Farrow love him, intending to throw her over in revenge for the suicide of his brother Rodney, whom Julie cast off. He succeeds, but finds that he has fallen desperately in love with her himself. When he discovers that it was not this Julie Farrow, but her cousin of the same name, who had driven his brother to death. But Giles is married, to an American girl named Sadie Barrow, with whom he has not lived for a long time. Sadie unexpectedly turns up in London, at a party at Giles' mother's house, but both keep silent about their marriage.

Julie, disillusioned, enters into the wild night life of London to try to drown her anguish. Lawrence Schofield wants to marry her. Lombard who had first introduced her to Chitttenham, demands money from Giles with the threat that if he is not paid he will tell Schofield that Chitttenham and Julie spent the night together on the St. Bernard Pass. Later Julie confesses to Chitttenham that she loves him.

At a spiritualist seance at Giles' mother's house Sadie Barrow, his wife, suddenly goes blind. She calls to him and he responds, revealing the fact that she is his wife. Julie, who has sent Schofield away because of her love for Chitttenham, goes home in despair. Chitttenham follows her, but she sends him away and decides she will accept Schofield. She goes to Schofield's hotel. He is out, but she leaves a note with him.

Schofield's reply is to return Julie's note unopened. Later he calls on Chitttenham and tells him that Lombard has told him of the night that Giles and Julie spent together at St. Bernard. He believes the worst of Julie. Giles throws Schofield out. So that is what the world believes about the girl he loves!

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

It was long after midnight now and there were many motor-cars and taxicabs speeding along the streets, carrying people homewards from dances and theatres.

Giles wondered what Julie was doing. Lying awake perhaps, hating and despising him—the thought was like a knife being turned in his heart. And he was tied hand and foot by the claims of a helpless woman who would perhaps walk in darkness for the rest of her life.

Tired out as he was, Chitttenham never closed his eyes all night, but towards early morning, just as the grey daylight was showing between the curtains he fell into a restless doze, to be awakened almost immediately, it seemed, by the insistent ringing of the telephone at his elbow.

"Hallo—yes! hallo! who is it?"

"Is that you, Mr. Chitttenham? Bim Lennox speaking—"

"Yes—oh, yes, Miss Lennox."

"Giles was fully awake now, and yet the power of thought seemed to have deserted him.

Something had happened to Julie—something terrible—something tragic and unalterable which would never permit him to see her again.

"Hallo! hallo—" Bim's voice at the phone again.

"Julie's gone—" Bim's voice was very clear and quiet, and yet its underlying agitation was unmistakable.

"I came back to town early this morning. I hadn't heard from her for some days, and I was worried. I came up on the early train, and I was in the flat by half-past nine, but she had gone. There was a note left for me—a note to be posted—she does not say where she is going—she just says she is not coming back any more."

For the first time her steady voice shook, and broke with a ring of anguish.

"Oh, Mr. Chitttenham, what does it mean? What can have happened to her?"

"I'll come round at once."

It seemed to Chitttenham that he had never taken so long to dress—his hands shook so that he bungled everything—each moment seemed an eternity, and yet in less than three-quarters of an hour he was round at the flat. Bim still wore her hat and coat, and her calm face and steady eyes looked strained and afraid.

She attempted no greeting—she just handed him the letter which Julie had left.

"Dear Bim,

"I am going away. I'm so sick of my life. I have tried—you know I have—and I've failed all round. So I'm just going away, and not coming back any more. Don't worry about me—I'll find happiness somehow."

"Julie."

Giles read the letter, and laid it down on the table. His face was grey, and though he tried to speak, he could find no words.

Bim was watching him steadily with those clear, understanding eyes that seemed to see so much.

"Why has she gone, Mr. Chitt-

tenham?" she asked at last, painfully.

For a moment he could not answer, then he broke out passionately:

"It's my fault—all my fault. Oh, my God! What a brute I've been to her—"

Bim's reddened lips smiled waveringly. Suddenly she began to sob. "Oh, poor little Julie! Poor little Julie! You men are all the same. Why can't you leave us alone if you only mean to bring us unhappiness?"

Chitttenham made no reply. He was thinking of that night at the top of the St. Bernard and of the radiant happiness in Julie's face when she first came to his arms. Then he had been offered a joy too great ever to be recaptured and, fool-like, he had let the moments pass without tasting their full realization. And now, perhaps, he would never see her again—perhaps already she had escaped from him into darkness and silence which he could neither penetrate nor break.

After his interview with Chitttenham, Schofield reeled out into the street from Mrs. Ardron's house like a drunken man. For the moment he was mad with passionate rage and the bitterness of disillusionment.

He had made an idol of Julie, and cruel hands had dragged it down from the pedestal whereon he had set it, and broken it.

He was in no fit state to listen to reason or to be sanely just. As is so often the way with single-hearted people, the first poisoned arrow had taken deadly aim.

The depths of his love was also the measurement of his despair and jealousy—he believed the worst of Julie. He implicitly believed the twisted story told him by Lombard of that night she had spent with Giles Chitttenham on the St. Bernard.

For weeks he had known that her reckless gaiety was but a blind to cover a great unhappiness, and now he felt like a man who for long has groped in a dark room and has had a blind suddenly jerked up in his face to admit a dazzling light.

Bitter words which Julie had inadvertently let drop, little incidents which he himself had subconsciously observed, seemed suddenly to fit like pieces of a puzzle into one complete whole.

At the end of the road he turned blindly to cross over—he had no set idea in his mind—he did not care where he went or what became of him. It was only when a warning shout and the sharp grinding of brakes penetrated his misery that he realized how nearly he had been run over. A wing of the big car that had almost killed him, struck his shoulder and sent him down on his knees in the greasy road.

When he dragged himself up again the driver was beside him, anxious, angry and apologetic.

"My God, that was a near shave! What the hell do you mean by wandering about Piccadilly like that—I hope your not hurt—No? Sure you're not? Well, come along with me and have a drink. I've got a flat not five minutes away."

And before he could answer or resist, Schofield found himself in a cosy bachelor-looking room off St. James' Street with a servant taking his coat away to be brushed, and his host mixing a stiff whiskey and soda.

He was razed and sore, and yet in a way the shock had brought him back to his senses.

He realized that he had made a fool of himself and the realization was not pleasant. He gulped down the whiskey and soda, and made no objection when his glass refilled.

The driver of the car stood watching with kindly, sympathetic eyes. He was a big, bulky man with a red, bitten face that looked as if it had been exposed to all weathers, and he had a deep, jovial voice.

"Glad you're not hurt," he said after a moment. "It was a near shave, eh? By jove, you gave me a nasty turn, I can tell you. I've driven thousands of miles in my time on motor-bikes and in all sorts of Tin Lizzies, but this is the first time I've knocked any one down. Rotten sensation, I assure you! However, as long as you're not hurt—have some more whiskey."

He went on talking as he fetched the decanter.

"You a motorist? No! Never drive yourself—Well, I won't let any one drive me—makes me as nervous as a woman. Though talking about women, I met one once with some pluck—Drove a car up the St. Bernard in a blizzard. Know the road up the St. Bernard?"

"No." There was a curiously sharp note in Schofield's voice.

It almost seemed as if Fate was laughing at him again. Why should this man mention the St. Bernard of

all places? With an effort he pulled himself together.

"No. I've never been to Switzerland."

"No! I know every inch of it. Had a tour on a motor-bike there last summer. She was some bike, too! I had a special engine fitted to her."

He would have launched out into a glowing description of the machine, but Schofield cut him short.

"Who was the woman who drove a car up there? I knew one once—"

He broke off with a sharp memory of the reckless way in which Julie had boasted to him of her achievement.

"I did it all right—only I couldn't get down—the snow was too bad—and the wind!"

He remembered how she had shivered—"I never heard wind howl like it did that night—it was as if the souls of all the damned were up there, screaming for mercy."

That was so like her—she had been fond of talking extravagantly.

And it must have been the very night she had spent with Chitttenham. The other man went on cheerily:

"I never knew her name, but she was a little slip of a thing—fair, I always like fair women—eh? I remember noticing her because she was the only woman in the hotel—a rotten hotel, too—she had a man with her—a decent sort of a chap. I remember he gave me a tip about a new engine he—"

Again Schofield cut in impatiently: "You don't remember his name? It's strange, but two people I know did that trip, and—"

The other man laughed. "Yes, oddly enough, I ran across him only a day or two ago—Chitttenham, his name was—what did you say?"

"Only that it's a coincidence, but I know Chitttenham. Surprising how small the world is."

"You know him? Really. I like the fellow. He and I sat up together all that night, talking motors. It was too darned cold to sleep. He knew a lot about engines—he told me . . ."

"You mean that night at St. Bernard?"

"Yes. You see, we—"

Schofield got up suddenly, his face white, his eyes imploring.

"Will you swear that this is the truth?" he asked thickly.

The other man stared.

"The truth? Why, what on earth . . ."

"Is it true that you and he sat up all that night? Oh, I know I must seem out of my mind to you, but answer me. If you know what this means to me—"

But before the answer came he knew what it would be; knew just how base and unfounded were Lombard's lies; knew just how cruelly he had misjudged Julie—knew also that with his own hands he had wilfully brought his last hope of happiness to the ground and broken it.

Bim Lennox and Chitttenham sought everywhere for Julie, without success. They enquired of every one whom she had ever known, and searched every spot in London she had ever visited.

Chitttenham was torn between his anxiety for Julie and his distress for Sadie.

He had told Bim the whole story. "I only wish to God I had told you before," he said, when he read the kindly sympathy and understanding in her eyes.

"We will find Julie—" He broke off as Bim turned away. "You don't believe we shall ever find her," he accused her angrily. "You're afraid to admit it, but you believe she is dead."

Bim made no answer, and he went on passionately, driven by his own dread and pain.

"People don't take their lives so easily. Julie was never a coward. She'll come back . . ."

But his own hope was not very real. He was haunted by the dread that some day he would read just such another headline in the papers as that which had announced her cousin's tragic death. He spent his time between the nursing home where Sadie was and Bim's flat.

Doris Gardener's heart gave a queer little throb of pain whenever she thought of Giles Chitttenham, and there were times when she hoped passionately that Sadie would die and set him free. But Sadie showed no signs of obliging. She had changed wonderfully since the first shock, and had grown quiet and obedient. She did everything she was told with pathetic eagerness, and she was always gentle and grateful to Giles.

(Continued Next Week)

GOSHEN BOY CUTS LIP IN MOTOR ACCIDENT

Eugene Peebles of Goshen was brought to Springfield Monday evening to have several stitches taken in his upper lip as a result of a bad cut received in an automobile accident when the machine he was riding in went into the ditch.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

General Law Practitioner
I. M. PETERSON
Attorney-at-Law
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Springfield, Ore.

Walker-Poole Chapel
Funeral Directors
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