

YANKS DISLODGE ST. LOUIS FROM SECOND PLACE

BY WILLIAM J. CHIPMAN

(Associated Press Sports Writer)
After compiling a losing streak of one consecutive game, the Athletics returned to the winning column yesterday as their fellow Pennsylvanians, the Pirates, slumped into the National league lead without hitting a bat. The Yankees turned this trick by sitting idle in the rain while the Giants thumped the Cardinals by 6 to 4 at St. Louis.

The Athletics defeated the Browns by 5 to 2, and, of course, gained a full game over the St. Louis contenders, who fell into third place. The Yankees worked out a twelve-inning victory to defeat Cleveland by 6 to 5. Both the Yankees and the Browns now are six and one-half games behind the Athletics, but the champions have an edge over St. Louis in percentage because they have played more games and lost more.

Boston raised up the amazing total for them of 22 hits and 17 runs to defeat the White Sox by 17 to 2.

Washington continued its improvement defeating Detroit, 8 to 2. Fred Marberry halted the fa-

mous Tiger attack with five hits. Action in the National league was diminished by rain which prevented Pittsburgh and Boston from playing. John McGraw employed his old device of making two second striking pitchers do the work of one first line man. After the Cardinals prodded Carl Mays for three runs, Bill Walker was sent in to oppose Clarence Mitchell. The relief man hung on until the Giants gave him a lead, and then held it. Chick Hafey's thirteenth home run helped the Cardinals to rout Mays.

The chief item of interest in Cincinnati's 21 to 4 decision over the Phillies was Chuck Klein's fourteenth home run, which enabled him to hit Philadelphia to retain the inter-league lead. The Cubs seemed ready to lose another one when a sudden rally for four runs in the ninth gave them a decision over Brooklyn 4 to 3.

ESCAPED OREGON CONVICTS CAUGHT

SALEM, Ore., June 6.—Cleo Gottberg and Clyde Parsons, convicts who escaped from a state prison work gang at Lake Labish yesterday, were captured about midnight near Gervais by O. D. Mounce, guard, and were returned to the penitentiary.

Gottberg was sent up from Clackamas county December 5, 1927, to serve three years for larceny. Parsons was sent up in June, 1928, to serve two years for larceny. Gottberg is 21 years old and Parsons 22.

RIVAL WIVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, however, is madly in love with his arrogant, though beautiful wife, Iris. Nan decides to resign, but lingers when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford.

Nan distrusts Crawford, and her suspicion that he and Iris are in love is confirmed by a letter which little Curtis Morgan, age 6, innocently places in Nan's hands. He apparently has taken it from his mother's handbag. After his acquittal, Crawford leaves town and in a few days Iris departs. She writes her husband that he must not seek her, cleverly omitting reference to Crawford, whom Morgan trusts implicitly.

Morgan is brokenhearted and Nan savagely but diplomatically forcing him into his work. She acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, winning the love of little Curtis, who addresses her, "Nan, who has been studying law, goes to the capital to take bar exams. On her return, Morgan tells her of his intention of divorcing Iris. He stutters a proposal of marriage. She would rather have him that way than not at all. They are quietly married and go at once to the office, where Morgan shows her his wedding present—an office for her with her new name on the door beside his.

They are leaving the office to catch a train for their honeymoon when a message comes from David Blackhall, suspected of the murder of his wealthy father. He implores Morgan to wait for him. Nan insists that they wait, thus missing their train. Alone, Nan breaks in to nobbling as she awaits Morgan's return. He has accompanied David, who gives himself up to the police. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXVIII

At 1 o'clock on their wedding day, John Curtis Morgan telephoned his wife and law partner that important business connected with the Blackhall case would keep him away from the office until perhaps the middle of the afternoon.

"I'm awfully sorry, Nan dear," he apologized. "If you hadn't insisted on my—I mean our taking this case, we should have been lunching sumptuously on the diner this very minute. . . . Oh, he's in jail, of course. Preliminary hearing tomorrow. There's no question but that he will be remanded to jail without bail to await the action of the grand jury, and no doubt at all, I'm afraid, that the grand jury will indict him on a charge of first degree murder. We've got a stickler in this case, honey. Better get out your woman's intuition and polish it up. We'll need it."

"It's already working, John," Nan answered shakily. With all her heart she longed to make it "John dear," but she could not trust her voice. Later, when the time and place were propitious, a bluish ran over her body. She was glad that he could not see.

"By the way, Nan," his deep voice went on, now with a note of embarrassment in it, "you'll call up the home, won't you, and tell Estelle or Mrs. O'Brien that we'll be home this evening. Dinner, too, if Mrs. O'Brien can manage something a bit extra for us. We've got to celebrate somehow, or I doubt if the wedding will be legal."

Very slowly, Nan hung up the receiver, her heart pounding. "We'll be home this evening—Home! Why, it was her home now! Her home, with her Morgan's ghost haunting every corner of it. She took off the receiver again, gave the number of the house that was now her home and for which she had been "long-distance housekeeper" ever since Iris Morgan had deserted her husband and child—nine months and one week ago.

Estelle, the maid who was now almost fanatically devoted to Nan, answered the phone. The bride gave her message empty, cutting short the amazed exclamations of the maid.

by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeons
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"Listen, Miss Carroll—excuse me, I mean Mrs. Morgan," Estelle begged earnestly, as Nan was about to hang up. "I forgot to ask you when you were here Monday, you want that picture taken down over the fireplace, don't you?"

Nan's heart almost stopped beating. As clearly as if it had suddenly been hung on the wall before her, Nan saw the portrait of beautiful, insolent Iris Morgan—every detail of the exquisite profile, the rapid blue-green eye, its strange color almost perfectly matched in the turquoise velvet of the evening gown which flaunted the perfection of Iris' tall, slender body, posed like a queen's in a throne chair.

"Yes, take it down, Estelle," she directed in an oddly husky voice. "That's what I thought," Estelle agreed, patently relieved. "The mister won't want to be reminded of her every time he comes into the drawing room."

Nan cut her short, giving rapid instructions as to the dinner menu, and was again about to hang up the receiver when the maid eagerly thrust in another question: "Are you and the mister going to sleep in the double guest room tonight, Miss—I mean, Mrs. Morgan? Of course the decorators ain't had a chance to do it over yet, and Mr. Morgan's things are still in the little guest room."

"Leave them there," Nan ordered curtly, her face flaming. "I'll see about everything when I—We get—home. I'll have the express company get my trunk and take it out to the house this afternoon."

She felt no need of lunch, knew that she could not force herself to swallow a bite. Before settling down to the task of transcribing her shorthand notes of David Blackhall's story she leaned back in her swivel chair and let her eyes take in the office which her husband and law partner had furnished for her as one of his wedding gifts.

The furniture was beautiful, practical, but unmistakably feminine. A graceful desk of softly gleaming walnut, slightly smaller than would have been appropriate for a man. Beside it and matching in wood and workmanship, a small typewriter table, with her own beloved machine ready for her expert touch. A small fireplace, fitted with life-like coals and embers from which electric heat would later radiate—purely for the sake of effect. Wide, low bookcases stocked with an expensive law library. Two big overstuffed armchairs, covered with dark red leather. A Persian rug, dark and rich, but vivid with its wine-red, gold, rose and blue. At the big window, where the drapes of heavy, dark red silk, with inner curtains of gold-silk net. A gleaming black bowl of dark red roses on a little table between the windows.

Tidiness, beauty and comfort—and all here! Here, too, the name on the glass panel of the door marked "Private"—Mrs. Morgan. Very different from the outer office of the old estate where—Nan Carroll, secretary, had been telephoned by every buzzing of the telephone, by every caller who had business with John Curtis Morgan, her employer. Oddly enough, Nan sighed.

"The instant she realized that she had sighed tonight, she knew what was wrong and why she had not valued fully until she lost it. Nan began to argue with herself: "What are you sighing for, I'd like to know? You've earned all this by four years of terrible work. You wanted to be a lawyer. You are a lawyer! You loved John Curtis Morgan and—you've got him!"

She was deliberately stating the facts in the blindest manner, for some obscure need to ease the pain in her heart. Her offended conscience reminded her that she had not realized her love for the

other woman's husband until that other woman had already forfeited all claim to her husband's love and respect. It insisted that she give herself credit for not having lifted a finger to win the man she loved until his wife had deserted him and his child for another man. For the thousandth time, Nan wondered if Iris was happy with her embezzler-lover, Herbert S. Crawford, of whose perfidy John Curtis Morgan still had not the faintest suspicion. Thank God—Nan cried in her heart—she had won her man without betraying the woman who so richly deserved to be betrayed. She had not shown the letter.

Better tear up Bert Crawford's letter now, she told herself. She was going to be living with Iris' husband now—no, no, not Iris' husband! Her husband! and he might accidentally run across it among her belongings. The letter was in her handbag, placed there that morning when she had turned the key upon the little apartment for the last time. Her hand was on the clasp of the bag, when there came a knock at the door. Before answering, Nan whirled to the little typewriter table and began, with lightning rapidity, to transcribe her notes. It was Blake or Evans coming in to find her about her marriage. "Come in!" she called curtly, without interrupting her flying fingers.

It was Kathleen O'Hara. "I've just been out to lunch, Miss Carroll—I mean, Mrs. Morgan—and got this noon edition of The News. They've got the cutest picture of you and Mr. Morgan right on the front page."

"Of me?" Nan asked, startled, as she reached for the paper. "Oh, I see!" It was the old snapshot of her and John Curtis Morgan walking down the steps of the courthouse, smiling over the successful and dramatic conclusion of the trial of "Big Joe" Powers. Throwing the little newspaper snapshot into the shade was a big, lovely studio portrait of Iris Morgan—

"Thank you, Miss O'Hara," Nan said so curtly that the Irish blue eyes clouded for a moment. "I'm afraid I interrupted," Kathleen O'Hara said apologetically. "But can't I do that for you? My! I never saw anyone typewrite so fast in my life!" she added, with infectious admiration. "You could dictate it to me. I'll bet it is hard for you to remember you're one of the bosses now, and don't have to do your own typing, and I'm just crazy to get really into this work. It must be absolutely fascinating, and a girl has a real chance to advance herself. You've proved that, Miss—Mrs. Morgan."

The girl stopped suddenly, her pretty young face scarlet with embarrassment. "Nan dropped her own eyes to her machine, her cheeks as red as the stenographer's. "Thank you very much, Miss O'Hara, but I'll finish this myself. But don't worry—I'll give you plenty of work in the future. I'm afraid, however, you won't find it all absolutely fascinating. We don't get a sensational murder case every day. Let me know when Mr. Morgan returns, please," she added, in a tone that unmistakably carried dismissal.

When Nan was alone again she forced her fingers to finish the page she was working on. Then, drawn irresistibly, though she knew she would inevitably be hurt, she took up the paper which Kathleen O'Hara had brought her. "FAMOUS LAWYER WEDS SECRETARY" was the headline across the front page layout of type and pictures. Smaller headlines proclaimed: "John Curtis Morgan, state's foremost criminal lawyer, secretly divorced from beautiful Iris Morgan, makes Nancy Carroll, secretary, his wife and law partner on the same day."

Her flush deepening until her cheeks burned painfully, Nan read the first paragraphs of the "story": "Not until the City Hall reporter was tipped off this morning that a wedding of unusual interest was being celebrated in the office of Justice of the Peace Aloysius Bohney, did it become a matter of public knowledge that John Curtis Morgan, foremost criminal lawyer in the state and former district attorney, had secured an uncontested divorce from beautiful Iris Craig Morgan. The decree was granted on July 23 by Judge Benjamin Haskell, the case being presented by former Judge Chas. Jennings and argued by Judge Haskell in chambers." The basis of the plea being desertion. A letter from Mrs. Iris Morgan, in which she announced her intention never to return to her husband's "bed and board" formed the basis of the suit. "A marriage license was secured last Saturday by John Curtis Morgan and Nancy Starr Carroll, but at the request of the couple, the recording of the license did not take place until today; hence the utter surprise with which the public learns today of the famous lawyer's second marriage."

"The young bride has been employed as private secretary by Attorney Morgan for four years. Last week she was admitted to the bar, having taken her examinations in June, and today Miss Carroll becomes not only Mrs. John Curtis Morgan, but the junior partner in the new law firm of Morgan & Morgan. The bride gave her age as 25, the groom 37. In addition to her new duties as wife and law partner, the young bride takes on the job of stepmother to little Curtis Craig Morgan, 7-year-old son of—"

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(To Be Continued)

HOOVER NAMES 17 ENGINEERS FOR THE MEETING IN TOKYO

WASHINGTON, June 5.—President Hoover has selected seventeen government and civilian engineers to represent the United States at the world engineering congress to be held next October at Tokyo.

The American delegates named by the president were: Elwood Mead, commissioner of reclamation; George Otis Smith, director of the geological survey; George K. Burgess, director of the bureau of standards; O. C. Merrill, secretary of the federal power commission; Major General Edgar Jadwin, chief of army engineers; Scott Turner and John Hays Hammond, both of Washington; Elmer Sperry, Frank B. Jewett, John W. Lieb, Maurice Holland, Daniel L. Turner, Byron Eldred, J. V. W. Roynolds, all of New York City; John R. Freeman of Providence, Rhode Island; Donald C. Jackson of Boston; and Mark Requa, of Piedmont, California.

The congress will be held in the far east for the first time instead of in Europe or in the United States as in the past. The object of the gathering is to effect an international exchange of the latest knowledge of the sciences and practices of engineering. It will open on October 29 and close on November 7.

MISSIONS' LEAD GROWS WITH WIN OVER THE ANGELS

(Associated Press Local Wire)
The annihilating Mission Reds of this bay city, with a lead a mile long, won their game yesterday against Los Angeles in the southern city, and were still further aided by events of the day in other camps of the Pacific Coast league.

Good pitching, excellent support, and timely hitting by the Reds accounted for their 3 to 1 victory in the first skirmish of the crucial series with the Angels. The Missions now have tucked away 47 victories out of 67 games.

What happened to the Seals proved to be a lucky break for the league leaders. The champions of last year dropped the second game of their series with the Hollywood Stars at Recreation park by a score of 9 to 5 after collecting 19 hits. The Seals now hold down second place in the league standings.

Louis McEvoy pitched shutout ball for the Oaks at Emeryville, but he had to work mighty hard to win a 3 to 2 count over the Portland Ducks. The Portlanders scored a couple of runs to tie the game in the fifth, mostly because Pete Read lost his temper behind the home plate and because young Gus Meissner, Oaks shortstop, threw badly to first.

Anybody got away with a lucky win over the Sacramento Senators in the capital city yesterday, his mates pounded out a 7 to 4 victory.

LITERARY CAREER IS PREDICTED FOR TUNNEY

(Associated Press Local Wire)
HARTFORD, Conn., June 5.—A possible literary career for Gene Tunney was predicted today by the former champion of the ring. Mrs. Edwin S. Dewing, sister of the former Polly Lauder of Greenwich, Mrs. Dewing returned to West Hartford today after a two-months visit with Mr. and Mrs. Tunney at Brioni, Italy.

"He is, of course, very much interested in literature and spends bar, having taken her examinations in June, and today Miss Carroll becomes not only Mrs. John Curtis Morgan, but the junior partner in the new law firm of Morgan & Morgan. The bride gave her age as 25, the groom 37. In addition to her new duties as wife and law partner, the young bride takes on the job of stepmother to little Curtis Craig Morgan, 7-year-old son of—"

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(To Be Continued)

ROSE FESTIVAL JUNE 8-14

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Southern Pacific

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a great deal of his time reading," said Mrs. Dewing. "It may be that some day he will put something down that he thinks is good and show it to a publisher."

PACIFIST REPLIES TO CHARGE OF CAPT. KNOX

(Associated Press Local Wire)

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Replying to an article by Captain D. W. Knox, U. S. N., retired, attributing the defeat of the 1917 naval bill to British and foreign propaganda, Mrs. Laura Puffer Morgan, associate secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, today characterized the officer's assertion as "absurd."

Mrs. Morgan declared the navy department to be "one of the greatest propaganda agencies in the United States."

"The church and peace groups who led the attack against the naval bill both last year and this year are organized by American taxpayers and supported by them," she asserted.

WILLARD CRAIG MARRIES POPULAR CORVALLIS GIRL

Word was received here today of the marriage of Willard M. Craig, a teacher in the Roseburg senior high school to Ethel J. O'Neill at Corvallis. The wedding took place today at the home of Mrs. O'Neill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. O'Neill, of North Tenth street, Corvallis.

The bride graduated Monday with the June class of Oregon State college, receiving her degree in agriculture. Mr. Craig is also a graduate of the state college and is in charge of the commercial department at the local high school.

MANITOBA TOWN, WITH NO INSURANCE, SWEEP BY FLAMES

(Associated Press Local Wire)
THE PAS, Man., June 5.—Half of the northern settlement of Cranberry Portage was in ruins today, razed by forest fires that cut a wide swath through the mining town and a ring of back-fires threatens to complete and leave a large portion of the one thousand inhabitants homeless and destitute.

The Cranberry Portage board of trade told Dr. H. H. Elliott, a long-time resident of Manitoba, a king for government assistance for the many without homes and means.

Flames have almost completely destroyed the north end of the town and threaten before morning to eat their way through the flimsy frame structures in the settlement in the south end. The loss in property could not be estimated but will definitely run into several hundred thousand dollars. No deaths have been reported and all the residents are said to have escaped injury.

The loss in property will be complete, it is said for not a business man or family in Cranberry Portage carried fire insurance.

TRAIN KILLS SALEM MAN

(Associated Press Local Wire)
SALEM, Ore., June 6.—John Hubbard, 71, died at a local hospital late yesterday from injuries received when his automobile was struck by a Southern Pacific engine at a grade crossing in Hubbard yesterday afternoon.

He is, of course, very much interested in literature and spends

bar, having taken her examinations in June, and today Miss Carroll becomes not only Mrs. John Curtis Morgan, but the junior partner in the new law firm of Morgan & Morgan. The bride gave her age as 25, the groom 37. In addition to her new duties as wife and law partner, the young bride takes on the job of stepmother to little Curtis Craig Morgan, 7-year-old son of—"

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WILLEBRANDT JOB NOT SOUGHT, SAYS GEORGE NEUNER

PORTLAND, June 6.—"I have not applied for the position of assistant attorney-general, made vacant by the resignation of Mabel Walker Willebrandt; the position has not been offered me, I have no idea that it will be. I am not sure that I would take it if it were," George Neuner, United States district attorney, said yesterday as he left for Washington to attend a department conference.

The announcement that Mr. Neuner was going to Washington has given rise to considerable speculation, as he was one of the men to whom Mrs. Willebrandt offered a position as special prosecutor about a year ago. Mr. Neuner turned the offer down, and it was then offered to Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., who also rejected the offer.

CRONIN TO ATHLETICS

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—Jimmy Cronin, infielder now with the Portland club of the Pacific Coast league, will join the Philadelphia Athletics probably late next week. He comes here in a trade whereby Joe Haessler of the Athletics goes to Portland. It is understood that Portland also receives some cash.

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Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

Augustus, the second of the Caesars, is responsible for the naming of the month of August. In Norway a law forbids anyone cutting down a tree unless he plants three saplings in its place.

Harry C. Stearns' History of Roseburg and the State of Oregon

As we have seen, Aaron Rose was, primarily, a trader, but he also engaged rather extensively in farming and stock raising.

Both his mercantile pursuits and his husbandry prospered, as prosperity went in those days, and "Uncle Aaron" was well liked by all who knew him. He was generous to a fault, and many dollars worth of merchandise changed hands with only worthless paper to remind Mr. Rose of the transaction.

Extremely So!
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Frigidaire has surplus power that meets every emergency in the hottest weather, and yet operates economically all ways.

Frigidaire cabinets are beautiful—they are finished in gleaming porcelain enamel, or white Duco—clean and easy to keep clean. The mechanical part is completely enclosed and so quiet that you don't hear it start, stop, or run. Food shelves are elevated so that stooping is unnecessary.

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