

HOOVER ASKED BY NYE TO INTERCEDE FOR TOM MOONEY

(Associated Press Special Wire)

WASHINGTON, June 19.—President Hoover was asked today, in the senate by Senator Nye, republican, North Dakota, to "use his influence to see that some action is taken" regarding the continued imprisonment of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings in California for alleged complicity in the preparedness day bombings in San Francisco in 1916.

Senator Nye recalled petitions for the pardon of the two men "on the ground that both men were convicted on testimony afterwards conclusively proved to have been perjured."

"In his campaign to compel great respect for law," said Nye, "it seems to me that President Hoover may properly use his influence to

see that some action is taken in correcting this shameful injustice now existing in his own state of California.

Nye said he thought "a word from President Hoover in the right quarter" would ease "the sinister pressure being brought to bear by the same San Francisco public utilities which were originally responsible for this frightfully legalized lynching."

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RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon
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THIS HAS HAPPENED
John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, is deserted by his wife, Iris Morgan. She elopes with Bert Crawford, for whom Morgan has recently won a judgment, though Morgan does not suspect Crawford. Nan Carroll, Morgan's secretary, is deeply in love with him and by cleverly turning him into his work, saves him from utter despair after Iris' departure.

For six months, she acts as a long-distance housekeeper for him, winning the love of little six-year-old Curtis. Nan passes her bar examinations and Morgan takes her into the firm as junior partner. He tells her he is divorcing Iris and begs her to marry him. She accepts.

Their farcical marriage continues for three months, when Nan decides she will have to leave. The next morning Iris, deserted by Crawford, returns. She feels ill-natured in an effort to bring Morgan to his knees. Nan determines to fight and has the doctor remove Iris to a hospital.

Curtis is hostile to Nan at dinner and Morgan sends him to his room. He tells Nan he will have to do something for Iris and proposes a monthly allowance. Nan goes to tell Curtis. He tells her it is true she won't let his mother come home. She tells him it against the law for a man to have two wives.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XI

"Heaven knows," Nan Morgan reflected despairingly, "it would be hard enough to be a second wife under any circumstances, but to be called upon to explain and justify one's status to the seven-year-old child of the first wife..."

But the boy's eyes were fixed upon her, in an inexorable, unchildlike demand for an answer to his question. By simply answering "Yes," Nan knew she could win the first skirmish in the battle between herself and Iris for the loyalty of the child. For he was just and logical beyond his years, and the answer would be the simple truth.

Iris had known that she was giving John Curtis Morgan his freedom to marry again when she deserted him. But somehow she could not fight that way. In later years, Curtis could not truthfully say that his stepmother had destroyed his ideal of his mother. If it were to be destroyed, Iris herself must be the destroyer.

And so Nan answered: "I don't think your mother thought about the law when she went away, darling. But you see, your father didn't know she was ever coming back."

Her voice choked on a sob. This was true, true! If he had had the faintest hope, he would never have married again. "And so he married me, Curtis, because he thought you both needed me."

Curtis nodded forlornly. "I told him to," he admitted slowly. "And I was awful glad when you came to live with us. But now my mother's come back..."

He was obviously wrestling with the problem. Nan's heart ached with pity as she watched him. Finally he drew a deep, quivering breath, then blurted out: "Mother said I'd

have to choose between you and her, Nan. Did she mean you'd go and she'd come back, if I said so?"

Nan's impulse—the quick demand of her pride—was to stake everything then and there on the boy's choice. She couldn't stay where she was not wanted! But as the little hot fingers gripped her hand, they sent an imperative message to her brain. The boy was feverish. In one brief visit, Iris had done that to him, by feeding him all the chocolate he could stuff. Biting her tongue to hold back a too hasty answer, the girl studied the child, placing a mental picture of him as he had been a year ago beside the boy he had become since she had been in charge of his life.

The Curtis of a year ago had been thin, anemic, neurotic; lonely, withdrawn, unhappy, violent of temper. The product of more than six years of Iris Morgan's mothering. In less than one year, she—Nan—had changed that Curtis into a sturdy, healthy, happy, obedient boy, beautifully adjusted to school and home life. Did she have the right to abandon him now? Him, and the father who had needed her just as sorely and profited as obviously under her care?

Very slowly and carefully she answered: "No, Curtis. Your mother didn't mean that you could choose whether I went away and she came back, or you father's wife now, you know, and unless he wants me to go, I must stay and make you both as happy as I possibly can."

"Oh!" Curtis said, drawing the syllable out very long. Then, very slowly: "I'm glad I don't have to choose, Nan, 'cause I want you and mother both. If father wants you to stay, I can see mother lots anyway, can't I, Nan? I think she'd just had it I think!" he explained, as if fearful of hurting Nan's feelings.

Tears rushed into the girl's eyes. Blinking at them, she stooped swiftly and kissed him with a fierceness that embarrassed, while it pleased him.

"You do love Nan, don't you, darling?" she begged, pride completely routed for the moment.

"Sure I do!" Curtis answered, with masculine brusqueness. "And I love my mother, too. I guess I love you both nearly the same. A kid has to love his own mother the best, don't he?—I mean, doesn't he?"

The child's preoccupation with grammar in face of the tremendous issues involved struck Nan as irresistibly funny. She was laughing almost hysterically as she tucked the covers about him and gave him a good-night kiss. "Good night, Nan," he murmured, suddenly drowsy. "Listen, Nan! If you were my real mother, I'd love you best—lots the best. But—" Conscientiousness, loyalty and griefed bewilderment gave up the battle then, routed by sleep.

Nan stood looking down upon him for a long minute, and there was no laughter in her heart or eyes. Then she tiptoed from the room, her head of despair a little lighter. That naive confession of

Curtis' had crystallized her indecision—turned it into firm determination. She would fight Iris Morgan to the last ditch. Iris was poison for the man and the child. No matter if they cried for that sugar-coated poison, it was her duty to protect them.

Standing in the middle of her room Nan Morgan cried out to the God she so sorely needed: "Dear God, help me to win—for their sakes! You know it isn't because I'm in love with John Curtis Morgan that I want to hold him against Iris. Of course I love him with all my heart, but if it were for his good, I would leave him tonight. You know I'm sturdily proud, that if I listened to my pride, I'd make him choose between us this minute. But, oh, dear God, he needs me, and the child needs me. Help me to humble my pride, so that I can fight the harder. Help me to win."

Her heart was almost at peace when she crept into bed. Both her doors were unlocked. Her husband could come to her, if he wished. But she did not listen for his footsteps, for she was sure that he would not come. Because bitterness had melted out of her heart she was able to put herself in his place that night. She felt the grief and pain he must be suffering. Recalled from the thought of love-making, even of seeking comfort, just as he must be recalling, Poor John! Poor, torn victim of a passion he had thought dead, and of a love that was still too new and delicate to weather the storm of that fierce, reviving passion for a woman who was unworthy but incredibly desirable. Poor John! She could almost hear him groan: "God forgive me, for I love two women..."

That night Nan wept for him, rather than for herself, and so healing was the temporary forgetfulness of self that soon she slept, and the next morning felt more light-hearted and strong than she had ever hoped to feel again.

She needed courage and strength to carry her through the days that followed, immediately upon Iris Morgan's return. Her husband was a stricken man, though he tried, with obvious and heartbreaking conscientiousness, to present a normally cheerful face to his family and to his downtown world. He was pathetically grateful for Nan's quiet acceptance of his moodiness, and she believed, for her unshakably firm "Good night" in the drawing-room each evening. Sometimes when she was thus making it clear that she did not expect him to play the lover or husband while his heart was a battleground, his eyes met hers with wistful questioning, as if they were mute-ly asking: "Do you really understand and forgive me, Nan? Do you see how it is with me? Don't you know that I love you, too, but that I can't come to you just yet?"

And her own round, childish but wise eyes told him: "I do understand. Don't you worry your dear head about me now. But love me as much as you can."

Two days after Iris' return John Curtis Morgan presented his legal wife with a smart little coupe, explaining awkwardly: "A prosperous firm like ours ought to be able to afford two cars, don't you think? I want you to feel free to come and go as you please, without bothering about how I'm going to get around."

As she thanked him, Nan's heart contracted sharply. Was the car a clumsy attempt at peace-making? Surely he did not think he had to bribe her to be patient and cheerful! Then she dismissed the suspicion as unworthy of both of them. The car would be a great convenience. It would permit her to stay at home later in the mornings, so that she could put a greater emphasis upon her housekeeping and

home-making. Another weapon against Iris, who had not cared enough to turn the house into a home. Of course, she would miss those companionable trips down town together. Nan reflected ruefully, but these last two days they had been a strain upon both of them. Was that, possibly, the reason he had contrived to make them unnecessary?

For four days father and son made afternoon trips to the hospital to see the woman who had deserted them and who had now flung herself upon their mercy. After that first day, those trips were not mentioned. Not even Curtis referred to them, but each evening he had no appetite for his dinner, and Nan realized, helplessly, that Iris was stuffing him with unwholesome sweets. And she could not forbid him to accept. She could imagine the boy's quick retort: "I guess my own mother knows what's good for me!" Not her hands were tied.

The fourth day after Iris' return was Christmas Eve. Nan had bought an elaborate carpentering outfit for Curtis, as well as all the materials he could need in constructing a toy airplane. His father had consulted her anxiously as to the advisability of giving the boy a helicopter. Knowing Curtis' passionate desire to be a pilot, Nan had cheerfully acquiesced, with the assurance that he would obey their injunctions to ride only on sidewalks. But the bicycle had not been bought. On Christmas Eve

"His mother was afraid of an accident. She—I thought perhaps a toy automobile would be more safe. It's quite big. Operates with pedals, you know. I hope he'll like it."

Nan flushed hotly as she applauded the choice with apparent cheerfulness. Of course Iris had put her in the wrong, had made John feel that his son's very life was in danger, so long as Nan had control of him.

Decorating the Christmas tree was rather a ghastly ordeal, for the ghost of the living mother who should have been there hovered over the girl and the man during the whole ceremony.

"No fair peeping or shading the



box," Morgan warned Nan, with a forced jocularity that made her throat ache with tears, as he tied her present to a branch of the tree. "I wonder if he's giving Iris a Christmas present," she could not help asking herself. "Of course he helped Curtis choose something for her, and I'm glad he did. But oh, I'll be relieved when Christmas is over!"

But when Christmas Day actually dawned, all her own private heartache was swallowed up in a terrible anxiety about Curtis. Nan and Morgan had said to each other with pretended ruefulness that they supposed the boy would be up before daylight, whooping over his tree and presents, and making it impossible for anyone else to sleep, but when eight o'clock came there had been no sound from his room. Vaguely worried, Nan went to wake him and found him heavily-eyed with fever. Within half an hour Dr. Black was there, looking grave, and pronouncing the trouble an upset digestion.

"And I've been holding you up as an example to all the mothers on my list," the doctor chided Nan. "Have you been falling down on your job?"

John Curtis Morgan, who was standing beside his wife, answered for her, his face flushed with embarrassment. "I'll take the blame, doctor. I'm afraid I've been indulging the boy behind his mother—Nan's back. She never lets him eat between meals, but I—He stumbled over the lie, shifted his eyes.

The doctor nodded, his eyes narrowed. "I think I understand, Morgan. But no one must be permitted to tamper with Nan's discipline of the boy. No one!"

At the end of the long, anxious day came a telegram for John Curtis Morgan.

(To Be Continued)

NOTICE TO WINNERS OF PRIZES IN BABY PARADE

Winners of prizes in the Strawberry Carnival baby parade who have not yet received their money, may secure their checks from Walter Jaz at the Grand Hotel any forenoon this week.

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NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Mollie Howard, deceased, in accordance with an order of the above entitled court in the above entitled cause duly made and entered on the 26th day of May, 1929, authorizing said Administrator to sell the real property of said estate, will on and after the 22nd day of June, 1929, offer for sale and sell, either for cash, in hand or cash sufficient to pay the claims and expenses of administration and the balance upon credit secured by a mortgage upon the premises so sold, all the right, title and interest which the said Mollie Howard had at the time of her death in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at the northwest corner of Block 4, Plat E of Umpqua Park Fruit Lands, running thence along the west line of said Block 4 1200 feet; thence east 1500 feet to the east line of Block 2 of said Plat E, Umpqua Park Fruit Lands; thence north along the east line of said Block 2 to the northeast corner of said Block 2; thence West 250 feet to the southerly line of the Cool Ray Wagon road; thence westerly along said Cool Ray Wagon road to the place of beginning, containing forty acres, more or less, all in Umpqua Park Fruit Lands according to the plat thereof on file in the office of the County Clerk of Douglas County, Oregon.

Bids for the purchase of said real property will be received by the undersigned in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, on and after the 22nd day of June, 1929. The sale of said property will be subject to confirmation of the above entitled Court.

Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1929.

JAMES G. HOWARD, Administrator of the estate of Mollie Howard, deceased. Postoffice address, Roseburg, Oregon.

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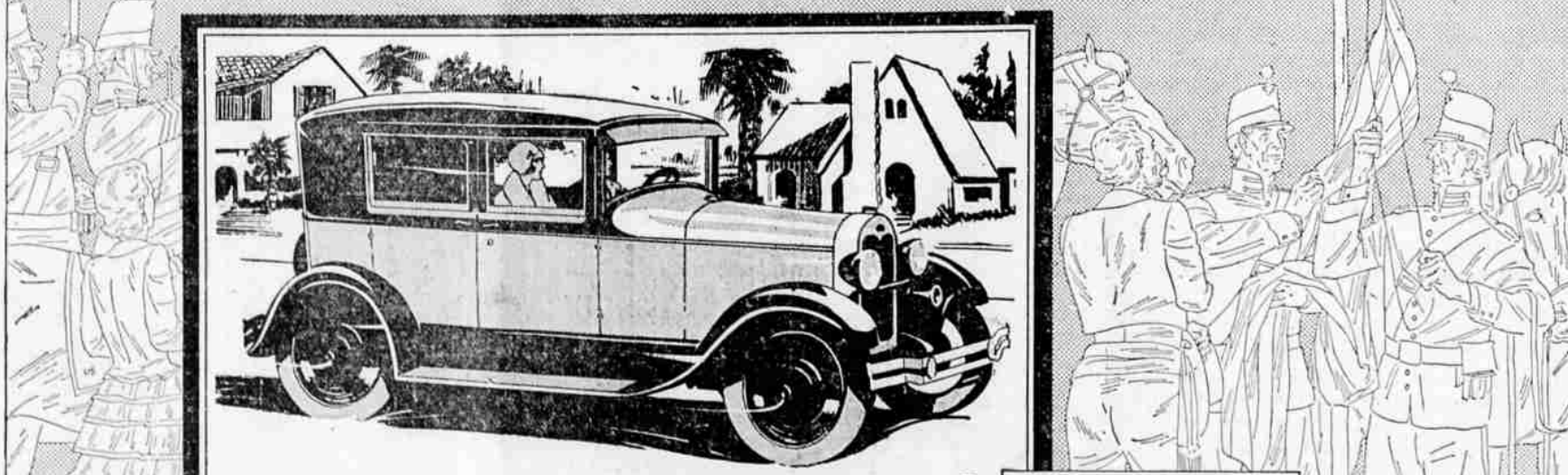
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