

MORBID WOMAN FORGIVES COLONEL IN HER LAST DIARY

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(Universal Service herewith gives the fourth and concluding chapter of Clara Smith Hamon's remarkable diary.)

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 7. — The Herald and Examiner continue today the exclusive presentation of the diary of Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon, accused of the murder of Jake L. Hamon, multimillionaire Oklahoma oil man and a national factor in politics.

In the chapter herewith given, Mrs. Hamon relates incidents which occurred up to within two days of the shooting of Hamon and clearly indicates a condition of mind which might result in tragedy.

CHAPTER IV
BREZZES—4 KINDS
Breze that blows my love away,
Breze that hurts my heart all day—
Bad breze!
When you know what love is,
Why come drifting, make it go—
Bad breze!
Can't you read within my heart
That in death alone we'll part?
Mad breze!
Bring a rainbow with the rain,
Make me happy once again,
Glad breze.

November 14—Got a laugh today at the description in the paper of the political man and what he means—the man who is the embodiment of all the virtues, home loving, God loving, resident, according to those who want him to get office or influence.

CHURCHGOER, YET A BUM
On Sunday he goes to church, where his gray hairs lend sanctity to the surroundings as he asks for mercy of his penitent soul. His contribution, dropped in a single crinkled bill, may equal all the other contributions in the church. He is a sterling figure.

But when his past is looked into by the opposition, they feel justified and go about calling him from a cutthroat to a bum.

But the world goes on. Candidates come and candidates go. Powers come and powers go, and cutthroats do likewise, with slight restraint. Who cares? Perhaps only the persons upon whom the cutthroat practices his none too gentle art when he is not at church.

OF AN ANIMAL NATURE
But the cutthroats are like the animals—there seems to be some relation between them. They are like the frankly animal type—well preserved, entirely selfish, devoid of intellect, with saccharine manners and the senses of a harem lady—that combined with the tenacity of a rat. And a rat is no fool, and a fool is no rat.

November 15—Went downtown in car and did some shopping. Met many I knew and gave them but a nod. I walk about in a daze.

My eyes never direct a single thought of mine as I go. My thoughts are all within and my indifference must convince the clerk that I am not in my right mind. Perhaps I am not.

I am conscious that no great character is formed without suffering and denial. No great achievements are possible without great effort and sacrifice, but I am

afraid that my sacrifices have been so great in the exercise of great achievement that I am a mental loss. I feel that I cannot go on. I am tired within. Physically well, mentally alert when I concentrate, but nevertheless exhausted. It is a tired soul I suffer from. An ailment hard to cure. It cannot be cured, for the patient will not help; cannot help.

November 17—Today has again convinced me that I need not think to progress. It is about automatic after a time. Certainly I have for days gone about my responsibilities in a sort of haze from which I can make no effort to rouse myself. Yet I seem to observe apparently to embody efficiency and nerve. One doesn't need to think. And so this constant thinking, this desperate thinking which I do has nothing to do with necessity. It is useless.

SHE HATES HERSELF

I reach the conclusion that the safest method of progress in stupid group is to take yourself seriously. People are much born to be serious. If they like you they will consider your opinion in forming their estimate. I hate myself, but, thank goodness, no one recognizes it. My friends are good to me. I am astounded at the growing bitterness of my viewpoint. What started me in this never faltering mood? I don't even recall. Yet I suppose that it was some trivial thing. Some unpleasant word, some thoughtless and slighting action. Still I can think of scores of things which would have made a major reason for despair. At the moment I forget. But I know that, sounding the depths of unhappiness. What depths!

FAITH IS LACKING

November 18—Up early, went shopping. Bought pretty negligee. Just habit. What good can pretty things do me? My life does not seem pretty and the future even ugly. Have developed worse cold than ever.

High fever—near pneumonia. Tried to work, but so ill I could not. I try to keep up my spirit, but it is a dead weight. I have ready books of Christian Science and beautiful works of poetry, but it is all quite useless.

THE GIVER LEFT BARE

I have given what I can give freely, willingly and receive not even gratitude—nothing. What a situation! To attempt to smile through it is impossible. That I have tried. But you feel absurd and apologetic for your wavering smile because it has no basis and is just an indication that you have no measurement of values. Why should I smile? How dare I smile, when my heart is broken and my life a waste?

November 19—Late, and my diary at hand. But what to write? I am not so ill. My cold is better. What is illness? What is a cold? What is poverty? What is success? What is love? I am unhappy. The future holds nothing. What can make up for these two facts? Nothing. And so I am ill, no matter how fares my cold or any other trivial thing. I am ill and great physicians might stand about me in hordes, merely nodding their heads in melancholy union. My illness is beyond them. They can neither iron out my soul or patch up hearts—unfortunately. Poor me!

There is interest in a single letter carefully pinned to the next page of the diary about which was bound a heavy elastic. It is merely dated "20th."

but in view of its context and the fact that Hamon was shot November 21, it might readily have formed the basis of the tragedy. It follows:

"Just received your letter of Friday evening and was more than glad to hear from you and appreciate all you said about me and hope you never change, for it's lots of consolation to me. You are more than 'wonderful' and time will not change my thoughts and everything I have for you.
"Wish I could be there to help you pack, for I know you have your hands full. It would give me untold pleasure to be with you and do all I could for you. Know you must be tired after all you have done and all you have to do. While you are packing and working alone, please remember there is a 'Helper' who would love to relieve you of some of your worries and work.
MISSING HIS GOODBYE
"Am sure your visit at your sister's was pleasant in a way, but was a sad parting for all, especially for the children. Am glad you enjoyed what you found there on your arrival and wish I could repeat all I sent and could do it every day, but since I can not, there will be something for you wherever you may go so you will be sure to know I am 'with you' in every one of your 'our' days.
"I missed the hurried goodbye and looked for it, but was sure you were right. There is a burning of the last goodbye, and I will never forget your last words, though they were sad to me, they cheered me wonderfully and hope it may be 'some' very pretty the last few nights and it has carried much and brought more to me.
"Have started a 'little book' which you will see and hope it brings more to you than I put in it, for I will try and keep on trying 'cause I am pretty sure it will please you.
"It's mighty lonesome and blue around here and there are so many things I miss, but in all, the 'missing' there is a 'something' that is with me that I can never lose and will never lose it, believe me. It is my only treasure and the one I can keep, if I lose everything else. The cord is still 'golden', dear pal of mine, and hope there will not be one thing to ever make it tarnish. Disappointments are bitter. That's why I don't want any to happen. As far as myself is concerned, there won't be, and I am sure you feel the same.
"Goodbye, dearest pal, friend and ALL, and I am going to be at my best as long as there is any hope, and after that I'll be just 'the same', so the memories will be as sweet as they are now.
"Goodbye, good luck and may your health come back anew, and if you ever need me, you can rest assured I'll be 'waiting', also watching for your commands, and will do all I can to fulfill the request whenever you may ask it.
MISERABLE BUT FORGIVING
"I am blue today, but good, and hope you are speeding along contentedly and look back to see one whom you have made, and remember, I love you and will always go 'to you', regardless of what might happen.
"God bless you and keep you safe—give the encouragement, health and all that I prayed him to give you.
"Words of love to you from one who is thinking deeply and cares more than you know. These lines are from the bottom of my heart to a real pal from one who has already been true.—Francis."

This letter got into the hands of Clara Smith Hamon, apparently on the day Colonel Hamon was shot and before he was shot. Whatever its significance, it is clear that she thought enough of it to preserve it—the only letter in a tragedy diary, which is here terminated.

Women in U. of O. Law Department Form Fraternity

University of Oregon, Eugene, Dec. 7. —University of Oregon women law students have formed a local law fraternity and have petitioned Kappa Beta Psi, national law fraternity, Charter members are: Josephine Howe, Mansfield, Ill.; Ruth Stadwiler, Cleveland, Idaho; Gladys Everett, Portland; Alys Sutton, Portland; Oletta Pederson, Petaluma, Cal.

Woman Gets First Hunting License of The New Season

Honor of obtaining No. 1 hunting license for the year 1921 has gone to a woman, Mrs. Beatrice Clark, 618 Allegheny street, who purchased the first of the new year's permits Saturday. This is the first time a woman has obtained No. 1 license in Oregon. Mrs. Clark is an enthusiastic sportsman and has been successful in both deer and duck hunting.

Of the combination hunting and fishing licenses, I. N. Fleischner, state game commissioner, obtained license No. 1; Captain A. E. Burghdoff, state game warden, license No. 2; Dr. E. C. McFarland, license No. 13, and Dr. L. A. Mielke, license No. 25. Of the fishing licenses, L. J. Bevelise obtained license No. 1.

The 1921 quotas of licenses have been received by the commission and are now on sale.

Youthful Burglar Seen Ransacking Patrolman's Home

Most juvenile of all the amateur burglars yet reported to the police is the lad who ransacked the home of Patrolman A. O. Abbott, 708 Umatilla avenue, early Monday afternoon. Neighbors reported seeing the youngster climb in and out again at a window.

Mrs. Abbott and the children had gone to town on a Christmas shopping expedition. She had taken with her all the money there was in the house and the youthful intruder got nothing for his pains. He had, however, pulled open every drawer and ransacked the premises thoroughly. Neighbors said they did not recognize the boy as anyone living in the vicinity.

Relics Dating Back To 1705 on Exhibition At Central Library

Old lace yellow with age, samplers, dishes of Revolutionary times, colonial relics, documents dated in the eighteenth century—these and other precious relics and heirlooms are on exhibit at Central library as a feature of the observance of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The exhibit will continue through the month of December.

A New Testament of 1765, an old Scotch mug of 1750, old plates, an account book opened in 1773, old money, pewter platter of 1775, new Pilgrim half dollars, a deed dated 1705 and a silver watch of 1800 are among the antiques. Reproductions of mural paintings depicting historical scenes line the stairs. Seals of the colleges started before 1800 were loaned by the University club. Among the contributors are Winthrop Hammond, Mrs. E. A. Jobs, Mrs. J. J.

Read, University club, Mrs. J. Thorburn Ross, Mrs. J. H. Hall, E. J. Knowles, Mrs. George B. Van Waters, Mrs. J. B. Comstock, Anne M. Lang, Mrs. Laura Lightfoot Batchelder, Dorothy Manville and Nellie Fox.

Woman Swallows Poison, Repents, Police Are Called

Because poison tablets hurt her too much Mrs. Agnes Gaird, 25, 697 Washington street, changed her mind about wanting to die after having swallowed the pills Monday night and called the police for aid. The emergency hospital doctor rushed to the scene and was able by means of a stomach pump to remove the poison before any serious effect resulted. Mrs. Gaird was sent to St. Vincent's hospital, where this morning her condition was reported favorable. When the police arrived they found two men in the woman's room, Gus Karmals and Louis Veras. The detectives questioned the men, who say the woman left the room for the drug store to get some medicine. When she returned she swallowed a handful of it, they say, and in a few minutes informed them of her intended action.

Lakeview Drouth Broken by Rains; Stockmen Pleased

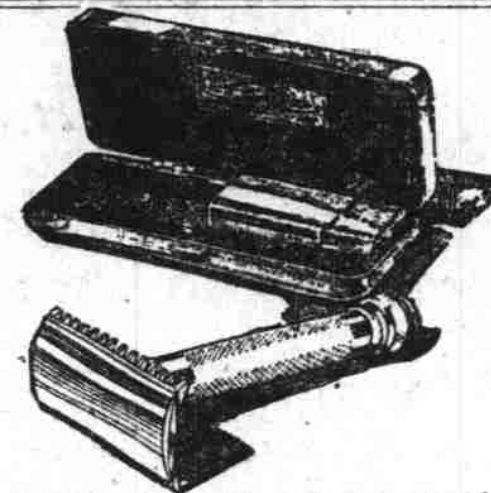
Stockmen of Lakeview are jubilant because of the heavy rains now falling, after three years of comparative drouth, says Stanley G. Jewett, in charge of the predatory animal work of the United States biological survey, who, together with Ira N. Gabrielson of the rodent control division, has just returned from a trip through Lake and Klamath coun-

ties. For the last three years streams and lakes in Lake county have dried up, said Jewett. With the exception of eastern Lake county, stockmen report a scarcity of coyotes. Rabbits also, which have been extremely bad at this time in past years, have been driven back into the hills because of the rain. In southern Klamath county thousands of bushels of grain are still in the fields.

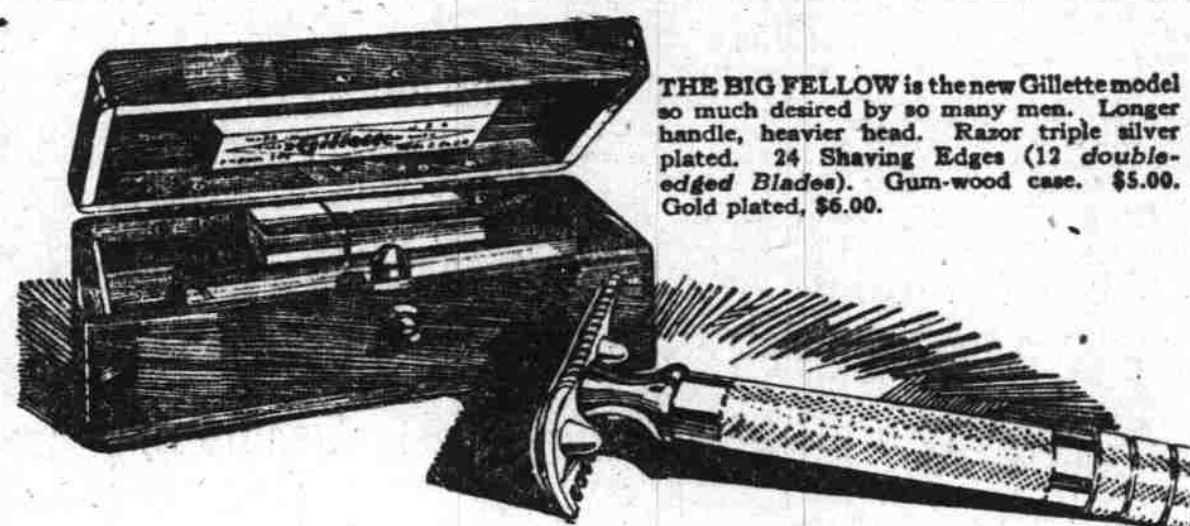
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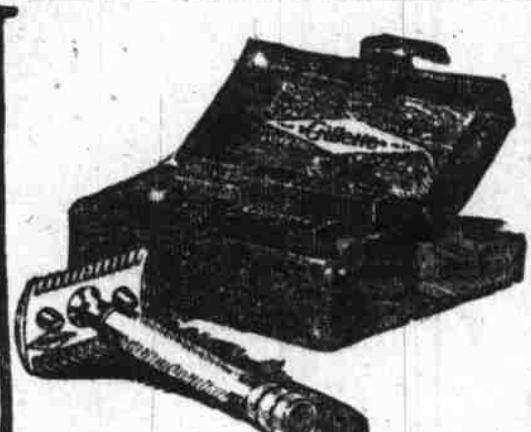
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SET No. 501 is flat and compact, with its silver plated metal case embossed with Basket pattern in high relief. Razor and 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Blades). As illustrated, \$5.00. A favorite set with men who travel. Gold plated, \$6.00.



THE BIG FELLOW is the new Gillette model so much desired by so many men. Longer handle, heavier head. Razor triple silver plated. 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Blades). Gum-wood case. \$5.00. Gold plated, \$6.00.



THE STANDARD SET. The original Gillette set, Model No. 460, as pictured, with triple silver plated razor. 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Blades). Genuine Leather Case. \$5.00. Gold plated, \$6.00.

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He deserves this pleasant surprise on Christmas morning—a Gillette Razor.

Select from the styles described and pictured here the distinctive Gillette that expresses his individuality.

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As a thoughtful, inexpensive remembrance, buy him a packet or two of useful GILLETTE BLADES

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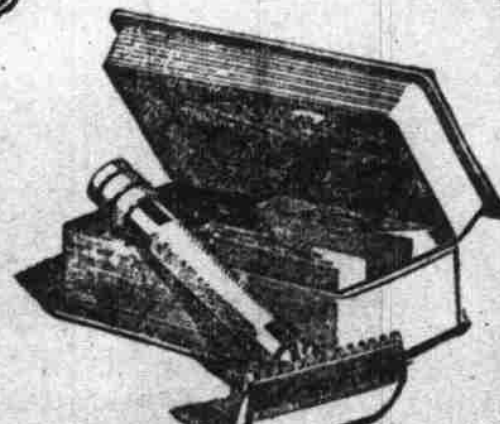
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
Canadian Factory: 71 St. Alexander St. Montreal, Quebec
New York: Chicago, San Francisco
London: Madrid, Paris, Milan
Amsterdam: Brussels, Copenhagen, Buenos Aires
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THE "BULL DOG" is a bit stockier in the handle; sturdy and businesslike. Triple silver plated. 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Blades). Genuine Leather Case. \$5.00. Gold Plated, \$6.00.



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During this sale we offer especially low prices on all used pianos to close them out before inventory. These used pianos all guaranteed in best condition, all sold on our exchange agreement with full value allowed on new pianos purchased in exchange within a year.

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