

MRS. HAMON'S LIFE STORY WARNING FOR "BUTTERFLIES"

By Mildred Morris
(International News Service Staff Correspondent)

Ardmore, Okla., Feb. 23.—(I. N. S.)—The story of a woman's life will be unfolded when Clara Smith Hamon goes on trial on March 10 on a charge of murdering Jake Hamon, Mrs. Hamon, the central figure, is not the siren type of woman. She is the product of that section of the country where the world is still young and women leave the comforts to dare and venture with their men, as did the pioneer women of the old West.

Her life with Hamon was not the parasitical existence of a woman who plays with a man's heart while he struggles to throw luxuries into her lap.

Her story—the first authorized account of her early life with the dead oil king—which is being carried by the International News Service today, is, aside from its human interest, a striking one as a psychological study of a girl of 17 and a woman madly in love.

By Clara Smith Hamon
(Written Expressly for the International News Service)

Ardmore, Okla., Feb. 23.—I beseech those with fairness in their hearts not to look upon me as a woman who parades her past before the curious merely to satisfy an inhuman craving for notoriety.

I write this as a warning to butterflies blinded by the flame of adventure. At this moment I can think of no greater happiness than to have my name forgotten, to have it in my power to go somewhere far away, alone with God and my soul.

FRIENDS STAND BY HER

I cannot believe it is too late to make atonement. I am not yet 30 and I cannot believe my life is done. I cannot believe I shall never be able to face the world again with a chance to prove I am worthy of respect, because I want that chance above everything else in the world. I now plead for fair play.

It isn't fair that while I am helpless, waiting for trial, that I should be condemned beyond my deserts. I have been

pictured as a wanton who became a man's sweetheart for the money and luxuries he could give her. I have been pictured as a woman who heartlessly lured a man from his wife and children. They are not true. Those who know my life, even those who are unfriendly to me, know they are not true.

COMFORT, NOT LUXURY

If there is one thing I can say with pride, it is that I have never been a parasite woman. I have worked hard for every bit of happiness I have had in my life. I worked side by side with the man I loved while he made his fortune. I helped him as he climbed step by step in his career. I do not say this with bitterness. I do not begrudge my labors for him. I loved him then and I wish no greater happiness than to work for him. He had been the only man in my life.

In the 10 years I was with him I never had luxuries. I had comforts. Yes, when we traveled we stopped at good hotels and in New York and Washington we stayed at fashionable places. But those familiar with my life in Ardmore know that I did not have even comforts here.

FROUD OF HER JOB

I was only 15 when I met him. He tried to win me even then—to beguile me with the flattery and gifts of a world-wise man, and I a mere girl with curls. He bought me candy and perfumes and other things that would appeal to a girl of that age, but, thank God, I was more interested in boys of my own years than this man of 40 seemed quite ancient to me.

At 16 I had to leave school to go to work. I do not think I was as frivolous as most girls of that age. There was little time for frivolity in my home. My parents had a hard struggle to make both ends meet and from childhood I knew I would have to become a wage earner. How proud I felt when I took home my first week's wages. I had gone into a store at Lawton as bookkeeper.

DREAMED OF OUTSIDE WORLD

At 17 my life became linked with Jake L. Hamon's. He had persisted in his attentions during the two years following my school days. He pressed his attentions upon me on every occasion. He told me I was beautiful. No one had ever told me that before. He did everything that would turn the head of a girl of that age.

I was a small town girl. Remember, I had never been outside of Oklahoma. I could conceive of no adventure more wonderful than a trip to Kansas City or Fort Worth. They seemed as far away and as inaccessible as the North Pole to my simple mind.

But despite my ignorance and inexperience, I was not a victim to this man, old enough to be my father. He had to persist to win me, for rooted in me was the ideal held before the average girl—that the goal for every woman is marriage, and that her love and virtue are to be surrendered only to the man God has destined for her to wed.

LITTLE GOD FOUNDED BLIND

Like most girls of 17, I was full of

romance. I had a dream man—young and splendid—who some day would come and be loved always and always.

Both father and mother were orphans from childhood. My mother had had a lonely existence until my father came into her life. He was her first and only sweetheart. She waited for him five years. My romance was to be as sweet as theirs, but, of course, without its flaws. Without these, it was the most beautiful in all the world.

FLATTERY PLEASES HER

A girl of 17 has not the judgment of a woman. How was I to know that the wooing of this man who pressed his attentions on me, who pursued me for two years, was nothing more than a campaign carefully planned to work on the susceptibility of an inexperienced small town girl, with all the conventional traditions?

I laughed when he told me I was beautiful. But it did fill me with pride. His gifts dazzled my simple eyes. They were inexpensive gifts but they were as wonderful as pearls and diamonds. He told me of his ambitions and how necessary I was to his future.

An enticing picture he painted for me, the unsophisticated small town girl of 17. He would send me to business college and then take me into his office as a stenographer and by helping and inspiring him, I would have a real part in his career as he rose to power.

At first he seemed so horribly old. After I had yielded to him, he seemed old no longer, but every bit as young and splendid as the hero of my dreams. For love had waved a magic wand before the eyes of 17. I had given him the first love of a woman. I had not a woman's experience to show me the folly of my acts. I simply had yielded, for "17" could no longer resist.

He sent me to business college in Oklahoma City and later to a school at Fort Worth. When I finished my business courses, I entered his office as a stenographer.

HAPPY FOR A TIME

He was not a rich man when I went to him. He wanted wealth and he saw his opportunity in oil. I went with him into the oil fields. I stayed with him night and day, as he waited for his first oil well to bring him fortune or failure. Many nights we went without sleep. Many times without food. We slept some times in our automobile far out in the fields. There are no comforts or conveniences in an oil field. Any woman who has stayed in the fields day in and day out knows the hardships I endured.

But I was with the man who taught me to love him. He wanted me there and nothing else mattered. Those days in the oil field were the sweetest, happiest in my life. It was so glorious to feel that he needed me and that I was helping him achieve his dreams.

HARDING SEEKING EARLY SOLUTION IN MEXICAN ISSUE

Washington, Feb. 23.—(U. P.)—Concentration on the Mexican question as a problem of paramount importance in America's foreign affairs, will begin immediately after March 4, it was said today, among those to take a leading part in the shaping of President-elect Harding's foreign policy.

With Senator A. E. Fall considered a cabinet certainty and Henry P. Fletcher virtually chosen as under secretary of state, it is understood here that Harding has peculiarly emphasized the importance in which he holds American-Mexican relations.

Fall, chairman of the senate committee which investigated Mexican condi-

LEARNS NEW WORDS

"Oh, Peggy! Come right here. I've had such a streak of good luck. What do you think?"

"Are you engaged, Alice?"

"No."

"Married?"

"No; better yet. The boss raised me, and I'm on my way down to get a spring suit. Don't you think I'm lucky?"

"Yes, Alice; but I'm still luckier, and didn't get a raise. I'm on my way down to get a hat and a dress, as well as a suit."

"What do you mean? Did you rob a bank?"

"No. All I did was learn two new words. Credit and Cherry's."

"Tell me all about it; who, where and what."

Peggy smiled and passed on the glad tidings. "Who? Cherry's. Where? 359 Washington street. What? All the pretty things a girl loves to wear, and all the classy things to make her best beau look still classier; and, best of all, you only have to pay a little down and the rest as the pay-days come along. Isn't that worth knowing?"—Adv.

tions, and Fletcher, former American ambassador to Mexico, are accepted as the men who will be Harding's chief advisers on Mexico.

A move unique in foreign relations, it was learned, already is being considered as a step toward the upholding of American rights in Mexico. This move, according to the present plan, would take the form of an official statement, serving notice that unless a government in Mexico, recognized by the United States, fully respects American interests then the American administration will guarantee those interests. Such an announcement of policy, it is stated, not only would reassure Americans in Mexico but would notify the Mexican government that the United States intended to pro-

vide adequate protection for its citizens. Action of this nature would not be taken, however, until efforts had been made first to conclude a written agreement with Mexico, in which that country pledged itself to adjust the existing points at issue.

Conditions which the Harding administration will ask Mexico to fulfill as preliminary to recognition by this government were stated today to include the following:

1.—Reimbursement to Americans for damage suffered during the revolution, with the appointment of a joint commission to adjust the claims.

2.—The return of all American property seized by the Mexican government or individuals.

3.—An arrangement for the payment of Mexico's foreign debt, most of which is owned in this country.

4.—The repeal, or at least a different interpretation of confiscatory legislation, including the constitutional provision which nationalizes oil.

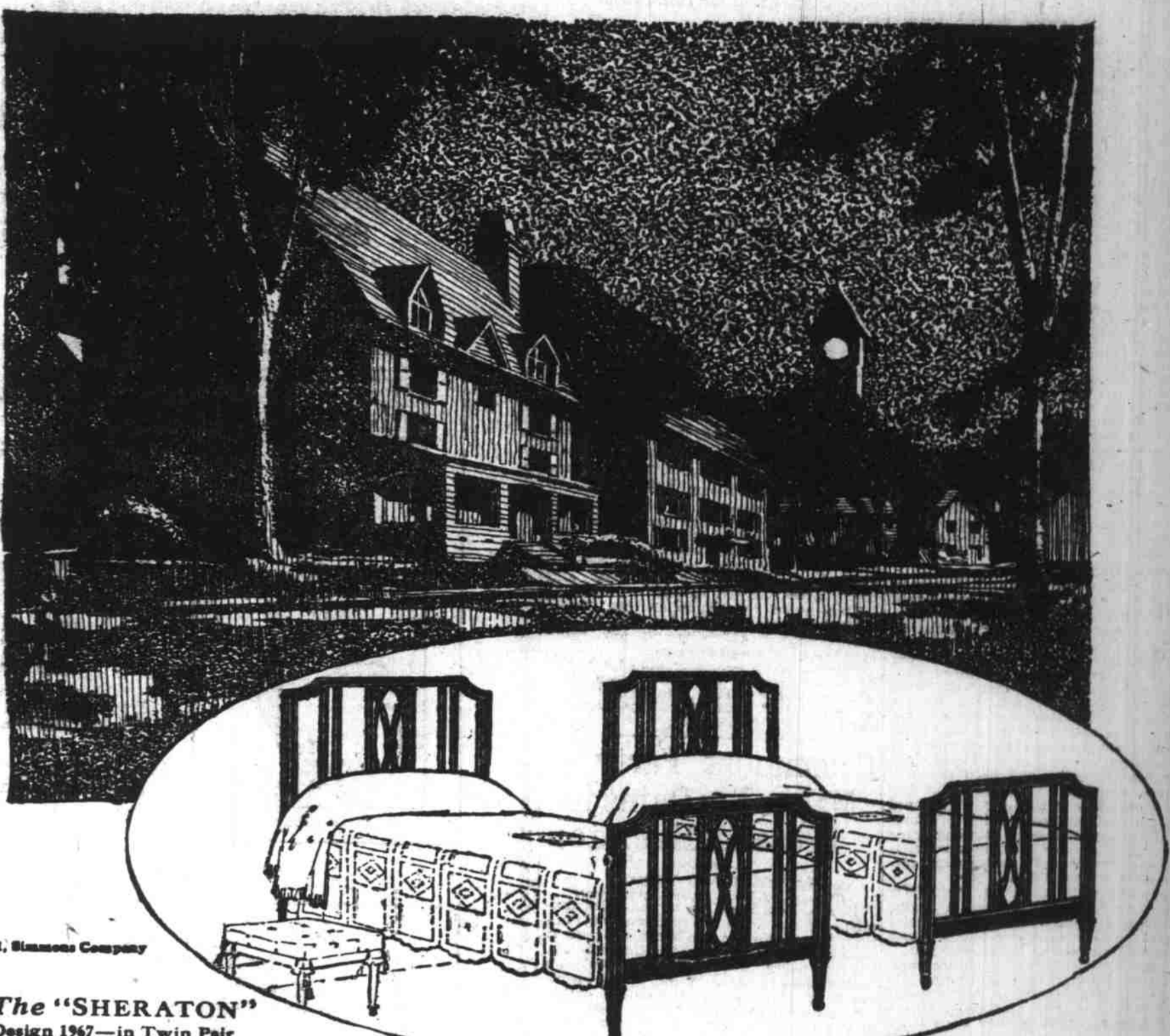
These stipulations, it is learned on high authority, already have the approval of President-elect Harding and have been communicated informally to President Obregon.

Banker's Wife Dead

New York, Feb. 23.—(I. N. S.)—Mrs. James Speyer, wife of the famous international banker, died today after a long illness.

Chemawa Will Get Its Heating Plant

Washington, Feb. 23.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL)—The house Tuesday agreed to the senate amendment of the Indian bill granting \$40,000 for a heating plant at the Chemawa Indian school. Representative Hawley spoke for this and for another amendment for \$70,000 for the boys' dormitory, but the latter item was sent back to the conference without final action. The heating plant is assured, but the dormitory is doubtful.



© 1921, Simmons Company
The "SHERATON"
Design 1967—in Twin Pair

One Sleeps so much Better

RESTFUL sleep depends very largely on reducing every nerve and muscle to relax.

Get Simmons Beds in place of your creaky old beds. It will make all the difference in the world!

Simmons Beds are noiseless, firm and steady—designed and produced by the recognized authority on beds built for sleep.

Nearly everyone these days is putting Twin Beds into rooms shared by two persons. One sleeper does not disturb the other or communicate colds or other infections.

The "SHERATON" is one of the many exquisite Period Designs exclusive with Simmons Beds. Your choice of satiny Ivory White, beautiful Decorative Colors and Hardwood effects. Note the Square Steel Tubing, an exclusive Simmons specialty—and the Simmons Pressed Steel Corner Locks; firm, four-square, noiseless.

FREE BOOKLETS ON SLEEP!

Write us for "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say about Separate Beds and Sound Sleep," and "Yours for a Perfect Night's Rest."

SIMMONS COMPANY

NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO KENOSHA SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

(Executive Offices: Kenosha, Wis.)

Let's Keep Our Money at Home

\$1,000,000
8 Per Cent Five-Year Gold Notes
Portland Railway, Light and Power Company
Dated March 1, 1921—Due March 1, 1926
TITLE & TRUST COMPANY, PORTLAND, OREGON, TRUSTEE

There is more urgent need now than ever for our own people to patronize home industry and keep our money working for the progress and development of our own home community. There is no better way for the thrifty wage earner to help home industry than to become the owner of one or more of the 8% Gold Notes now offered to the public by this Company. Investment in these attractive securities is of great importance to you, to the community and to this Company:

- 1—The purchase of these notes by our home people will serve to strengthen the financial prestige of this Company.
- 2—The proceeds from these notes will enable this company to materially improve its public service to you.
- 3—You know that the business affairs of this Company are efficiently managed and that those who are directing it will safeguard your investment.
- 4—Ownership of a few of these notes will increase your own personal earning power.
- 5—The territory served by this Company is capable of large and growing development.
- 6—This Company supplies an absolutely essential public service permanent in character and steadily growing in demand.

Notes in Denominations of
\$100, \$500 and \$1000
(Notes Now Ready for Immediate Delivery)

They may be purchased in limited amounts in ten equal payments, the Company paying interest on amounts paid in.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

These notes are one of the most attractive investments ever put on the local market.
The investment is safe.
The interest rate is unusually high.
It is a home investment for home people.
The interest will be paid regularly and promptly every six months.
You may buy the notes for cash or on easy payments.

ASK YOUR BANKER

Come in and talk the matter over with our Securities Department or get the facts by clipping and sending in the attached coupon

SECURITIES DEPARTMENT
Portland Railway, Light and Power Company
First Floor, Electric Building, Portland, Or. Mar. 5100
DIVISION OFFICES
Salem, Or.; Oregon City, Or.; Vancouver, Wash.

INQUIRY COUPON

.....1921
Portland Railway, Light and Power Co.
Please send me further information about your 8% Gold Notes.
Name
Street
City or Town Phone

SIMMONS BEDS

Built for Sleep